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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

July
0 Cents

der: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp , mail the magazine, and it will be hands of our soldiers or sailors des- ed overseas. NO WRAPPING — NO S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

DORIS KENYON, Painted by HASKELL COFFIN

Hearts of the World"

Beautiful New Rotogravure

German Spy Revelations

More Secret Service disclosures made

Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile.

For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

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Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists

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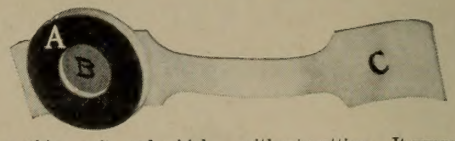
How Blue=jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

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No Cuts

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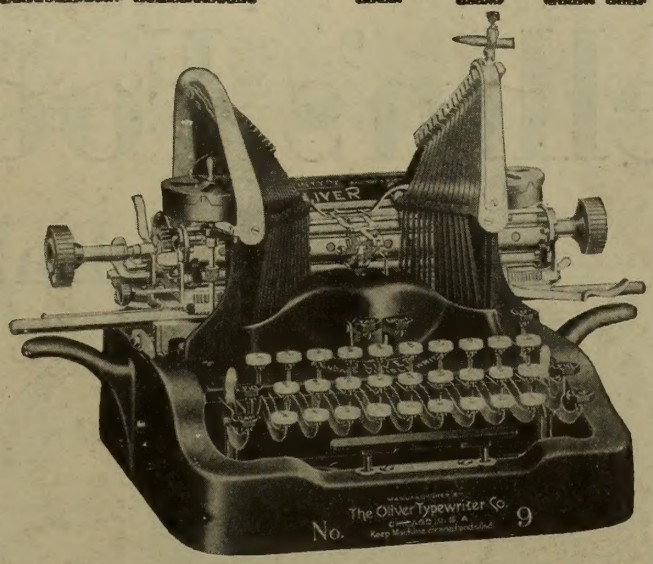

Or Return It At Our Expense

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Be your own salesman and earn $51. It used to be that 15,000 salesmen and agents, office rents in 50 cities and other expenses demanded 50 per cent of the price. But all that is ended. You get the identical typewriter formerly priced $100—not a cent's alteration in value. The finest, the most expensive, the latest Oliver Model. Old methods were wasteful. Our new plan is way in advance. It is in keeping with new economic tendencies. It does away with waste. Inflated prices are doomed forever.

Brand New—Never Used

Do not confuse this with offers of earlier models, rebuilt or second-hand. Note the signature of this advertisement. This is a $2,000,000 concern.

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(770)

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Canadian Price, $62.65

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147A. Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

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THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
147A. Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

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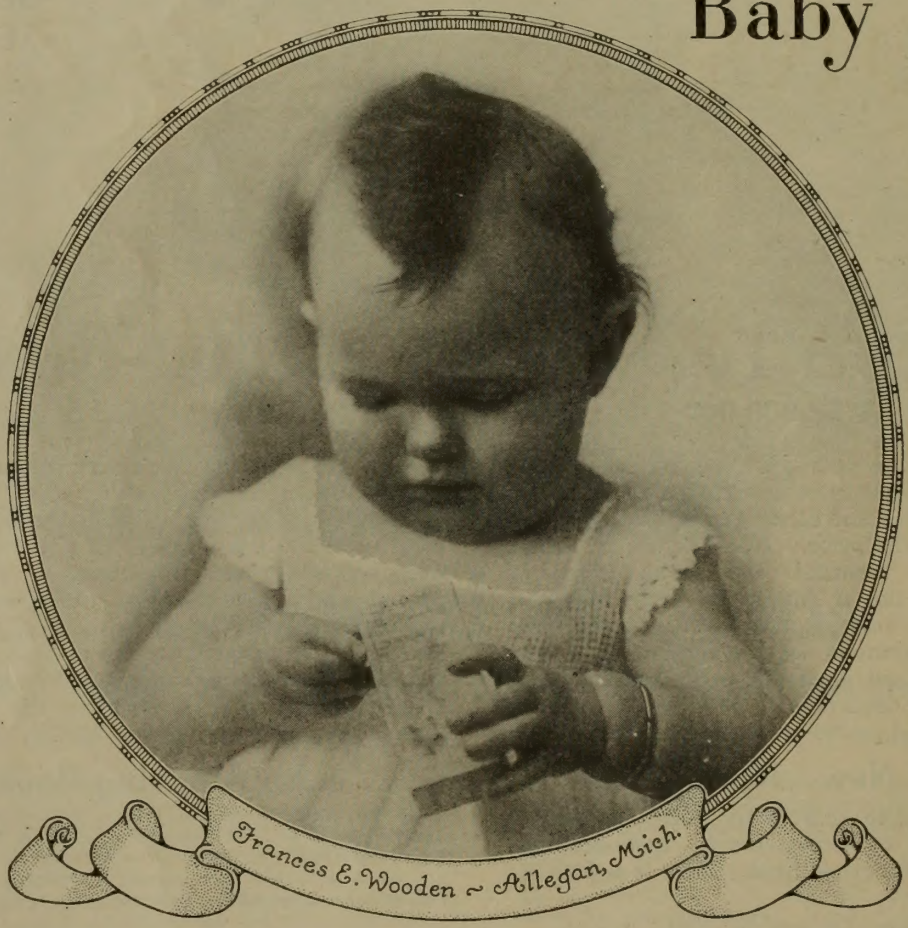

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XIV

No. 2

Contents

JULY, 1918

Cover Design — *Doris Kenyon*
From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

Rotogravure: Olga Petrova 13
Shirley Mason
Jackie Saunders
Pearl White
Blanche Sweet
Louise Huff
Gladys Hulette
A Symphony of Nature

The Source — Editorial 21

Elsie or Alla? — Helen Raftery 22
Unlike Nazimova, Miss Ferguson Conforms to the Mode in Dress.

Putting It Up To Fay — (Pictures) 24
Miss Tincher Has Some Rather Cautious Ideas of Humor.

Pretty Soft! — Katherine Hilliker 25
However, Alice Brady Says It's No Snap to Work for Dad.

A Truly Ingenuous Ingenue — Herbert Howe 27
Gladys Leslie Resembles Mary Pickford, but That Isn't All.

"Hearts of the World" (Fiction) — Julian Johnson 28
Written from Griffith's New War Picture.

Here Come the Brides! (Pictures) 36
June Brides as They Dress Up for the Movie Camera.

Miss Goody Two-Shoes — Verne Hardin Porter 39
Gladys Brockwell Is Partial to "Mules."

(Contents continued on next page)

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Next Month

"Anybody Can Swim"

That's what Annette Kellerman, the world's most famous swimmer tells us in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY. "Every morning," she says, "I get plaintive letters from people who insist that they can never learn to swim. Most of them make fun of their efforts, good humoredly, but to me the situation is always more pathetic than amusing. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot."

And then she tells how.

Although she has appeared only in a few photoplays, Miss Kellerman is already a great favorite with moving picture audiences, and they will be interested in the story of how, by corrective exercise and swimming she was transformed from a crippled child to physical perfection.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

What does that name mean to you? It means a great deal in the world of art today, for one is not anyone in New York these days unless Alfred Cheney Johnston has photographed them. The August issue of PHOTOPLAY will contain a full section of eight Johnston photographs of famous actresses. PHOTOPLAY considers it a privilege to secure these wonderful examples of the photographic art. They demonstrate the possibilities of the camera in the hands of a master craftsman.

Vampire or Ingenue?

An effort to determine the status of Louise Glaum in the world of the photoplay. We tried to ascertain, once and for all, whether this young lady lived up to the general idea of a vampire—several cartons of cigarettes, buckets of champagne, and manslaughter for diversion. We think the decision arrived at is a fair one, but it is only fair that you be allowed to draw your own conclusions.

Contents—*Continued*

All That Flickers Isn't Gold — 42
How Motion Picture Film is Manufactured.

Matching Up Families in the Movies — 43
How They Search for "Family Resemblances."

She's in the "Waities" — Elizabeth Peltret — 45
Marjorie Daw Says Screen Acting Isn't All Action.

The Eagle's Eye (Fiction) — 46
Third Thrilling Installment of Secret Service Serial.

Putting It Together — Helen Starr — 52
About the Film Cutters.

Monsieur Tourneur — Dorothy Nutting — 55
Otherwise "The Poet of the Screen."

Pity Poor Pauline! — 57
Little Miss Starke, who Weeps for the Camera.

Grand Crossing Impressions — Delight Evans — 58
When Marguerite Clark Came to Chicago.

His Own Home Town (Fiction) — Laura Proctor — 59
Story Version of the Photoplay.

Do You Believe in Fairies? — Adam Hull Shirk — 63
Louise Huff Is a Little "Peter Pan."

Proving That the Picture is Only a Bagatelle (Photograph) — 64

Why Do They Do It? — 65
Picture-goers Are Still Wondering.

Rotogravure: Cliff Smith — 67
Mary Thurman
Marvel Rae
Hayakawa in Hawaii
Bill Hart; Marguerite Clark
Tallulah Bankhead
Lucille Zintheo
Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien

Close-Ups — Editorial Expression — 75

The Shadow Stage — Randolph Bartlett — 77
Reviews of Current Photoplays.

The Birth of a Smile — 81
Doris Kenyon, the Girl on the Cover.

Plays and Players — Cal York — 82
News of the Filmsters from Coast to Coast.

Educational Films — 86
A Department on a New Power of the Screen.

Photoplay Writing — John Emerson and Anita Loos — 88
On the Sub-title and the Speech.

Mary Pickford, the Girl — Delight Evans — 90
The Real Mary Pickford.

Pictured Names Puzzle — 92
Try Them.

Impressions — Julian Johnson — 94
Pen Pictures of Popular Players.

Questions and Answers — The Answer Man — 101

Next Month

An Ingenue Philosopher

Most people have a preconceived idea of Lillian Gish, just as they have of the Kaiser, business hours on a submarine, a big party in old Rome, summer at the North Pole, what a chinaman is thinking about, the origin of the American Indian, Theda Bara's private life, and Mary Miles Minter's real age. Preconceived notions are generally wrong, and never more so than in the case of Lillian Gish.

Wouldn't it be a shock if you found she was a philosopher? It would. It will be—next month.

The Girl from the Golden West

Out of the West came a beautiful, golden haired child, just out of her teens, to play opposite George M. Cohan in his latest picture, "Hit-the-Trail Holiday." Cohan has been on the stage many years, yet thousands have seen the girl to hundreds who have heard Cohan. Remember those thrilling old Broncho Billy pictures, full of western thrills and hairbreadth escapes? Then you know little Marguerite Clayton who helped make motion picture history. Later she spent several years at the Essanay studio in Chicago. She's worth knowing better. The August PHOTOPLAY will help you.

"I Want to Be a Star"

Approximately twenty million men, women and children in the United States have a secret ambition to see themselves aflickering on the screen. Why can't they? Well, there are a lot of reasons in addition to the fact that they cannot get the chance. Verne Hardin Porter, whose writings as a magazine writer and editor place him in the front rank, has been in Los Angeles for several years, one of the little band of literary men who are doing their bit to improve motion pictures. During all that time he has observed and studied and investigated, and the result of it all is contained in a remarkably interesting article entitled "I Want to Be a Star." It's as full of humor as truth, and is illustrated by the clever pen of R. F. James.

Jack Holt

A story about him. Who he is, and all that sort of thing. That means a lot to folks who have followed the work of this dashing hero of screenland.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

The Tiger Man....Artcraft
Let's Get a Divorce....Paramount
The White Man's Law....Paramount
Up the Road with Sallie....Select
With Neatness and Dispatch....Metro
Riders of the Night....Metro
An Alien Enemy....Paralta
Rose o'Paradise....Paralta
Mr. Fix-it....Artcraft
A Dog's Life....Chaplin
Unclaimed Goods....Paramount
Treasure of the Sea....Metro
The Two-Soul Woman....Bluebird
The Danger Game....Goldwyn
The Busy Inn....Pathe
The Passing of the Third Floor Back....Brenon
The Million Dollar Follies....Metro
The Blindness of Divorce....Fox
Blindfolded....Paralta
The Trail to Yesterday....Metro
Resurrection....Paramount
Mile-a-Minute Kendall....Paramount
The Soul of Buddha....Fox
The Biggest Show on Earth....Paramount
Her One Mistake....Fox
The Hand at the Window....Triangle
Tyrant Fear....Paramount
Rich Man, Poor Man....Paramount
The Doctor and the Woman....Jewel
Masks and Faces....World
Playing the Game....Paramount
Hearts or Diamonds....Mutual
M'Liss....Artcraft
A Bit of Jade....Mutual
The Reason Why....Select
The Seal of Silence....Vitagraph
Conquered Hearts....Ivan
The Purple Lily....World
The Marriage Lie....Bluebird
Dolly Does Her Bit....Pathe
Ruler of the Road....Pathe
The Face in the Dark....Goldwyn
Twenty-one....Pathe
Just a Woman....Steger
The Unchastened Woman....Rialto
Mlle. Paulette....Triangle
With Hoops of Steel....Paralta
The Law of the Great Northwest....Triangle
A Mother's Secret....Bluebird
A Bachelor's Children....Vitagraph
Leap to Fame....World
The Girl from Beyond....Vitagraph
The House of Silence....Paramount
Society for Sale....Triangle
Danger Within....Bluebird
How Could You, Caroline?....Pathe
The Curse of Iku....Kleine
The Land Loper....Metro
A Romance of the Underworld....Keeney
The Love Brokers....Triangle
Berlin via America....Independent
The Bride's Awakening....Bluebird
The Lonely Woman....Triangle
Paying His Debt....Triangle

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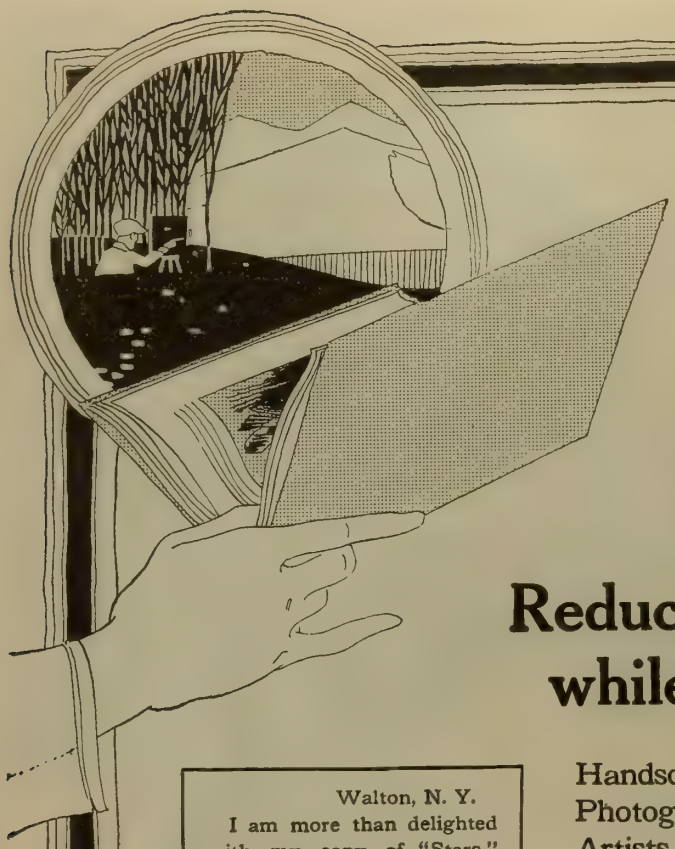

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U. S. Marine Band.

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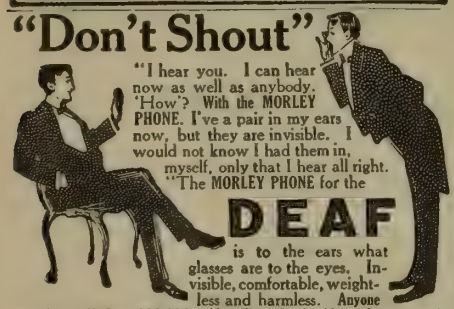

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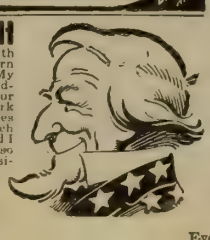

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To The Readers of Photoplay Magazine:

MANY of you have no doubt often taken "pen in hand" to write a moving picture scenario. But whenever you had penned a few sentences, the same old qualms overcame you. You hesitated, pondered, chewed the penholder—and then scratched what you had written. Re-wrote, and scratched once more. Finally, you gave it up.

You considered yourself unequal to the task. You "laid down on the job." You promised yourself to try again, "some other time." And, therefore, your story remains locked up in the memory-vault back in your head.

The reason for this is simple.

Your Big Worry was "literary style." You knew you had a story to tell, but you were at loss *how* to tell it.

"Style" bothers you dreadfully. You think there are certain rules and regulations governing the manner wherein a story ought to be told. And you worry about sentences, grammar, punctuation, terms, expressions, words, literary curly-cues and what-nots. Forget about them all. They are only bugbears. They do not exist. *Tell* your story. Never mind *how.*

Just tell it!

Every story to be made into a picture must first be translated to the screen. Such a translation, or "continuity," must be done by someone thoroughly familiar with the "inside" of screen craft. It is the work of experts. No writer is expected to do it. We doubt whether Kipling, Conrad, or Robt. W. Chambers could write "continuity." But they certainly can write stories. And their stories, if adapted to the screen, must be made into "continuity" just the same as yours.

You can tell the same story as a poem, as a play, as a short story, as a novel, as a song. It'll be the same story every time. It's like putting one person into various clothes. Long coat, short pants, short coat, long pants, green vest, silk hat, blue vest, plug hat; he'll remain the same person inside different clothes.

Substituting person for story; when it comes to writing "continuity" the person must be stripped of whatever clothes he happens to be wearing and measured all over again for his "continuity" outfit. That has got to be done, and to the same extent with a play by Shakespeare, or a novel by Dickens, or a scenario by you, or by Mr. Jones in the next block.

Once again let us ask you not to bother about *how* to tell us the story that's in your mind, but tell it in your own way and your own words.

But do try to write a story which you believe will fit one of the four Paralta Stars.

You have a wide choice:

J. Warren Kerrigan, who can make love like the original Adonis, and fight like sixty;

Bessie Barriscale, who can equally portray a cute little waif, or a proud and languid society leader;

Henry B. Walthall, who is the past master of romance on the screen;

Louise Glaum, whose range and versatility in pictures is as great as that of Sarah Bernhardt on the speaking stage.

Be sure to see these stars in all of the Paralta Plays, so you will know exactly just what kind of stories we want for them.

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There is no "catch" in this announcement, no hidden "joker." If your story is "there" and suits the talents of any one of the Paralta Stars, we will buy it. If not, we will tell you so.

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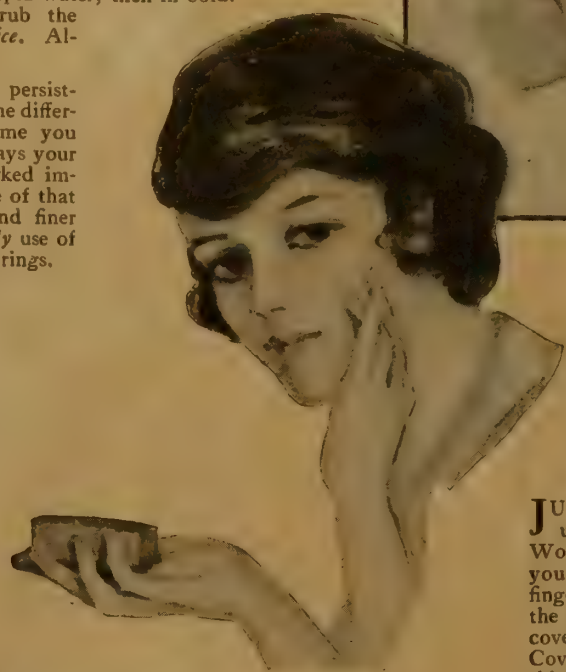
How to make your skin fine in texture

DIP your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.



Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

JUST before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

Your skin is what you make it

Your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

You will find the famous Woodbury treatments in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today, and begin at once the treatment for your particular trouble. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap, with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 507 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

OLGA PETROVA used to be called "the Marble Lady." Such pictures as "The Light Within," by her own company, refute the accusation.

Marceau

LAST season Nippon had her fling on the stage. Now there are countless little Madame Butterflies on the silver-sheet. Shirley Mason is the latest of these, in an Edison feature, "Aliens."

JACKIE SAUNDERS is a sort of Peter Pan person, playing boy parts and hoyden roles. She's really Jacqueline, born in Philadelphia and very, very feminine.

Victor Georg

National

WE can't say, here's Pearl White and Pearl's new car. That's old stuff—Pearl's cars are always new. But in her latest serial, "The House of Hate," the pearl of pictures has a new leading man—Antonio Moreno.

BLANCHE SWEET has not yet answered the call; she's too busy knitting. Most of her thoughts center in the War nowadays; and while she waits for tomorrow in her house-on-a-hill—she counts stitches—and hasn't dropped one.

Stagg

WITH "Wild Youth," Louise Huff graduated from the sub-deb class. Then she turned around and played the "flapper" in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean."

THE young lady so demurely lifting her chin from her ermine scarf was once the subject of the following: "If we were running the world's biggest poultry show, she would be the prize chicken." Gladys Hulette.

Campbell

Photos by Educational Films Corp.

A Symphony *of* Nature

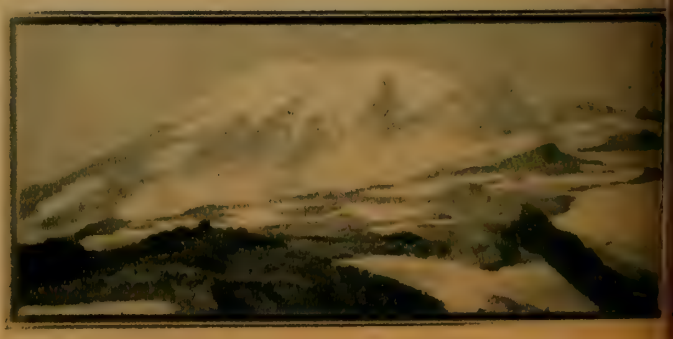
Man no longer worships nature as a god, but loves her manifestation of God. And to the millions whose horizons are narrowed by the canyons of brick and asphalt, the moving picture panorama brings the thrill of Oscar Wilde's magnificent lines:

WITH beat of systole and diastole
One grand great life throbs through earth's giant heart,
And mighty waves of single Being roll
From nerveless germ to man, for we are part
Of every rock and bird and beast and hill.
One with the things that prey on us, and one with what we kill.

. . . . the goat-foot Faun,
The Centaur, or the merry, bright-eyed Elves
That leave their dancing rings to spite the dawn
Upon the meadows, shall not be more near
Than you and I to Nature's mysteries, for we shall hear

The thrush's heart beat, and the daisies grow,
And the wan snow-drop sighing for the sun
On sunless days in winter; we shall know
By whom the silver gossamer is spun,
Who paints the diapered fritillaries,
On what wide wings from shivering pine to pine the eagle flies.

—From Oscar Wilde's "Panthea."



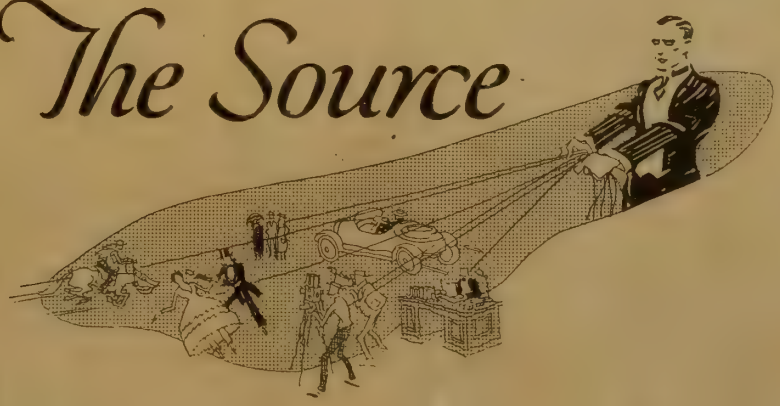
Right above—MacDermott Lake at foot of Grinnell Mountain, Glacier National Park.
Above—Mount Ranier, where the melting snow has formed clear pools of water.
Right—Glimpse of Ranier National Park, from "The Chain Gang."

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV JULY, 1918 NO. 2

The Source



IN a New York court a few weeks ago a magistrate announced that thenceforth he would fine not only the drivers of automobiles who were arrested for speeding, but also the owners, or occupants of the cars. He did this on the principle that the employer is ultimately responsible for the misdeeds of his servants.

When you see a good picture, and praise the author, the director and the players, don't forget that the head of the company which made the picture is entitled to as much credit as any of them—perhaps more than any one other person.

There is no mystery in the fact that a certain company is notorious for making the worst pictures now on the market—the worst in the sense of the most stupid in conception and careless in construction. The man at the head of this company is illiterate—his misfortune, not his fault, for he had few opportunities as a youth. He "broke into pictures" when the business was young and chaotic, gained control of his company, and retains it still. So long as he remains at the head of the company, its pictures will be made to suit him, and they will be stupid from the artistic viewpoint.

There is no mystery in the fact that a certain other company is turning out the greatest number of excellent productions now being made. The man who controls this company is a curious mixture of business genius and artistic instinct.

There is no mystery in the fact that another company is noted for its clean pictures. Its president has a clean mind, and his wife is called into council almost daily, to consider pictures completed and in the making.

There is no mystery in the fact that another company persistently turns out pictures with what is known as the "sex appeal." That is the trend of mind of its president, despite the fact that in private life he may be blameless.

It is not always the titular head of the corporation who thus gives the keynote to the productions. Sometimes that head is a mere business manager who leaves everything to his manager of productions. But somewhere in the executive force of every company is one man who says what shall and what shall not be done. He is the source of the good and ill in the productions.

This is why you should remember what company made the pictures you like and those you do not like. Other productions from the same studio will differ in detail, but for the most part they will be similar in kind.

Water rises no higher than its source.

White

Elsie or Alla?

Referring to "the best dressed woman on the screen" and why Nazimova isn't envious.

By Helen Raftery

TO be or not to be fashionable—that is the question. Which, in pictures, is the nobler: to assume the responsibility of being a leader in fashions, or to take arms against a sea of troubles by rejecting the title of "the best dressed woman on the screen," and so end the worry?

Wondering which to do is Elsie Ferguson, to whom has been assigned the title of leadership as specified above. She was almost frightened when I told her of her title. "The responsibility sounds as great," she declared, "as that of being President of the United States."

Then we told her a little story which we knew was true, and will illustrate the influence and interest involved in women's wears on the screen.

Victor Murdock of Kansas, ex-Congressman, has a charming wife and daughter who are considered among the best dressed women in Kansas, or elsewhere. They boast quite proudly and frankly of following, as nearly as they can, Miss Ferguson's way of dressing; seeing her as often as possible on the screen, and believing firmly that whatever Miss Ferguson wears "goes!" That is in Kansas, and we only know of it because we know the Murdocks, but there are states and states, women and women, and the screen is the fashion sheet that will reach them all.

Miss Ferguson is always stylish without being freakish; chic without being exaggerated, and individual without being theatrical in her dress. She believes there should be little difference between dressing for the screen and for the stage, that there is but one thing lost, which is color, and that quality of cloth forever speaks for itself. That one must guard against a shimmery gown, or one of cream brocaded lace—for instance—lost against a light set, or a dark velvet frock gone astray in a sombre library. A few such tragedies as these and our ladies of the footlights learn all the secrets of the studio.

Never have women of the stage been given a bigger chance nor broader field for dress, such unlimited opportunity to create and set vogues, nor such boundless

To imagine two more contrasting artists in the world of film fashions than Miss Ferguson and Nazimova seems quite impossible. Nazimova (at left) admits a thorough disregard for any vogue in dress; Elsie Ferguson (below) is always stylish without being freakish, chic without being exaggerated.

cope to radiate their own individuality as in ictures. To be individual in dressing for the creen is as essential, to our feminine way of hinking, as being individual in acting, and the ctress who invests with individuality the art f both her work and her wardrobe, is irreistible.

Of this class we have no one more illustraive than Nazimova. It is the quality that we otice first and discuss most about her work; t is what we observe readily about her clothes; ndividuality! Whether or not she is conscious f this in her work, we don't know, because our isit to her studio in the Hotel Des Artistes as to talk clothes, and not the art of acting. hat she is unconscious of eccentricity in her ress we are assured, after she was honest nough to admit a thorough disregard for any ogue in dress.

It is her idea that clothes should be used nly to cover the figure, which is in itself all race and style, the true origin of human artisy in lines. And we do hear so much about nes nowadays! To hear women discussing e lines of a gown for some certain picture trikes Nazimova as quite funny, for to her ay of thinking lines are to be found in the gure—color in motion—and the true art of ress, if it must be dress, in simplicity.

We were let in on the outbursts of admiraon from one of our most distinguished conoisseurs right here in Gotham about a gown orn by Nazimova in a recent picture, and gain at a rather impromptu affair, upon which ccasion he beheld her.

Meeting Nazimova, we wondered if the gown ight still be viewed by the human eye, or if

The actress who invests with individuality the art of both her work and her wardrobe is irresistible. There is, for instance—Nazimova.

Victor Georg

The wife and daughter of ex-Congressman Victor Murdock frankly pattern after Miss Ferguson's gowns. Thus is the screen an all-reaching fashion sheet.

by chance it was hidden away somewhere in her studio. And wondering, we asked about it. Yes—she remembered it, and laughed, for after all it was only a piece of flame colored charmeuse, draped to her, and over one shoulder an old piece of Russian lace. She would liked to have shown it to us, but it was in many parts in different closets or drawers. To her it was quite a laughing matter, to us interesting, and to the man of good taste, the height of becoming attire!

Nazimova believes that so many women on the screen overdress, becoming unreal in character and lost completely to their own grace and natural charm; giving thought and importance to clothes that should belong to their own individuality and development of self. However, in her own way of thinking, doing and dressing, she is generous enough to know and admit that she would feel quite out of place—and miles away from one Alla Nazimova—should she ever adopt Cheruit, Lanvin, or Doeuillet to camouflage *a la mode* what we know to be a charming individuality, and what she realizes only to be her quite natural self.

(Continued on page 108)

Putting It Up to Fay

Fay Tincher is back. She's going to make comedies for World, but she evidently thinks there should be a sharp line drawn between humor and danger

Director—"Miss Tincher, I have the greatest scenario ever written and I need the greatest comedienne to play it. You're to be it!"

Fay—"You honor me, Caesar."

Director—"At the start you are a Lillian Russell type but—

"—you move quickly to a Bernhardt doing the third act of 'Camille."

Director—"We then introduce Hagenbeck's trained lions. You enter the cage."

Fay—"I do, do I?"

Director—"Do I make myself plain?"

Fay—"Too plain. As you go out please slam the door."

White

"Pretty Soft!"

Alice Brady shows the cloud behind the silver lining.

By Katherine Hilliker

"WHAT a lucky person you are," I observed, "to have had a famous father ready and waiting to sponsor your stage ambitions!"

Alice Brady uncoiled from her corner of the divan with startling abruptness. She was swathed in an orange colored negligee across whose background queer, oriental beasts cavorted, and a pale blue scarf wrapped her head. She was as colorful as a Jules Guerin painting and as effective as a Bakst poster. Furthermore, she is the only person of feminine persuasion I have ever met who can conceal her hair in a turban and look beautiful in spite of it.

Her dark eyes opened wide with annoyance.

"That's a horrid thing to say," she announced with her usual frank decision, and I felt like the little girl who stuck her finger in the minister's lemon meringue pie.

"If you'd had my father to work for," she went on severely, then suddenly dimpled and laughed outright.

"We've had a great time, Pop and I," she added, "but the prophet in his own country had nothing on me in my father's theater. Instead of being heralded with a blare of trumpets and presented as the infant prodigy of my day, I was made to hustle faster for my pay envelope than any little chorus girl."

C. Smith Gardner

Miss Brady, the movie star, sipping her breakfast chocolate and frankly bored. Pretty soft!

She nursed a rounded knee and lapsed back against the cushions. I felt tremendously encouraged. Disgrace or no disgrace, we were off.

She regarded me seriously.

"Don't think I'm carping," she said. "I'm not. The training my father gave me was the best thing that could have happened to me. But I do resent the implication that such success as I've had, has been achieved in a crown of ready made laurels." She leaned forward earnestly. "I've hacked out every leaf in that crown with my own little hatchet, and whether they're good leaves or bad, I want the credit—or the blame."

The memory of certain suppressed poems written by me at the tender age of twelve, helped to a completer understanding of her mood, and I wondered if genius must always be provided with a self starter. But she interrupted my speculation.

White

Arriving at the studio, all Alice has to do is make up for her character, go down on the floor, and act it out. Pretty soft!

"I think it was in the summer of my ninth year," she remarked, "that I became convinced I was a Personage. I'd always suspected myself of latent genius, but the feeling that I was an unusual child had never quite crystallized before." Her dimples flickered for a moment. "I gave my father the immediate benefit of my discovery, but he didn't take it at all well. He behaved as if I'd made a scandalous confession and promptly clapped me into a convent."

She rested one bare arm along the back of the divan and fixed me with an air of preternatural gravity.

"Professional jealousy!" she observed calmly.

"Undoubtedly!" I agreed with equal solemnity.

And then with both feet out of the Slough of Disgrace into which I had blundered, I learned a great deal about the real Alice Brady.

She is a flower of the old stalk. Parental opposition to her wishes only hardened her determination to go on the stage, and William A., to his intense horror, found behind the smiling mouth and flashing eyes of his small daughter his own indomitable will and boundless energy. For example, at the convent, instead of creasing new grooves in her gray matter with logarithms and chemistry problems, she specialized in the fundamentals, the arts and languages, studies that would be of infinite value in her career, and devoted her most ardent attention to the amateur theatricals with which the school year was invariably sprinkled. These last were a source of great enjoyment to Miss Brady and a source of great unhappiness to her father. He would sit in the front row and scowl while she went through her part on the stage; then plunge away muttering unutterable things as he went.

"Poor Pop!" she exclaimed, "he suffered agonies! His plans for me included a nice fireplace and a private spinning wheel. I was to sit by the fire and spin. Priscilla was to be my middle name." She drew her face down into smug, prim lines and pursed her lips piously. The picture of Alice Priscilla Brady was irresistible and I laughed aloud. Her piquant face crinkled up into an absurd amusement at her own foolery.

"We tugged along that way all through my convent days," she resumed. "I won my first concession when I persuaded him to send me to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Then I knew I had him slipping."

She drew her knees up under her chin and stared contemplatively into the fire. Her wide boyish smile flashed out triumphantly.

"Six months later," she said, "I had dogged him into giving me a part in the big all-star revival of 'The Mikado' at the Casino."

(Continued on page 104)

At an early age Alice became convinced that she was a Personage. Pop was afraid she might be, so he clapped her into a convent.

A Truly Ingenuous Ingenue

Gladys Leslie is called "the girl with the million dollar smile." The estimate is conservative.

By Herbert Howe

"Brother said: 'Sis, how did you ever get the big idea?' Meaning, of course 'the bug.' To succeed, one must have 'the bug,' you know."

IF you told Sally Smith next door that she looked like Mary Pickford, Sally would doubtless be quite pleased and charmed. Gladys Leslie looks like her and doesn't want to. So much for individuality. "It's decidedly uncomplimentary to Miss Pickford," declares Gladys. "Besides, I want to look like Gladys Leslie." Believing, and quite rightly, too, that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but that flattery is in very poor taste.

Gladys is an ingenue; but—she's an *ingenue with ideas.*

Just the same, the fact that most of her friends thought she was Mary Pickford's double, persuaded Gladys camera-ward. She—but let her tell it:

"It was about three years ago," she began, in the approved pioneer manner; "but I only worked now and then, the first year. I wasn't sure whether to be or not to be. Mother said, 'No indeed!' Father said, 'I should think not—no daughter of mine shall ever be a movie actress!' Brother said, 'Sis, you're crazy; where did you get the bug?'

"But *now* mother says, 'Gladys has been a genius for mimicry ever since she was a baby.' Father says, 'I knew she would succeed at anything she attempted.' Brother says, 'Sis, you're a bright little kid; how did you ever get the big idea?' meaning, of course, 'the bug.' To succeed one must have 'the bug,' you know."

Then she told how she had slipped through the doors of the Edison studio and became an extra, and how later she played daughters of Frederick Warde for Pathe, until one day a New York newspaper critic with rare perception and kindness, called her "The girl with the million dollar smile." People—and producers—wondered why they hadn't recognized this before, and so from Thanhouser she went to Vitagraph—and there she is now.

Somehow or other, I asked her to name her favorite flower.

"Cauliflower," she replied. "I'm very material."

"Your favorite book?"

"My bank-book. There are never any figures in it—that's what makes it so fascinating. I'm always expecting some to turn up—like Micawber."

"AH! You read Dickens."

"Yes, and Laura Jean Libby and Ring Lardner and most all the classic authors."

She thinks moving pictures are very moving, and that they are going to move faster in the next year than in the past. She thinks the director should pay more attention to developing stories as they are written, and that the actress should play her part as the writer determines it, not as she may wish in order to display her coterie of mannerisms. The screen, Miss Leslie believes, requires a different sort of story than does the book, magazine, or stage play. "I prefer original stories, written especially for the screen, rather than the published work of some famous author whose screenic material is scant. And that's the kind I am doing now. 'His Own People' was my first Vitagraph play; and it advanced me a long distance. Then came 'The Wooing of Princess Pat,' 'Little Miss No-Account,' and 'Ann Acushla.' I want more like them."

MOVING pictures are not popular because they are cheap; they are cheap because they are popular.

TWO classes of players have their names in electric lights—the stars that shine and the shines that star.

Hearts of

The Great New War Photodrama by

D. W. Griffith

In a little village in France there was folk who loved their homes; then came sprung to the stature of heroes; and these

ABOUT the time William McKinley was elected President of the United States for a second term, Stephenson and Hamilton, artists, met in a New York cafe, and decided that although they were staunch Americans, their careers and reputations warranted them in passing the rest of their lives in quieter, and more purely artistic surroundings abroad. America was too turbulent, too unsettled, too full of political and social upheaval. They needed a contemplative atmosphere where ambition comes not and where noisy progress has never intruded. Stephenson was past middle age; his had been a life of strenuous endeavor in the arts, and full of good works, too, as an American citizen. Hamilton was a much younger man, but he cast his fortunes with his friend, and a year later found them cozily though obscurely ensconced in a village in northern France, where Hamilton could paint out his career, while Stephenson surveyed his in critical retrospect as he watched new men and new ideas come in.

Now let the world go by! Stephenson and Hamilton, thoroughly in sympathy with a quaint little town that was proud of its ancient church, proud of its landscape painters and its landscapes, soon grew into typical French villagers, and all the rush of the twentieth century seemed as far away as the planet Saturn. They were in a quiet little eddy of life. Without, storm and change might rage, but here it should be theirs and their children's right to leisurely create, to dream in peace as long as life should last.

Douglas Gordon Hamilton was his father's son in the arts, but he was behind all that an American; and Paris, the chateau country—even Germany—claimed much of his time and inquisitive American energy. The wee town was a bit prosy, although he wouldn't admit it, until—

She was five feet four inches of Gallic impishness, with the boldness of an Apache, the tongue of a fishwife, the eye of a flirt and the heart and body of a virgin.

Back in Maryland lingered Stephenson's daughter Catherine, who had married in the early nineties. In 1912 her husband died, and, as is the way with not a few husbands, his improvidence left her little or nothing. Old Stephenson's hoard was not a fortune, but it provided a comfortable income, and he sent for Catherine—now a middle-aged woman. With her, to France, came *her* daughter, Marie.

They arrived at Havre in the autumn of 1913. Marie, a wonderful Southern child, seemed to the French men and women who saw her something like their national lily; and the country, and the people she saw were as wonderful to her as she was to them.

Douglas Gordon Hamilton was on one of his tempestuous trips, just then. He had been a painter—first. Then he became a journalist. Now, he was writing a novel of modern European life, picking up types and atmosphere all the way from Biarritz to Munich. Presently, weary-

the World

Fictionized Version by

Julian Johnson

happiness and love and all the joy of humble war, and with the war common souls souls are the hearts of the world of today.

ing of Teutonic coarseness and commerciality, he turned his face and his feet toward the border.

And Marie Stephenson, now nearly half a year in France, was beginning to be just the least bit lonely. She loved America, and—though she didn't know it and wouldn't have admitted it anyway—she was at that peachbloom age when an American girl welcomes the straightforward advances of an American boy.

But as there were no American boys—probably—that side of Paris, Marie amused herself in her grandfather's highwalled garden with her old mother goose and mother goose's lusty brood of goslings. And on a certain day out ventured the boldest gosling, into the next garden on an argosy of his own.

And Marie after him.

Just as she had the pin-feathered bandit almost in her fingers, she glanced up, and directly into the eyes of a smiling, slightly-moustached young Frenchman, who, somehow, didn't look exactly French. The young Frenchman began to whistle, softly, bending his eyes directly upon the naughty gosling.

"Stay in your own backyard!" What an air for a Frenchman to whistle!

"Why, you must be—" gasped Marie.

"I am," answered the young man with cheerful frankness. "That is, I don't know just what I am, but I'm whatever you say."

"We're both speaking *English!*" exclaimed Marie, surprised at that, too.

"I'm speaking American," corrected the boy. "I've been here most of my life, but I consider myself a citizen of the U. S. A., and I'm proud of it. My name's Hamilton—Douglas Hamilton."

"You must be the son of grand-daddy's best friend—I'm Marie Stephenson!"

"So you're the little kid father's been raving about in his letters to me!"

And they were friends at once. But I don't think they ever thanked the gosling enough for *his* part in that wonderful meeting. In fact, they scarcely thought of him again.

A perfect love, like a perfect life, often leaves little to say. It is not tempestuous. It is not beset by quarrels or jealousies or passions of anger or ambition. Like the progressions of night or day, it comes naturally and inevitably and quietly. Such was the love of Douglas Hamilton and Marie Stephenson, which grew out of that quaint meeting at the garden wall. At that wall their troth was plighted, over it letters and precious notes were exchanged, and through its embrasures the promises for life and eternity were whispered and wafted upon kisses.

Von Strohm cornered Marie by a locked door, running a lascivious hand over her arm and shoulder.

Without, storm and change might rage, but here it should be theirs and their children's right to leisurely create, to dream in peace as long as life should last.

But this wasn't a love story without other episodes—dear, no!

Chiefly, "the Little Disturber." The baker called her Henriette, the butcher called her Margo, and some of the townsfolk called her names which I do not wish to put down here.

She was five feet four inches of Gallic impishness, eighteen years old, with an exaggerated swagger walk, the boldness of an Apache, the tongue of a fishwife, the eye of a flirt, the prettiness of a beautiful little bad boy, and the heart and body of a virgin.

She came from Paris to work in a wine house at vintage time, but she was not of Paris—rather, she was of the country, fired with the passion of the city from all-too-short visits there. The grape-gathering over, she stayed on and on, helping at the Inn, working a bit in a millinery-shop—at length a frank minstrel, with her bold guitar, wandering from cafe to shop and from shop to cafe again, shrilling her gay little soprano through chansons of street and boudoir that she had picked up in dark places by the Seine.

Now the Little Disturber, idolized by the frantically-adoring Monsieur Cuckoo, fancied Douglas Hamilton—apparently because he did not fancy her. She lost no opportunity to show this liking at the most embarrassing times and in the most inauspicious places, while Cuckoo—alas! His honest face, at moments placidly imbecile, at other moments blazing with true Latin fury, was at all times a comic mask of most uncomic woe.

Cuckoo, to be sure, occupied a place in the village as individual if not so brilliant. Before the Little Disturber came he knew he was the town clown; afterwards, he was more the town clown than ever—but he didn't know it.

Making no headway with young Hamilton, Henriette—I think that was her real name, after all—pitched upon him like a charging gladiator, of an afternoon, and demanded to know why he didn't like her. Of course it wouldn't have been good form in an engaged young man to tell an ardent young woman that he couldn't love her because he had a heart-full of love for somebody else. And as he tried to stammer around this obstacle Henriette flung her wild young body against his in a moment of erotic fury, and set her fragrant mouth to his in an Amazonian kiss. Well—a man may be in love with an angel and engaged to her, but when beset by a charming devil to the point of personal attack he is likely to give way momentarily—even if only to recover his moral strength tenfold later on. So Douglas Hamilton, in the first second surprised and angry, suddenly found *himself* kissing and liking it very much, and his arms flashed around the girlish body in front of him, and *they* liked it very much . . . He drew away and pushed Henriette away, roughly. She had defiled the treasure of Marie!

Now the disaster lay in the fact that at the street-corner Marie herself had been passing, and in the one dreadfully wrong moment—the single instant of that brief hot kiss—she had glanced up! She had not seen her lover push Henriette away, for she was blinded with sudden tears. She saw only her love, her life, perfidiously giving himself like a male wanton to a wench in the street! It was the end of the world for her.

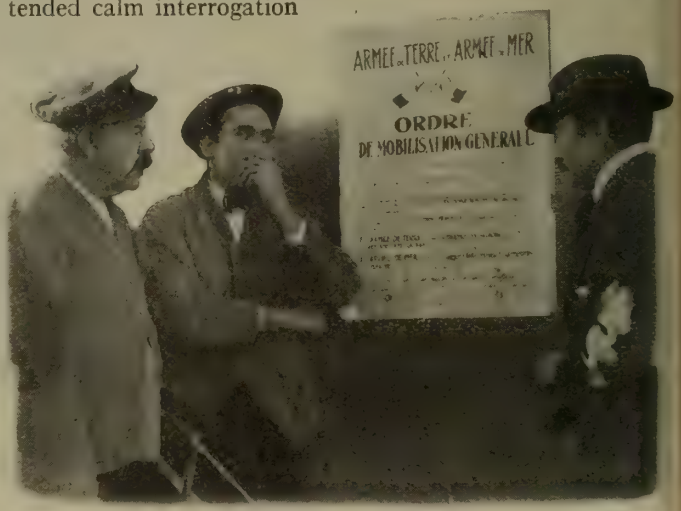
Quickly, Douglas sought her out—furious at himself, wildly fearful of the mischief he had wrought.

If Marie had met him with angry protests, with tears—even with a silence that was sullen! But she met him with a sweet, sad smile: a look of infinite compassion. She offered him a little packet . . . his letters . . . the pictures . . . the poor little ring. . . .

"Oh, don't, Marie! Don't! I love you! Before God, I love only you!"

He could not have explained anything in words. Yet his heart-broken voice explained everything, and her heart cried out in answer. Still. . . .

"Maybe, but—you kissed her! You kissed her! You kissed her!" Marie's intended calm interrogation



Then, on a glowing, lazy day, a proclamation appeared upon dead walls, here and there. A government proclamation, it was.

burst in a blaze of grief and a girl's outraged, angry protest. And his heart was touched, too, by the love-torrent that had broken through everything she meant to say.

"I know, but darling—she—I—nobody is to blame, Marie! It can never happen again—never! Never!"

"Never, if we should live to be a thousand million years old?"

"Marie!"

Theirs was the embrace of forgiveness and a big-hearted girl's first brave though blunderful attempt at understanding.

In a few minutes they passed once more through the garden gate, and here, again lingered naughty Henriette.

"Henriette!" called Douglas imperatively. The girl wheeled as though to see another woman called down or cast aside. "This is my fiancee—I want you to know her, and *respect* her!"

All the little devils of Satan's house danced for a moment in Henriette's impassioned eyes.

"Bah!" she exclaimed. "That for you, ma'amselle Fiancee!" And she spat furiously at Marie's boots.

Whereupon Douglas—remember, this is not America!—slapped her lightly in the face. With a bizarre curse at both of them she did her weird, lightning-like hip-hop down the street, snapping her fingers and making a face as she went. Douglas and Marie laughed gaily—and their souls looked at each other through their eyes.

Now the philosophy of Henriette was best expressed in the epigram: if you can't get what you want, want what you can get—and she certainly could get Cuckoo. Cuckoo was a bit wooden in his belfry architecture, and he had a way of staring like an idiot brother—but he was at least a man young and full of the fury of life, who could fight for her, and work for her, and protect her if need be—and love her like anything! So back to Cuckoo she went—and Cuckoo, having recently experienced a beating at her hands in which she seemed to hit him all over at once, with manual and pedal extremities and by machinery, crawled, rather terror-stricken, into the protection of a doorway. But in her pantomime, now, she held out her arm pitifully begging him to take it . . . Mon Dieu! was he going crazy? And as he floated out, his spirit upon a bed of foolish metaphoric violets, he looked more idiotic than ever, and Henriette hated him—and began to adore him!

At Maison Hamilton, father, mother and the two older boys welcomed the little Fiancee with an almost pathetic sincerity. Not so the littlest brother, whose big-brother author was his idol, not to be taken from him by *any* meddling old girl! And so, when Marie was introduced to him as a future sister, he stuck a despairing tongue right up into her astonished face—like a mean little puppy. But littlest Brother couldn't hold a grouch, and when she only held out her arms and continued to smile—he smiled, too, and gave her a hot little dirty-handed hug and a loud, smacking kiss.

And the lives of all of them went on very happily, and seemed brimming cups of work and plan and content, though the village *was* very isolated, as Douglas sarcastically observed in his pre-Marie days. Strange—and yet is it?—how one person can lend completeness to an erstwhile vast void. The only visitor of consequence in a year had been one Von Strohm, a German traveller plentifully supplied with money, who took no particular

Hearts of the World

WRITTEN from the photoplay produced by D. W. Griffith with the following cast:

Marie's Grandfather...Adolph Lestina
Marie's Mother.....Josephine Crowell
Marie.....Lillian Gish
Douglas Hamilton.....Robert Harron
His Father.....Jack Cosgrave
His Mother.....Kate Bruce
Littlest Brother.....Ben Alexander
Other Brothers.....M. Emmons F. Marion
The Little Disturber.....Dorothy Gish
Cuckoo.....Robert Andersen
Carpenter.....George Fawcett
Vonstrohm.....George Siegmann

The bombardment ceased and without resistance, the Germans took the village.

The regiment had not been away four days before word came back that the village must be evacuated. The whole German army was coming!

of war with the Imperial German Government, and called to the tricolor the troops of the land and the sailors of the sea.

There was no especial excitement attendant upon this declaration of war in that little village. War was a thing to be read about in books; a story told by the old men who had been boys in '70—possibly war now was a reality upon some distant field set off like an arena to show the machinery of destruction. But here were the dwellings of peace and the lanes of tranquillity, and as the village asked nothing of any man, and burned with no ambitions, so it expected to be let alone by an ambitionful and destructive world.

Nevertheless, as troops were going out everywhere, Monsieur Cuckoo and all the village boys were taken into the ranks; and Douglas, feeling that a land worth living in was a land worth fighting for, put his beloved American citizenship carefully away with the literary prize his new novel had just brought him, and prepared to fight for France.

There were tears—even for Monsieur Cuckoo! When he came to Henriette resplendent in his gay-clumsy uniform of that period, a glad cry started in her throat, but died at her lips. Somehow, she could not speak, and she buried her face in his shoulder, biting the buttons of his coat savagely, and wetting them with her tears. And Cuckoo,

interest—to the townsfolk's great chagrin—in their church nor their fields, but poked his stick about in the old stone walls and the granite croppings that faced not a few of the street-cuts as if—well, as if he were looking for big-gun bases. The idea was of course absurd.

Not so absurd, though, was his meeting with Marie, at the garden gate, and his leering survey of her figure through her summer dress. Marie could not forget Von Strohm's loathsome eyes.

And the wonderful Spring of 1914 passed into golden summer.

Then, on a glowing, lazy day, the long roll of the crier's drum echoed through the main street, and a proclamation appeared upon dead walls, here and there. A government proclamation, it was.

It declared that the Republic of France was in a state

exultant, melodramatic and distraught all at once, pushed her from him and struck an attitude.

"I'll be back in three weeks!" he declaimed, "with a lock of hair, all for you—the Kaiser's mustache!"

There was less fierce passion in the parting of Douglas and Marie, but tenderness deep as the sea. In a little gold frame she had placed her lover's picture, and to him she gave her own portrait—with a little silken flag of the United States at its side!

Quickly the unworldly tranquillity of the village passed, as there swept down upon them news of the rape of Belgium, and the advance of Von Kluck. Everywhere, hurry, hurry, hurry! Lamps blazed through the night in windows which had never known illumination after nine; all day the company drilled on the esplanade under an officer just from the Department of the Loire; from dawn to dark, one day, great guns hurtled through the village behind scores of straining horses or pounding motors. That gray river of destruction was coming their way! That was their next news, and the company prepared to take its place with innumerable other companies marching through the town the following morning. Marie and Douglas sat quietly under the garden wall in the moonlight for hours, and Henriette alternately cried and swore and laughed, while Cuckoo—loudly cursing the Germans or suspiciously blowing his nose—busied himself with his accoutrement.

And in the morning, almost before breakfast—they were gone! Marie had a misty vision of her affianced husband's calm, smiling American face as he swung into line with the Frenchmen; and long afterward she remembered how she had laughed at the frantic Henriette, trotting furiously at Cuckoo's side, stuffing his mouth with carnations!

Marie feared that the sudden quiet which would fall upon the town would prove unendurable—but there were other things than quiet to endure. The regiments had not been away four days before word came back that the village must be evacuated. The whole German army was coming!

In that instant Marie realized that her grandfather was a very old man and that Douglas' family was in very great danger. Stephenson had come to age so gradually, so tranquilly, that no one realized his three-score-and-ten years, least of all, himself. The order of departure broke his husk of security, and there was left only an old, old man whose very mind tottered under events he could not grasp. Upon one thing he was determined—he had come to the village as a refuge from the world, and a refuge, an island of tranquillity it must remain! These reports of a German advance were nonsense! Marie's mother, fluttering around like an old hen, and crying a great deal, could not move him. On the other side of the garden wall the Hamiltons declaimed like French folk, and Hamilton himself made a bet that not even an airplane would pass over.

When the first shell fell in the esplanade, hurting no one and wrecking nothing, but making a prodigious noise, Marie felt, strangely, that she had known war all her life. She moved as if in a dream, a creature apart. She expected anything—except what happened.

Soon the bombardment bit into shops and houses. The Hamiltons fled, and Douglas' father, toppling grotesquely to death in the street, was only one of many to die in the rain of Prussian steel. Marie believed, and with reason, that her grandfather's mind gave way at the last. At any rate, her mother had gone and the old man, mumbling a protest which was incoherent, tottered slowly out, leaning on his stick. Even at the gate he fought

Month after month piled up its legend of Hunnish crime on the book of God.

When the oldest boy—a stern man at fifteen—realized their mother was dead, he thought of her beloved body being thrown by a German scavenger into a cart.

against time and circumstance, striking at a soldier who tried to pull him along. Then, like a captain who determines to die at his post, he turned back . . . when the dust of the shell which fell at that moment cleared away the old stalwart, coffined in debris, seemed really at rest. He had found eternal repose in the very walls in which he had sought temporal peace.

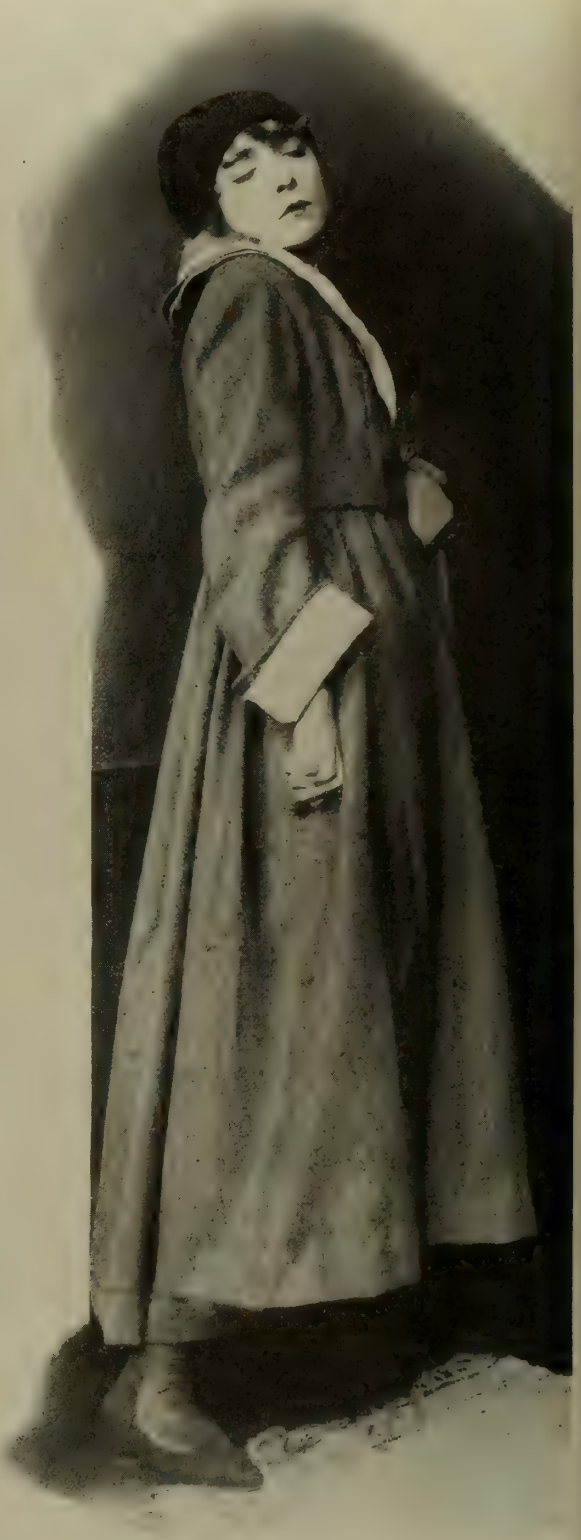
In the great unused wine-cellar of Lemantine Freres Marie found her mother—a mother who staggered down the stairs, trying to speak but unable to do so, a mother who tottered to a bench and fell upon it as though she were drunk. The girl, and others, pressed some water to the woman's lips, thinking her fainting from fear or exhaustion. Instead of drinking it, her head fell forward even as she tried to speak to her daughter. Marie raised her chin—blood had dripped from her mouth down upon her bosom; Marie's hand was covered with it, and when the woman tried to speak her voice was a wordless mixture of blood and froth and outlandish sounds.

Horrified, Marie drew her hand away—her mother toppled forward on her head, like a dog in a fit. Everyone heard the infantryman's rasping order to "clear out—now!" except Marie, and her mother, who would never hear anything again. When they were gone, Marie began to talk to the bloody, inert hulk in her arms, saying the little pet words her mother had used to her in time of trouble. The girl found it impossible to understand what was wrong. For a brief moment her bewildered and torn mind flew free from this horror and she thought they were again in the peace and quiet of their home. But a muddled realization of the truth came to her in fitful flashes. In her excitement, the girl thought her mother spoke, and she turned her face up to her own. She saw only the whites of her mother's eyes, a sagging jaw, and blood, blood, blood. She felt the sergeant's arm about her waist, yet she did not realize what or why, and fought savagely to keep hold of the repulsive dead thing in her arms.

"Old woman's chest smashed flat by a spent shell fragment—poor girl quite off her head—I got her away and she ran yelling and screaming down the street," reported the sergeant to the captain who had sent him in to get all humans out. Just then the whole town shook with the thunder of a stupendous detonation. Marie's mother had been given burial service by Krupp & Co.

In the savage attack of the Germans the home company had been flung out to guard the village, and had fared badly. The undaunted protectors fought with the fury—impotent yet ferocious—of a fox terrier after a wolf hound. They nagged and worried the invaders, yet real achievement was impossible. Hurled back upon itself in what seemed inextricable confusion, the home company had left many killed and wounded. Among the latter . . . Douglas Stephenson. Here, in a field, the wandering Marie found him. Her mind jangled like a sweet bell out of tune, she was perfectly calm, and perfectly insane. Wandering through the smoke-shot dusk she hugged her

"With this ring," murmured Douglas, "I thee wed."



"If they come through that door—my wife" significantly gazing at the gun. "I understand,"

hispered Douglas, urmured Marie.

bridal gown to her as a little child carries a toy through disaster. So she found Douglas—dead, of course. And eared in her inner consciousness, somehow, this fact remained. Presently she left him to lie on his last field of glory, and in placid, smiling melancholy, tottered along.

In the night two Red Cross men, staggering from weariness, found him. "Dead." So muttered the examiner, and they trudged on with their stretcher. Then came another, not quite so tired. "Alive!" he whispered to his companion, and the inert body was jounced to the field hospital. But Cuckoo and the Carpenter, in the ranks, mourned.

Among all those to find Marie, in her mindless progress, who should the fates choose but Henriette! She, with other girls, had sought refuge in the Inn, which, strangely, was spared the hell of cannon-fire. Henriette, a great surge of sympathy rushing over her, led the childlike and unresisting girl to a little room under the stairs, and there made a bed for her, and fed her and nursed her slowly back to sanity.

The bombardment ceased, and, without resistance, the Germans took the village. Quickly the detestable machine of "Kultur" apportioned all food, all quarters, all work. Douglas Hamilton's mother, weary and hopeless and frail, was put at laundering, twelve hours each day, for German officers. The oldest little brother was sent out to shovel coal. Henriette, the Little Disturber, became scullion of the Inn, and Marie—alas!—was made to dig potatoes.

While Cuckoo and the Carpenter, welcoming back the restored Douglas with joyous kisses, swept back and forth with the rest of the army of defense through that terrible first year of war. Each became a stupendous hero, full of exploits for which he should have been covered with orders. Each fought with knife and hand like a Roman legionary. Each made sure that many a Hun would never return to the Rhine, and Douglas scarcely had a week devoid of desperate and extraordinary adventure. Oftentimes they gazed with dimmed eyes into the distant, Boche-infested North. How near—or how far beyond the horizon was their beloved village? Generally it was a score of miles, but once it was only a league, and Cuckoo, cursing like a fiend, was restrained only by his two friends from rushing alone toward it and certain death.

Thus month after month piled up its legend of Hunnish crimes on the book of God. Physically, Douglas was better for his daring life under the open sky. But he never gave himself time for thinking, for there arose two visions beyond the French trenches . . . his mother and the little boys . . . his sweetheart. He had heard of his father's death.

There is a Providence in our restriction of vision, our inability to forecast tomorrow or see around a corner. For had Douglas realized that his mother was slowly dying, her lungs eaten away by the quick consumption of scrubwoman's drudgery and her dank underground dwelling, it is doubtful if anything would have restrained him from death on German bayonets or wire.

So Madame—once "Mrs."—Hamilton staggered on with her tubs and her steam-shrouded flatirons, until on a certain day she realized that she would never leave her cellar alive. She was not alarmed. She was not even excited. Calling her three boys, she whispered, "Be brave, my sons!" Then she closed her eyes, and while the littlest brother cried into her neck and hugged her tight, she sank to sleep. . . .

When the oldest—a stern man at fifteen years—realized that she was dead he also thought of the ultimate profanation to come—her beloved body thrown by a German scavenger into a cart, to be dumped into a shallow trench with quicklime . . . in a few minutes he and his younger brother were through the cellar flags and working

(Continued on page 118)

Here Come

These are June
few cases the im-

Alice Brady does not appear to look forward with any great degree of anticipation to her marriage. One might say they were rushin' her into matrimony, but one wouldn't of course.

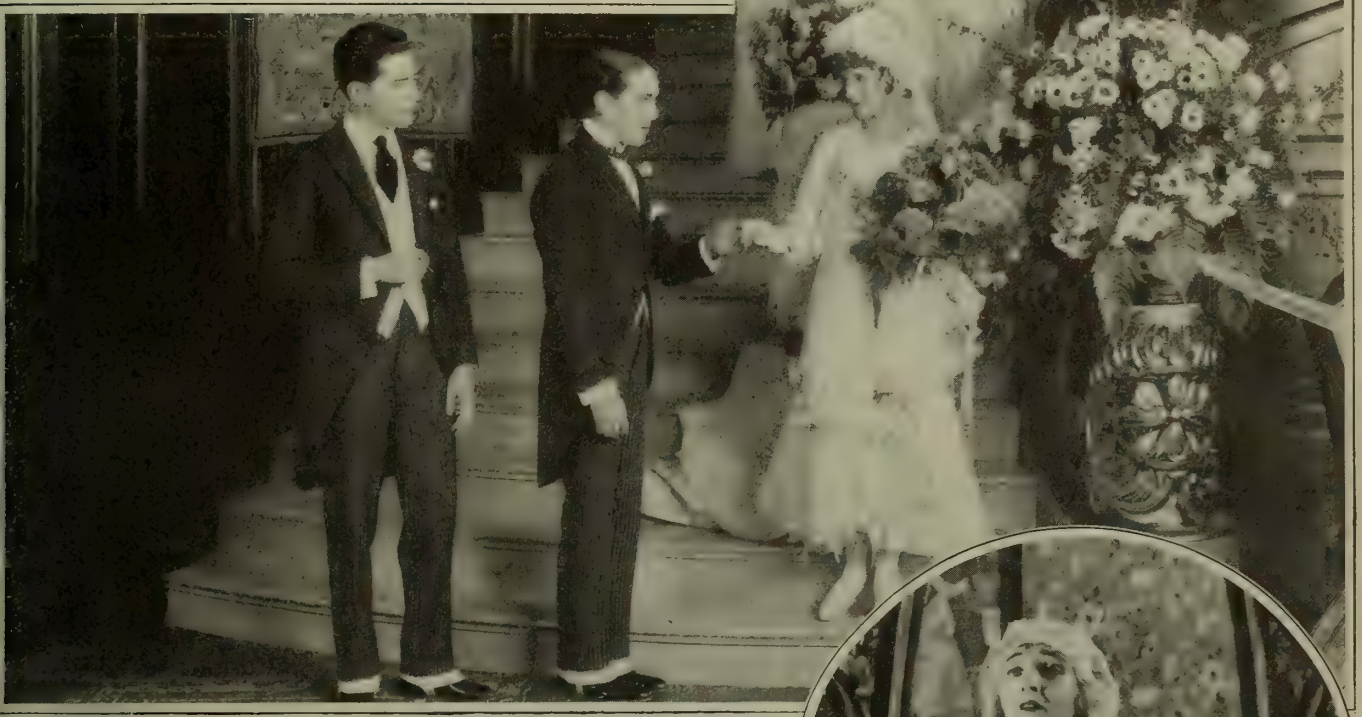
There is no good reason for publishing this photograph of Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman. Before the end of June you will be able to see them by the dozen in the show windows of almost any of the "coupon" photographers.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man's married his trouble begins.

Something like this apparently is going through the mind of Sidney Drew, who drew this stern-visaged bride in "Pay Day." There is little question who will be boss in this family.

The Brides!

rides and in a
aterial grooms



Louise Huff is the dainty flapper bride in "Bunker Bean," in which she marries Jack Pickford. It's a long time since the Lasky folks have permitted Jack to wear regular clothes, and Louise is all dolled up to celebrate the event.

Marguerite Clark is the most infrequent bride of any young woman star in pictures, for the reason that usually she plays the part of a child who is far, far too young to marry. We had to go clear back to "Silks and Satins" to get this one.

Belle Bennett is indulging herself in a little reflection before going to the altar in "A Soul in Trust." This is no reflection upon the bridegroom-elect. The only visible angle about Miss Bennett is Triangle.

Well, you'd pout too, if you were all dressed up with bridal veil and everything like Viola Dana is here, and the bridegroom showed up in his business suit, while the hack driver was as you see. It's no way to treat a lady.

"Marriage is a bitter pill," Nazimova seems to be saying to herself, in this scene from her latest Metro picture. Yet Nazimova is, in truth, happily married, and her husband is her leading man, Charles Bryant.

Romeo and Juliet are models of the vogue, so prevalent this year, of quiet weddings. But while a fashionable quiet wedding may have from fifty to a hundred guests, the young couple of Verona married not only quietly, but on the quiet. And here we have that six-foot Romeo, F. X. Bushman, and the petite Juliet, Beverly Bayne, showing how it was done.

"Miss Goody-Two-Shoes"

Just think of it! She went to a dinner at the Waldorf and forgot to put on her shoes!

By Verne Hardin Porter

GLADYS BROCKWELL is both a personage and a personality, if one can reconcile the popular conception of the two. Ordinarily we think of a personage as a heavy thinker who, as the scribe expressed it, wears winter-weight eyebrows and a huge Manner; and we are, in distinction, prone to imagine a personality as a highly sensitized magnet completely surrounded by sparks of what is crudely but expressively known as "pep."

Gladys Brockwell is the last in its ultimate, and the first because, in spite of the last, she carries with it a dignified distinctiveness, a charming quality that motion picture stars may profitably own. Perhaps it is poise. At any rate, she and I were talking of it one day, talking particularly of a famous speaking-stage actress whose screen attempts have been a succession of failures. "She looks terribly on the screen," Miss Brockwell admitted, "and seems to act terribly; but I want you to notice that no matter how bad they are on the celluloid, those who come from the speaking-stage all have that striking and valuable quality—poise." And she is right.

Above—Notice the pose! At the age of five, only tragedy interested Miss Brockwell. Therefore, as is the way of life, now that she is grown up, she is fond of comedy although one could hardly say she is about to laugh in the picture at the left.

As Patsy in "The Queen of Chinatown"—aged 7.

There is so much about Miss Brockwell that is interesting in a purely discursive way that one is tempted seriously to analyze her personality and her art—and be dignified, and consequently, dull. I promise that I won't, for on the other hand, there is so much about her that is far more entertaining—the human, intimate, everything-but-serious side of her—that it fairly clamors to be told. For instance—having descended from the sublime—her propensity for mules.

There are, as you may know, Missouri mules and mules. There is a suggestion of pedal extremities about both kinds, but the breed for which Miss Brockwell has such an inexplicably strong penchant is worn on the feet. They are, in fact, half slippers, floppy, usually red, and requiring some dexterity and a strong sense of duty to keep them on. I had noticed that in her recent Fox photodrama, "For Liberty," Miss Brockwell wore mules from start to finish. I asked their whyfor.

"The reason why," she said, in explanation, "is that I forgot to take them off when we were taking the first few scenes, and, consequently, had to keep them on throughout the entire picture. I hate shoes; I don't know why, but I do. I always wear mules or slippers until the very last minute, and then, 'most times, I have to be forced to put on shoes.

"I've been that way since I was a baby. I would dress all up, even put on my hat and coat, and then Billy" (Billy being her mother) "would find that I hadn't put on my shoes and stockings. She'd send me to my room to put them on. It took courage, I tell you, so I'd sing. I was such a little kidlet that I couldn't speak plainly, but I'd try violently to warble that

old melody, 'Scotland's Burning.' While I would be dragging on my stockings and shoes, I would carol, 'Neeno neening' and other jabberings that were supposed to be the words. Sometimes they would find me in my room an hour later, sitting and singing and my feet and legs still unclad.

"But the fact of going through that picture with mules on, is not the worst. A year or so ago in New York we were invited to a luncheon party at the Waldorf-Astoria—in the main dining-room, too. It was to be quite a fussy affair, and I dressed up in my Sunday-go-to-meeting best, my suit skirt, by the way, striking high on my ankles. There were twenty or more present at the table, and it was just my bad luck to be called upon to talk. I stepped back from the table, and there was a roar of laughter. All eyes were focused on my feet. I looked down. Horrors! I had on a pair of old, floppy red mules! It was then and there that I wilted and ever after they called me 'Goody-Two-Shoes.' "

. . . . . .

The super-affection and real comradeship that exists between Miss Brockwell and her mother is one of the finest things in filmdom. Wherever Miss Gladys goes, Billy is there, and vice versa. They are inseparable, both at work and at play. Her mother is her business manager and secretary, her mentor—and her chum. And in appearance they are like sisters, not that Miss Gladys looks old but that Mrs. Brockwell looks young.

"She would never call me 'Mother,' " Mrs. Brockwell told me once, "not even when she was a baby. My name is Lillian, and it was that that my mother, who was with us a great deal, called me. She would say to Gladys, when Glad was a baby, 'Call her Mamma.' 'No! no!' Gladys would say. 'Ully!' —that being as nearly as she could pronounce Lillian.

"When she got older, 'Ully' became 'Billy,' and Billy has stayed with me."

Mrs. Brockwell left the stage only recently herself, after years of work in all its branches. For a season she played in support of Minnie Maddern Fiske, and for four years and a half was a member of the stock company at the Lafayette Theater in Washington, D. C. Mr. Brockwell, too, was an actor, and Miss Gladys virtually was born to the stage and reared on it, "though," Mrs. Brockwell explains, "I did not want her to become an actress. She just did."

At top, Miss Brockwell as the cafe-woman in "Her Parent's Sin;" top-center, Miss Brockwell as herself; immediately above, Miss Brockwell as the mother in "The Old High Chair." Below, Miss Brockwell is doing some of her literary work. The lady reading the manuscript is her mother, a friendly but uncompromising critic.

Witzel

Her first appearance was not unlike that of Maude Adams. She was a month old. Lillian Brockwell was playing a child's part (she was supposed to be thirteen years old) in "The Waifs of New York" at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, and carried Baby Gladys, who unknowingly played the part of her sister—a part she still plays—on the stage.

"She was a serious child," her mother said, "and life was one great tragedy to her, as it is to many children. She could not play comedy,—detested it, in fact—and I remember that once we went out together with a company, I to play leading parts and she to play ingenues. But we found that she would not do the comedy parts required of the ingenue, or else couldn't do them, and in two months we switched, she, then just fourteen years old, being the leading lady and I, her mother, the ingenue. And we had quite a successful season.

"Gladys is still essentially a tragedienne, preferring heavy character parts, but she has come to like comedy and do it well. How did it come? Life, I suppose. It usually does."

. . . . . .

Gladys Brockwell was born in Brooklyn, September 26, 1893, and during her short life has crowded in a mass of dramatic experience that would startle a Boswell.

Her first part was that of a newsboy in a performance of "The Charity Ball" in Brooklyn, when she was six. She became, at seven, a member of the Lyceum Stock Company at Williamsburgh, New York, doing many of the oldtime favorites such as "Lord Fauntleroy" and "East Lynne."

Two seasons in stock, then a road tour with Franklin Ardell's sketch "Catastrophe" when she was fourteen (playing, in long dresses, the part of a newlywed), and next in musical comedy stock in Wichita, Kansas. "Of course I couldn't sing," she admits, "but I made a brave show of it.

"When I was fifteen I began my 'tank-town' experience in the middle west and west, playing in many villages where there were no theatres. We used

own halls and vacant storerooms, particularly in Utah, vell off the railroad. I stayed in repertory for six or eight nonths and then joined a St. Elmo company, finally end-ng by going into stock with Willard Mack, now famous s a playwright, in Salt Lake City. He was the leading nan and a matinee idol. I played ingenue parts with im for a season, went back to the road in repertory, and hen back to Salt Lake to play leading parts with Mr. Mack n vaudeville stock—two different shows each week.

"Being venturesome, I took out a repertory company of ny own, putting on 'The Great Divide,' 'Merely Mary Ann' and plays of that class.

"My first motion-picture experience was with Romaine Fielding, of the old Lubin company, putting on two and hree-reel western melodramas in New Mexico. That was ive years ago.

"Later I went with D. W. Griffith. He wasn't exactly mpressed by my ability. In fact, he took great pains to ell me that as a screen actress I was about as bad as the vorst. No matter! If he reads this, he'll probably say he asn't changed his mind.

"I reached success through hard work. For one thing, 've had to build up my education, for, after I was hirteen, I got no schooling. I read during most of my pare time; that is, the spare time I am not giving to my nusic. For years I have been hungry to read, and now delve deep into all manner of literature. While I am in my dressing-room making up or waiting to go on a scene, Billy reads to me—Shakespeare, old plays, old books, the best standards; things that will be helpful to me as an actress and as a woman.

"Though I admit that my ambition is to return to the speaking stage, even if I starve to death, I take my work here seriously. I go over the 'scripts carefully, and when I am playing I try to be, to feel and to think the character, whether I am off stage or on. This concentration is more of a strain than one imagines, and when I go home at night I'm usually too tired to do anything but tumble into a bath, have dinner and rest. So I don't have much social life.

"I write a great deal—articles and short stories and poetry. I'm really quite proud of my poetry. And I do a good deal of musical composition on the piano. I am getting out a book of twelve of my compositions, semi-classical, to be called 'Spangles.' I write down the first piano arrangement, and then have a professional musician correct it—"

"Myself," broke in her mother, "I think they're usually better before they're corrected . . . But—I'm her mother."

I was asked to write a personality story. I'm glad I didn't. I would rather have you know Miss Gladys—and I'm sure you'd rather know her that way—as her mother describes her. "She is," says Billy, "quite a kid."

Blame Us—Mr. Bryan

Presenting William Jennings Bryan in a tableaux you'll never see in your favorite theatre.

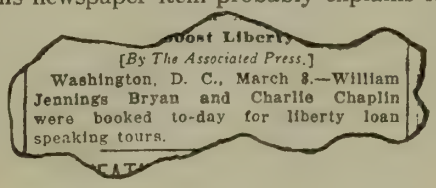
© Underwood & Underwood

If curiosity really killed a cat, it looks bad for us

FUNNY how things begin, isn't it?

Recently a Chicago reader of PHOTOPLAY phoned in asking if it were true that William Jennings Bryan—none other—is to take the place of the late Eric Campbell as Chaplin's foil.

Although the entire editorial department was severely shocked, we gradually regained our normal composure and then determinedly and scientifically sought to trace the rumor. This newspaper item probably explains it:



Post Liberty

[*By The Associated Press.*]

Washington, D. C., March 8.—William Jennings Bryan and Charlie Chaplin were booked to-day for liberty loan speaking tours.

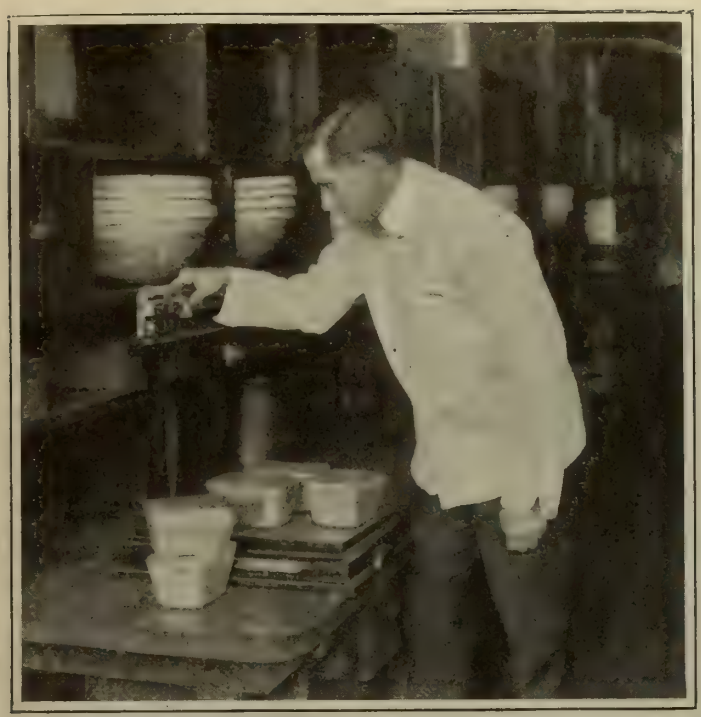
But our curiosity was only half satisfied. We wondered how the great Commoner would look behind the tonsorial accoutrement of filmland's according-to-Sennett heavy comedian. Succumbing after an ineffective battle, we called in our retouch artist and—well, here you see Mr. Bryan as he probably will never be seen again.

We just simply couldn't resist the temptation, Mr. Bryan.

All That Flickers Isn't Gold!

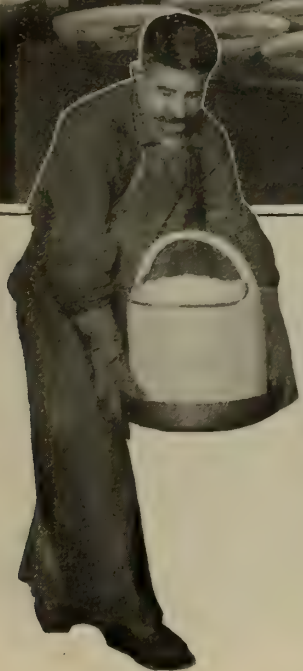
Tons of pure silver are used each week in the manufacture of photoplay film

By courtesy of the Eastman Kodak Company



We all realize the tremendous task of producing a movie; we know of the scenario work—the selecting of players and even of the important processes of developing. But few of us understand the process of manufacturing the film itself. Maybe you didn't know that the film is made largely of silver—pure silver, and cotton—ordinary plantation-variety cotton. The Eastman people use over two tons of silver a week in the manufacture of film. The picture above shows the weighing of the white metal. Each bar tips the scales at about forty-two pounds.

Cotton, carefully cleaned, is mixed with nitric and sulphuric acids. After immersion the nitrated cotton is put into centrifugal vats of organic solvents, changing the cotton to a honey-like liquid called "dope." This is poured over a smooth surface and when hardened constitutes the film body. On this is spread the sensitive coating. The film is then cut into regulation strips, carefully inspected, and is then ready for the camera.



After the weighing process the silver is taken to the nitrating department and put into bowls of dilute nitric acid. (As shown above). By evaporation, silver nitrate crystals are formed, shown in the white basket at left, in which there are 1000 ounces. These crystals are mixed with a solution of potassium bromide and dissolved gelatin, forming the light-sensitive coating. The emulsion used for motion picture film is more sensitive than that for the ordinary kodak film as the period of exposure is briefer.

This illustrates how the film-making industry has grown since the inception of the motion picture. The small, inscribed barrel served adequately when the ordinary kodak film was the sole output. But today—when scores of studios are calling for thousands of feet of film—well, the row of big barrels, used in mixing the dope, hardly suffices.

Matching Up Families in the Movies

YOU never thought of that, did you? Yes, for a "family picture" the casting director scours the country and the different studios to find an actress who looks enough like a famous star to be her "mother"; or an actor who sufficiently resembles the hero to pass as his father—on the screen.

Violet Wilkey in "The Birth of a Nation" portrayed, in the first part of that production, the little sister. Later Mae Marsh stepped into the little sister's shoes and so great was the likeness of the two that many thought Griffith had held the picture a year or two to have the sister grow up enough to show the lapse of time. Above, Mae Marsh as "Flora Cameron" in "The Birth of a Nation." Left, Violet Wilkey in a scene from another picture.

In "A Tale of Two Cities," Florence Vidor had the part of "Mimi," the little victim of the guillotine. Her startling resemblance to William Farnum was noticed at the studio. Consequently when it was necessary to find a sister for Bill in his next production, "American Methods," Miss Vidor was selected. She has been climbing the fair road to fame ever since.

At left—a scene from "The Americano." Lillian Langdon and Douglas Fairbanks are said to resemble one another so much that Miss Langdon is often cast as the mother of "Doug."

Herschall Mayall is George Walsh's father nine times out of ten in Walsh productions. Why? Note the same nose, the same jaw and the same frown. The resemblance is striking.

Kittens Reichert plays the childhood of Theda Bara in "Heart and Soul." The eyes of the little Fox star and of the world's widest known screen siren are said to be identically the same in expression.

She's in the "Waities"

Marjorie Daw waits longer now than she did for glory

By Elizabeth Peltret

MOVING pictures have been given all sorts of names since the days when they were an infant industry. Zoetrope, thaumatrope, phenakistoscope, animatoscope, Kaleidorama, biograph and cinematograph are a few, to say nothing of the more recent term "movie," but Marjorie Daw, of Lasky's, says that the only name which really fits this now uninfant ndustry is "waitie."

"There are a hundred and one things, from lights and props to temperaments, hat just naturally make us wait our lives away," he said in her best tragic manner. "And then eople say we're in the movies! Why, even Mr. Fairbanks does more waiting than moving and that's saying something, don't ou think?

"I'm working—I mean waiting—in a icture with Mr. Fairbanks now," she ent on. "I haven't done a thing this eek, but as Mr. Dwan has no way of nowing just when he will need me, I ave to stay here with my make-up on ll day, just the same."

Even as an extra, Marjorie Daw, id most of her waiting inside the studio nstead of in the extras' waiting room. nd, now, she has moved so far that at eventeen she is a leading lady.

"Perhaps it was through the workings f the well-known Law of Compensaion or Poetic Justice that I did so little aiting when I started working in the ovies," she said. "You see, I had aited most of my life. That's about ll you can do when you have curvature f the spine. My back was in a plaster ast for three years!"

And now she plays leading parts with oug Fairbanks! It does sound somehing like poetic justice!

"I was given an ingenue part n my first picture. It was 'The ove Victorious' with Vilfred Lucas and leo Madison, for niversal.

"You know, extra eople go from studio o studio. At that time, Geraldine Farrar was at asky's making 'Carmen' and she happened to see me here and take an interest in me."

On Geraldine Farrar's advice, Cecil B. De Mille ave the little girl a five-year contract. Marjorie aw's days of waiting outside with the atmosphere" were over almost before they egan.

"The Warrens of Virginia" is the first Lasky picture Marjorie Daw appeared in. Others are "The Unafraid" with Rita Jolivet, "The Secret Orchard" with Blanche Sweet, "The Puppet Crown" with Ina Claire and Raymond Hatton, and "Out of Darkness" with Charlotte Walker.

Did you know Marjorie Daw waited three years for happiness—inside a plaster cast? Curvature of the spine.

Stagg

When she reached the "awkward" age the company sent her away to school. She came back only a little while ago very much "grown up"—hair on top of her head and everything. Some of her later pictures are "The Jaguar's Claw" with Sessue Hayakawa, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Mary Pickford, "The Man From Painted Post" and "A Modern Musketeer" with Douglas Fairbanks.

While we chatted, we heard laughter and unmistakable sounds of "kidding" from outside.

It was Marshall Nielan directing a bowl of goldfish. We went out to watch. He would tap on the bowl with one finger, then clap his hands and say:

"Jump, you little devils, jump!"

The camera man was ready to start as soon as the goldfish was ready.

"More waities" remarked the girl with the nursery-rhyme name. "Mary Pickford held up by a temperamental goldfish. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

The

In the Hohenzollern Club was consternation! Von Papen, raging, stared at the dictograph transmitter on the wall.

SYNOPSIS

GLOBE-TROTTERS, scientists, investigators—such men compose the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to help the U. S. Secret Service in tracking spies of Imperial Germany, waging secret warfare on America. Harrison Grant, the Club president, has secretly installed a dictaphone in the Hohenzollern Club, the New York headquarters of the spies. Though the Lusitania disaster was carried to its cold-blooded success, this dictaphone aids Grant in thwarting other holocaustic plots, including a plan to blow up the Ansonia Hotel with 800 naval officers as guests, the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship and a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe. Dixie Grant, a beautiful southern girl working secretly for Chief Flynn, puzzles Grant. He sees her in company with Heinric von Lertz, whom he knows to be the New York secret representative of Ambassador von Bernstorff, and wonders if she is German aide or American. Grant thwarts a plot to bring on a strike that would stagnate all eastern America, finding its impetus in sinking of ships, presumably by the longshoremen. Grant succeeds in obtaining the famous "secret portfolio" of Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy of the German Imperial Government. This portfolio reveals many of the Teuton plot plans. Grant thwarts a plan to bomb American vessels.

CHAPTER IX

The Munitions Campaign

THINGS happen quickly when the spies of Imperial Germany are at work. Within less than a month after Count Johann von Bernstorff had held a certain conference over blue prints and plans in the Imperial German Embassy at Washington, another conference was held in the office of Captain Franz von Papen, attended by von Bernstorff himself, by Dr. Heinrich Albert, the fiscal spy, by von Papen, Boy-Ed and von Lertz. And also by J. S. Slakberg who, a month before, had shown plans and blue prints to Ambassador Bernstorff, only to receive the opinion of the ambassador that "it would be the greatest achievement Germany has yet accomplished." And now—

Slakberg smiled queerly as he eyed the assembly.

"Production of shells of all calibres began for the French this morning at the A. T. R. munitions plant," he announced.

"For the French?" Captain von Papen looked up with wide eyes. "For the French—and you allow it? What did you become secretary of that plant for? What did—."

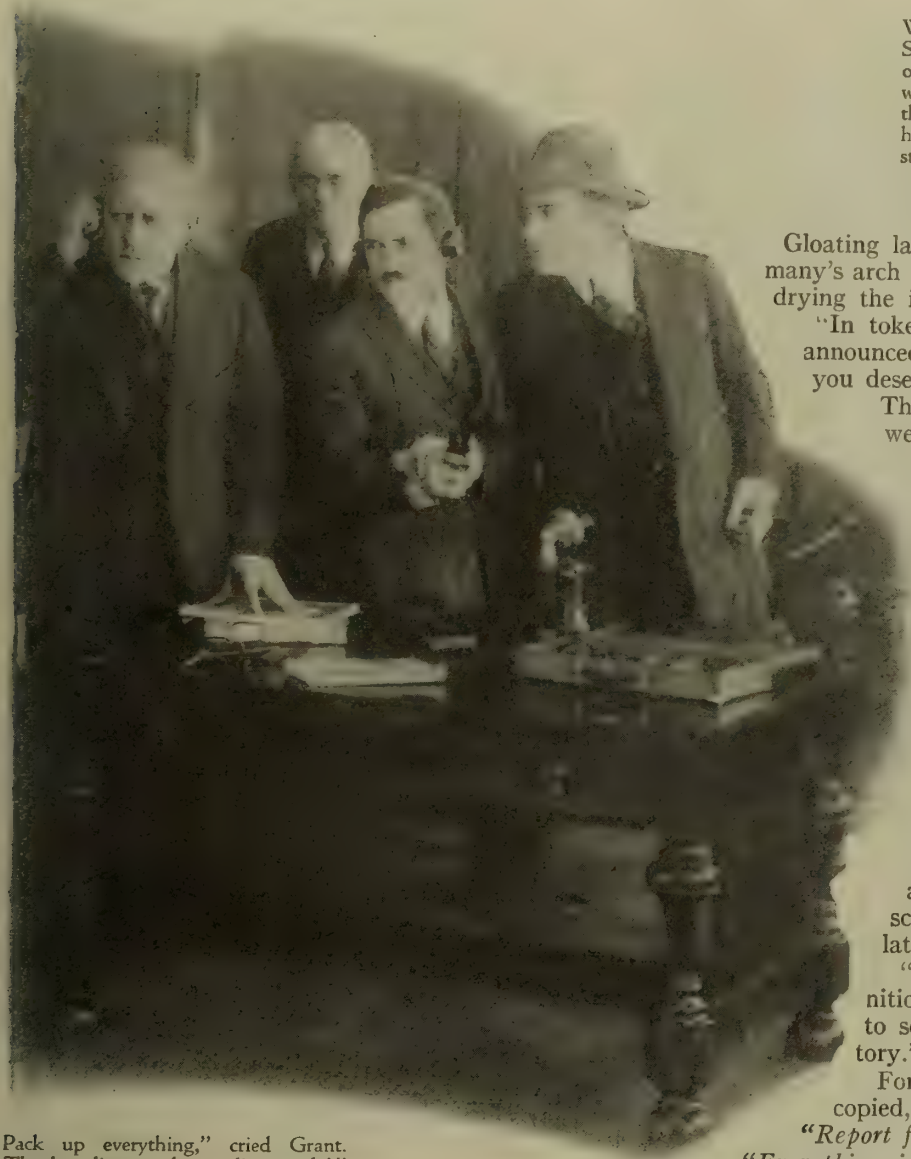
"Pardon me a moment, your excellency!" Slakberg, the spy, smiled in his most ingratiating way. "I must repeat

EAGLE'S EYE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service
Novelized from the photoplay serial produced by the Whartons.

William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. Through that momentous period before we entered the war, he and his men — the nation's Eagle Eye — struggled to stop the bestial plottings of Germans within our gates.



"Pack up everything," cried Grant. "They've discovered our dictograph!"

that in the very munitions plant in which I have become secretary, production of shells of all calibres began for the French this morning. They have been paid for by the French. They will be delivered to the French. But they are being made according to false plans! As soon as the agreement had been signed between the A. T. R. munitions works and the French government, the plans for the shells were naturally turned over to me. And when that was done, I substituted other plans that will cause every shell turned out by the A. T. R. to be made according to German measurements; to fit only German guns!

"When the shells reach the French front, they will not fit the French guns. The poilus will be unable to keep up their artillery fire. The Prussians will then be able to advance without any fear from French artillery. The French will be forced to retreat, leaving their ammunition behind them, so that our forces will be able to use that ammunition in our own guns! America is now making ammunition for us and France is paying for it!"

Gloating laughter sounded—the laughter of Germany's arch spies. Then von Papen came forward, drying the ink on a check he had just signed.

"In token of Imperial Germany's esteem," he announced, handing the check to Slakberg. "May you deserve and receive many more of them!"

Thus ended a conference of murder. A week later, three important things happened.

One of them concerned one of Heinric von Lertz's inevitable visits to Dixie Mason; a visit in which von Lertz's overcoat was thrown carelessly over the back of a chair, revealing an envelope in one of the pockets; a visit which had its sequel when Dixie's maid came forth from an adjoining room, following von Lertz's departure, a smile on her dusky face, a piece of paper in her hand.

"Ah done just got it copied in time to shove de envelope back in his pocket 'fore he tooked his coat," she announced with a grin. Dixie Mason scanned the copied notation. A second later she turned quickly.

"Get me clothing appropriate for a munition worker," she ordered. "I'm going to seek employment in the A. T. R. factory."

For the notation which Dixie's maid had copied, read:

"Report for Dr. Albert

"Everything is working out to our satisfaction at the A. T. R. Munitions factory. J. S. S."

So much for one happening. The second concerned Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, who sat in his office reading an article in the daily paper concerning the large war order upon which the A. T. R. factory was working, and quoting J. S. Slakberg, the secretary, regarding the amount of munitions to be produced. A knock at the door and the cashier of a bank entered.

"Mr. Grant," he began, "some time ago you wrote, asking us to allow you to see any checks that Franz von Papen issued on our bank. Here is one I think will interest you."

He passed over the check that Franz von Papen had made out in payment for the changing of the plans of the French munitions and the deliberate betrayal of America into a breeding place of murder. Hurriedly Grant compared the name on the check with that of the newspaper notice he had just read.

"So!" he mused, "J. S. Slakberg is the secretary of a company making munitions for France—and receiving checks from the personal checkbook of Franz von Papen!"

"You!" exclaimed Grant. "The evidence is absolute, Miss Mason. You are under arrest!"

As for the third happening, it concerned J. S. Slakberg and the electrician of the A. T. R. Munitions company. Together they stood in the powerhouse of the great munitions works, while the electrician held forth a device very much like the spark plug of an automobile.

"As I understand it, you don't want to blow up the plant unless there is some trouble?" he asked.

"Correct," answered the scheming secretary. "As everything stands now, the plant is of more value to Germany in producing shells than it would be if the place were destroyed. But I want you to be ready for any emergency. That's why I asked you to rig up this device. So, is everything ready?"

"Quite," came the answer of the electrician. "I've connected a dead wire in the loading room to this switch. When the time comes, I'll insert this sparker in the light socket of the wire. Then when I throw the switch, the electricity from the sparker will ignite the explosive dust from the loading table. The factory will be blown to pieces!"

Nor was it long until each happening had its sequel. Within an hour, Harrison Grant was in the office of the Munitions Works, little knowing that in the loading room a new "girl" had been put to work—Dixie Mason. Besides, Harrison Grant's mind was on something else.

"Mr. Slakberg," he was saying as he dawdled the plans of the factory's output, "did I understand you to say that these plans were drawn in Paris?"

"Yes, of course."

"And naturally, they've been in your possession all the time?"

"Certainly."

"Then—" Harrison Grant rose from his position at the desk, "will you kindly explain to me why these Parisian plans bear a German watermark?"

A quick movement as Slakberg made a rush for the door. A parry and he had been stopped, as Harrison Grant brought forth a pair of handcuffs and threatened him with them. The German smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"No need for those," he sneered. "I'll go peaceably."

And peaceably he went—so peaceably that Harrison Grant did not notice the cigar he threw away as they passed the main building of the plant, nor the electrician who hurried to pick it up. But someone else noticed—Dixie Mason!

Hardly had the electrician broken the cigar and read the paper curled within than Dixie Mason had left the loading room, under pretext of illness. A quick bit of reconnoitering and she had obtained the paper, where the electrician spy had thrown it away—to stare at the wording:

"Warn von Papen!"

Then Dixie took the trail, to shadow the electrician to the saloon where he hurried to telephone, then to watch him from a distance as he hurried away to receive his signals of destruction—the characteristic German method of breaking all messages in two forms of delivery. It was late at night when that second group of instructions came—flashed from an electric light on a hill far away from the watching electrician. Dixie, in hiding, could only see a part of them. The rest came when the electrician hurried to a switch light, read the dots and dashes he had marked on a bit of paper, then hurried away again. And following him came Dixie Mason, to pick up the paper and to transcribe the dots and dashes into:

"Blow up factory at once!"

Speed! Speed and action! Every nerve in Dixie Mason's body strained to the utmost. Far across the railroad yards where the spy had sped, Dixie could see his form

as it hurtled through the air and clambered to the side of a fastly moving freight train. Hurriedly Dixie crossed the tracks that intervened, seeking to catch the same train and arrive at the plant simultaneously with the spy. But impossible. The speed was too great now—she lost her hold and, careening and tumbling, rolled to the bottom of the steep embankment.

But only for a moment did she remain there. Dragging herself to her feet, she ran toward a small motor service station, there to show her secret service commission, obtain a motorcycle and hurry onward.

And while she rushed toward the doomed munitions plant, Harrison Grant and the president of the A. T. R. works were hearing the confession of Slakberg, as he gave it in the rooms of the Criminology Club. The spy was worn now and haggard. Hours of questioning had beaten him down. Sentence by sentence he had given the whole gruesome story, finally to add:

"We wanted plenty of ammunition for the big German drive. We knew this was the best way to get it!"

"You've got your car downstairs?" Grant asked.

"Yes," answered the president.

"Good! We must stop all work at the factory at once! Not another shipment of shells must be forwarded! We must hurry!"

But at that moment the electrician spy was hurrying into the yards of the munitions works, while Dixie Mason, on her motorcycle, was rushing to save the plant.

A quarter of a mile resolved itself into a hundred yards. Then Dixie Mason rushed into the factory yard, to leap from the motorcycle, to hurry into the building and give the warning:

"Out—out everybody! The plant's about to be blown up!"

Screaming and crying, thousands of women rushed for the exits, Dixie preceding them as she ran toward the powerhouse, where she had seen the form of the electrician entering. The sparker already had been placed in its socket. The hand of the electrician was on the switch. Dixie leaped at him—but, too late! He slammed the switch into place, catching the sleeve of Dixie's dress therein, while from without came the thundering reverberation of the factory as it seemed literally to lift itself into the air.

Dixie gave silent thanks that she had at least warned the workers and given them a chance to escape. Then she sagged against the switchboard.

A man was before her, accusing, threatening.

"You!" he exclaimed. "You!" Then, with an effort: "The evidence is absolute, Miss Mason. You are under arrest!"

And Dixie Mason, looking into the face of Harrison Grant, remained silent. Silent as he turned at the sound of a shot from without, then, hearing his name called, brought forth a pair of handcuffs and fastened her to the gate of the switchboard. A second more and he was gone—forth to where the yard-watchman had felled the electrician as he sought to escape—then to return.

But when he returned, it was to find only a handcuff hanging on the gate of the switchboard. The other handcuff of the pair was gone—and with it Dixie Mason!

Hastily the men sought to restore the contents of that box. But Dixie had seen. In that long pine box had not rested a casket—but military rifles!

CHAPTER X

The Invasion of Canada

There was only one conclusion for Harrison Grant to reach—that Dixie Mason had at last been proved a spy, that she had wilfully thrown the switch that had plunged a million dollar factory to tangled steel and warped framework, to say nothing of threatening the lives of thousands of workers. The manner of her escape was simple—a rubber glove and the burnt end of the handcuff told the story of how she had laid the chain of the handcuff across the switch and burnt it off with electricity. And if she had not been a spy—why should she have done this?

Harrison Grant gave up the question. After all, there was only one answer and that answer throbbed through the brain of Harrison Grant. Dixie Mason a spy—caught and proven!

Nor could Harrison Grant know that Dixie Mason was at that moment detailing to Heinric von Lertz just how she had "aided" in blowing up the A. T. R. munitions works, and seeking to prove to him that she was heart and soul with Germany as he worked to sever the handcuff from her wrist. As for Heinric von Lertz, he accepted every word with a ravenous avidity, finally to throw the severed handcuff aside, rise and bow before the little Secret Service operative.

"Imperial Germany salutes you!" he announced eagerly. "Will you accompany me to von Papen's office and receive his thanks also?"

"Will you kindly explain to me," demanded Grant, "why these Parisian plans bear a German watermark?"

Dixie Mason smiled as she accepted his offer—a smile of double meaning. A half hour later she stood in the office of Capt. von Papen, looking into the congratulatory faces of the Captain, and his cohorts, Boy-Ed, Dr. Albert and Madame Stephan. On Capt. von Papen's desk she glimpsed the various papers, her whole attention centering at last upon a letter which evidently had been hastily laid aside—a letter which read:

"Your Excellency:

"All stations along the Canadian border have been supplied with arms excepting the main one at Exter. As soon as this is taken care of, we will proceed, plans having been made to raid Windsor, Montreal, Winnipeg and practically every other city of Canada.

"One hundred thousand German reservists are available. All can cross the Canadian line at once. Von Lertz and Madame Stephan will direct the main movement from Exter. *B. E."*

The plotters were gathered at the other end of the room, paying little attention to her. A second later, however, they ran to her. She had "fainted."

"I'll take her home, poor little girl," von Lertz announced. "She had a hard time at the munitions works."

A half hour later, Dixie Mason, stretched on the divan of her apartment, thanked von Lertz and said goodby to him. Then as the door closed behind him, the little girl of the Secret Service leaped to hurried and mysterious preparations. Two hours later, Harrison Grant, of the Criminology Club, sat in his office reading a special delivery letter:

"Have warned Chief Flynn of camps along border to invade Canada. Hold self in readiness for big raid on Exter. Will keep you informed under name of Randolph Bruce. *Operative 324."*

And the inexplicable part of it to Harrison Grant was that his card index of the names of Secret Service operatives bore the notation:

"Operative 324—Name withheld."

Then came the days of waiting, days in which Harrison Grant awaited some call from headquarters, some message from the mysterious operative. But there was only silence of effort, however. For in the dingy station of a small town on the Canadian border, a dirty-faced "boy" was working at a new job—that of volunteer assistant to the station agent and keeping "his" eyes open for every possible clue.

"He" had already learned that at a great camp in the big gorge outside town, hundreds of men were gathering, just as they were gathering at twenty or thirty other places along the Canadian border. Secondly "he" had learned that this was the main camp of them all, that Heinric von Lertz and Madame Stephan would send the word from here when to strike and where. And thirdly, "he" had learned that the little undertaking shop of J. B. Dollings, across the way from the railroad station, had something to do with the purposed raids on Canada—but what, the dirty-faced "boy" could not learn. "His" mind puzzled to discover, until—

"Car of caskets just came in for you, Mr. Dollings!" It was the voice of the dirty-faced "boy" as he gave the undertaker a bill of lading the next day. The undertaker turned excitedly.

"Good! Bloedt! Rudolph! Mahlen! Unload those caskets from the cars. I must send a telegram!"

And there was something about that excitement which caused a thrill to leap into the heart of Dixie Mason, otherwise the "dirty-faced boy" of the railroad station. She watched the men as they began to unload the gruesome boxes. One crashed to the ground. Hastily the men had sought to restore the contents of that box. But Dixie had seen in spite of them. And in that long pine box had not rested a casket—but military rifles! Hundreds of them!

She knew that the time to strike was close now! Hurriedly she veered to the railroad station, to search through the telegrams and find the copy of the one sent by Dollings, a message to von Papen that read:

"Everything O. K. Can strike tomorrow.

Dollings."

The station agent was out of the office. Dixie's fingers sought the key.

"Harrison Grant," she tapped, "Criminology Club, New York City. Danger! Come quick! Wire arrival! Randolph Bruce!"

But would the message reach there in time? Would ıe message bring Grant and his men thundering into this ttle town to stop the invasion of Canada that would ıreaten every principal town, destroy bridges, tunnels, ıctories, result in holding the soldiers of the Dominion on ıis side of the Atlantic and begin the opening of a breach ıat might not be closed between the United States and ;reat Britain? Would there be time for this?

She waited until nightfall, then followed to see von Lertz nd Madame Stephan direct the stacking of the rifles in reparation for the arrival of the reservists due to flock ıto town at any moment. As yet—no word from Grant.

Through the long night she waited, waited while ıroughout the northern states, every train brought in its uotas of reservists, while captains and commanders of ıe invasion marshaled their forces, while every arrangeıent was made for the great blow that was to be struck t Canada.

Morning brought ɔ message. Dixie lason was about scouraged.

Then the stacato sound of the elegraph instruıent. She started ɔrward, almost ushing the old staon master out of

"Baroness Verbecht," sneered Madame Stephan, "your purpose is clear! You think you can work into my place as chief of Germany's women spies in America! You can't!"

ıe way in her ıgerness to reach ıe instrument. But e was there before er—there and takıg the message. ut it was not a ıessage from Harison Grant. It was message which rought a choking ıto the throat of ixie Mason, a hudding into her eart:

Heinric von Lertz, Exter, M. (Deıyed in transit). ecret Service on ıay. Danger. Diserse F. V. P."

Dixie knew the ıame the initials tood for. Wideyed she watched he station agent as he hurried hrough the door, to catch von ertz and Madame Stephan ust as they were returning from the camp. The Secret ervice was on the way—but would it arrive too late?

The telegraph instrument again. And this time the nessage was the one Dixie Mason sought:

"Randolph Bruce, Exter M. (Delayed) Arriving 6.40.

Grant."

Twenty minutes later, the train containing Harrison rant and his men rolled into the little station—to find waiting motor cars lined at the side of the track.

"A Secret Service fellow gave us orders," the drivers announced. "Rather, it wasn't anything but a boy. He says to be sure to raid that undertaking shop. We're going to the camp."

On thundered the machines, to stop down the road as a boy hailed them and gave them directions, then to ride on again. Far up on a side road, Heinric von Lertz and Madame Stephan, raging at the defeat of their plan, whirled away to escape, picking up the undertaker, Dollings, as they went. Up at the Canadian border, mounted troops, summoned from twenty barracks at once, rushed forward to protect the passes, the tunnels, the bridges, and throw a solid line of soldiery along the entire border. Out at the camp—

A great rush of Secret Service men. A battering of windows, a crashing and smashing—the snapping and bark of guns—then the muttering of men under arrest. The reservists had been captured—the wireless with which the camp was equipped, snapped out orders which resulted in the arrest of hundreds of men all the way along the border. Harrison Grant and the members of the Criminology Club again looked upon the remains of a plan defeated, a scheme of Imperial German murder gone to nothing.

"Keep these fellows here awhile," ordered Grant," "I'm going to look around."

Out he went and into the gorge, to examine the powder-house, the supply depots, the surrounding territory. Suddenly he started at the sight of a small, boyish figure on the ground—where it had fallen from sheer sleepiness and exhaustion. He hurried forward.

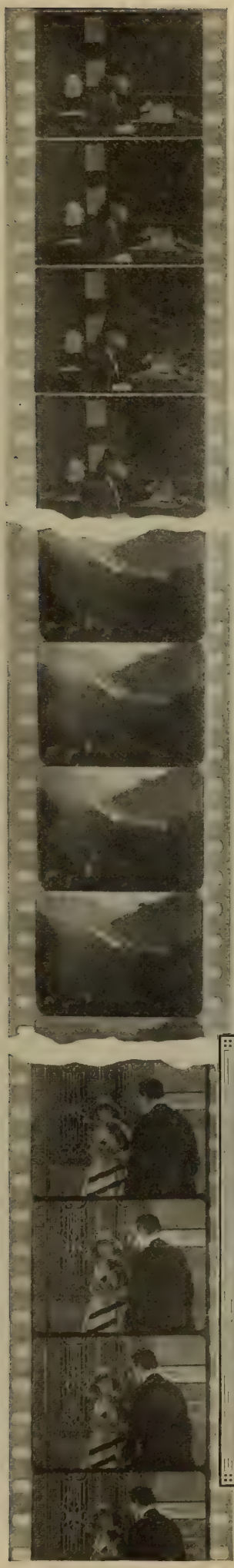
"Poor little kid," he said to himself. "All in. I'll take him back to—."

He placed an arm about the form of the "boy" and lifted him up. Then he gasped. For the hat had fallen from the head of the "boy," to allow the smooth flowing hair of a girl to fall about the quiet face. The coat dropped back, revealing the star of the Secret Service. "Dixie Mason" breathed Harrison Grant. "Dixie Mason—not a spy after all!"

And his arm closed about her a little tighter than was necessary—for Harrison Grant was happy.

Happy in the knowledge that the girl he now knew he

(Continued on page 112)



Putting It Together

Photoplays are often made or ruined in the cutting room.

By Helen Starr

TWO women, meeting at a luncheon, were talking of recent photoplays they had seen.

"The picture was pretty and all," said one, "but the story seemed mixed up."

Then she attempted to explain what was wrong with it. But its faults were intangible. Had an English house been flashed on the screen as an old Southern homestead, or a girl shown playing tennis in an evening dress, then she could have explained the faults. The public are location and wardrobe wise by this time but they are not yet "cutting wise." The picture this woman couldn't "get" was a jumble because it had been assembled by a "cutter" who used scissors and no headwork.

Film surgery is a developing art, as yet but little understood by the public. Ten years ago school boys did the cutting. It required no brains—only agile fingers for snipping purposes. You see, the scenes were—and still are—taken on long strips of negative. Perhaps, at the start of the picture, Nellie is shown leaving her town in Vermont in scenes designated 2, 3 and 5. At the end of the picture—say scenes 45 and 46—a wiser and repentent Nellie comes back to Vermont. To save time, the director takes all the railroad station scenes the same morning and on the same roll of film. But before each scene is taken the assistant writes the scene number on a slate and the camera man grinds his crank as the slate is held up before the camera.

This system avoids mixups after the film is developed. And in the early days, when the school boy cutter came around to the studio, he sat down with his scissors and snipped off the film, pasting the strips in their proper sequence as regarded their scene numbers. The company then had a new photoplay, or rather a new "movie."

One day a "smart guy" discovered that the picture would be more interesting if the scissors were used to cut part of each scene away, as for instance, some of the film which showed Nellie buying her railroad ticket, checking her trunk and other commonplace actions.

He slashed into a strip of dazzling ballroom stuff, showing the guests all in evening dress and inserted a strip of film showing poor Agnes sitting home alone in her tenement room wishing she were at the ball. Then he pasted more ballroom stuff after the poverty scene. When the piece of film was run off the picture was far more interesting than if yards and yards of ballroom action had been reeled off uninterruptedly. Strong contrast was thus afforded, for it was impossible to forget poor, sad Agnes while looking at the gay and selfish dancers at the ball.

But this wise cutter overdid the scissors stuff. He exhibited a great disregard for fact and logical sequence. The ballroom stuff having been doctored, it was evident that the dancers had all miraculously changed partners since first shown.

Cutters who followed said that the film must not be chopped up so that the story jumps from here to there and from one scene to another without a reason. It wasn't enough to excite the audience by a lot of "cut backs" and inserts; it must be made logical. So the intelligent cutter who saw the light of reason and who possessed dramatic instinct came into the film manufacturing business—men like Mack Sennett, the comedy producer, who is regarded as a master cutter as well as producer, Frank Lawrence of Universal, Del Andrews of Triangle, Arthur Ripley of Fox, Jimmy Smith with D. W. Griffith, Billy Shea of the Fairbanks Company, and clever women cutters like little Rose Smith (Jimmy's wife), who cut "Intolerance" and is now with the Mary Pickford Company, and Anne Bauchens of Lasky, and a dozen or so others.

Before the modern cutter begins his work on a film he

There is no doubt that the artistic genius about filmland centers in directors and actors—yet they need the cutter's hard sense as a balance.

eads the scenario carefully. While the picture is being aken he—or she—often goes on location and watches the ompany at work. Rose Smith of the Pickford Company nd Billy Shea, Doug Fairbanks' cutter, see every scene shot," so that they are familiar with every bit of film be-ore they start cutting.

The director "shoots" many hundred feet of extra ma-erial so that the cutter, or himself, if he makes the "se-ections," can choose the best of the lot. The director akes every difficult acting scene two or three times and f the company is playing in a picturesque locality he hoots bits of the surrounding country which might fit vell in the finished picture.

In the long run this shooting of extra stuff is good econ-my, particularly if many actors are employed for the day o take part in big scenes. For, if it were later found that he extra stuff was necessary, re-hiring of the "mob" would esult at additional expense.

Again, a director may spend many hours trying to get a ifficult scene only to have it thrown into the scrap bas-et. Another may supervise the building of an expensive et which appears for a brief moment in the finished pic-ure. And directors only too often run away with them-elves in shooting beautiful exteriors. There is no doubt hat the artistic genius about filmdom centers in the direc-ors and actors—that is what they are paid for—and yet hey need the cutter's hard sense as a balance. The cutter ees the story as a whole and is required to shave it down to certain number of reels. Thus he can only use the scenes hich go toward making a logical story that an audience an both enjoy and understand. The cutter also sees to that the spoken and other titles are inserted in the ght places.

A great deal of power lies in the hands of the cutter. e can make or break a play or a player. In a big plant e cutter may not even have a nodding acquaintance ith the actors and yet he sees all their work as it runs rough his hands in the film. Some unknown little extra rl who is given a small bit to play may do it exception-ly well. If so the cutter will keep her full scene in the nished picture. But if a player is a poor actor good eye-ght is required to catch the fleeting glimpse of his work the screen. The cutter does him a favor by omitting his orst attempts.

An ingenious cutter can save his company much money hich would otherwise be spent in production. In a cer-in war picture an effect was gained whereby thousands soldiers seemed engaged in battle. The produc-on manager raised his voice in protest at the stly army of extras. "There were only venty real soldiers that scene," ex-ained the cutter. Ve cut the picture it seemed as if ousands took part first a long shot of e seventy fighting nid battle smoke on e side, then closer ots of a dozen or o soldiers running from the right, an-her dozen running from the left, an-her long shot of the venty soldiers but w wearing the uni-rms of the enemy d fighting on the op-site side, then back a shot of the hero d his forces and so throughout the

Mary Pickford perusing her picture after it has gone through the hands of the ruthless "film surgeon."

THE cutter sees the story as a whole and pastes in scenes which make a picture an audience can both enjoy and understand. By interspersing flashes of individual soldiers in battle scenes (shown in two panels at right) personal phases of the conflict are established in the mind of the observer. Also, the cutter must make over a director's mistakes. The three strip pictures on page opposite illustrate his watchfulness. The man shown at the desk held the letter in his right hand in closeup scene. The scenic strip was omitted because the cutter thought it unnecessary. In the bottom strip, the film originally showed the man entering from the left when he should have entered at the right in order to make logical the preceding scene, which showed him in the hall, about to enter the room at his right. Merely by turning the film over, the cutter corrected this error.

The cutting and assembling of "Intolerance" required many months. It was no small feat to weave the four stories together.

picture." It was just a matter of reverse camera shots and joining them together so cleverly that any audience would be deceived.

Making over the director's mistakes is part of the cutter's duty. Perhaps an actor in a certain scene picked up a letter in his right hand before he crossed a room. Then maybe the lighting made it impossible to go on taking more scenes that day and the next scenes were not begun until the following morning. By that time neither actor or director could remember whether the letter was picked up in the right or left hand. The actor thinks he carried it in his left hand so does his next scene that way. He was wrong as the cutter finds out when the film runs through his hands. This has to be fixed up by cutting to some other scene after the actor picks up the letter the first time or else by discarding all the film which precedes that before the actor finally puts the letter on the table across the room. Nowadays in the big companies the director has an assistant, usually a stenographer, who keeps a record of all the details of every scene so that such mistakes are almost impossible.

The matter of progression is most important. If an actor is seen in a dining-room set and if he goes out a door at the left of the screen, it is obvious that when we next "pick him up" in the parlor he must be seen entering the parlor at the right of the screen. But sometimes the cutter finds that the director has made a mistake in this regard. If so he can turn the film negative over. This process is called "using a duplicate negative" and as in reversing a kodak film, it makes the actor face in the desired direction.

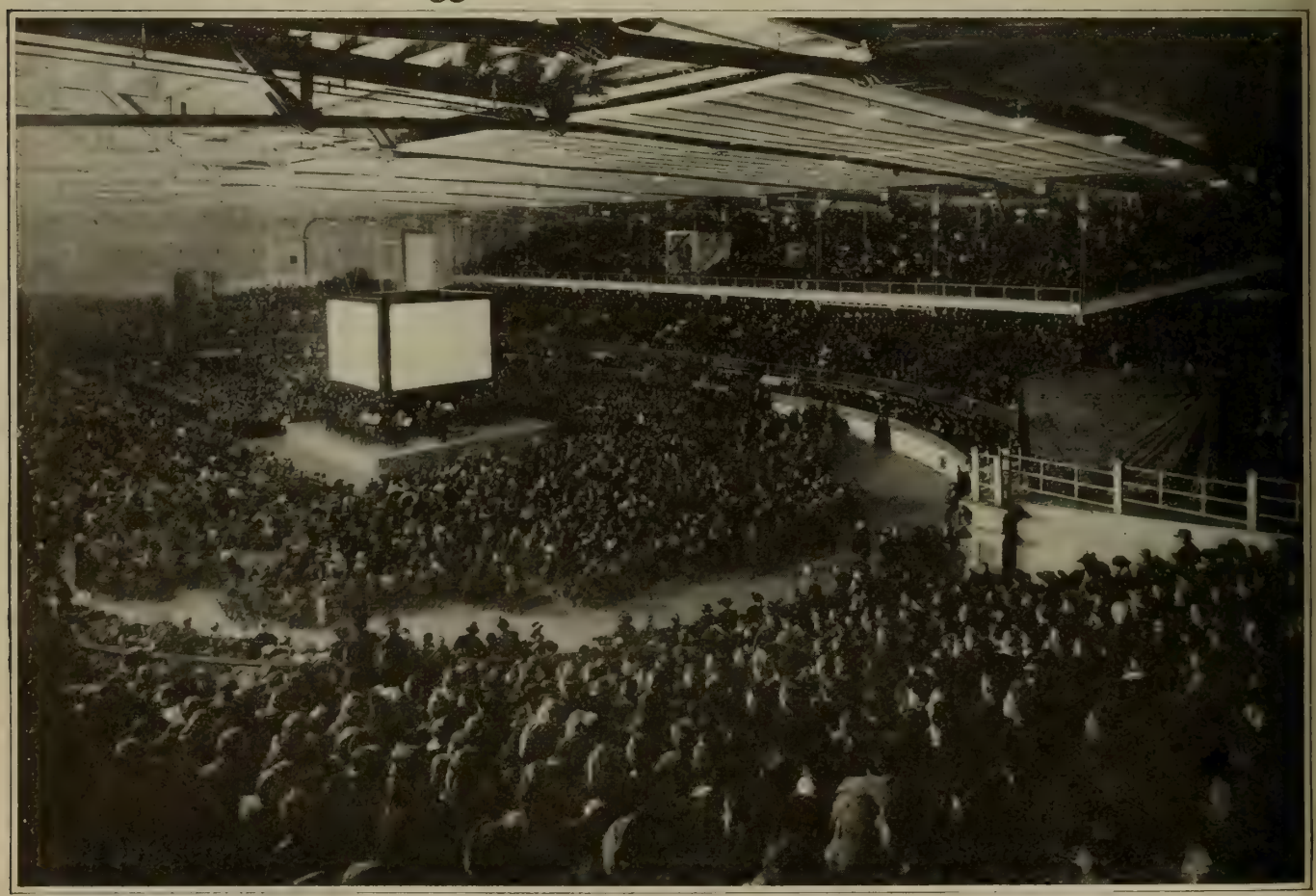
The cutter has much to do in the matter of suspense. If police and criminals and rescuers are chasing the hero the cutter can work the affair up to a high pitch of excitement by the manner in which he reverts to one and then another of the characters. In one picture the hero was caught in a trap in the woods. The climax was spoiled because a short flash of his rescuer appeared so early in the film that the outcome was obvious.

Frank Lawrence of Universal is one of the best film surgeons in the business. He "grew up" at the Vitagraph plant and for sixteen years cut and revamped film for that organization. His practiced eye seems to grasp a hundred flaws the first time the film is run off for him and he makes it over into a healthy young photoplay in the time a younger cutter would be figuring out his first half reel. Lawrence cut "The Fall of a Nation," "The Battle Cry of Peace" and hundreds of other well known Vitagraph photoplays.

In the early Keystone days, it was generally understood that Mack Sennett "made" all his comedies in the cutting room. Free from all directing detail, his splendid dramatic sense could be entirely devoted to testing the "business" for its laugh-getting qualities.

"Intolerance" was cut by Jimmy Smith, his wife, Rose Smith, and D. W. Griffith, its producer. The cutting and assembling of this picture took many months, for it was no small feat to weave those four great stories into a photoplay which a normal mind could grasp. Mrs. Smith was recently loaned to Mr. Griffith by Mary Pickford to help him prepare for the screen his European war spectacle "Hearts of the World."

The Biggest Picture Show in the World



For two days a Kansas City newspaper recently held open house at Convention Hall, entertaining free of charge almost the entire population of the city with a simultaneous quadruple showing of a feature picture. The four screens were arranged in a square, and the projection on each so synchronized that a line of marching soldiers in a news reel was unbroken, and seemed to be marching around the square.

Monsieur Tourneur

Otherwise accurately called "the poet of the screen"

By Dorothy Nutting

MONSIEUR MAURICE TOURNEUR is French, there can be no mistake about that. The boom of his voice making baritone solos of perfect English phrased in the French manner, the twinkle of the poet's humor in his eyes—a twinkle most English or American men might scorn as a symptom of triviality—these symptoms bespeak his nationality. And were that not enough, one could know it by the delicacy of his touch in his picture productions that there is the soul of the Gallic troubadours somewhere in his makeup.

I shudder to think what a heavy hand would have done to such wisps of dream as "Prunella" and "The Blue Bird." How terrible to think of some master of melodrama "putting the punch" into them! But Tourneur is a poet of the screen. Like most men who have traveled widely, and especially like most Frenchmen who have traveled, he is a true play-boy. Whenever you find a man who is interested in a great variety of things, you will find a man who can easily entertain. He has much to draw from. Monsieur Tourneur is a true citizen of the world, and that is how it is that he is such an unusual director of moving pictures.

Tourneur began life—the important part of life, that is—studying Art and spelling it with a capital A, in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He doesn't say much about his painting, though he must have been a pretty fair artist, for years later he assisted Pavis de Chavannes in decorating the grand staircase of the Boston Public Library. But it was while he was studying art that he first met the cinema. At first, it was a great sensation in Paris, and with thousands of others he rushed off to see what miracle this was, that made pictures move.

The cinema tried to beckon to him. He haunted the funny little theatres which soon sprang up, paying often as much as fifty centimes (ten cents) a ticket. This was a great extravagance for the young student at the Lycee Condorcet, and soon abandoned, for he obtained an engagement with the great tragedienne, Rejane, who was making a tour of the world, including Africa.

"One unique engagement," says M. Tourneur, "was at Dakar, on the northern edge of the Sahara in Algiers. We reached the town on a queer sort of boat, the engine of which was dying by inches. We were due at eight o'clock at night, and arrived at midnight exactly. Everyone was asleep and we would lose our evening's receipts. We were all truly dismayed! For we needed the money, so Madame Rejane, with all her adorable aplomb, merely attached bells to the necks of a few of the natives and turned them loose to announce the news of our arrival. Behold, in half an hour there we had an audience ten times larger than we would have had at eight!"

In "Barbary Sheep," with Miss Ferguson, Mr. Tourneur achieved the haunting desert atmosphere and the lure of Saharan mystic romance to a bewitching degree.

But, to come back to America and the matter in hand, the art of this poet of the screen, his views are refreshingly different from that of most of the producers. For example:

"There is an odious

Some of his most valuable presentations are built around juvenile leads, of which "The Blue Bird" is one.

fallacy that a great many people still believe, in regard to the moving picture. It is almost as widespread as that the cinema is in its infancy. By that I mean the belief that we must give the public what it wants. To me, that is absurd. As absurd as if the fashion dictators should attempt to suit women's wishes in costumes. In reality, the opposite is the case, is it not? The fashion dictators say: 'Next year you shall look like umbrellas, ladies—but this year you shall be as a broomstick;' and the ladies obey like lambs and even enjoy their servitude! The public does not know what it wants until it sees it—how should it? So we must try over and over again, until we have discovered what it is they really do want to see."

Another of the Tourneur antipathies is the remark that many people think must be true today because Shakespeare made it many hundred years ago, "The play's the thing." This idea M. Tourneur combats with all the force at his command.

"I know there are few to agree with me," he said, "but I shall always assert that the play is *not* the thing. If it were true, one would merely read a play, and the acting, the beautiful presentation, the 'ensemble' as we say, would amount to nothing. Then, if the play were the thing, the lack of these, of the acting, the good interpretation and ensemble would not spoil it. To me, neither the play, the acting, the star, the director, nor the presentation, is the thing. It takes all of them.

"Of course, I believe that the play, a classic such as 'The Blue Bird,' 'A Doll's House' or 'Prunella' should not be changed. Nor should there be a dragged-in, illogical 'happy ending' to replace the author's conclusion. But I do believe that to make a screen success of any play of this sort there must be the best acting, the best directing and the best presentation available. And with the showing of it, good music. Any one of these elements missing, and your picture will not succeed.

"I enjoyed making 'The Blue Bird,'" he went on thoughtfully. "But if I could have had another six months to work on it, I would have enjoyed it much more. Then, too, I cannot work so well with children. They are disturbing. Work at the studio should go along smoothly like the clock—but, children, ah! they cannot be regulated! However, this I must say, that little Tula Belle and Robin MacDougall, the two child actors in 'The Blue Bird' are exceptionally clever little players and will be heard of one day in the future."

Rodin hinted at the coming of a man who could transfer the treasured abstracts of literary classics to the screen; make of the newer vehicle a distinctive art form. Such a man seems to be Tourneur.

Shortly before his death, Rodin expressed the belief that the motion picture was destined to become a great art form as well as a universal entertainment. "It requires," said the illustrious sculptor, "a director with vision, imagination, a grasp of all the arts, a keen sense of symbolic values, to carry the cinema to the point where it can express the evasive values of Maeterlinck, the twilight harmonies of Debussy, the subtle evocations of Verlaine. Such a man will be the Pierre Loti of the screen."

Curiously enough, M. Tourneur was, for a time, Rodin's pupil. Is he the fulfillment of Rodin's prophecy? One can easily imagine so from his "Barbary Sheep," "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," "Rose of the World," "Prunella," "The Blue Bird," and "A Doll's House." This latter is a "tough nut to crack," in that Ibsen's works depend so much on symbol, upon suggestion, whispered conferences, key-words that unlock the subconscious and half-said truths.

In "Barbary Sheep," with Miss Ferguson, Mr. Tourneur achieved the haunting desert atmosphere, the lure of Saharan mystic romance to a bewitching degree. And he has

(Continued on page 119)

PITY POOR PAULINE!

She weeps and the world weeps with her.

A WOMAN who moralizes, 'tis said, is invariably ugly. There is one, however, who hasn't paid the penalty, though she's a confirmed moralist: Pauline Starke. But she'll grow; she's only seventeen—and at seventeen most of us were a wee bit inclined to moralize and philosophize and be generally altogether dingastedly serious about things dingastedly immaterial.

Perhaps it is because she is what is known to the films as a "sympathetic type" that Miss Pauline is so overwhelmingly serious. That is a necessary attribute, and pathetically, so is—er-er-er—slenderness, too. One crude gent describes her as reminding him of the famine in India, but he carries the thing too far. Miss Pauline will tell you herself that she is only five feet and three inches in height and weighs all of one hundred and ten pounds.

Pauline was born in Joplin, Missouri, in 1901. "Financial reasons," she euphemistically gives as the cause of her and her mother's going into picturedom. "We needed the money," says her mother, herself an actress. Not much glamour in that, is there? But wait! We haven't told even half!

Two years ago while Griffith was putting on "Intolerance," Pauline and her mother were doing extra parts for him. He gave up his studio, but it was through his help that Pauline got a place finally at Triangle, after a hard road of extra work. One day a young girl with a sympathetic appeal was needed for the photoplay "Until They Get Me." Bessie Love was leaving to join another company, and could not therefore be cast. Pauline was picked, and she's been a leading lady ever since, her greatest success being in "Shoes That Dance."

But pity poor Pauline! After climbing the ladder by means of fifty-four maid-servant parts (she's kept actual count), eight parts as scrub-women, innumerable times in mob scenes, eighteen as factory girls, seven as debutantes, twenty-four as waitresses—after all this, she's destined for the time being at least to provoke the audience's elusive teardrop. Her job is manufacturing sympathy, and to do that, it seems, one must put up with a good deal of screen downtrodding and be readily weepy. Glycerine tears, did you say? No sir! Pauline uses her own. And when she really cries so do those about her, yes, and you, too!

All of which doesn't prevent her from having her own California bungalow, her own auto, her own riding-horse and her own bank account.

Tearful life has its compensations.

"I'd Give a Dollar to See—"

Douglas Fairbanks weep.
Lillian Walker undimple.
Bill Farnum get licked.
Mary Miles Minter grow up.
Mary Pickford as Lady Macbeth.
Olga Petrova on roller skates.
Victor Potel taking a bath.
Bull Montana impersonate a society debutante.
Crane Wilbur with a Bowery haircut.
Flora Finch in a one-piece bathing suit.
Charlie Ray try to act with his hands tied.
Bill Hart held up by a Chicago gunman.
Roscoe Arbuckle as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
And Charlie Chaplin tackle the role of Simon Legree.

Grand Crossing Impressions

By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

WELL, Folks,
It was a Great Day.
Just about Everybody in Chicago
Was There.
There was
A Parade, with
The Jackie Band,
And a String of Motors,
And Cheering Throngs
Lining the Sidewalks—
Just like a Movie—
When Marguerite Clark
Came to Chicago
Boosting the Third Liberty Loan.
I thought
It would be Fun
To Be in a Parade; I'd Never
Been in one Before, so
It Kind of Thrilled Me
To See 'Em Standing
On the Curb—
Where I Used to Stand—
Craning their Necks
To See Who was Who
Just as I Used to Do—
But
When we were Parading
Down the Boul Miche,
I—
I Had to Laugh.
It was So Funny.
Everybody in the Parade
Took it Seriously; and
The People outside
Were All in Earnest, too—
But
Honest, I don't See
How these Public Persons
Ever Do It.
I should Think
It'd Tickle them
To See
Those Boys Grab On
To the Tail of the Parade,
And March Along
As if they Belonged There.
And to See the Women
Nudge Each Other, and say,
"*There* she is! But
She doesn't Look
Like I Expected!"
But Maybe
They Get So
They Don't Mind;
And Maybe
Some of them
Lose their Sense of Humor,
After a While.

Just the Same,
I didn't For a Minute
Lose Sight of Marguerite Clark.
Every few Minutes
She'd Bob Up Somewhere—
Always Smiling.
She's Such
A Little Girl—
And all that Day
She had a Different Smile
For Everybody.
She Listened
To Someone
Who Stopped her in the Crowd
And Wanted to Take her Picture.
She Waited
While a Man
Told her All About
His Little Girl;
And she Stopped Selling Bonds
To Talk
To Two Children
Who'd Sneaked Away
And Wriggled through the Crowd
To See her Close-up.
There was
An Association of Commerce
Luncheon, with

Fifteen Hundred People there—
And a Thousand More Outside.
Marguerite Got Up
To Make a Speech;
She Said
We should All
Give Everything we Could
To Uncle Sam; and
Wouldn't we Please Help her?
She Looked so Tiny and Helpless
Standing Up There—
All the Men
Fell All Over themselves
To Get to her; and
That Little Kid
Sold
A Quarter of a Millon Dollars' Worth
Of Bonds.
She Bought
Twenty-five Thousand Dollars' Worth
Herself,
In a Hunk; and
She's Going to Buy
The Rest of her $150,000 worth
Other Places.
When it was All Over,
She was So Tired, and
She had to Make a Train.
On the Way
A Girl Stopped Her
And Said,
"Won't you Please
Send me a Picture?"
And Marguerite Smiled,
And Said "Of Course."

Did you Know
She has Red-gold Hair?
And—
Oh yes! There was
A Woman at the Hotel
Whom Nobody Noticed.
Marguerite
Was So Busy Selling Bonds
She didn't Have Time
To See Anybody; and
The Woman didn't Even
Ask to See her—she Just
Hung Around,
And Watched,
And Looked Wistful—
And when Marguerite
Went Down in the Elevator,
The Woman
Tried to Get In
Where she could See her;
But
There was Such a Crowd
She Couldn't.
Listen, Marguerite—
Don't you Think
You could Send
Her a Picture,
Sometime?

His Own Home Town

They thought he was like the traditional "minister's son" but he fooled them

By Laura Proctor

An hour later Jimmy slipped out again, carrying his sole worldly possession, an ancient typewriter.

THE lone commercial traveler on the veranda of the Bay State Hotel tilted his chair back against the railing and yawned again. Through the heat haze of the blazing August afternoon, Main Street as a simmering white blur and the drooning voice of Mr. Dodge, the hotel manager, seemed merely an undertone to the hot stillness. From his corner, the drummer idly watched the station across the street where a languid group was waiting for the four-forty express from the city. One figure dominated this group, a square, ponderous citizen with large ruddy, smooth-shaven face and cold eyes. As his interest slowly awakened, the drummer became aware that Dr. Dodge's monotone was developing into an enthusiastic eulogy of his ponderous fellow-citizen.

"T. Elihu Banks, that is," he was explaining. "Waiting for his son Sidney from New York. He's what you might call the town's great man but he'd never advertise it. Says he is humbly proud to be identified with Warchester. He made this town what she is. He—"

These achievements were cut short by the roaring arrival of the train whose din finally subsided to the shrill hiss of steam. After the scattering of day-coach passengers had bustled off the platform, there descended from the pullman an ultra modish youth whose manner indicated a contemptuous toleration of the universe. Obviously this was Sidney Banks, heir of the town's great man, for there was the same chill light in his eyes, the same full and slightly sneering lips although his face was not yet florid but only pinkish. He was swallowed up in his father's heavy embrace and bundled into a barouche.

As they rounded the corner, the drummer jerked his thumb toward another traveler who had alighted from the same train and was now standing in the shadow of the station. It was the figure of a slender, shabby young man, slightly stooped as if from weariness with mildly questioning blue eyes and a faint smile on his supersensitive lips.

"Who's your other friend?" asked the drummer.

As Mr. Dodge's eyes followed the pointing thumb, his face hardened. "Then you don't know him?" the drummer insisted after a moment of silence.

"Know him," the hotel manager exploded. "Who don't in this town? That's Jimmy Duncan, the Rev. Duncan's good-for-nothing step-son come home again. If the truth were told, I shouldn't wonder if his family had been praying that he was gone for good."

"What's he done?" asked the traveling man.

"Nothing!" the speaker could not have mentioned murder with more condemnation. "Never held a decent job in his life. Used to hang round Hanlon's joint on Canal Street. Reason he gave for associating with that gang was that some day he was going to write. Says he'll put people like that in his books so that folks can understand them and blame them less. That's Hanlon's dog following him now," he added with a final note of contempt.

She was the Carol Landis of his boyhood memories, with a certain new girlish pathos all the sadder because it was so unconscious.

An Airedale pup who had wagged a greeting at the station was indeed at the lad's heels. He trotted confidingly behind Jimmy, who had gone down the narrow street to the Church of St. Luke's and made his way past the prim yard into the Rectory. As he started up the steps, the door opened and his mother stood in the threshold with the irate figure of his clerical step-father behind her.

Jimmy smiled his crooked smile at her. "Hello, mother," he said. "A bad penny. Here I am back, you see."

His mother swept his dusty form with one glance. "I saw you coming up the street," she said. "Step inside before the whole neighborhood gets sight of you."

An hour later, Jimmy slipped out again to the street, carrying his sole worldly possession, an ancient typewriter. The echoes of the sneering tirade which had greeted him were still in his ears and he saw the same sentiments repeated in the glances which met his, half in derision and half in curiosity. He was still frowning when he reached an unpainted house on a back street. It curiously suggested the personality of its owner, Dave Landis, the mild, huge, white-haired owner of the daily *Courier*. Some wag had dubbed this sheet "T. Elihu's crown of thorns," but the great man regarded its attacks with amused toleration. Nevertheless, it was partly his influence that kept the paper on the verge of bankruptcy although Tivotson, the editor and reportorial staff, laid its failure and his own sprees at the door of its impractical owner.

As Jimmy started to knock, the door was flung violently open by a slim bronze-haired girl in a mad little costume that added to her type of charm. When she saw Jimmy her eyes grew wide and shining, she flew to him and threw both arms about his neck.

"Jimmy!" she cried, "I'm so glad, Jimmy. I was so afraid you wouldn't get back before I left."

"Then you are going?" he said slowly.

She only nodded.

"Chorus?" he asked, abstractedly.

" 'The Satin Slipper,' " she answered and they stood for a moment regarding each other. She was the Carol Landis of his boyhood memories with a certain new girlish pathos all the sadder because it was so unconscious.

It was Carol who suddenly broke the silence.

"I'm a selfish beast," she cried. "You are tired and hungry and I've still an hour before I go. I'll get you something to eat. And you'd better wash your face, Jimmy. It's dirty in spots."

Over the hot coffee and sandwiches, she chattered of her plans. She was starting out "on the road" with a musical comedy which she was rehearsing this afternoon. It wasn't much of a step but it was her first on the way to fame. Through his encouraging replies she drew out slyly his own experiences with the play which he had taken to New York. Harding, the undisputed Czar of all the producers, had seen it and had vouchsafed a few staccato words of encouragement. He had advised Jimmy to rewrite it "and then let me know." Carol went wild with delight at the news and immediately drew a roseate picture of the near future when she as a famous leading woman would be creating the roles which he, as an equally famous playwright, had drawn. This glorious future was suddenly cut short by the striking of the hour for her rehearsal. He rose slowly and she followed him reluctantly to the door. As he turned back at the gate for another glance, she waved at him gayly but when she lifted her face he saw it was wet with tears.

At the eerie hour of four a. m., Hanlon's Hotel, better known as "Pegleg's Place," had the gloomy and deserted exterior which befits the one o'clock closing law. A privileged observer, however, might have traced a faint glimmer of light down a dark passageway until it opened into a back room, thick with smoke and broken up into little groups of poker players. In one of these groups, the town's best citizens were most distressingly represented

dney Banks, son of T. Elihu, and Lloyd Jameson, whose ther was District Attorney, were deep in a game with vo members of the Palace Theater chorus, known for nvenience as Rose and Melody. Behind them stood mmy Duncan, tolerated by "Whitey" Garrity, the mas- r of ceremonies, as a "harmless nut." As the game pro- essed, a gleam deepened in Jimmy's blue eyes which as anything but harmless.

Garrity's ugly gaze was fixed on one of the girls. Where in h—— are your eyes?" he arled at her.

Jimmy's mild drawl answered him. "Her eyes are all right, Garrity," he id, "How is she going to flash to you hat he's holding when she knows I'm atching her?"

With that, a waiter snapped off the ghts. The police bellowed for ad- ittance. Under cover of the confu- on, Jimmy dragged Sidney and Lloyd om beneath the table and jammed em before him into a passage-way ading to the open air. Chief Hen- icks counted his haul as they filed past the door. "Nine," he grunted. The crash of glass and a broken indow accounted for Garrity's escape. "Take them out the wagon."

A smug column in the Warchester *Gazette*, deplored the isode in its morning edition. "A hotel of doubtful re- ute," it related delicately, "was raided last night by e Warchester guardians of law and order. Three of the omen and five men were given an immediate hearing fore Justice Jameson. The magistrate dealt with great rbearance in the case of James Duncan, one of the fenders. He was given the privilege of leaving town within the next twenty-four hours. We trust that this means the permanent removal of this menace to the youth of Warchester."

Hanlon's Airedale, himself a wanderer, again ambled slowly after the figure of the youth whom he had welcomed into town a few days before. Jimmy had reached the net. work of tracks and a freight had hissed up to the water- tank when the dog licked his hand. At that moment Jim- my found it hardest to smile but he gave one backward look of gratitude as he swung himself into an empty box-car. The Airedale stood and watched, one ear cocked hopefully until the caboose was only a blur on the horizon.

* * * * * * * *

In the years that followed, there was no further report of the girl and boy who had left their home town to go their separate paths alone. Then sud- denly, news of their fortunes burst into the quiet complacency of Warchester. The first appearance on Broadway of Carol Landis had established her over-night as the chief discovery among the many new faces of the season's output. Her creation of the character of Wisdom in the Harding production of "Intoxication" stood, according to the reviews, "head and shoulders above the rest of the cast." Sidney Banks brought back the report of her success in terms which the most voluble press agent might envy. When the death of her father brought her home to the town, she found the stage of her arrival set for the welcome of "Warchester's most celebrated daughter" according to the *Gazette*. The buzz caused by her arrival had hardly subsided when the town was again shaken by the will of David Landis. He

His Own Home Town

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name based upon the novel by Larry Evans. Produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Jimmy Duncan.....Charles Ray
Carol Landis....Katherine MacDonald
T. Elihu Banks.....Charles French
Tivotson.....Otto Hoffman
Rev. James Duncan..Andrew Arbuckle
David Landis.....Carl Forms
Justice Jameson.....Milton Ross

Her eyes are all right, Garrity," said Jimmy. How is she going to flash to you what he's lding when she knows I'm watching her?"

David Landis had left the Warchester Courier to "my friend and fellow townsman, James Duncan."

had left the Warchester *Courier,* title, property and good-will to "My friend and fellow-townsman, James Duncan."

There were those who insisted that Jimmy would never turn up to claim his heritage. But his unexpected arrival in town combined the two sensational events of the Warchester year with true dramatic effect. On another hot afternoon of another August, he was seen helping "Warchester's most celebrated daughter" out of a surrey and up the broken steps that led to the office of the *Courier.* In the dusty, paper-tossed "city room," the two stood and gravely regarded each other. Jimmy's lean wistful face grew more wistful as he contrasted the radiant figure before him with the frightened little girl in her first ballet costume that he had left. Carol was in no mood, however, for sentimental reminiscence—she demanded his finished play at once and when he produced it, she coolly rolled it up under her arm.

"Harding has asked for it," she announced, calmly. "We are both going over it at a professional reading. If he takes it, you and I are made for life," she added impressively.

Later that afternoon, another caller visited the editorial room of the *Courier.* Jimmy saw the square shadow of someone—evidently a personage—fall on his desk and looked up to greet T. Elihu Banks in his most gracious mood. Elihu came to the point at once like the good business man that he was. He wanted to welcome the *Courier,* he said, as a new moral force in the community and to have some share in its work. By way of proving this good faith, he offered the young owner twenty thousand dollars to pull the sheet out of its financial difficulties. As Jimmy only blinked at him, he made it thirty thousand, "his rock-bottom price," he told him firmly. It was apparent that the town's reprobate was too much overcome by this mark of favor to give a coherent reply—he only answered meekly that it would be easier to talk it over after the first edition of the paper was out tomorrow. T. Elihu agreed good humoredly and, with a pleasant feeling of finding a difficult task easier than he expected, he creaked majestically down the broken steps.

But the morning edition of the *Courier* left T. Elihu in no condition to "talk over" anything. Across its front page was an intensely personal article brutally headed, "How Did You Get Away With It, Elihu?"

The writer reminded the great man that the *Courier* was on the verge of bankruptcy and begged for some tip that might be as lucrative as the Main Street paving deal and the Traction franchise deal had been to him. Elihu's pink face deepened to purple as he read it and not even the indignant protests of his loyal townsmen could remove the scowl between his heavy eyebrows. It might almost be said that the great man was worried.

The scowl still remained when late that night, he and District Attorney Jameson were deep in a professional interview with Whitey Garrity. Oddly enough, the gun-man had none of the air of an offender before his judges; rather he seemed to be dictating terms.

"Somebody's squealed, eh?" said Garrity. "And you want him out of the way. That stuff comes high these days; it aint as healthy as it used to be."

"The terms can be arranged," said Jameson, painfully. Both respected citizens avoided each other's eyes as the haggling went on. When it was concluded, after an hour's wrangling, the gun-man still had the upper hand.

"I'm on," he said laconically and slouched toward the door.

Jameson's nerve suddenly forsook him. "You understand there must be nothing drastic," he quavered.

"Drastic, h——," grinned Garrity. "Leave that to me. All you guys got to do is frame my alibi."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Jimmy walked slowly down the path leading from Carol's house in a solemn maze of happiness. His good fortune had sobered him and he felt a haunting sense that it was too perfect to last. Carol had hurriedly sent for him that evening to read the letter which she had received from Harding regarding his play. It was filled with such genial phrases as "refreshing conception," "original development" and "promising theme." "I feel sure," the mighty man-

(Continued on page 117)

Do You Believe In Fairies?

That's what Peter Pan asked — remember? And now Louise Huff asks it again.

By Adam Hull Shirk

In "Wild Youth" Miss Huff stands without the support of Jack Pickford, off to war.

IT—my brief interview with Louise Huff—was all frilled up with woodsprites, asphodel, the Iliad and such things.

Sitting there chatting with her was quite like saddling the pink velvet back of a whimsie and flying through purple mists and over poppy fields to the land of dryads and ogres, mostly dryads.

When I first saw Miss Huff—through the open door of her study—she was sitting at a desk, listening to her tutor expurgate the mysteries of the illusive mythology.

Dropping her book on "Classic Myths," Louise sprang to her feet and bounded to my side.

"So," I observed, as she indicated a roomy seat for me, "you've gone back to school?"

"Yes," snuggling deeper into her own chair, "you see, this is a postgraduate course. English literature and the classics, but mostly mythology. I never went to college, you know, and—well, I felt I really needed heaps more education."

"Since you became president of the Hollywood Club, perhaps?" I laughed.

"Really, no! Of course the club gives us plenty to do, what with our Red Cross work and making baby clothes. But — I don't know. I guess I just felt—ignorant!"

"One day I just know I'll see a satyr come out of some rotted old tree trunk, frightening me to death."

Eyes sparkling, she changed the subject.

"Aren't you just mad about mythology?" she asked.

I confessed to a mild state of derangement.

"And do you believe in fairies?" came another question, her earnestness reminding me of the same question voiced by the immortal Peter Pan.

"Now, Maude Adams!" I cautioned.

"But I mean it. Say that you do."

So I said I believed in fairies, even though I didn't recall of ever having run across very many such persons—things—whatever you call 'em.

"Mythology is so fascinating," she went on. "Why, I can't even read Bullfinch's 'Age of Fable' without forgetting I'm living in the prosaic twentieth century. I can imagine myself a nymph sitting by some Castilian font, surrounded by fields of asphodel. Sometimes I go out in the Santa Monica hills and play I'm a dryad and that there are satyrs lurking behind every tree. One day I know I'll see one, creeping out of some rotten tree trunk, frightening me to death!"

"Then, too," she went on, once more changing the subject, "I'm studyi g classic dancing. It's supposed to give one grace, you know—"

But just then the tutor called and her word is law. With a merry apology the actress-student was gone.

Louise is a southern girl, born twenty-two years ago in Columbus, Georgia. Stage experience is all very well, but being five feet, one inch in height and tipping the scale at one hundred, Louise has had quite a strenuous share in the "talkies."

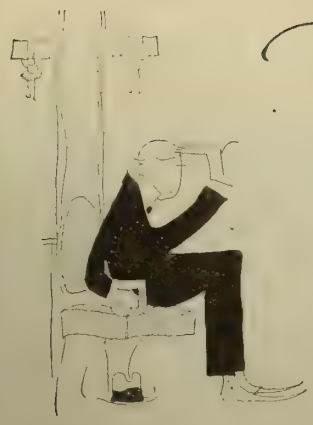
She was an ingenue in stock and in "Graustark." She played the lead in "Ben Hur" and other classics. Then she kissed the stage goodbye and went with Lubin. This happened in the summer of 1914.

She married her director, Edgar Jones, and returned to the stage. When she came back she was a Famous Player in which rank she did "The Ghost House," "Jack and Jill," "What Money Can't Buy," "Seventeen," "Great Expectations" and others. Thus came about the co-starring combination with Jack Pickford which proved one of Famous Players-Lasky's very best bets.

But Jack's gone to war, which leaves Louise a lone star but not a lonely one.

PROVING THAT THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN IS ONLY A BAGATELLE

THE little scene in the center about the table with Gladys Leslie and Mother Maurice is all you'll see in "Ann Acushla." On the screen you won't see the director—at right, near spinning-wheel; nor the moving platform for the camera that has its own chauffeur; nor the fan in the foreground for wind effects on the window curtains; nor the Cooper-Hewitts above and the powerful Kliegs, for furnishing light. Thus comes order from chaos.



Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Gabriel Blows a Righteous Horn

DID you ever wait in line two hours or more to see one of those sensational pictures with fear in your heart that the police or church societies would stop it before you got a chance to give it the enthralled "once over"? So have I. And then to find, on finally getting inside, that you have been deceived? "Cleopatra" is advertised as the most marvelous and most magnificent motion picture of the day—with Theda as the sensation. We must give her credit for outstripping all the "vamps" but who could accuse her of grace?

HOMER GABRIEL, Detroit.

An Academic Plaint

I WENT to see "Brown of Harvard" last week. I should like to inquire if the producer ever visited Cambridge.

The boat-house was an antique structure that I do not think Harvard, with her beautiful boat-houses, would care to claim.

On the day of the race large boats appeared and quantities of canoes, and in the distance rose mountains. In all the years I have lived in Cambridge I have never seen more than six canoes in this part of the Charles, and where are those mountains?

A young girl wandered about the dormitory at all hours unaccompanied by a chaperon. This isn't being done at Harvard, nor do the students "spoon" on benches under the trees. The actors were all fine, although the students were a bit ancient for their parts, especially "Thorne."

Will someone please tell me if a Yale man produced this picture?

R. E. M., Cambridge, Mass.

It Can Happen in Comedy

IN "A Shanghaied Jonah," a Triangle-Keystone comedy, a can of gasoline is spilled over a stove in which there is a fire. After the explosion (which throws the girl to the floor) the can still sits tranquilly on the stove.

S. L. WARD, Paris, Ont.

We Were Going to Ask

WHY do movie actors, no matter where they're supposed to be—in parlor or ballroom—when they receive a letter or telegram, tear it open, take out the message and throw the envelope on the floor? Most of us would return the letter to the envelope and put it in our pocket. Such conduct conveys the impression that actors were born in saw mills. Another thing—can't the producers find any other name for a Mexican than "Pedro"?

W. H. CRAM, Waterville, Minn.

Undoubtedly!

IN "Lost in Transit," George Beban heats some water to the boiling point (obvious from the steam) and then pours it into the bath. Then he places the little boy in this water. Ouch! Anyway, he surely ought to have been clean after this hot bath.

AN AUSTRALIAN READER.

The Zenith of Nonchalance

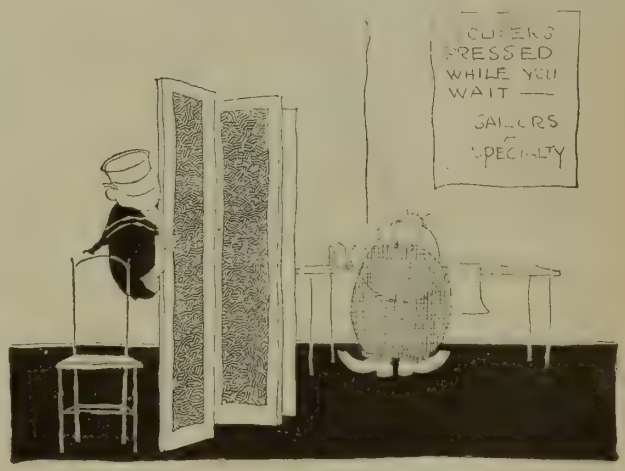
IN "Blue Blazes Rawdin," "Joe" sure must have been excited. In the scene, where Rawdin was shot by the "Kid," Joe, that veteran of many a fierce fight, became so absorbed, or frightened to death, that he stood for several minutes with his hand calmly reposing on a "red-hot" stove (at least it should have been "red-hot," as there was a roaring blizzard outside).

C. J., Tacoma, Wash.

Musical License, Probably

DURING tragic tableaux in "The Aliens," as Beban was bending over his little daughter, dying from injuries, the piano player, seeming to awaken after a refreshing nap, began to bang "If I Knock the L Out of Kelly." Moreover, the piano player (I almost said musician) escaped and is still at large.

R. ROSS RILEY, Oberlin, Kas.



Ahoy, Mate! Who's Your Tailor?

IN "The Slacker," Metro, the sailor enters the house with his hat on and his trousers pressed. I never knew it was the correct thing to wear a hat in the house and certainly no sailor wears creases in his trousers!

E. S. P., Daytonia, Fla.

Anna—You Oughta Know!

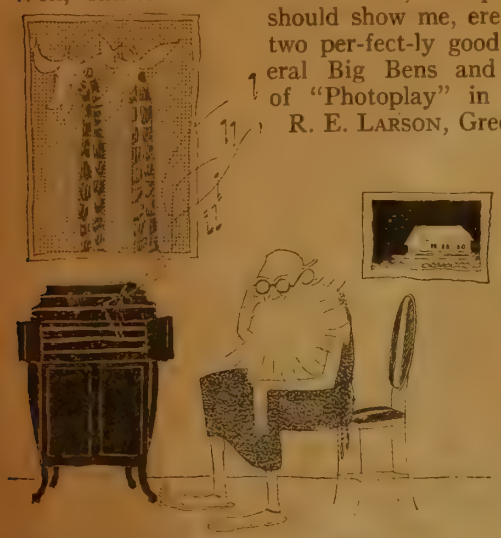
IN "The Brand of Satan" I saw a woman spend several minutes shrinking into a wall as a brute prepared to attack her when, had she been properly desperate, she might have gotten out the door. In the same picture another woman stood silently by and emoted while the brute strangled her father. Then she flopped down on her dead father, allowing the murderer to take a notion to drag her off to his den, which was accomplished with very little protest. I have seen this sort of thing so often in pictures that I wonder if that "eternal feminine" stuff isn't being overworked. Are women really so utterly stupid in a crisis?

ANNA M. BAUGH, Indianapolis.

We'll Supply a "Photoplay"

TELL me—why is an art director? In "The Spreading Dawn" the A. D. suffered to be plastered perfectly good study lamps and those awful pedestals all over the set for a Civil War picture. It's a puzzle to me. And did they use glaring headlines in the papers in those days? Well, rather not! At that rate, the photoplay world should show me, ere I die, at least two per-fect-ly good victrolas, several Big Bens and a few copies of "Photoplay" in the Ark.

R. E. LARSON, Green Bay, Wis.



Maybe a "Sub" Was After Him

IN "When a Man Sees Red" featuring William Farnum, Jewel Carmen sails away from the South Sea island in the millionaire's yacht, bound for home. The next day Sutton, captain and owner of the sailing vessel, hoists anchor and sails for home. Later, Farnum, with the help of one man and a rowboat, starts off in pursuit of Sutton. He becomes marooned on a tropical island. Sometime after the millionaire's yacht is wrecked during a storm; Jewel is picked up by Sutton and some days later he casts her off on the same island that Farnum exists upon. Queer, isn't it, how William rowed rings around the modern yacht and the sailing vessel? Of course, he was a desperate man, but—

ELMER E. NIEBURGER, Chicago.

"Where There's Fire There Must be Smoke"

IN "The Girl in the Dark" Carmel Myers is shown to the room she is to occupy for the night. She turns on the electric light, also the lamp, and when lighted, the lamp smokes. Since when does smoke come from electricity?

BELLE DARE, N. Y. C.

Why Not—if Your Wife's in Danger?

IN an episode of "Vengeance and the Woman," the hero has his leg badly injured when it is caught in a wolf-trap. Although the doctor says he cannot use the leg for a couple of weeks, five minutes later when he sees his wife in danger, he suddenly starts on a run that would turn "Doug" green with envy.

EDITH COLLINS, Winnipeg.

Lost: Some "Lingerie"

WHERE did dear old Spottiswood Aitkin capture the "lingerie" in the abduction scene of Mary Miles Minter's "Beauty and the Rogue"? And at what point in the chase did he—ahem—lose them? When awakened by the noise of the abduction, he rushes down stairs in his night shirt and seemingly nothing else. Getting his gun and his derby hat, he joins others in the chase. During the hunt—without once stopping—we suddenly see Mr. Aitkin's legs draped in "lingerie" to the ankles. Then—they must have hindered his running or something, for he lost them in the shuffle as he arrived at the end of the chase clad only in the w. k. night shirt.

M. C., Memphis, Tenn.

Probably a Local Shower

I RECENTLY saw little Zoe Ray in "The Silent Lady." During the action of the story a furious storm is supposed to be in progress along the coast. An American revenue cutter is trying to make a landing. Great distress and all. Then we suddenly see a tramp steamer resting peacefully on the bosom of a sunlit bay.

HARRY COREY, Winnipeg, Man., Can.

A Mother Is Many Things

IN "Wanted, a Mother" I saw the ad "Wanted, a Mother" classified under the heading "Bookkeepers Wanted, etc."

EDNA M. A. C., Newark.

Should Furnish Gas Masks

I RECENTLY visited a new picture palace in a large western city, seating about 5,000, meaning the picture palace. I noticed a pungent and hazy atmosphere, tried to struggle along in spite of it, finally got up, turned around and walked right out again. There were sundry glowing spots in the circumambient gloom and, well—back in Wales, as a small boy, I had been fed up on tales of corpse candles. Why do they—the exhibitors—permit this heavy incense stuff? If a picture lacks atmosphere, must he provide it?

STRAIGHT AIR CRANK, Berkeley, Calif.

Bill Doesn't Like to be Rushed, y'Know

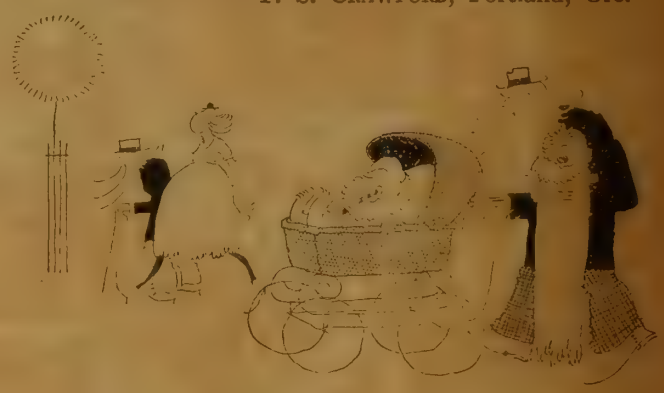
I NOTICED a very careless detail in Mr. Hart's "Wolves of the Rail." Bill arrives on the three o'clock train and when he gets into the station the clock on the wall registers two o'clock. Did it take Bill twenty-three hours to get into the station, or is this just some freak of the daylight saving plan?

H. M. KINGSTON, Ontario.

Poor Quality, Perhaps

IN "Sunshine Nan," Nan's father attempts suicide by hanging himself to the gas jet. When he jumps from the chair on which he was standing his weight pulls the fixture from the ceiling. Gas is usually very asphyxiating, but in this case no one noticed the escaping gas at all.

T. S. CRAWFORD, Portland, Ore.



Give Us Less Silver Threads

I WOULD like to know why the parents of all the characters in the movies are made to look so very old? It would seem so much more natural if they were, say twenty-five or thirty years their senior, instead of fifty years as they usually are. I can only recall one picture—"The Great Secret"—wherein the mother was about the right and sensible age for her daughter. In the "Avenging Trail" and in Olive Thomas' "Indiscreet Corrinne" the girl's parents were at least twenty years too old. I noticed this same fault in the case of Beverly Bayne's mother in "The Voice of Conscience," and Carlyle Blackwell's mother and brother in "The Good For Nothing." Goodness knows! we get old fast enough in real life.

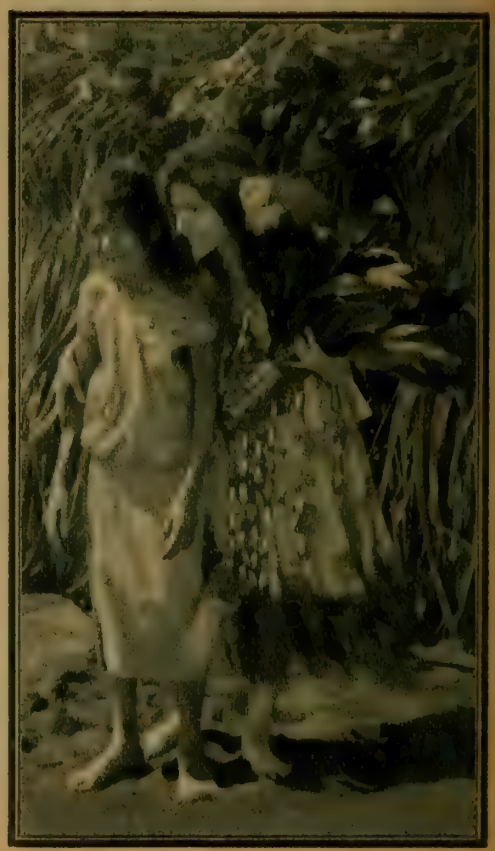
MRS. R. C. EDWARDS, College Park, Ga.

SIX years ago the gentleman who is throwing the bronc herewith, and (at left above) pictured with Roy Stewart, was boss of the cowpunchers at Miller Brothers' Ranch, Bliss, Okla. The proprietors of the outfit decided to import a cameraman and make a movie of their annual roundup; and that was the beginning of the downfall of Cliff Smith. Now he directs Roy Stewart in Triangle Westerns, owns several ranches of his own, drives his own car, and wears the same size sombrero.

MARY THURMAN used to be a school-teacher, but she has completely recovered. Mack Sennett discovered her and, judging from box office reports, Mary's comedies prove that Mack is some little Columbus.

MARVEL RAE of the Mack Sennett-Paramount comedies, is an accomplished athlete—rides, plays tennis, golfs, drives her own car, reads George Barr McChambers, and—oh, yes—she swims.

"SO this is Hawaii!" said Sessue Hayakawa. Above, with the native population of Clopuna, Hawaii, who helped the George Melford and the Lasky company make "Hidden Pearls."



SESSUE says those song-writers are all wrong; he didn't see a single ukulele. Left, with Peggy Aldrich, who is blond, and Margaret Loomis, who is brunette. Mrs. Aldrich is the wife of a former L. A. moving picture man. Right—Margaret Loomis, with a Hawaiian Princess. And here we've been saving our money for a trip to Honolulu.

"HE was a bold bad man, was this daring desperado." Jane Novak and Lambert Hillyer, director, seem to think that just because Bill Hart sang that song in "The Virginian" ten years ago, is no reason why he should sing it now.

POOR Marguerite Clark! All she does is act poor little poor girls who, with their canaries, are driven by cruel uncles out into the storm. J. Searle Dawley is applying the atmosphere.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is a candidate for screen stardom. Only sixteen, she is the daughter of Congressman Wm. B. Bankhead, and the granddaughter of Senator John H. Bankhead. The town of Tallulah in Alabama was named after her.

LUCILLE ZINTHEO, PHOTOPLAY'S Beauty and Brains girl, is now a member of the Lasky Company. She has an important part in J. Stuart Blackton's "Missing," and plays with Wallace Reid in another war story, "The Firefly of France."

THIS looks like the final scene in Norma Talmadge's new picture, just before Eugene O'Brien lifts her chin and—oh, you know. But it's only the beginning of "By Right of Purchase," another of those bought-and-paid-for drammers.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

What a Word Will Do. Who so subtle as David Belasco? In a very long magazine article recently he said: "Drama is life, while the screen is destined always to remain a cold picture of life." Mark the word "cold." Why "cold," Mr. Belasco? *Can* a picture of life, vivid with movement, be cold? What does Mr. Belasco mean by "cold," anyhow? So throughout page after page of meaningless twaddle, wherein this greatest of American producers makes a spectacle of himself before gods and men, speaking in ponderous generalizations of things concerning which he has, obviously, almost no knowledge. Any "props" in the meanest of studios could tell him in a dozen words why his high-flown theories of how he would make pictures are not merely basically unsound, but ridiculous.

For Mr. Belasco, the theatrical producer, we have the highest regard. But his views upon moving pictures are about as valuable as ours would be on the best manner of raising alligator pears in Thibet. And when the producer of "Polly With a Past" speaks so unctuously of the spiritual qualities inherent in drama, we who have just seen "Hearts of the World" will surely be permitted to smile, unrebuked.

But the funniest thing of all about it is that Mr. Belasco has built his entire reputation upon the very thing which displeases him in moving pictures — and he apparently has been seeing extremely bad pictures — namely, the close adherence to physical outlines of life. We hope Mr. Belasco did not actually write the article, but merely signed it out of his kindness of heart, to oblige a needy friend.

❦

Mr. Motion Picture Producer: pay heed to the voice of the small town. The manufacturers of great national staples never overlook these smaller communities.

We are indebted to Miss Edith Leonard of Boone, Iowa, for this clear exposition of the case:

"Now I am tempted to air a grievance — that of many citizens of Boone, and, I surmise, other average towns of 12,000 or less inhabitants.

"For the last six months we have not been permitted to enjoy the later triumphs of certain screen celebrities, viz., Farnum, Hart, Ray, Fairbanks, Clark, Marsh, and Pickford; because their commodity, like three parts of earth's other delightful things, has 'gone up,' and can no longer be made to pay in these smaller centers.

"We have come to love these vivid personalities after long acquaintance and are loathe to ascribe the stigma of profiteering to them; yet we thought long thoughts when a star announced his income tax to be — you know what.

"Now, Mr. Editor, who *is* responsible for this condition; is it a just or inevitable one; or is there any redress of grievance? The war can't be wholly to blame, for this upward trend was becoming very marked before we became belligerent.

"In these gloomy times and with the limited choice of diversions in towns of moderate dimensions, is it not hard, when we seek entrance to our Palace of Dreams, to be turned away or bored with unreal illusions and grotesque ribaldry? Real photoplay devotees are not satisfied with second-class productions and I predict there will soon be a general loss of interest and consequent falling off in business if these conditions are allowed to prevail.

"Will you not give some attention to this matter?"

❦

Emphasis. With a vague idea of emphasizing, writers of subtitles now underline so many words that they would obtain more emphasis by the simpler process of underlining everything except the words they really do want to emphasize.

❦

Competition Can't be Killed. J. A. Berst, formerly head of American branch of Pathé, is not ordinarily an alarmist — he has been too long in the picture business, he is too wise a head — and he has seen the industry weather its biweekly "grave crisis" for more than two decades. Yet he issued a warning recently, that "a certain organization of producers and distributors" was attempting to create a monopoly by forcing exhibitors to sign five-year contracts for its pictures. Mr. Berst says that unless exhibitors retain their independence, Pathé and other producers will be forced to discontinue making features.

All wrong, Mr. Berst. You can no more create a monopoly in anything where the creative genius of man is concerned, than you can tie the wind to your gatepost or stop the sun from shining. The whole trouble with the argument, as well as with many others advanced from time to time by the business men of pictures, is that they do not realize how unimportant their part of the business really is. Only two men in pictures count — the man with the idea, and the man who pays his admission price to the theatre to enjoy it. Let every picture theatre be burned down, let every exchange be destroyed, every studio, every foot of film, and, let every man who has anything to do with pictures today be

killed in the war, and inside of two months we will be seeing pictures again, because we want them.

Not only that, but we want the best you can make, and if we don't get it from one company, we're not going to pause long to ask how long a contract it has with the theatre we usually attend. And some bright young man is going to see the situation at a glance, and build another theatre where we can get the good pictures. A good picture can always find a theatre, and the better the picture the more money it will bring to its producer.

There is too much talk of manipulation. The curse of the whole business, the thing that is holding back the photodrama more than any other one element from reaching its full fruitage, is that so many of the men who have the power of life and death have not the first appreciation of the fact that they are dealing in art, and not in coal oil. And never yet has any art been monopolized. So it is only in the companies where they sneer at the word art that there need be any fear of the consequences of combinations, long contracts, program booking, chain theatres, or any of the dozen other matters which have to do only with business, and affect neither the mind which creates nor the demand which pays the bills.

❦

Where the Money Goes. William A. Brady's press agent has sent out a story boasting that Mr. Brady used 100,000 feet of film in making a certain picture which is only eight reels, or 8,000 feet long. Imagine a dressmaker bragging that her customer had been compelled to supply her with sixty yards of silk to make a dress containing only five yards of the material. Still they say it is the rapacity of stars that is driving producers to the poorhouse.

Remember—it is not merely the cost of the film, the celluloid itself, which makes this waste appalling. Because twelve times as much film as necessary was used, twelve times the necessary salaries of players and mechanics, twelve times all the necessary overhead cost are involved.

A small percentage of waste is unavoidable—about the same percentage as in dressmaking. But if producers would spend more money in perfecting their scenarios before they begin work in the studio, production costs could be reduced anywhere from one-half to nineteen-twentieths. This is a mathematical fact, known to almost everyone in the picture business, yet not more than two or three companies are putting it into practice. The others either ignore the waste or brag about it.

This may seem to be none of our business. Our business, as we have conceived it, however, is to stimulate and encourage better pictures. The waste system inevitably produces bad pictures.

We do not believe that Mr. Brady's press agent's story is literally true. We do not believe that Mr. Brady is such a bad business man. But it is typical of certain phases of the picture industry that such a condition as this is considered a boast of thoroughness rather than a confession of shortsightedness.

❦

Realism vs. Idealism. Taking their cue from the European-guided literary critics in American magazines, critics of the moving picture seem determined to look upon the happy ending as something which is inevitably banal. They delight in phrases like "The customary happy ending is not dragged in." They do not seem to understand that in every branch of art there are two avenues of expression—realism and idealism—neither one being greater than the other, but both being coexistent and a matter of choice for the artist. The moving picture addresses itself principally to the masses, the people who believe in democracy and equality, and not to the students of curious psychological phenomena. To these people, life itself is sufficiently real. Art must give them a contrast. So the picture is idealistic. The happy ending is a symbol to them of their own faith and their own desires. It preponderates in pictures because pictures are the first form of art which is truly democratic.

❦

Two Ways to Make Movies Recently we learned of a man who decided to embark in moving picture production in a large way. He hired a press agent first, than a general manager, than a lot of stenographers, then rented a splendid suite of offices. Finally it occurred to some one that it might be as well to have some one around who knew something about making pictures, and eventually this was done, after about $50,000 had been spent in what is technically known as "overhead," a moving picture term for money you can't possible expect to get back.

Another recent negotiation also came to our attention, where a certain capitalist desired to exploit a popular star who has not recently been on the screen. When they approached her, she said, "I must first have a story." She had the story written, and then she said, "Now I must find a director." The director was not found when this gem of prose was written, and the capitalist is not out, thus far, a single nickle, as the star bought the story herself, and will keep it in her own possession until producing arrangements to suit her can be made.

We leave it to the discerning reader to decide which of these two enterprises is the more likely to give to the screen interesting and valuable productions.

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

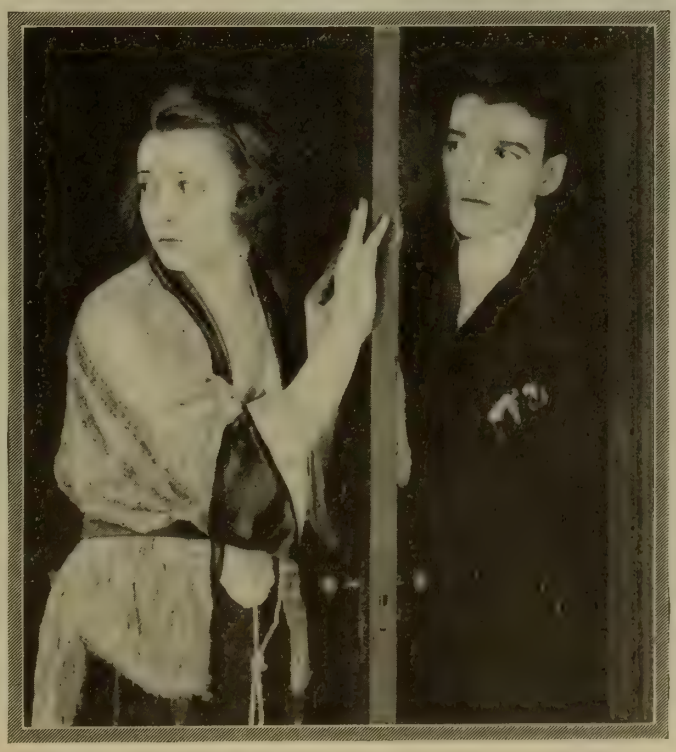
By Randolph Bartlett

Sardou's "Divorcons" has been done exquisitely into a picture called "Let's Get a Divorce;" Billie Burke and John Miltern head the cast.

EACH day brings us nearer to the time when all intelligent producers of moving pictures will be compelled to realize that plot is secondary to theme, and that, since there are comparatively few dramatic themes in all the world, treatment and character must be the main avenues of admission to the public interest. One ingenious dissector of literature has written a book proving that there are only thirty-six possible dramatic situations. This is unimportant, if true. For while the situation of the hero abducting the heroine at the altar where she is about to be married against her will, may always be essentially the same, the story of that abduction as told by Sir Walter Scott in "Lochinvar" bears little resemblance to the tale when it concerns a fashionable couple of today who escape their irate relatives in a high-power car.

Still, we chafe at this repetition when it is not reproduced in colors new, just as we object to a long row of houses, each of the same shape and hue as its neighbor, though we may be very fond of the folk within. We demand the same variety of life, of personal relations, of friendships, of everything that goes to make up existence.

In us there is
A sense fastidious, hardly reconciled
To the poor makeshifts of life's scenery,
Where the same slide must double all its parts,
Shoved in for Tarsus, and hitched back for Tyre . . .
This unthrift housekeeping, that will not brook
A dish warmed over at the feast of life,
And finds Twice stale, served with whatever sauce.



"Mlle. Paulette" is a pretty, romantic comedy of a summer resort; Claire Anderson and Wallace MacDonald do the honors.

Hence it is obvious that the play's the thing only when, by some new twist of treatment, some new interpretation of character, it is given the appearance of novelty, though its theme may be as old as the book of Genesis, from which, after all, most drama is taken. This is why it is necessary that the genius of the scenario writer must be developed, given free rein, encouraged, and not held down to the physical requirements of hand-made stars. This is why the genius of stars must be developed, given free rein, encouraged, and not held down to the mechanical requirements of hack-written scenarios.

The scenario and the star—these two alone make the picture. And the scenario writer of tomorrow will not be the novelist or the dramatist of yesterday, but a modeller in a new clay. His day is not yet. The producer has yet to realize that the scenario genius must eventually bear the same relation to his organization as the dramatist does to theatre, and be stimulated by a similar percentage of reward for success. When the day of that realization arrives I shall not be forced to confess, as I am this month, that but few productions recently reviewed display a high degree of imagination, or even ingenuity in camouflage.

Let's go:

THE TIGER MAN—
Artcraft

It was hard for me to believe that I had not seen "The Tiger Man" at least once before, while I watched Bill Hart, as an outlaw, kidnap a young woman, reform from the

"The Marriage Lie" is one of the best Bluebirds of the month, because of Carmel Myers' beauty and the acting of herself and Kenneth Harlan.

In "Rich Man, Poor Man" Marguerite Clark piles her curls high and is a romantic miss with Richard Barthelmess as a delightful lover.

"Rose o' Paradise" has a real all-star cast; here are three members, Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman and Edythe Chapman, especially Miss Chapman.

sheer glaring light of her goodness, and so on. The scenic magnificence of this production is fascinating. It looks as if it had been photographed at the scene of that fabled battle, where the Titans hurled whole mountains at the gods.

LET'S GET A DIVORCE—Paramount

Sardou's "Divorcons" has been done exquisitely into a picture story called "Let's Get a Divorce," by John Emerson and Anita Loos, but the somewhat listless acting of Billie Burke would have made the production watery, only for the vitality of the art of John Miltern and Armand Kalisz, the latter a newcomer to the screen. This is, probably, only a lapse on Miss Burke's part, as "Arms and the Girl" and "The Land of Promise" both gave hints of achievement. The theme, that of a husband who wins back the affection of a romance-obsessed wife by giving her her head, is handled with extreme delicacy. A travesty on the "knight and ladye fair" in the introductory episode is delicious.

THE WHITE MAN'S LAW—Paramount

"The White Man's Law" has a plot of unusual originality and interest. The motive is cleverly typified by a minor character flitting across the background of the story, a white man outcast by his fellow whites in Sierra Leone because he had violated the strict code which protects the few good women of these exotic trading posts. This is the law referred to in the title. Sessue Hayakawa is starred, but it is a story in which all the principles are important, and all brilliantly cast. Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Joseph Swickard, Hayakawa himself, and Director James Young for maintaining the atmosphere of the edge of the jungles—unite in making this picture distinctive. Mr. Young's directing occasionally harks back to the old-fashioned Shakespearean school of acting, but he atones for this by his creation of beautiful and meaningful pictures. And the occasional stretches of thin ice are skimmed cleverly, without the least suggestion of breaking through.

UP THE ROAD WITH SALLIE—Select

Constance, the sunshine child of the Talmadge family, is rapidly acquiring that deftness which alone makes comedy. In "Up the Road with Sallie" she is a delightful mischief-maker. She kidnaps a willing aunt (this seems to be an aunt month) and finds romance for two. It is well to remember that William D. Taylor directed this picture. Mr. Taylor has the real comedy sense. Norman Kerry is pleasingly present.

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH—Metro

If Francis X. Bushman will continue in the comedy vein of "With Neatness and Dispatch," which he began with "Red, White and Blue Blood" and "The Brass Check," he will make a more important place for himself in filmdom than he ever occupied as a mellow-dramatic actor. Beverly Bayne appears as a young woman who needs the aid of a burglar in her aunt's (hello, another aunt!) Adamless Eden. Mr. Bushman pretends to be a reformed burglar. It is hilarious. June Mathis and Luther Reed provided a brilliant scenario, glistening with sparkling titles.

RIDERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro

Viola Dana is never so charming as when, in serious drama, she has occasion to express the comic spirit of the trifles of life. In "Riders of the Night" she is a pathetic

child, browbeaten by her aunt (what, another aunt!) and yet through all the perils of the scenario, she retains a wistful humor. There is tense drama in this story and swift movement, the best Dana picture since "Blue Jeans."

AN ALIEN ENEMY—Paralta

Believing herself of German birth, a young woman is torn between obedience to her supposed grandfather and her innate love of America, with what result can be imagined. This is the theme of "An Alien Enemy." Louise Glaum is the girl. For Monte Katterjohn's scenario, little can be said. He has followed all the mechanics of war melodrama, but the excellence of the production, and Miss Glaum's sincerity lift it from commonplaceness.

ROSE O' PARADISE—Paralta

Here is what I call an all star cast: Bessie Barriscale, Norman Kerry, Howard Hickman, Edythe Chapman, David M. Hartford. These players carry the story of "Rose o' Paradise," the tale of the adventures of a persecuted heiress, and their acting redeems a drama constructed upon such theories as that if one kitten is funny, three will be three times as funny. Miss Chapman as a stern woman with a soft heart does what I regard as the finest acting of her entire career, and I can remember when she played ingenues. Miss Barriscale is exquisite in her rags. Had the story been constructed with genius equal to that of the players, this would have been one of the classics of the year, or any year. As it stands, it is still a joy, full of tender humor and whimsicality.

MR. FIX-IT—Artcraft

Douglas Fairbanks seems to be groping. In "Mr. Fix-It" he offers a thin imitation of the sort of things John Emerson and Anita Loos used to create for him, with a curious, ramble-scramble fight thrown in for good measure. This is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. There is an attempt at a satiric theme, the unstarching of a stiff-necked family of aristocrats by transplanting into its midst a small horde of waifs, but the whole thing is too obviously strung together to exploit the familiar Fairbanks bag of tricks. And now I expect I shall receive a deluge of letters from prototypes of the president of the Des Moines Pickford Marching Club, telling me that I am a boob and ought to know by now that all the public wants is Fairbanks, and the story makes no difference. All right—then go to see "Mr. Fix-It."

A DOG'S LIFE—Chaplin

After months of retirement Charlie Chaplin comes back with the best comedy he has ever made, "A Dog's Life." It is the first picture on his famous million-dollar contract, and proves that he is entitled to the money. Mr. Chaplin is the one buffoon in pictures who imparts into his most hilarious moments, recognizable human emotions. The outstanding novelty of the picture is a common, mongrel pup.

UNCLAIMED GOODS—Paramount

"Unclaimed Goods" has a plot with an original twist. A girl is shipped to a mining camp by express C. O. D., and when she arrives the consignee is unable to pay the freight, so the bad man of the story tries to force the express agent to sell her at auction, according to the rules of the company. Too closely examined, the idea will not hold water, but it is neatly done, with Vivian Martin

Louise Glaum's sincerity lifts "An Alien Enemy" out of the commonplaceness which might have been its fate, because of the ordinary scenario.

"The Hand at the Window" is that rarest of things, a convincing crook play; Margery Wilson is a detective and Joe King a sentimental police captain.

Constance Talmadge is a delightful mischief-maker in "Up the Road With Sallie," and Norman Kerry is pleasingly present.

Edith Storey's dramatic charm and intensity make "Treasure of the Sea" something more than mere melodrama—though it is excellent melo at that.

Vivian Martin is an express shipment in "Unclaimed Goods," a story with an entirely original twist.

Beverly Bayne hires a burglar in "With Neatness and Dispatch," another of the highly entertaining Bushman-Bayne farce melodramas.

as the charming bit of live stock. It is punctuated with gun-play.

TREASURE OF THE SEA—Metro

Melodrama persists as the most popular form of entertainment. "Treasure of the Sea" is excellent melodrama, dealing with the discovery of a wrecked treasure ship. Edith Storey, that concentrated bit of dramatic charm and intensity, lifts the play out of the rut into which it might easily fall.

THE TWO-SOUL WOMAN—Bluebird

"The Two-Soul Woman" is a transposition of the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with a doctor hypnotising an heiress as the principal theme. The original story was Gellett Burgess' "The White Cat." The fable unrolls interestingly until the final reel, when there occurs an exhibition of probably the worst acting ever seen on stage or silversheet. Yet the production as a whole is one that merits encouragement, for with only four principals in the cast there is remarkable smoothness and sustained interest. Priscilla Dean plays the part of the girl who alternates between good and something approaching evil, the double exposures suggesting the transition stage, her struggle with herself, being particularly well done.

THE DANGER GAME—Goldwyn

Madge Kennedy is one of the few clever *farceuses* of the screen. Having established her as a comedienne, Goldwyn announces her latest picture, "The Danger Game," as a melodrama. Don't let Goldwyn advertising keep you away from one of the few good pictures this firm has made. "The Danger Game" is farce—much better farce than "Baby Mine" because it has a story, and is not five reels of repetition. Madge Kennedy is a confection of hilarity, and Tom Moore the best foil she ever had.

THE BUSY INN—Pathe

Rabelais, De Maupassant, Boccaccio, Fielding—these are big names in world literature. But no sane or decent person would offer them to children. Yet the literature of the world would be much the poorer had these men never written. The answer is—keep them away from the children. But you can't keep moving pictures away from children, or children away from moving pictures. Until some means is devised of suiting the audience to the picture, productions like "The Busy Inn" should not be distributed publicly. It was produced by the Russian Art Film company in Moscow, and is like a chapter of Rabelais illustrated by Franz Hals. Such art is seldom seen on the screen, in all its frank vulgarity. But the company which turns such pictures loose upon the American market is a munitions plant for the censor army.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK—Brenon

Allegory presents one fundamental difficulty to the producer of photoplays. This is establishing the symbols which the characters and incidents represent, and maintaining them throughout the story. It is hard to do this without numerous explanatory titles, and these clog the action. In "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" Herbert Brenon endeavored to give to the screen the pure thought of the Jerome K. Jerome drama, and while he succeeded in doing so, it is less photodrama than a series of illustrations of the text. Yet the essense is there, that "heavenly love and earthly love are but one love." Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson plays the role of the Stranger, as he did on the stage, and with no less distinction.

(Continued on page 96)

The Birth of a Smile

DORIS KENYON is smile entirely surrounded by girl.

Or perhaps it might be more accurate to say that Doris Kenyon is girl completely enveloped in smile.

This smile is no mere arrangement of the features; it is not the invitation with which the common or garden girl lures the young shepherd of hearts in the spring; it is not the pert glance which on Broadway passes for flirtation; it is not the dimpled grimace of the simp ingenue.

Beginning with the eyes, this smile first manifests itself in a number of delicately etched suggestions of crinkles, spreading out from the outer corners of the eyes of Doris—little joy-rays from her twin suns of mirth.

Simultaneously the eyes themselves kindle with mischief and interrogation—her own appreciation of the humor of the moment and her inquiry whether or not you do.

Then the cheeks of Doris become infected with the contagion, cheeks where the bloom of girlhood flaunts its splendid banners; and at the base of each of these mounts of merriment a dimple puts a period to the thought.

Meanwhile the lips of Doris are parted and the smile is focused—the picture is complete, save for a final little tapping of the toe or the expressive fluttering of a hand or two.

The thing is done—Doris has smiled.

Doris Kenyon and Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of the story in which Miss Kenyon will make her independent stellar debut.

John B. O'Brien taketh tea with Miss Kenyon, whom he is conducting in her new celluloid symphony; the reason directors accept smaller salaries than stars is that they have the privilege of being photographed taking tea in the stars' dressing rooms.

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

IN the spring many folks go more or less crazy. One day it was reported that the Metropolitan Opera House would be used as a picture theatre at the close of the opera season. Of course the thing was impractical, as the grand old ark is built upon the general lines of grandfather's barn, only with greater optical problems. The big laugh, however, came when the aristocratic owners of boxes protested against this invasion of their sacred precincts, to which the New York World replied that if these boxholders would take the trouble to look at the luxurious Rialto or Rivoli, they would see what a compliment moving picture patrons would be paying the Metropolitan by going there at all.

FAY TINCHER, after all these years of inactivity, has allied herself with the World Film Corporation. She will make her own two-reel comedies in California, and the World will distribute them.

MARIE DORO has formed her own company and will make several feature pictures a year to be released through a newly-formed corporation. Miss Doro plans to have a well-known director in charge and has already made arrangements for stories written by prominent authors.

PAULINE FREDERICK'S contract with Paramount expires this summer, and there was a rumor that she would join Goldwyn. There seems no further foundation for this report, than that she will leave pictures, for a while at least. She is going on the stage, it is expected. Miss Frederick is now Mrs. Willard Mack, and Mr. Mack is now head of the literary department of Goldwyn. This fact may have contributed also to the rumor mentioned.

In "Patriotism" there had to be a close-up of Bessie Barriscale as Joan of Arc—so close-up that only part of her armor would show. But Props dressed up her steed in overalls and puttees and the photographer moved his camera too far back, and this was the result. Director West and Cameraman De Vinna in the supporting roles.

A representative of the Toto Film Company accidentally dropped in one evening where they were showing "Cleopatra," and he laughed so hard that he decided to make another version and let Dora Rodgers burlesque "Cleo." It's pretty good—but of course it isn't as funny as the first one.

AS has been observed, Madame Petrova is a stickler for realism. This had painful results for a member of her company in the making of a scene for "Patience Sparhawk." Patience is called upon to strangle her stepmother, and so ferociously did Petrova attack Mrs. Paul Dasher, who was playing the other role, that in the heat of the dramatic action, Mrs. Dasher was flung against the iron rod of a lighting apparatus. Her scalp was cut and a doctor had to be called, but after three stitches had been taken she insisted upon doing the scene again.

RAYMOND McKEE, star of "The Unbeliever," is now a Sergeant in the Medical Corps of the army. McKee enlisted immediately after finishing the official Red Cross picture, "The Spirit of the Red Cross."

IT is said Pathe will discontinue the producing of features, having already taken steps to release Frank Keenan, Fannie Ward, and Bryant Washburn. Gladys Hulette's contract expired sometime ago. Bessie Love left Pathe the first of May. Her last picture for that company was "Carolyn of the Corners." Miss Love at this writing had not decided whether to accept one of two offers from big producing concerns, or to form her own company.

JULIUS STEGER is to be director-general for the International Film Company, and not for World. Steger, who coaxed Anna Case into pictures, will make a feature starring the prima-donna, and in the meantime is working on a new Marion Davies production.

ANOTHER photoplay by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, who won the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE $1,000 prize story, is "Real Folks," recently completed at the Triangle Culver City Studio. It is a two-reel "situation comedy," "Mr. Briggs Closes the House."

IN the Metro projection room half a dozen men were watching a picture, when something went wrong with the machine. The operator did not seem to be able to fix it. "Just a minute, I'll fix it for you," said one of the men in the projection room, and went into the booth. In a minute the machine was running smooth and true again. The man who fixed the machine was R. A. Rowland, president of the Metro company. Moral: One of the ways to get to be president of a corporation, is by knowing more about the little job than the man who holds that job and by not refusing to stoop and tackle the little job.

Getting Irving Cummings nominated for governor nearly wrecked the World studio at Ft. Lee, but it had to be done to lead up logically to the close-up with Barbara Castleton at the end of "The Heart of a Girl."

MAURICE TOURNEUR now has his own company. After finishing Ibsen's "A Doll's House," an Artcraft picture with Elsie Ferguson, Mr. Tourneur decided to direct his own pictures, working in his own studio, choosing his own scenarios, and making his own casts; in short, from now on he will be artistically independent. His first production will be "Sporting Life," from an old Drury Lane Theatre success.

JOHN EMERSON, who underwent a serious operation in New York recently, is now completely recovered. After a rest of a few weeks, the director will begin work in collaboration with Miss Anita Loos on a Paramount production.

JACK PICKFORD has joined the navy. He was assigned to the intelligence department and given the task of censoring films for export.

GEORGE BAKER, Metro's West Coast director-general, was discussing the reason why certain film stars, once having left the leadership of a certain master of film craft who created them, seemed to have lost considerable of their acting ability and, in consequence, much of their popularity.

"I heard a story the other day that explains it," he said. "A famous Pennsylvania political boss had been deserted by one of his lieutenants who was seeking to set up his own machine.

"'Let him try,' the boss said, when he heard of the other's plans. 'It's true that I taught him all he knows,—but I didn't teach him all *I* know.'"

FRANCES FORD is starring in his own serial, a patriotic narrative called "Berlin via America."

PEARL WHITE was watching the military maneuvers at the Army and Navy exhibition at Madison Square Garden. In the next box was a well-known judge. He saw Miss White and exclaimed to a friend: "What a beautiful woman!" Miss White heard. She turned and recognized the eminent jurist. "What an excellent judge!" she retorted, and gave him one of her best smiles.

IT is reported that Constance Talmadge has received repeated offers from managers who wish to obtain her services for the stage. The funny part of it is, these managers all disagree as to what parts she is best fitted to portray. One told her she was a comedienne; another was sure that farce was her forte. The third said she was a dramatic actress. And now Constance is all bewildered. No, she'll not accept any of them.

MISS LILLIAN COOK, last seen as Fairy Berylune in "The Blue Bird," died last month, at the age of nineteen. Miss Cook was one of the best-known screen ingenues, and was with World Pictures for three years.

MOTHER MARY MAURICE, the grand old lady of the films, is dead. She expired at the home of relatives in Port Carbon, Pa., where she came to recover from a long illness which seized her after she had completed her work in "Over the Top," Vitagraph's war picture. She was born in 1844 and in the course of a long stage career played with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John T. McCullough, and Joseph Jefferson. Since 1910, she has been known as Vitagraph's "screen mother."

Carl T. Thoner

The Big Three snapped in Philadelphia on their tour for the Third Liberty Loan. Doug is making a speech and seems to think it's pretty good himself; Mary registers admiring interest in Doug's oratory, apparently, while poor lil' Charlie is standing off all alone and looking kinda forlorn and neutral. But didn't they sell the bonds!

International Film Service

Elya Hastings, the English actress, came to this country after many months of war relief work over there. She will appear before the cameras for Selig.

OLIVE THOMAS complained the other day that she was simply all out of tears. Her director had made the request that she shed a few saline drops over the prostrate form of William V. Mong who, in times away from the camera's stress, raises little piggies and geese, and Olive sobbed and sniffled and thought of all the saddest things in the world, but nary a teardrop would come.

"Most times," she said, "I can cry to order, but now I think I'm cried out. First I was called East by my mother's illness, spent weeks with her at the hospital at Pittsburgh where she almost died, and then Jack"—this being Jack Pickford, her husband—"enlisted in the aviation corps and went to war, and—I'm afraid that these bigger things have blotted up the tears that once I could give to the screen."

Whereupon her director, hearing the remark about Jack, took her to one side and began talking to her about what might happen to Jack in the war zone. He was still bound to have those tears. But he failed, even though Olive did faint at the railway station when she bade Jack good-bye.

"I'm not afraid. Whatever happens, Jack's doing the thing I would want him to do. And I can be brave, too," she said.

GEORGE V. BAKER, the director, and Albert Le Vino, scenarioist, were discussing daylight saving and how it will affect the film industry in the U. S. "And, by the way, George," said Le Vino, "do you know who was the first picture director?" "No," replied Baker, "unless you mean Noah, when he staged the first big animal act on the ark." "No, it was Joshua," said Le Vino. "Didn't he command the sun to stand still so he could take another shot?"

BLANCHE SWEET has at last answered the call. After an absence of over a year, she is again at work, making pictures for her own company. Space has been rented at the Griffith studio.

R. A. WALSH, the director, had just informed a particularly seedy-looking applicant that he had a place for him, but that a small wardrobe would be necessary.

"How much?" asked the seedy-one dubiously.

"Oh, evening clothes, a walking suit or two, a few business suits, an outing suit suitable for a Palm Beach affair, a—"

"Say," broke in the applicant, "who was the author of this story—the Retail Clothiers' Association?"

This is the house that Jack built, Jack being otherwise Mr. Smart, World Film technical director, who is trying to look as if he didn't know he was being photographed. The gentleman giving Mr. Smart's house the up and down is Director Travers Vale who is considering how the bungalow will look when built life-size in his next production, "Vengeance."

RALPH INCE is to be Petrova's permanent director. The actress' plan for changing directors with each picture has been set aside because of the complete satisfaction with Mr. Ince's work in producing "Tempered Steel" and "Patience Sparhawk."

AMERICAN skill in the motion picture has been drafted to aid in saving the babies of France. The American Red Cross has imported a number of American educational films; and now the peasantry of Normandy, of Champagne, and other provinces in the shadow of the firing-line are being taught first lessons in the care of children, according to modern hygienic standards. The Red Cross aims, in cooperation with the French authorities, to reduce infant mortality in France from 80,000 to 40,000 a year, and is in a fair way to do so, thanks partly to the campaign of the motion picture.

FLORENCE REED will make features exclusively for B. A. Rolfe's new producing company. Rolfe recently incorporated a concern to make eight pictures a year with well-known stars; and Miss Reed is the first to be signed.

SERG. ARTHUR GUY EMPEY of "Over the Top" has enlisted with the Twenty-seventh Division of the U. S. army volunteers.

ALLA NAZIMOVA, EMILY STEVENS AND ETHEL BARRYMORE are returning to the screen, the stage productions in which they appeared having ended their runs.

ELYA HASTINGS, the charming young English actress and widow of the late Lieut. Aubrey Hastings, who was killed in action at Verdun, is now working at the Selig studios in California. Miss Hastings was one of the first of her profession to volunteer for service in the British Red Cross. For twelve months after the death of her husband, she carried on her hospital work, often being on duty for twenty-four hours at a stretch in the fourth General Military Hospital in London. Broken in health she came to this country to recuperate and spent some months on a ranch in Wyoming; and later became connected with the Essanay company. Miss Hastings' work there led to her permanent engagement with Selig; and big things are expected of her in the future.

A REPRESENTATIVE of Enrico Caruso is reported as offering him as a picture star. The singer's services may be had for one feature during the summer for $75,000. Don't push.

WHILE D. W. Griffith was on the battle-line in France, he asked a *poilu* what he and his comrades did when they went home on furlough.

"Make ze love," the Frenchman promptly returned. "All ze time make ze love.

"Monsieur," the soldier went on, his eyes twinkling, "war she is terrible, but sometimes not so terrible as peace. She makes our own wives love us."

It's Mae Murray made up as a newsy for her new picture, "Danger—Go Slow!" Extra—extra!

SOLEMNLY the notification is issued that the Clara Kimball Young pictures are in no way connected with the prospective Blanche Sweet pictures, which are to be produced under the management of Miss Young's manager. Less surprising, perhaps, in view of recent events, would be a notification from Miss Sweet that her pictures would have no connection with those of Miss Young.

NANCY PALMER, Howard Chandler Christy's model for his navy recruiting poster, is breaking into camera range in a World subject, "Merely Players," supporting Kitty Gordon.

DURING her two years' sojourn in Santa Barbara, Mary Miles Minter has participated in every civic event of importance, but the recent dedication of the hydroplane built at Santa Barbara by Alan and Malcolm Loughhead for government service has impressed her more strongly than anything she has ever done for war service. Mary broke a bottle of water on the prow of the plane and then released from a basket six white doves.

ANITA STEWART has gone back to work at Vitagraph, her first picture, to be ready within a few weeks, being "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" from the play by Arthur Wing Pinero. All the differences between the company and the star have been adjusted, and save that Miss Stewart has been lost to the screen for the better part of a year, no one is the worse for the experience.

THIS is Glory! To be kissed by Marguerite Clark is honor enough for any man. But to contract a severe case of mumps as a result of the osculatory distinction is far above any dreams of "Bab's" silent worshipers. Charles Ayers, a lad of Chicago, met Miss Clark during the Liberty Loan drive. "Surely I'll give you a kiss for a bond," smiled Miss Clark. "But I've just had the mumps—aren't you scared?" "Scared? Who? Me?" came back the youngster. "No ma'm." And even now he's glad he kissed her.

"WOMEN AND THE WAR" is the working title of D. W. Griffith's first Artcraft picture. Among the players are Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and George Fawcett, besides such notables as Queen Alexandra and David Lloyd-George.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON has transferred her blonde loveliness from Essanay to Artcraft screens. She is George M. Cohan's leading woman in "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday." Miss Clayton, it will be remembered, was "discovered" by G. M. Anderson, with whom she played in the old "Broncho Billy" westerns. In her career with the Essanay company she appeared with success opposite Bryant Washburn, Richard Travers, and Sydney Ainsworth, and played the leading part in a series.

NOW that everything is settled and lovely and cooey, there ought to be no real harm in letting you in on a little matter that almost disrupted, for the time being at least, the happy tranquillity of the domestic bliss of Wally Reid and his wife, Dorothy Davenport.

Wally and Dorothy attended a Red Cross benefit at the Hotel Huntington, one of Pasadena's most scrumptious winter hostelries, and Wally was called upon to act as auctioneer. He had auctioned off everything within reach and was looking for new objects to offer and new pocketbooks to conquer, when someone passed him up a genial bull pup that demonstrated its gentleness and affectionate disposition by poking a salivary tongue in the auctioneer's face.

Lewis-Smith

Lovely Marguerite Clayton returns to the screen with George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday." She was formerly with Essanay.

Marie Dressler is not singing her old favorite, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl;" she is returning from a day's campaign, selling Liberty Bonds, the blow that caused the droop being "Do you sell thrift stamps?"

Wally's eyes were for the crowd, not for the dog, when he raised the animal aloft and called attention to its beauty.

He saw that his wife was making frantic motions to him, but he interpreted these as meaning that he should hold the dog for a large and specially spectacular sale. As the price ran up, Miss Davenport's gesturing became more violent. When the price reached $1,600, and Wally yelled "Sold!" he heard a faint shriek come from his fond helpmate's direction.

He had, if you must know and haven't already suspected, sold his wife's own bull pup. And, he had to buy it back! And what is worse, he himself had given the pup to her on her last birthday.

MONA LISA, as a picture star, flivved even before her first picture was completed. The Balboa studios have closed because of financial difficulties; and H. M. Horkheimer's lovely plans for his new star—who, you know, was to fire the industry—were all wasted. It's a shame.

(Continued on page 106)

Education

A department of service in motion picture to one of its lines is too well known to mention.

One of the chief reasons why public school teachers have hard rows to hoe is that their tools are mostly of the 1800 model. Education is just beginning to recognize in a real way the power of the screen. Learning's attitude has been like that of a blind man remaining indifferent when a strange visitor comes and offers him sight. The supreme teacher is here. But few educators have as yet given her the whole hearted welcome she deserves.

On the other hand, a large number of educational institutions are rapidly realizing that the motion picture is education's greatest aid since the birth of the art of printing. These institutions are recalling their manners and are offering the powerful and brilliant newcomer a real place among their aides.

Few are the colleges and universities now unequipped for motion pictures. Fifty per-cent of the normals, private schools and high schools use films, with more securing equipment every day. The public schools are gathering the machines as fast as they can find the necessary handful of cash. One of the larger cities of the middle west has passed a rule requiring a motion picture booth to be included in the specifications of all future school buildings.

Psychologists agree that eighty-seven per cent of the knowledge contained in the average human mind comes through the eye. And in appeal to the vision the screen stands far in advance of all previous forms of education.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" becomes more visible, and therefore the more impressive to the young mind, when "done" into moving pictures.

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

"I TELL ye, a picture like that learns a person something."

Thus the head of the house, returning from the little show around the corner, waters another weed in the hard row the public school teacher must hoe.

For these wise paternal words again impress upon the tow-headed young son of the family the hopelessness and boredom which he finds in his schoolroom, where the teacher is trying to "learn him something." If some folks can stay away from school and still learn things, why, he ponders, must he make a daily hegira to the Sahara of the schoolroom and attempt to absorb such facts as "the epigea repens or trailing arbutus is found in the northern New England states, Upper Michigan and other locations in the same latitude," and similar abstractions?

Yes, father said something.

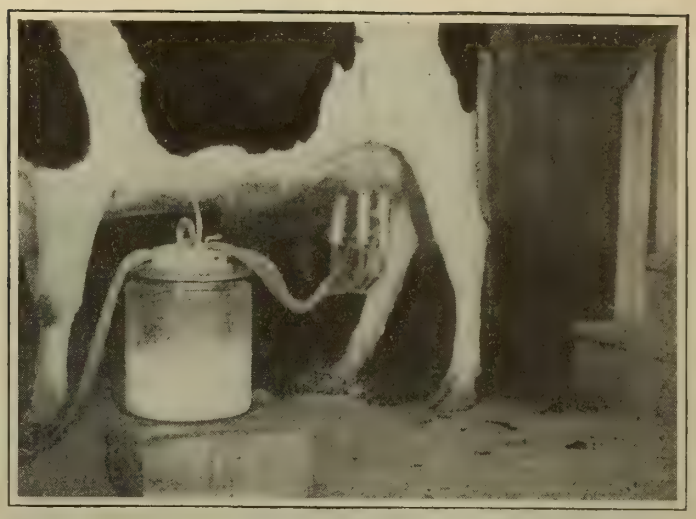
While taupe-headed William is in school endeavoring to secure some permanent impressions from abstract type, his brother Hank, who quit school to work in the tannery, is taking in the picture shows and absorbing vivid fact after fact driven into his mind by the graphic power of the screen.

Willie is learning enough of the fourth dynasty of King Ethelbert of the Visigoths to be able to evaporate some of it into words when he recites. Hank is learning what is going on in Europe right now. Hank can talk about the modern war; but Willie can't. Who considers the troubles of the Visigoths when ten million modern Huns are tearing at the gates of civilization?

But Hank learns many other things in the theater that should be learned in the school. The screen's refreshing and powerful presentation of facts in history, literature, sociology, engineering, zoology, botany, commercial geography, nature study and many other

al Films

the application of the greatest fields of usefulness



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" evokes a different answer on the modern dairy farm. The "pretty milk maid" is usually a man adeptive in handling machinery and with a working knowledge of electricity. By such films as the Atlas agricultural, from which the above picture is taken, does the moving picture aid Uncle Sam in coaxing boys farmward.

"I would rather have one reel of film on certain subjects than all the teaching one teacher can do in a week," said the principal of a school to the writer last week. Some day that remark will be accepted by every teacher and educator in the land.

"I can teach every subject in the public schools with motion pictures except grammar," said Thomas Edison, six years ago, "and I don't care whether grammar is taught or not." Having taught grammar, we agree with Edison on both scores.

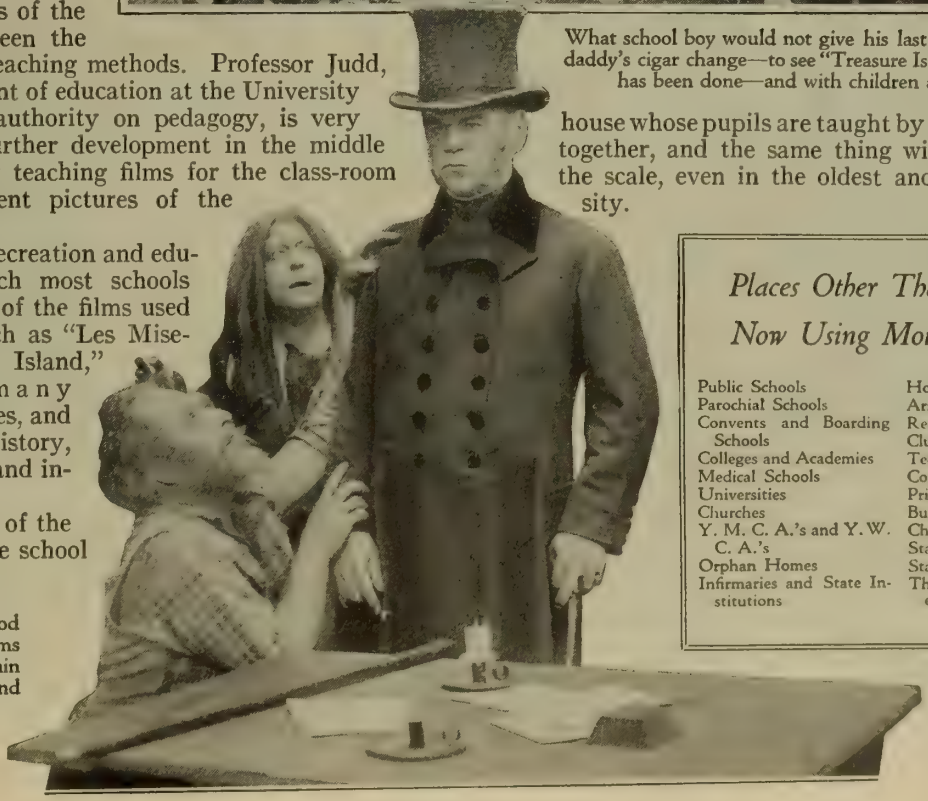
Because of the fact that educators have not as yet made a strong demand for motion pictures constructed expressly for teaching purposes, not a great deal of progress has been made along this line. The Lincoln Parker Company is the pioneer in making films for the class-room, under the supervision of educators. That concern now offers film courses in geography, nature study, history, physiology and hygiene, biology and agriculture. Other concerns have hundreds of educational films on these and other subjects, including chemistry, physics, industry and literature.

What school boy would not give his last cent — and even his daddy's cigar change—to see "Treasure Island" in pictures? It has been done—and with children acting the roles.

The development in this field from now on is bound to be rapid in the direction of the organization of film courses on a pedagogic basis, and more and more thinking will be done by those interested in the questions of the proper relation between the screen and the old teaching methods. Professor Judd, head of the department of education at the University of Chicago and an authority on pedagogy, is very much in favor of further development in the middle field between purely teaching films for the class-room and the entertainment pictures of the theater.

It is this blend of recreation and education in films which most schools now desire and most of the films used are of that type, such as "Les Miserables," "Treasure Island," "Ivanhoe," and many other picturized stories, and pictures from history, travel, nature study and industry.

Around the corner of the next decade is a little school house whose pupils are taught by screen and book together, and the same thing will happen on up the scale, even in the oldest and coldest university.



"Les Miserables" is a good example of the sort of films schools are using in the main —a blend of education and entertainment.

Places Other Than Theatres Now Using Motion Pictures

- Public Schools
- Parochial Schools
- Convents and Boarding Schools
- Colleges and Academies
- Medical Schools
- Universities
- Churches
- Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s
- Orphan Homes
- Infirmaries and State Institutions
- Hospitals and Prisons
- Army and Navy Camps
- Red Cross Branches
- Clubs and Organizations
- Technical Societies
- Community Houses
- Private Homes
- Business Firms
- Chambers of Commerce
- State Capitols
- State Councils of Defense
- The United States Government

Stagg

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

The Sixth of a Series of Articles by Recognized Leaders of the New Art

By John Emerson
and Anita Loos

THE latest development in the making of the motion picture has been in the realm of the so-called subtitle. The word "sub-title" is a misnomer, and it is not quite clear how it crept into the nomenclature of the movies. "Caption" would seem to be a more fitting word, but "sub-title" has become so thoroughly established in the public mind as well as in the minds of the makers of films, that it seems best to adopt the foundling and let it go at that.

A subtitle consists of a word, phrase, sentence or paragraph thrown on the screen to indicate a lapse of time, a change of locale, or a description of action which takes place, as we say in the theatre, "off stage," or in our own medium "off the screen." "The Next Morning" is an example of the first type of subtitle, denoting a lapse of time. "At the Home of Senator Johnson" illustrates the second type, indicating a change of locale; while "After Many Thrilling Adventures in Which He Outwits the Agents of Black Boris, Alexis Arrives in Vulgaria, Where he is Acclaimed by His Loyal Subjects," is an example of the third type of subtitle describing action which is supposed to take place between two scenes, and which, for any one of various reasons, it does not seem wise or expedient to visualize.

It is ideas that are in demand—first, last and always—ideas. Learn to recognize an idea and to differentiate it from a mere incident or a mere string of incidents, or an incoherent narrative which has no basic theme.

Inasmuch as there is no special meaning inherent in the word "subtitle," we have in our own work shortened the word to "title," and what is commonly called a "spoken title," we prefer to denote simply by the word "speech." A "speech" is exactly what the word implies, namely: something spoken by one of the characters in the photoplay, exactly as on the speaking stage. For example, Alexis says to the Prime Minister:

"Is the Princess beautiful?"

And the Prime Minister replies:

"Sire, *all* princesses are beautiful."

It is the custom on the screen to enclose spoken titles, or "speeches" in quotation marks, though just why the quotation marks, is not clear. It is, however, one of those customs which had become very firmly rooted, and which it is the part of wisdom to accept rather than to combat.

In the early days, the ideal motion picture was one in which the whole story was told by the action of the scenes depicted on the screen, without the use of titles or speeches. The pursuit of this ideal, however, soon reduced the motion picture to mere pantomime, and greatly narrowed the range of subjects with which the motion picture could deal, and after months of struggle and much weariness of spirit someone woke up one morning to a realization that the ideal was entirely false, and that the titles and speeches could, and should, perform much the same function for a motion picture as lines perform for a play. After this discovery titles and speeches began to take their proper place in the construction of the motion picture, and we think we are safe in saying that the most marked development in motion picture technique during the last two years has been along this line.

At first there was no attempt at literary quality in the titles, the idea being that the fewer words used the better. But little by little the value of style in the writing of titles began to be realized. In this matter the foreign producers were much in advance of the Americans, as is instanced in the case of "Cabiria," a picture produced at least four years ago, and yet one in which the titles, written by one of the greatest of living poets, were infused with as fine fire and as great poetic fervor as any of his written masterpieces. Gabrielle D'Anunzio was the first writer to use the poetic title in the motion picture, and while it is true that his titles were badly translated in the English version, yet their beauty was not by any means entirely lost.

About this same time David Griffith was experimenting with the literary title. He realized that titles gave to the screen a voice; they opened up for the photoplay the fields of poetic and psychological drama, of fantasy and satire. It was in the old Fine Arts Studio, under the guiding hand of Frank E. Woods, Mr. Griffith's able collaborator in the production of "The Birth of a Nation" that the literary title received its greatest impetus and development.

The writing of titles is in itself an art and requires just as much thought and study as the constructing of the play. Titles (we are using the term as inclusive of speeches)

should never be written in a style that obtrudes upon the illusion of a story. A narrative title should be in the same mood as the scene it introduces; it must never jar. The shades of meaning in the title must correspond so perfectly to the shades of the meaning of the scene in which it is inserted, that the audience feels no shock at the change from a picture to the written words. We believe as much care should be taken in writing the titles as in producing the picture itself, and that the ideal picture will be one in which the titles are so in harmony with the pictured scenes that they flow into each other with so much ease and facility that the impression given is of a perfect, co-ordinated structure.

In "Cabiria," D'Anunzio's poetic titles in the original Italian were in so perfect accord with the spirit of the picture that the observer hardly realized—or at least never had it forced upon his consciousness—just where the picture ended and the title began.

Comedy titles have been greatly abused in pictures, for the reason that many screen editors, in titling, will, in their attempt to be facetious, insert a speech that is outside the character of the person speaking. One can sympathize with this mistake, as one is often tempted to put a brilliant speech into the mouth of a character which that character himself would never have uttered. Any laughs which such a speech brings only tend to destroy the illusion of the story. Speeches should always be written in the language that the character himself would use, and a brilliant or sarcastic speech should never be put into the mouth of a character whose method of expression in real life would be merely commonplace. Rather use the commonplace speech and lose the laugh, than break the priceless illusion of reality.

In submitting a synopsis it is well to insert as many good titles as possible. These should be underscored in order that the reader may know that they are the title or speeches which the author particularly wishes to be gotten over. If the author feels that the narrow limits of a synopsis prevent his inserting as many good titles as he has in mind, it would be well to add a note to this effect at the bottom of the synopsis.

Do not imagine that producers wish to steal your ideas. On the contrary, most producers will gladly pay you well for them in order to encourage you to help supply their great demand.

As pictures are made at present, in most cases titling is done by the continuity writer or by special writers engaged for this purpose, who do their work after the picture is photographed and assembled. This method of work, like many other things connected with the new art, is illogical and undoubtedly will be done away with, as the writers of scripts become more proficient in the handling of their material, and particularly as they learn to make their own continuity.

So in studying the pictures, watch the titles. Are they well or badly written? Are they in the spirit of the story as a whole, or not? Does the transition from the pictured scene to the title jar, or does it give you a sense of fitness and good form? Are the speeches in character, or are the words of a savant put into the mouth of a yokel?

And while you are studying pictures, do not simply take note of the story, of form, of structure, of plot, of incident, of titles, etc., but also note many other things about the production, which may be of practical use in the placing of scenarios. Note in the first place the name of the producing company. Every picture producing organization has its own personality, and the personality of the company is to be fitted just as much as the personality of the leading players. For instance, the Fox Corporation takes an entirely different type of story from the Paramount. The Metro, too, has its personality, as has the Mutual, the Triangle, as well as all the different companies.

Note the name of the director, and follow up the different directors' styles in the making of their pictures. If you can gauge the mood of an important director, you have made a long step toward the placing of stories. The director has great power in the studios and exerts considerable influence in the selection of scenarios.

In a word, keep *en raport* with the film situation; it is always changing and a thorough knowledge of the needs

(Continued on page 121)

It's Easy When You Know How

Here's how Bill Hart lights that match.

The match he uses is of the so-called "bird's-eye" variety — white or red tipped over the end of the ignition substance. The thumbnail is drawn rapidly across the match as it is clutched in the fist, the tip end protruding vertically upward.

The thumbnail is drawn rapidly across the match at a point where the two colors join, with a quick scratching movement. His manner of bringing his hand down sharply from the shoulder has nothing to do with the success of the stunt. Try it.

Mary Pickfo

An Appreciation

MARY PICKFORD is not interviewed; she is appreciated.

In writing about the world's most popular woman, I am continually tempted into superlatives, knowing all the time that if I fall, Mary Pickford—who is great but not simple—will laugh at me.

And it is not because she is the world's most popular woman that I am afraid to write about her. I should love Mary Pickford if she wasn't Mary Pickford at all but a little librarian in an Indiana college town. I do not idealize Mary Pickford—I don't have to.

But what can I say? Here I've been growing up with the movies and going to see every one of Mary's plays from "In the Bishop's Carriage" to "M'Liss" and praying to meet her and now I have met her and—what can I say?

Of course I wanted at once to do a story about her. But the Editor said, "Everything has been said about Mary Pickford." But I said, "They didn't see Mary Pickford as I saw her that day in the rain." And I'm not selfish. So I'll just tell you all about it.

Mary came to Chicago to sell bonds, and I tagged after her all day; saw her close-up; watched her bob up here and there, unexpectedly, in the crowds that followed her about in the rain; heard her "speak," and finally, met her.

I watched her take down her hair and brush it; it's real.

I watched her wash her face—and nothing came off on the towel.

She made half-a-dozen speeches; shook hands with at least five thousand people; and signed her name to hundreds of bonds. I could find it in my heart to forgive Mary Pickford if she decided to retire from private life.

Why, Mary hasn't even a bowing acquaintance with temper or its twin sister, temperament. Once out at the studio a thoughtless person irritated her. Hurt, she fled to her dressing room, covering her face with her hands and crying like a little child.

Mary belongs to the people. In that crowd, when she was signing Liberty Bonds—most of them for thousands of dollars—she found time to rise and throw kisses to a few small boys who stood in the rain trying to get a glimpse of her from the fire-escape of the office building opposite.

There was a year-old child whose mother lifted him up to see Mary. The kid didn't know Mary Pickford; but he knew he was frightened and wanting to cry. Mary looked down and saw him. "Are you afraid of me, honey?" she said softly. The child stared and then smiled. Mary bent and kissed him.

On the stage her small figure was outlined against a dark drop. The audi-

rd, the Girl

By Delight Evans

ence applauded; then settled back a bit uncertainly. Mary began to speak. She told them she'd come on business; she meant to forget she was Mary Pickford and make them forget it. They sat forward as she told them of the wounded American boys—the first—whom she had visited in Washington; of one boy with both legs gone; of another, blind—it seemed fitting somehow that Mary Pickford should tell it; and she told it all so quietly. A stage-hand turned to me, tears in his eyes. "Ain't that sweet?" he said.

Little Mary was the only one of the Big Three who went through with her speaking schedule. Douglas Fairbanks broke under the strain; Chaplin contracted stage-fright. Mary said she was "pretty tired"—that's all.

Mary met the President in Washington. She told me about it. "I was nervous at first, until I saw him standing there with his hands in his pockets. He told us a story about an Iowa farmer who wrote to him and said, 'Mr. President, I've bought some Liberty Bonds; please tell me when the interest is due on them so I can send you a check for the amount.' "

She wore the military costume you saw in "The Little American." By the way, she says she liked that picture; but it was not her favorite. "There wasn't enough comedy in it," she explained; "I liked 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' much better; and 'How Could You, Jean?' is good, I think."

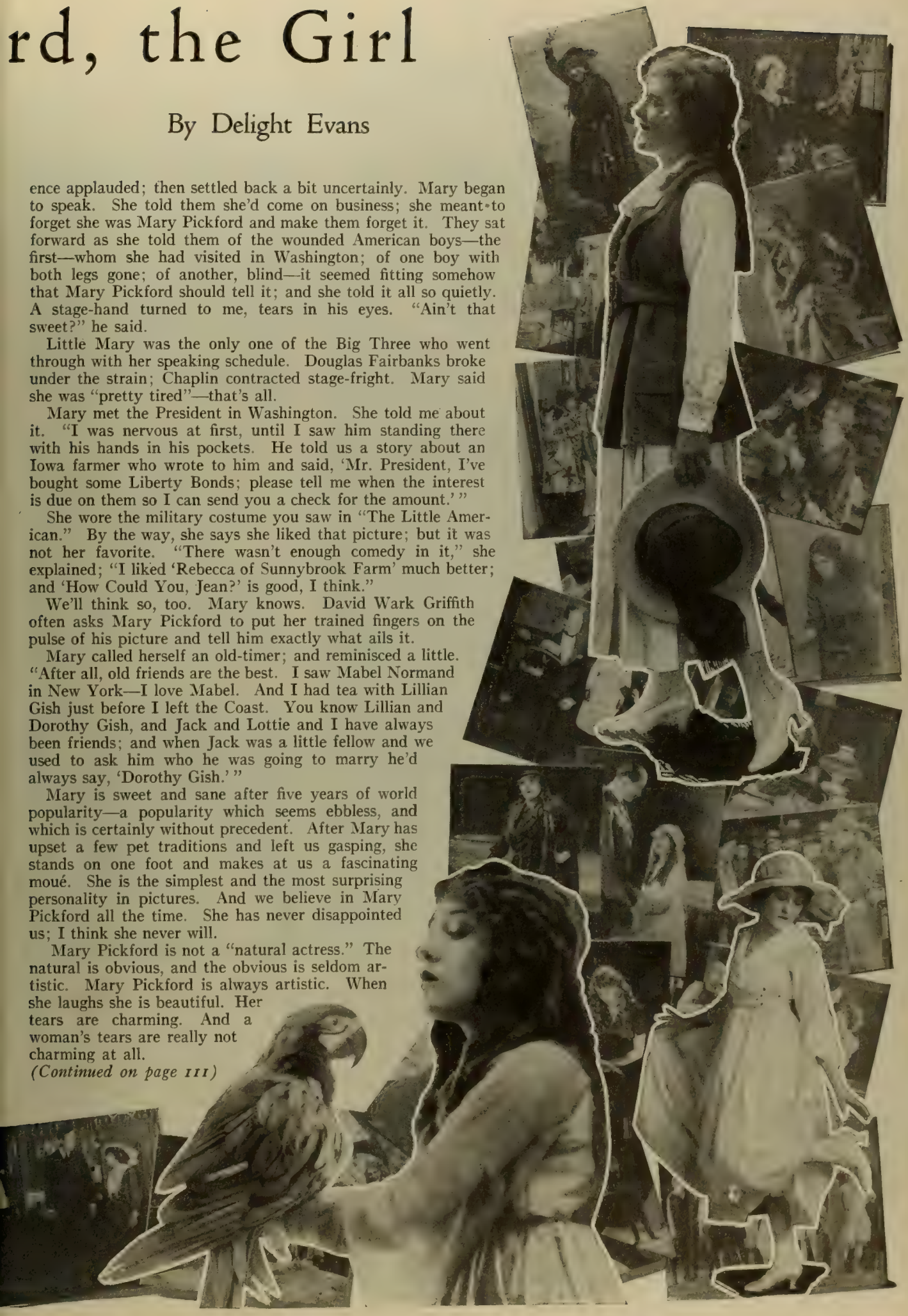
We'll think so, too. Mary knows. David Wark Griffith often asks Mary Pickford to put her trained fingers on the pulse of his picture and tell him exactly what ails it.

Mary called herself an old-timer; and reminisced a little. "After all, old friends are the best. I saw Mabel Normand in New York—I love Mabel. And I had tea with Lillian Gish just before I left the Coast. You know Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Jack and Lottie and I have always been friends; and when Jack was a little fellow and we used to ask him who he was going to marry he'd always say, 'Dorothy Gish.' "

Mary is sweet and sane after five years of world popularity—a popularity which seems ebbless, and which is certainly without precedent. After Mary has upset a few pet traditions and left us gasping, she stands on one foot and makes at us a fascinating moué. She is the simplest and the most surprising personality in pictures. And we believe in Mary Pickford all the time. She has never disappointed us; I think she never will.

Mary Pickford is not a "natural actress." The natural is obvious, and the obvious is seldom artistic. Mary Pickford is always artistic. When she laughs she is beautiful. Her tears are charming. And a woman's tears are really not charming at all.

(Continued on page 111)



PICTURED NAMES PUZZLE

Each Picture Illustrates a Photoplayer's Name

FIRST PRIZE $10.00 SECOND PRIZE $5.00 THIRD PRIZE $3.00 FOURTH PRIZE $2.00 TEN PRIZES EACH $1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the nine pictures here shown—accompanied by a suggestion from you for similarly picturizing some popular photoplayer's name. This being our readers' remunerative recreation department, we want to know your preferences. Whose name would you like to see illustrated and how would you suggest doing it? Your suggestion may help you win a prize.

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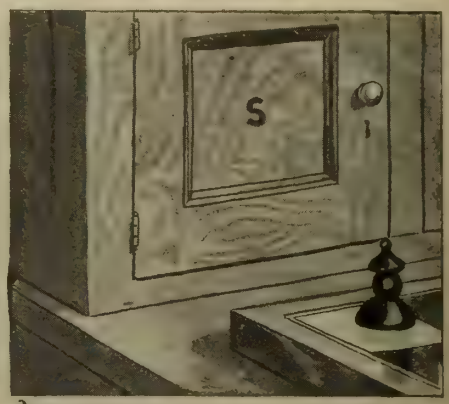

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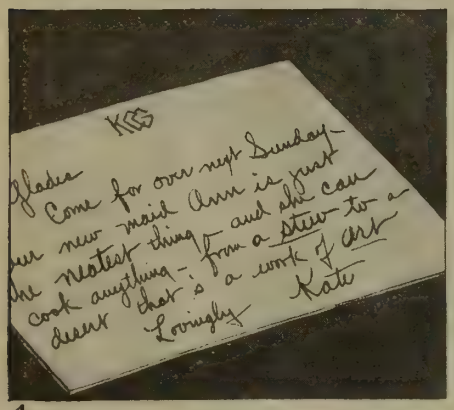

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DIRECTIONS

THE actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them. Names of obscure players are not used.

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. REMEMBER to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of this page, also on your suggestion sheet.

Send in as many suggestions for other players' names as you care to, although only one is necessary. Use separate sheet.

Cut out the page and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. Awards for answers to this set will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month. The awards are all for this month's contest.

All answers to this set must be mailed before July 1st, 1918. Address to Puzzle Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

WINNERS OF THE MAY PUZZLES CONTEST

First Prize, $10—William A. Fairty, 65 Halstead St., Arlington, N. J. Second Prize, $5—Miss Clair J. Voris, 1607 Sturm Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. Third Prize, $3—Miss Mildred Hays, % U. S. Rubber Co., Mechanical Goods Div., Cleveland, O. Fourth Prize, $2—Sergeant E. C. Wheeler, Ordnance Depot, Camp Pike, Ark. One Dollar Prizes to: Frederick Hilliard, 25 Monkland Ave., Ottawa, Canada, Major H. B. Burwell, Junior Military Aviator U. S. Army, Ellingwood Field, Houston, Tex., Miss Grace Leedy, 315 E. Merrill St., Indianapolis, Ind., Mrs. Frank C. Lent, 90 S. Franklin St., Nyack, N. Y., Louis P. Kuenstler, 1508 Spring St., Quincy, Ill., Alvin E. Iverson, 6134 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill., Mrs. W. J. Dickens, Box 162, Harrisonburg, Va., Losee A. Wachlin, Box 687, Sayville, N. Y., Mrs. C. W. Ockstadt, Beaufort, S. C., Mrs. Wirt Johnson Carrington, Bristol, Va., Miss Ruth Cornet, 4550 Berlin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES

1—Mary Anderson. 2—Gladys Brockwell. 3—Jackie Saunders. 4—Jane Cowl. 5—Sidney Drew. 6—Eddie Polo. 7—Elsie Ferguson. 8—Florence Reed. 9—Mrs. Vernon Castle.

Read how to overcome the unattractive appearance that cuticle cutting gives your nails

What causes hangnails

You need never again have them

THE famous specialist, Dr. Edmund Saalfeld, says that hangnails have two causes.

If the cuticle is allowed to grow up onto the surface of the nail, the skin will tear, become detached and form hangnails. Hangnails also come from improper or too vigorous treatment of the cuticle.

To prevent hangnails, your whole effort should be to keep the cuticle *unbroken.*

This is exactly what Cutex does—it removes the cuticle without injury—it leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm—unbroken.

Even people who have been most troubled with hangnails, say that with Cutex they have been entirely freed from this annoyance.

The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find absorbent cotton and an orange stick. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Almost at once you will be able to wipe away the dead surplus skin. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.

Remove all stains from underneath the nails by applying a little Cutex Nail White. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

When you see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle; how lovely it makes your nails look, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method!

Apply Cutex Nail White underneath your nails directly from its convenient tube, then spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick

Beautiful Lillian Gish, the Madonna of motion pictures, says: "I have Cutex to thank for a quick, wonderful manicure. Never before has my cuticle been so smooth and even, my nails so shapely"

(Photo by Hartsook, Calif.)

Until you have had a Cutex manicure, you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Even when the cuticle has been mutilated and broken by cutting, Cutex restores the firm, smooth outline at the base of the nail. It quickly removes overgrown cuticle, does away with hangnails and dry, rough skin—all the nail troubles quickly disappear. Try it. See for yourself. Notice how quickly it gives your nails the well-groomed shapeliness everyone admires.

You can secure Cutex at any drug or department store. The cuticle remover comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore or tender cuticle is also 30c. If your favorite store hasn't it, order direct.

Send 15c for a complete Midget Manicure Set

Send the coupon now with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a Midget Manicure Set of Cutex preparations, complete with cotton, orange stick and emery boards. Get it today. Address **Northam Warren, Dept. 707, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.**

If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 707, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

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Impressions

By Julian Johnson

GEORGE FAWCETT

The Unadulterated American, at fifty;
the spirit of Mark Twain;
Ben Franklin;
George Ade in the acting business.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

The Dance-Hall Girl: a marble by Rodin;
a corsage of poppies and violets;
jazz tunes by a string quartette;
bread-and-milk in a scarlet bowl.

CHARLIE MURRAY

An Irish undertaker burying a Rabbi;
initiation in The Eagles;
cactus in the sofa cushions;
Uncle Tom's Cabin in Vicksburg.

ELSIE FERGUSON

Passionate purity;
a girl of ancient Athens;
East Indian Love Lyrics;
rubies on a white breast.

HARRY MOREY

A Romanoff Grand Duke;
a Sea-Lord of the British Admiralty;
the Scotch on the Somme;
the Wheat Pit.

EMILY STEVENS

A nurse's first day on the fighting front;
why Ibsen—today—would be a scenario-writer;
the tears of resolution;
torpedo boats.

It's a shame to ruin sweaters you have made yourself

You used to expect to have your pretty sweater *ruined* in the laundress' hands. "It's a shame," you said, "to spend all that time knitting and then have to wear a shrunken sweater—it's so hard to wash woolens satisfactorily!"

But *now!* You can wash your sweater yourself right at home—with Lux suds. And it will come out soft—fluffy—not a bit shrunken.

The old way of washing was specially ruinous for woolens. When you rub wool, the tiny overlapping scales of which wool fiber is made, get all tangled and twisted. When alkali touches them, the fibers draw up and tighten. That is why woolens shrunk when you washed them.

But with Lux, there is *no rubbing*—no free alkali. Lux is so pure that it won't injure anything from blankets to sheerest chiffons *if pure water alone won't hurt them.*

Lux comes in delicate satiny flakes. They melt the instant they touch hot water. You dip your daintiest things up and down in the cleansing lather—squeeze the suds through them—and the dirt just drops out of them.

Try Lux today. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

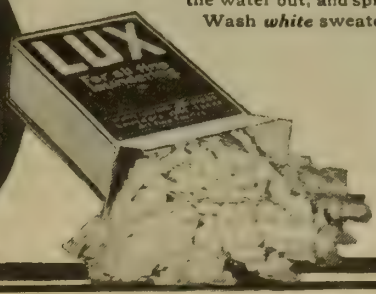
Even in hard water, Lux makes wonderful suds

To wash your colored sweater

To set browns, blacks or pinks, first soak your sweater for a few minutes in a solution of one cup of salt to one gallon of water; half a cup of vinegar to a gallon of water for blues.

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make suds lukewarm. Swish your sweater about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the sweater, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your sweater soft and woolly. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

Wash *white* sweaters as above, but in *hot* suds.



LUX

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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 80*)

THE MILLION DOLLAR DOLLIES —Metro

One of the perpetual pleas of picture fans we have encountered, east and west, is for more beauty on the screen. At last here is a production which is beautiful in every scene. There is not a foot of the five reels of "The Million Dollar Dollies" that does not fascinate the eye. The plot is neat rather than gaudy, yet has an original twist that sounds as if Director-Author Leonce Perret has been reading his Balzac. The Dolly Sisters are introduced in the story as themselves, and engaged to unravel a curious oriental mystery that is housed somewhere in New York. It is one of the ocular gems of the year.

THE BLINDNESS OF DIVORCE —Fox

In "The Blindness of Divorce" an attempt is made to prove that divorce is a great evil by showing a lot of stupid people doing stupid things. A husband finds his neglected but innocent wife being made love to by another man, and against her protestations of fidelity he denounces her. The wife instead of using the telephone, rushes off to the home of the other man to implore him to clear her name; the husband sees her and this confirms his suspicions. The divorce is granted, the story jumps a generation, and more stupid actions are introduced. It is incomprehensible that Frank Lloyd, the one directoral genius in the Fox organization, wrote and produced this hodge-podge.

BLINDFOLDED—Paralta

Bessie Barriscale is the daughter of a master-cracksman in "Blindfolded," a good melodrama based upon exactly the same situation as a Fine Arts production of two years ago, "Going Straight," except that it is the wife who, having reformed, is called upon by her former associates, to commit the robbery, instead of the husband. Miss Barriscale's unfailing personal charm lifts the story out of the groove.

THE TRAIL TO YESTERDAY —Metro

Bert Lytell makes his first appearance as a picture star in "The Trail to Yesterday," in which he confirms the impression received from his work in "The Lone Wolf." This young man has something of the severity of William Hart combined with a little of the geniality of Roy Stewart, which makes him a good figure for western dramas. The capital difficulty is in getting the dramas. "The Trail to Yesterday" is as good as almost any other Winchester literature of the screen but no better. Anna Nilsson provides the principal decorations.

RESURRECTION—Paramount

"Resurrection" is one of the great pictures. Certain producers whose output I have characterized as nasty will want to know why I play favorites. The answer is that a man with this sort of mind does not know the difference between the latest barroom story and the beginning of the eighth chapter of John. Without the detailed analysis of Tolstoy, naturally impossible in a picture, "Resurrection" still retains the essence of the great novel—the leavening power of redemption working in an unfortunate, but not utterly degraded soul. Pauline Frederick has never been greater than in this role, descending from the merry peasant girl to the *debaucheé* and then upward to the woman capable of supreme sacrifice. John Sainpolis as a prophet of New Russia gives a memorable performance.

Bartlett Briefs

"The Soul of Buddha" (Fox—Theda Bara recanting a solemn oath to serve Buddha and dying a horrible death at the close of a life in which nothing seemed to please her.

"The Biggest Show on Earth" (Paramount)—Enid Bennett as a lion tamer, later breaking into society; quite thrilling when Miss Bennett romps with the surly looking beasts; a neatly turned plot.

"Her One Mistake" (Fox)—With a title like this on a Fox picture it does not require much imagination to guess what sort of a mistake is meant; Gladys Brockwell in a double role; since "Stella Maris" everybody's been trying to do it; Miss Brockwell does it well.

"With Hoops of Steel" (Paralta)—Henry B. Walthall in a Billhart story of a man falsely accused of murder; much riding and shooting.

"Mile-a-Minute Kendall" (Paramount)—one of the liveliest comedy dramas of the month; Jack Pickford as a wealthy scapegrace, invents a new motor and marries Louise Huff; several clever comedy characters of bucolic origin; Lottie Pickford in one of her rare visits to the screen.

"Conquered Hearts" (Ivan)—introducing Marguerite Marsh as star; a story for which the word "meander" was created; one nasty scene.

"The Purple Lily" (World)—villainy and Kitty Gordon; a plot like a crazy quilt; not one admirable character from beginning to end.

"The Marriage Lie" (Bluebird)—an ancient fable, produced in much better manner than other recent offerings from this company; presenting the beauty of Carmel Myers and the acting ability of herself and Kenneth Harlan. Fair, casual entertainment.

"Dolly Does Her Bit" (Pathe)—based upon the theory that Baby Marie Osborne could be mistaken for a mechanical doll; the story of the child who enables the police to round up the burglars; brightened frequently by the Osborne pickaninny.

"Ruler of the Road" (Pathe)—Frank Keenan as an iron-fisted boss who has a streak of human kindness; utterly lacking in attractiveness, sympathy or lighter touches, until the final reel.

"The Face in the Dark" (Goldwyn)—just another Goldwyn movie; Mae Marsh needs a good director; the story—Irvin S. Cobb at his movie worst.

"Twenty-one" (Pathe)—a wealthy youth changes places with his double, a pugilist; a tiresome story proving that Bryant Washburn needs another "Skinner" to maintain his assumption of stardom.

"Just a Woman" (Steger)—the Eugene Walter drama of the man who reaches success and is temporarily lured from his wife, who made him successful, by an extremely unattractive vampire; Charlotte Walker as the wife.

"The Unchastened Woman" (Rialto)—Grace Valentine in the role created on the stage by Emily Stevens; a wife, technically chaste but with a mania for making men fall in love with her; the difficult task of getting this story into pictures done very badly indeed; Miss Valentine delightful.

"Mlle. Paulette" (Triangle)—summer resort romance, with complications involving a maid-of-all-work and an actress; pretty, light comedy.

"The Dagger Woman" (Pathe)—Ivan Mozukin as a Russian Don Juan who is finally stabbed by his latest victim; an undesirable story.

By Staff Reviewers

THE HAND AT THE WINDOW —Triangle

"The Hand at the Window" is that rarest of things—an original and convincing crook play. The members of the gang look and act like real criminals and not like actors. These desperate characters are rounded up by Margery Wilson as a girl detective and Joe King as a sentimental police captain. The sub-titles are a joy in themselves and offer a liberal education in genuine crooks' lingo.

TYRANT FEAR—Paramount

"Tyrant Fear" is a savage but powerful story of the conquest of terror. The heroine is forced into marriage with a vicious trapper, sold by him to a dance-hall proprietor and finally gains self-reliance through her love for a weakling whom she protects. Dorothy Dalton gives a forceful picture in the evolution of the dumb and patient girl to the aggressive woman. The story is told against a background of Canadian snows. It contains several rather horrible episodes.

"RICH MAN, POOR MAN"—Paramount

In "Rich Man, Poor Man," Marguerite Clark piles her curls high on her head and plays a romantic young lady instead of a winsome child. She is the innocent "false heiress" whom a well-meaning old gentleman presents to a

(*Continued on page 98*)

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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 96*)

wealthy family as their long lost granddaughter. She thus learns that love in a dingy boarding-house is better than loneliness in a luxurious mansion. The young lover who teaches her this is delightfully played by Richard Barthelmess. He also seems to have grown up since his fairy prince days.

THE DOCTOR AND THE WOMAN —Jewel

"The Doctor and the Woman" is a screen version of "K," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. It presents a doctor-and-nurse romance, such as will occur in spite of hospital regulations. The action is skillfully directed by Lois Weber but the principals (played by True Boardman and Mildred Harris) were cast without the slightest regard for the characters in the novel. The film is entertaining at times, but at no time does it resemble "K."

MASKS AND FACES—World

"Masks and Faces" is remarkable solely because of its illustrious cast which reads like a page from Who's Who in English letters and drama. It includes such names as Shaw, Barrie, Forbes-Robertson, Dion Boucicault, Hare, Pinero, Gertrude Elliott, and so on. Most of these celebrities have little to do, but they show a good-humored, if puzzled, acceptance of their roles. The play itself is an old school version of "Peg Woffington" and is as quaint as it is absurd.

PLAYING THE GAME—Paramount

Charles Ray starts "Playing the Game" in his justly famous dress suit, with which he was identified before he discovered that he could play "rube" roles. He is not allowed to remain in it long, however, for he goes out West to reform beautifully in overalls and sombrero. He learns to break bronchos and to knock out bullying foremen and finally wins the pretty daughter of the ranch manager, played by Doris Lee. The "back to the soil" theme is a little thin, but is more than redeemed by the work of Mr. Ray, who can make any hero lovable, not because of what he does but because of what he is.

HEARTS OR DIAMONDS—Mutual

"Hearts or Diamonds" presents a new variety of diamond thief who pretends to manufacture the jewels he steals. William Russell captures the entire band single handed, restores the diamonds, and wins the heart of the heroine, thus justifying the title.

M'LISS—Artcraft

"M'liss" puts Mary Pickford in a Bret Harte setting. She is the ragged, untamed child of Red Gulch, who shows her deep tenderness only to her dissipated old father. Theodore Roberts plays this victim of delirium tremens with real pathos and Thomas Meighan is a stalwart young school-master. The background has caught all the haunting romance of the days of forty-nine.

A BIT OF JADE—Mutual

In "A Bit of Jade," the heroine, her young lover and a jade necklace are pursued by a sinister Hindu through five reels of romantic melodrama. The first three are finally united and the Hindu meets his just deserts. The action gives Mary Miles Minter a chance to look particularly winsome in boy's clothes.

THE REASON WHY—Select

In "The Reason Why," Clara Kimball Young loves and suffers gracefully in a series of Lucille gowns. She is a misjudged wife whose visits to her child are misunderstood by a jealous husband. It is a typical Elinor Glyn plot—denatured. Milton Sills as the husband manages to look suspicious and dignified at the same time.

THE SEAL OF SILENCE—Vitagraph

"The Seal of Silence" is the promise exacted from a young girl by a wife who does not want her husband to know that she is to be the mother of his child. The only possible reason for keeping this secret is to allow the husband to suspect that the child belongs to the young girl so that the play may go on and on and on. Any act of common sense on the part of any of the characters would stop the plot in the first reel. Earle Williams and Grace Darmond are helpless in this mass of inconsistencies.

Briefer Comment

"The Law of the Great Northwest" (Triangle)—the continual struggle between the Canadian trappers and the Mounted Police; rather brutal action softened by the appealing personality of Margery Wilson.

"A Mother's Secret" (Bluebird)—Ella Hall as a girl of eighteen masquerading as a child of thirteen at the behest of her socially ambitious mother; a spy hunt thrown in to enliven an old plot.

"A Bachelor's Children" (Vitagraph)—again the selfish bachelor whose heart is melted by three adopted children, one old enough to marry the hero; Harry Morey and the children delightful but the tale bores.

"Leap to Fame" (World)—a young journalist who chases German spies through an incoherent plot, assisted by an "heiress" played by Evelyn Greeley; if there is anything more extraordinary than Mr. Blackwell's idea of a college man, it is his idea of a newspaper man.

"The Girl From Beyond" (Vitagraph)—a résumé of all the stock episodes from the Cyrus Townsend Brady school of melodrama; the hero avenges his wronged sister, goes to prison for another's crime and emerges a Western bad man to be reformed by the heroine; Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman helpless in this shuffle.

"The House of Silence" (Paramount)—all the sinister secrets of Mrs. Warren's profession, including a murder which opens the first reel; an unsavory theme, well handled by Wallace Reid and Ann Little.

"Society for Sale" (Triangle)—a bankrupt English aristocrat is lured into a mercenary engagement which ends most romantically. William Desmond (with the aid of a monocle) is an amusing and genial Englishman.

"Danger Within" (Bluebird)—Zoe Rae again softens the heart of a crusty old recluse with her infantile charms and her cooking.

"How Could You, Caroline?" (Pathe)—Bessie Love and James Morrison romping through a hilarious story of puppy romance. A genuine and captivating picture of "seventeen" in its more humorous aspects.

"The Curse of Iku" (Kleine)—a cheap play upon the "yellow peril" myth; Mr. Kleine should either get into the picture business or stop obstructing the race with his Ford.

"The Land Loper" (Metro)—Harold Lockwood in rough garb; a mild melodrama of the unseating of a political ring; good entertainment.

"A Romance of the Underworld" (Keeney)—nasty and dull; not one gleam of beauty; unredeemed even by the presence of Eugene O'Brien and David Powell.

"The Love Brokers" (Triangle)—an exposition of the life of the young women of Times Square, who graft upon the spenders; Texas Guinan cleverly typifying the schemers.

"Berlin via America" (Independent)—A hero who serves his country by posing as a traitor; a triumphant raid on Berlin; Francis Ford, in spite of his Liszt hair-cut, a vigorous and determined aviator.

"The Bride's Awakening" (Bluebird)—Mae Murray looking helpless and enraged by turns as a poor little thing with a brute of a husband, who is later mercifully shot.

"The Lonely Woman" (Triangle)—Two derelicts, a woman and a tramp are drawn together in mutual defence against the cruelty of a small town. A story without a romance but with a deep and sincere theme.

"Paying His Debt" (Triangle)—Roy Stewart in a rapid and ingenious double exposure plot. He impersonates his double while that worthy is robbing stage-coaches thus establishing an alibi.

$1000.00 FOR A SINGLE DRAWING

LEADING ILLUSTRATORS and commercial artists—women among them—frequently receive this much and *more* for single pictures or designs, and their work is eagerly sought. Young women of America—you who are responding so nobly to the great need for *trained* workers—nowhere does a greater opportunity await you than as a *modernly trained commercial designer.*

Startling Successes Won by Women

Neysa McMein, Rose O'Neill, Helen Dryden, Fanny Munsell, Jessie Willcox Smith, Blanche Greer and numerous others earn incomes that would look good to many a business man. Women are naturally fitted for the work. And the best part of it is, in this profession you are not handicapped, but *are as well paid as a man with equal ability.*

Thousands of advertisers, periodicals, publishers and others buy millions of dollars' worth of designs and illustrations every year. *If you like to draw, you, too, should succeed with the proper training.* Develop your ability through Federal Training—America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing. The work is fascinating, easy to learn and apply.

Nationally Known Artists Are Federal Advisors and Contributors

These men, commanding splendid yearly incomes, have won their fame *by persistent study and training.* Federal training alone now brings to you the experience, instruction and inspiration of their true success. *Exclusive original lessons especially prepared by them are included in the Federal Course.*

D. J. LAVIN, Newspaper Illustrator. Head of the Art Department of the *Chicago Tribune.*

FRANKLIN BOOTH, "Painter with the Pen." His wonderfully rich and decorative pen-and-ink drawings are constantly appearing in magazines.

EDWARD V. BREWER, Advertising Illustrations. His work for Winchester Arms and "Cream of Wheat" displays his excellent color values.

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HAROLD GROSS, Designer for the Gorham Co.

CHARLES E. CHAMBERS, Magazine and Story Illustrator. Everyone knows his drawings for "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" in *Cosmopolitan.*

LAUROS M. PHOENIX, Dean of the Federal School.

J. H. MITCHELL, General Advertising. President Mitchell Advertising Agency, Minneapolis.

JOSEPH ALMARS, Director of Education. Much credit is due to him for America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing.

COLES PHILLIPS, Contributor. His magazine covers and advertising illustrations are nationally known.

Get This Splendid Book, "Your Future"

Every ambitious girl should read this book before deciding on her life work. It tells of successes achieved by women which will open your eyes to opportunities in this field, and also describes the Federal Method of home-study. It contains 56 pages, beautifully illustrated in colors, showing remarkable work by Federal Students. It will gladly be mailed to you—just send the coupon below.

COUPON FOR "YOUR FUTURE"

Federal School of Commercial Designing, 3207 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me "Your Future" without any obligation to me.

Name _____ _____

(Write your address plainly in margin.)

Photoplay Magazine Questions and Answers

(Continued)

H. P., Mattapan, Mass.—Robert Mantell played in Fox pictures. Did you see "A Wife's Sacrifice" or "The Spider and the Fly?" He played in both of those productions. That was Dorothy Gish in "The Mountain Girl" and Ralph Lewis was the male lead in that production. Write to us again, won't you?

Tessie, N. Y. City.—Now listen Tessie; we can't tell from a mere description whether or not you could ever become a movie actress and besides we can't give any advice regarding employment. You don't *know* you can act, you just *think* so, as does nine out of every ten persons. Better stick to the stenography.

C. K., Pembroke, Ontario.—No record of the picture "Waterloo." Vivian Martin is working at the Morosco studio in Los Angeles. Your chirography tells us that it has been a cold winter.

H. L. S., High Shoals, Ga.—Both Mrs. Harold Lockwood and Mrs. Creighton Hale are non-professionals. We one and all thank you for the wishes of larger success.

Jack, Albany, Cal.—Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, and Fatty Arbuckle played together in a number of comedies. Don't believe the first "pitcher" Chaplin appeared in was called "A Fool He Was." Your letter written on the billing machine was lots more intelligible than the majority of those we receive handwritten. Glad to have met you, Jack.

Helen, Indianapolis, Ind.—Is it possible that you heard that Francis X. Bushman is married? Some idle gossip has been telling you things, Helen that you shouldn't know. Mr. Bushman says he was born in 1885. "The Family Skeleton" is a late Charles Ray picture.

J. W. H., Cynthiana, Ky.—Cullen Landis was Tommy in "Who is Number One." Harrison Ford was Kirke in "The Sunset Trail."

J. A., Banff, Alberta.—Send Neva Gerber, Francis McDonald and Ben Wilson each a quarter for their photos.

D. P., Frankfort, Ind.—Edna Mayo hasn't joined any company since she left Essanay, more than a year ago. Eugene O'Brien isn't on the stage now. He's devoting all his time to the screen. "Why won't Marguerite Clark get married?" Really now, she's never said! "Oh, it's so sudden" to us.

H. N., Sherburne, N. Y.—Marguerite Clark's with Famous Players.

S. J., Wayne, Pa.—We might be more amiable if you'd give us your real name. You know that is one of the rules and regulations held out to the questioners. Just to show you we're a good fellow we'll tell you that Wallace Reid is still appearing in pictures.

E. M. S., Cleveland, Ohio.—Wait a minute. All those Kenneth Harlan effusions wasted on us when we don't appreciate them nearly so much as Ken would. Address him at the Balboa studios, Long Beach, Cal. He isn't a member of "The Ancient Order of the Ball and Chain" or in other words of "Only Their Husbands Club."

G. J., Blackfoot, Idaho.—Hold on there. You're all wrong. Louise Huff isn't the wife of Jack Pickford and Owen Moore isn't jealous of Jack. It's this way. Louise Huff is married to Edgar Jones, Jack Pickford is the husband of Olive Thomas and Owen Moore is the brother-in-law of Jack, being married to Jack's sister Mary. Perhaps you've heard of her. Emmy Wehlen is with Metro. On the coast now.

An Open Letter to the Gishes

Misses Lillian and Dorothy Gish,
Dear Gishes:
I'm Glad
You're Back.
You've No Idea
How they Missed You.
Did you Know
About our Poor Answer Man?
He was Perfectly Willing
To Answer
Three Hundred Letters a Day
About You;
That
Was All Right,
He Said—
Until it Got So
They Wanted to Know
What you were Doing; and
When he'd Tell 'Em
You were Making a Picture,
They'd Write In
And Ask—
Why don't They Hurry, and
What's the Matter
With the Movies, anyway?
And couldn't PHOTOPLAY
Do Something about it?
Until Finally it Got So
Our Answer Man said
He'd Have to Quit.
We didn't Want Him to Go—
He's been with us So Long—
And Besides, who would Answer
All those Letters?
And then—
You Came Back,
In "Hearts of the World."
It was About Time.
But Anyway,
It was Worth Waiting For.
Now the Answer Man Says
He'll Answer
Three Thousand Letters about you,
And Never Mind.
But Gee—
We're Glad
You're Back.
I
Kind of Missed You Both,
Myself.

K. H., Toswon, Md.—That was Florence Vidor opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Secret Game." She's not a Nipponese maiden.

E. G. F., Westbrook, Minn.—E. Forrest Taylor was Dr. Stewart in "Abondonment." Those in the cast of "The Neglected Wife" were: *Margaret Warner*, Ruth Roland; *Horace Kennedy*, Roland Bottomley; *Mary Kennedy*, Corenne Grant; *Edgar Doyle*, Neil Hardin; *Frank Norwood*, Philo McCullough. Charlotte Burton (Mrs. William Russell) won't object if you write to her husband.

D. D., Tacoma, Wash.—Address Charles Gotthold at the Norma Talmadge studios. You ask us if having five children isn't "a little too much" and we can only refer you to Mr. F. X. Bushman himself.

B. L., Ellsworth, Ia.—You're full grown at thirty? Really? Harry Carey was born in New York City in 1880. Read your letter through? Were it not for such as you life would be a drab, dreary existence. Slam at your handwriting? Say not so. We liked it.

C. H., Los Angeles, Cal.—Louise Huff is Mrs. Edgar Jones in private life and Madge Kennedy, Mrs. Harold Bolster. Forty-five pictures sent you "grated" and you're expecting thirty-three more. Grated too?

G. N., Stinghma, Mass.—Well you've been reading Photoplay for the past three years and you've never seen pages on "Who's Married to Who." Pardon us, but just how do you read a magazine? Upside down, we take it. Taylor Holmes was the featured player in "Uneasy Money." Marin Sais was last with Fox.

D. F., Chicago, Ill.—Sessue Hayakawa lives in Hollywood. His mail should be addressed there.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—Pictures of Thomas Holding and Alfred Whitman, alias Vosburgh, are both in the fire. Maybe now you'll take back that "darling one" that you called us.

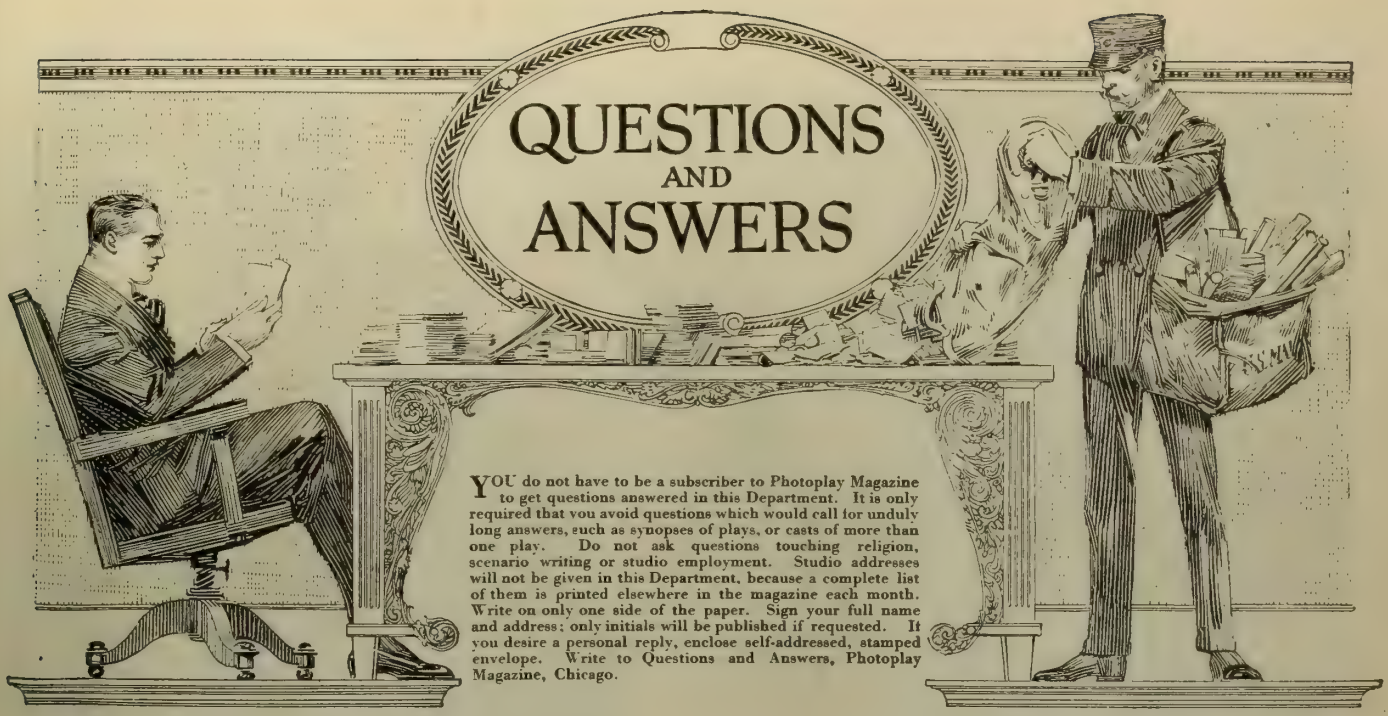
L. R., Galt, Ontario, Can.—Emory Johnson was born in 1894. He's married to Ella Hall, you know. Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal., is the place where Jack Pickford's mail is forwarded from.

H. S., Maywood, Ill.—Darrel Foss was the favored one in "The Regenerates." Jack Livingston in "Because of a Woman."

O. W. F., Beatrice, Neb.—Beatrice Michelena isn't playing with any company just now. Did you see her in "Salomy Jane" and "Mignon?" They are considered two of her best bets.

A. B. C. D. E. F. G., N. Y.—The "Business Before Pleasure" team mates (Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard) are not in pictures. You are wrong about a Mr. Theda Bara. Many have been willing, but that title hasn't fallen upon any to date. Valeska Surratt, of Terre Haute, Indiana, is playing in vaudeville. William Shay is with the

(Continued on page 109)



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

THE GOLDEN TRIPLET FAN, NEW YORK CITY.—What we can't understand is that Vivian Martin refuses to tell her age, yet she admits being born near Grand Rapids. Oh the ways of these women are strange. Miss Martin has blonde hair and blue eyes. Cullen Landis was the "lucky guy" in "Who is Number One." Anita Loos and John Emerson are with Paramount. They're to collaborate on the writing and directing of plays. Some collaboration. Eileen Percy the last time we saw her was twenty-one. We charge you no more for having the Golden Triplets for your favorites. We'll deliver your message of hate to Billie West, but we're not to be held responsible if he jumps off suicide bridge or knifes himself.

D'ARTAGNAN, PHILA., PA.—Thanks for the information about Bert Reese. He played in "The Mysteries of Myra" with Howard Estabrook and Jean Sothern. Joseph Smiley was last with Goldwyn. Bill Hart is with Artcraft and a letter from you to him will reach him at that studio. Muh luv, we drafted? You flatter us extremely. Let us see. The age limit thirty-one. Thirty-one plus . . . We didn't even run a ghost of a show of getting in.

CURIOUS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—We're an old fashioned guy and we eat three squares a day when they are in sight and we smoke when the other fellows brand is a good one and your thinking that we are "extremely clever" makes it unanimous. Our age? Oh no, you don't.

KNIBS KENORA, ONTARIO.—Mrs. Sullivan answers to the name of Annette Kellerman at the Hippodrome, and at the Fox studios. Mary Thurman is married but she hasn't told us the name of her husband. Believe the clipping that you enclosed implies that Mrs. Bushman is asking for a divorce.

COLEEN, BROCKVILLE, ONT.—We'll pardon you for calling us a "dear duck," but if that duck had been a goose we'd have moidered someone. Earle Williams has black hair. Just why the Desert of *Sahara* is stuffed down our throats about Miss *Bara* we wouldn't *dara give a cara;* but it's *vera mysteriousara.* "Rich Man, Poor Man" and "Prunella" are two great Marguerite Clark offerings. Conway Tearle has been married.

B. B., DENVER, COLO.—"The Man Inside" was produced by Universal. The cast follows: *The Master Rogue* and *The Stranger,* Edwin Stevens; *Eleanor,* Tina Marshall; *Senator Carew,* Charles Burbridge; *Cynthia Carew,* Justina Huff; *Lieut. Lane,* William Armstrong; *Phil Winthrop Hunter,* Harry Benham; *Brett,* Louis Leon Hall.

J. E. P., N. Y. C.—Awfully sorry, but you see if Pearl White won't send you a photo we can't make her. Anyway, why don't you choose another favorite and see if you can't get a photo from her? Probably will be impossible for you to see "Doug" when he is in New York.

H. O., ROCHESTER, MINN.—Wallace Reid and Norma Talmadge are married, the former to Dorothy Davenport and the latter to Joseph Schenck. Edna Goodrich gladdened the earth with her presence in 1883. Theda Bara is with the Fox studios.

POOR LITTLE KID!

By Leigh Metcalfe

Blessings on thee, little man;
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan.
Thou art but a memory
Of a drab puerility.

In a plain, old-fashioned way
You would scoot around in play.
Yet you missed a heap; I wonder
How you ever lived back yonder?

Never did you beg a dime
Such as does that kid o' mine—
Beg a dime to pay his way
To the nightly picture-play.

Down beside the swimmin' pool
You would hide away from school.
Gay you were and yet I feel
Life to you was never real.

FIFE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tom Forman is twenty-five. If we told you *all* we knew about Tommy it would make a book. His communications are forwarded from the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Yes Robert Warwick was christened Robert Taylor Bien.

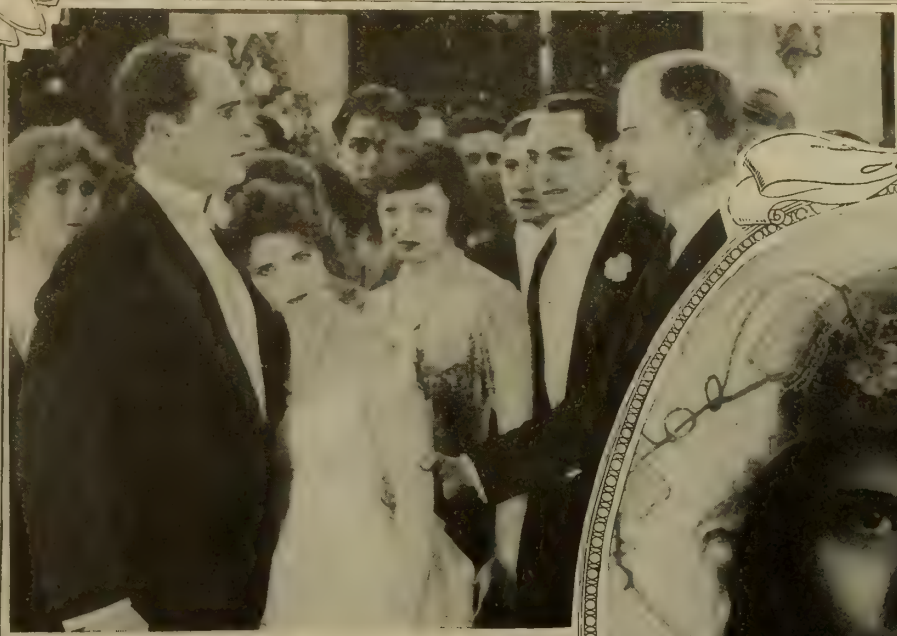
MARY D., NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS.—Kitty Gordon was born in 1881. If anyone had told us that there was one woman in all these United States who didn't—but what we started to say was that an actor by the name of Douglas Fairbanks took the part of Ned Thacker in "A Modern Musketeer." Norma Talmadge and her sister Constance are both Maids of America and are here at the present time. Ogden Film Co. made their pictures in Ogden, Utah. Grace Darmond is with Vitagraph; Olive Tell on the stage and Annette Kellerman with Fox. If we said we thought Olga was the most handsome then Kitty would be mad and if we said we thought Kitty was the most beautifullest then Olga would be mad so in this case we'd rather think them both the most beautifullest handsomest.

W. M. C., VANCOUVER, B. C.—Florence LaBadie died in October. Pearl White is alive and is serialing as usual. Miss White is twenty-nine. Send your little drawing right to the editor; he's a swell guy. Mary Miles Minter was "sweet sixteen" on April Fools' day.

V. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The wives of Harold Lockwood, Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks and Crane Wilbur are all non-professionals. No they're not Mormons. Wanda Petit, who is now Wanda Hawley, is twenty-one. Crane Wilbur was born in 1889 and Webster Campbell greeted the world in 1892. Carlyle Blackwell is thirty-one and isn't in the draft. Corinne Griffith denies that she is married to Webster Campbell, so according to that Campbell is single.

F. C., HAMILTON, OHIO.—Douglas Fairbanks is five feet ten inches tall and he weighs one hundred and sixty. George Walsh weighs one hundred and seventy-five and he is five feet ten and one-half inches tall. Mahlon Hamilton measures six feet and tips the scales at one hundred and eighty-five. Creighton Hale is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and forty. Bill Hart is one inch over six feet and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds and Virginia Pearson is five feet seven and one-half inches tall and she weighs one hundred and forty-five. Watch out now that you don't dream of feet and yards and things.

F. B., NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—Doug Fairbanks works at the Artcraft studio in Hollywood, Cal. We sent your letter there.



Olive Thomas
in big scene from
"Heiress for a Day"
Triangle Photoplay

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

When youth takes flight on the wings of years beauty of complexion goes too, unless you give your skin proper and daily care. Use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream will enable you to appear youthful when you are no longer young.

Its distinctive remedial effect upon the tissues of the skin keeps the complexion colorful, soft, and free from blemish. It does actually healthify and beautify your complexion. Since 1885 there's been nothing else "just as good." Take no other. Get a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream today and begin its use.

Culver City, Cali., Dec. 15, 1917.

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

Believe me when I say I am properly grateful for the healthy condition in which the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream keeps my complexion. I am so glad to find a cream that really does have a beneficial effect. Truly "there is beauty in every jar," and there's a jar always with me.

Olive Thomas.

Buy It in Either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that ***it stays on.*** Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades —Light, Medium and Dark,—50c.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
102 Tenth Street Detroit, U. S. A.
Windsor, Ont. (97)

Mail Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.,
102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

_____

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The Secrets of Distinctive Dress

WHAT is the secret of Petrova's charm? Have you ever tried to analyze it? The other evening I overheard two charmingly gowned women discussing this very question, as they came out of the theatre. One of them is the proprietor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment and for that reason her opinion was especially interesting to me.

"Petrova's charm," she was saying, "lies first of all, of course, in her art as a great actress. But blended with that is the charm of her fascinating personality. And she gives expression to that personality not only through the mediums of facial expression and a superlative degree of grace, but also through dress. Her gowns are invariably distinctive. They are the last word in their expression of prevailing fashions, and yet there is an individuality about them that makes them also an expression of Petrova herself. This is the secret of their distinctive character. They express Petrova's individuality because she herself understands dress as few women understand it. She knows just the little touch, the change in line that makes a gown distinctively becoming to her."

And now that you think about it, don't you see that that clever modiste was absolutely right? Did you ever notice the difference in the appearance of women you meet on the street, in the stores and shops, at church, in the theatre or wherever you go? Always there are a few dressed so attractively, so faultlessly in taste that you cannot help admiring them.

These women often have no advantage in *beauty* over other women. Their advantage lies solely in the fact that they know and apply the principles of artistic design, color harmony, becoming style and countless other secrets of personal attractiveness to express their individuality and make them always appear at their very best.

What would it mean to *you* to be able to express your own individuality in dress? Wouldn't you appreciate the satisfaction of knowing that every article of your attire is always becoming as well as stylish—an expression of yourself? I know you would and that is why I am sure you will welcome this news I have for the readers of Photoplay:

After long and painstaking study, with the help, advice and endorsement of creators and leaders of fashion, Mary Brooks Picken, herself one of America's greatest authorities on dress, has written a wonderful book. It is called "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," and it is brimful from cover to cover with intimate facts about the style, design and harmony of fashionable dress—little knacks of faultless taste—guarded secrets of fascinating women—and the principles underlying the development of social ease, grace, beauty and personal charm!

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, concisely and completely, *any* woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can become familiar with the beauty secrets of the world's best-dressed and cleverest women, and learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality. For in this remarkable book all these things have been reduced to simple, practical rules that any woman can understand and apply.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you. If you have been specially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are "plain looking," if you have some little defects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill at ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

This book is so important, it can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to always appear charming and attractive, that the publishers want *every* woman to see and examine it for herself—without obligation or expense—in her own home. I have been authorized by them to say to readers of Photoplay that by merely filling out and mailing the coupon below, you can examine this new book in your own home for three days without sending a single penny in advance. If at the end of that time you feel that you can afford to be without its constant help and aid, return it and you will be under no obligation whatever. If you want to retain it for your own, send only $2 and the book is yours.

Madame Olga Petrova

Would *You* Like to Know—

- How to acquire a winning personality?
- How to express your individuality in dress?
- How to always appear at your best?
- How to win admiration?
- What colors bring out your best features?
- Whether you should dress your hair high or low?
- How to make your hands add to your attractiveness?
- How to make yourself appear taller or shorter?
- What kind of dress will give you a fashionable figure?
- How to attract friends?
- How to be sure your attire is faultlessly correct?
- How to make yourself appear more slender?
- How to acquire a graceful carriage?
- What is the first essential of faultless dress?
- What kind of clothes make you seem younger?
- How to become graceful and always at ease?
- How to dress appropriately for all occasions?
- What colors harmonize perfectly in a costume?
- How the most refined women use perfume?
- How to develop poise?
- What you should do to counteract defects in your personal appearance?
- What kind of corset will give you graceful lines and yet be entirely comfortable?
- How to observe the fundamental laws of beauty and good health?
- How to bring out the beauty of your eyes, hair, etc.?
- How you may have a beautiful complexion?
- How you can dress to give your cheeks more color?
- How to know your own good and bad features?
- How to master the principles of style and dress harmony?
- How to select the models best suited to your personality?
- How to add just the needed touch to an ordinary, plain dress?
- What dress accessories mean to the woman of refinement?
- How the best dressed women wear jewelry?
- What errors to avoid in choosing waists—skirts?
- How to dress most appropriately for your work?

These and hundreds of other questions associated with the cultivation of personal charm and attractiveness are answered by this wonderful book which you can examine—without obligation or expense—by merely filling out and mailing the coupon!

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" is a handsome volume of generous size, 250 pages beautifully printed and bound in cloth with gold stamped covers, a book you will be proud to have in your library or for daily reference and use in your boudoir. It is safe to say that never before was a book so vitally important and so beautifully published, offered to women through such a liberal offer. Remember that it does not cost you a penny to see it with your own eyes, to keep it for three full days and learn at first hand just what it can mean to you before you have to decide whether you will own it.

You do not even need to write a letter. Just fill out and mail the convenient coupon below and this handsomely bound, beautifully illustrated, wonderfully instructive and helpful book will come to you, postpaid, by return mail.

When the secrets of attractive distinctive dress and charming personality are so easily within your reach, why go another day without them? Write your name and address on the coupon *now*.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 17 G, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, all charges prepaid, a copy of "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress." I promise to send you two dollars ($2.00) or return the book within three days.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will restore the original color in from 4 to 8 days. This pure, colorless liquid, as clear as water, is one of the great discoveries of modern chemistry. It leaves the hair clean, soft and fluffy. You can wash it and curl it as usual.

Because it isn't crude, repulsive dye, but harmless and mild restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Send for free trial bottle with free special comb and use it as directed on one lock of hair. Say in your letter whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

Trial Bottle Free

When you want the full-size bottle you can get it direct from us if you prefer not to buy of your druggist.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
789 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

THREE FAMOUS
HERMO Beauty Aids

In order that women of fashion everywhere may become acquainted with the distinctive and unusual virtues of **HERMO ALMOND CREAM** which has no equal for cleaning, freshening and invigorating the skin, **HERMO FACE POWDER,** daintily perfumed, highest quality, adheres perfectly (flesh, white and brunette), and **HERMO COMPACT ROUGE,** the natural tint which adds the finishing touch to the complexion, we make this attractive

Introductory Offer We will send, postpaid, a full size $1 box of Hermo Face Powder, a full size 50c jar of Hermo Almond Cream, and a full size 50c box of Hermo Compact Rouge with velour puff and mirror, full $2 worth for $1—only one to a family.

Send $1 today as offer is limited. State shade of powder wanted. Every article guaranteed to please. Remit by money order, currency, or U. S. stamps. Money promptly refunded if dissatisfied.

A. HERMO CO.
542 E. 63d St. CHICAGO

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
839 South Dearborn Street, Suite 251 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Pretty Soft"

(Continued from page 26)

However, the feud between Brady *pere* and Brady *fille* was still on. Only the location of the battleground had been changed. William A. seemed to feel like the little boy who was interrupted, while contemplating a large portion of castor oil, by the family cat who whined at his heels for a share of the drink.

"All right, Tommy," said that boy, "if you insist. But you can't have a sip. You'll have to drink the whole darned thing!"

And if Alice Brady realized very shortly that the glamor of the footlights threw into shadow, more or less, the obstacles which interposed between them and the novice, it only served to redouble her efforts and strengthen her determination to arrive. It was during the run of "Little Women" in which she played the part of Meg, that she became interested in pictures, and the daily schedule that she put herself through at that time would have killed the average person. After an all day session in the Flushing studio where she was working before the camera, she would come home to an evening performance on Broadway which in turn would be followed by an eleven to one o'clock rehearsal on a new Brady production.

"There was no such thing as an easy time for me," she said. "I worked like a digger for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and my best was never good enough for Pop. He always expected me to do better."

But there were also times when one's sympathies leaned dangerously toward William A. As on the occasion of the opening of "The Mikado." With an elaborate presentation, a cast of stars whose brilliance dimmed the footlights, and an audience which packed the doors the prospect of a notable first night seemed favorable, and everything went smoothly enough until the three little wives, Fritzi Scheff, Alice Brady and Christie MacDonald, in the middle of their famous song, flirting their fans and shrugging their shoulders, began their backward running walk. About midway between footlights and back drop, in the midst of a coquettish passage, Miss Brady suddenly tripped and sat down heavily.

Her father gnawing his fingernails off stage, cursed the day he'd been born and called on Heaven to witness his ignominy; a half titter ran over the house, and the culprit's two companions stood helplessly by, regarding her. But Alice Brady, absolutely devoid of self consciousness, scrambled to her feet with a bubbling laugh. She mistook the expression on the faces of the other two wives for real concern over her fall and hastened to reassure them.

"Oh! I'm all right!" she cried happily "let's go on!"

And they went on, while William A. held a private eruption in the wings.

"But that was mild," exclaimed Miss Brady, "to the opening performance of 'The Balkan Princess'! So many small details had gone wrong that day, that by curtain-raising time Pop was as temperamental as a prima donna. I had a dreamy sentimental song to sing, and I was dreaming it sentimentally down by the footlights, when I heard him storming around in the wings.

"'Good Lord'! he was saying to himself and the scenery. 'She's awful! To think that a daughter of mine could sing like that!' And so on and so forth." Her lips trembled in a smile and an imp of mischief looked out of her eyes. "I never let anything interfere with my work, so I turned my back on Pop and finished the song. I got five encores, too, and he almost had apoplexy.

"Later in the evening he got into a dispute with Robert Warwick. Out in front Louise Gunning was singing one of those coloratura things, and each flying run up the scale would be punctuated by a low grumbling growl from the wings. She did her best to sing Pop and Bob down, but in the intervals when she was forced to stop for breath, would come the ominous rumble. It finally developed into a sort of duet. 'A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah-a-AH!' would sing Miss Gunning. 'Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rh! All right, hit me! Let's see how you fight!' Pop would answer, exchanging compliments with Bob. 'Ah-a-Ah-a-Ah-a-Ah-a-Ah-a-AH!' Miss Gunning would shriek frenziedly, and 'R-r-r-r-r-r-gr-gr-r-r-r-r-r-ruh!' Pop would thunder.

"We finally had them separated before any real damage had been done, but Pop was headed for trouble that night and everything seemed to set him off. While our English director, very correct and dignified, was languorously conducting the orchestra through a waltz song which was to be one of the hits of the evening, he was suddenly confronted by the apparition of my father planted in the little door of the orchestra pit, right under the stage. Pop's face was screwed up into a terrifying scowl, accentuated by the huge black cigar in the corner of his mouth, and he was beating time madly with his fists, singing the air with an emphasis laid on where he thought it ought to be. 'Tweedle dee Zip zip zip! Tweedle dee Zip zip zip!' sang Pop, and the horrified Britisher hastened to Zip while the zipping was good. It put a lot of pep into the waltz."

Alice Brady smoothed the orange crepe of her robe and poked a cocky looking dragon in the eye.

"Life is never monotonous around my father," she observed, and I perforce agreed with her.

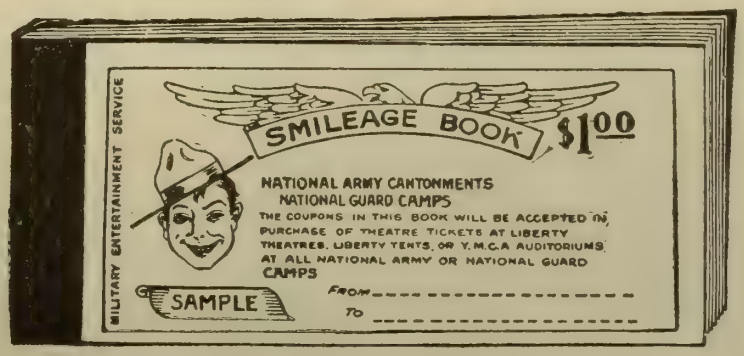
As I was leaving I asked:

"How does it seem then, to be under a new management and free from criticism?"

Miss Brady laughed.

"Free from criticism!" she echoed, "but I'm not! Pop tells me every time he sees me how awful I am!" She grew serious. "If he ever stopped," she added simply, "I should know that I was getting very bad indeed!"

SAYS Marmalade, the dove-eyed ingenue: "Since the draft law became effective I've noticed a great dropping off of pestiferous chorus men who think they are on the verge of being 'discovered.'"



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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 85)

PARAMOUNT has announced a new star, one of the youngest stars in the world—Lila Lee, who is not yet sixteen. She is best known as Cuddles, under which name she is known throughout the vaudeville circuits, which she played under the Gus Edwards management. Edwards was first attracted to her by seeing her play with a lot of other children in a street in the Bronx, as he was passing in his automobile. Her discovery for the movies was even more unusual. She was visiting at the Marsh home in New York, when Anita Loos saw her and was struck with her charm and talents. Miss Loos suggested that Jesse Lasky see her—and the outcome was that he engaged her, and "Lila Lee" is now on her way to California. She is a diminutive brunette, and Paramount predicts for her a future as brilliant as her dark eyes.

GREAT DANES have become the rage in photoplayland since "Teddy," the Keystone dog, and Robert Warwick's and Harold Lockwood's monster canines have shown the screen how excellently they photograph. The other day Roy Stewart motored out to Monrovia, a few miles outside of Pasadena, to some Dane kennels owned by a Russian named Graf, who is doing the weirdest things imaginable with thirty or forty of his enormous pack, breeding them to Siberian wolves, wildcats, bears, lionesses and nearly all of the species of a circus menagerie.

Roy wanted a dog, but couldn't make up his mind whether it should be a brindle, a black, a blue, a tan, a harlequin, or what. Seeking to make his decision, he had Graf place the dogs shoulder to shoulder, six in all.

"Which do you choose?" the cowboy-hero asked a friend.

"If I had my pick I'd choose them all," was the reply.

"Gosh," grinned Stewart, "that's what I've been wanting to do all the time, but I didn't want you to call me a darned fool."

And he wrote out a check for the outfit.

JOHN R. FREULER has resigned from the presidency of the Mutual Film Corporation and James M. Sheldon of New York has been elected his successor. Freuler has important picture plans in the process of consummation which will be announced probably in the early autumn. Freuler has been identified with the industry for fifteen years, commencing when he took over a little picture theatre in Milwaukee and made it a success. Later he opened the first "independent" exchange; then he entered the producing field. It was Freuler who paid Charlie Chaplin the $675,000 a year that made the world sit up.

BECAUSE Cohan and Harris have accepted for production his new play, a war drama called "Three Faces East," Anthony J. Kelly, well known scenarioist, has announced his retirement from the film world. Kelly conceived many original screen stories which were produced by Essanay, Lubin, Famous, and Vitagraph, and made successful adaptations of such plays as "The Great Divide," "The Witching Hour," "The Thief," and "Sins of the Children." "My Own United States," a recent Frohman production starring Arnold Daly, was Kelly's last scenario.

FRANK MAYO has signed a long-time contract with World. He has appeared successfully opposite that company's leading women, including Ethel Clayton and Kitty Gordon.

A REPORT from the West that Wallace Reid had enlisted and was at Camp Lewis in Washington circulated during the month. Upon investigation it proved to be an unknown man from the Los Angeles draft at Camp Lewis who got away with his deception to rather a remarkable extent. He phoned and wrote to Seattle and Portland Paramount exchange and requested them to send him money and tobacco which of course they did. As soon as Reid and the Lasky company heard of the imposter they communicated with the camp but were unable to find the false Wallace, as he had been transferred to another division and disappeared.

POLLY MORAN, the "sheriff girl" in Mack Sennett comedies, has been granted a divorce from Robert Sandberg. Sandberg is an actor, but he didn't work at it, says Polly. "He would go out in the yard, pull a few weeds, then come in the house and take a bath. Then he would pull a few more weeds and take another bath." She says she couldn't induce him to go to work.

THE MOTION PICTURE OPTION BILL, which is the official title of the Sunday opening measure, introduced in the New York State Legislature recently, providing for the opening of picture theatres on Sundays throughout the state, passed by one vote in the Assembly. The deciding vote was cast by Raymond T. Kenyon of Essex, who is a brother of Miss Doris Kenyon, the photoplay star. In advocating the passage of the bill, Assemblyman Shiplacoff placed Sunday motion pictures in direct opposition to "crap shooting." "In every one of the several hundred towns and cities in New York State that I visited," he said, "I saw that while the picture houses were closed, small boys were playing dice in the streets. It is the right of each community to do as it pleases in regard to Sunday films. The closing of theatres on Sunday in New York City alone would be the means of corrupting hundreds of young men and women. The best thing that can be done for mankind is not to deprive him of his liberty."

HERBERT BRENON has been cabling from England for a leading woman. Several prominent stars have been obliged to refuse, because of their contracts. Brenon is making a picture for the British Government, and ever since he left he has been trying to induce his former co-workers to come over and help him. And from the frequency and variety of his cables, he is determined on having an American star.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

AND now Pathe is suing William Duncan. It is alleged that Duncan broke his contract with Pathe by appearing in a Vitagraph picture after he had been loaned by Vitagraph for a Pathe serial. Aw'fly complicated. Oh, well, the lawyers must live.

OTIS TURNER, veteran actor, pioneer director, and a Universal-ite for many years, died suddenly in Hollywood.

HARRY FOX is now a corporation. He appeared in a serial once, and now plans to produce two-reel comedies starring Harry Fox. At present he is the star of a musical show.

WITH the completion of the feature on which J. Stuart Blackton is now working, his contract with Paramount expires; and it is understood the contract will not be renewed.

GERALDINE FARRAR will probably be the first of the Goldwyn stars to go west. Reginald Barker will direct her. Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, and Mabel Normand all prefer to work in the East; but the other Goldwyn companies have left for the coast.

A MOVEMENT in Los Angeles has been launched to establish a Motion Picture Home for Convalescent Soldiers. Charles Murray is president of the executive board of the home, Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton is vice-president, and Mrs. Cecil de Mille, treasurer. The advisory board includes D. W. Griffith, Tom Ince, Mack Sennett, Charles Chaplin, and W. S. Hart.

DID you read about that Emporium, (Kansas) man who took three shots at the Kaiser when the Rupert Julian film, "The Kaiser—the Beast of Berlin" was unreeled in a picture theatre? They arrested him, of course; but the town constabule let him off.

GERALDINE FARRAR staged a large benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House recently, for the Stage Women's War Relief, of which she is a member. Miss Farrar sang, and was surrounded by such artists as John McCormack and George M. Cohan.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS," a two-reel picture, is to be distributed to exhibitors free of all charges, except expressage. The picture is exploited by the Publicity Committee of the American Red Cross' second War Fund drive, organized for the purpose of raising $100,000,000 for war relief work.

BESSIE LOVE was decorated recently. The chairman of the National War Savings Committee of Los Angeles honored her for "meritorious service" following her vigorous campaign in the interests of the sale of War Savings Stamps. She brought $10,000 to the Government through her appeals.

DIANA ALLEN, one of the few Ziegfeld Follies beauties who hadn't

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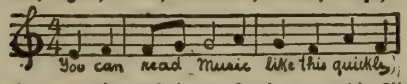

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Plays and Players

(Concluded)

joined the movies, will do it at last. She has gone to New Orleans to film her first picture.

LINA CAVALIERI will appear in "Gismonda," the film production of which will be the largest ever made at the Famous Players-Lasky studios in the East.

NORMAN KERRY will be leading man for Dorothy Phillips for Bluebird. He has just completed a feature for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Kerry is best remembered for his work in pictures with Mary Pickford and Constance Talmadge.

MORE than six months ago Kenneth Harlan was placed in the draft and given a seat way up front in Section A, No. 1. That was while he was playing with Mae Murray. Director Bob Leonard hurried the production; it was a race to beat the draft. Leonard won. And then nothing happened. They didn't need Kenneth right away. So he made a few pictures with Carmel Myers. Again the danger that he would be called; and again the hurry. After that it was announced again that Kenneth was leaving; but still the call was delayed. So he's working again, this time with Mary MacLaren.

ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWES AND VERNON STEEL return to the screen in support of Olga Petrova in "Patience Sparhawk." This time Steel plays a "heavy" part.

JOHN BOWERS celebrated the signing of a two-year contract with World Pictures by getting married. His bride is a New York girl who claims no connection with screen or stage.

LOUISE HUFF has been adopted by Battery B of the 144th Company, stationed at Camp Kearney, California. Now she is called their little sister. This is the 144th they nicknamed "The Grizzlies."

SOME people are so unsympathetic. Promptly upon the arrival in New York for the Liberty Loan drive, the "Big Three"—Pickford, Fairbanks, and Chaplin—were served with legal papers apiece, suing them for large sums of money. Two suits were filed against Mary Pickford for sums aggregating over $100,000 by persons who claim to have been in her employ and have received no compensation for their services. Fairbanks was sued by a publishing house for royalties on one of his plays on the ground that it was inspired by a copyrighted novel. Charles Chaplin was served with papers in a $500,000 damage suit instituted against him by the Essanay company, alleging breach of contract.

GEORGE LARKIN, now a serial player, and Miss Olive Kirby, known on the screen as Ollie Kirby, formerly with the Kalem company, were married recently in Los Angeles.

WITH the completion of "Patience Sparhawk," a picture made from Gertrude Atherton's novel, work will be discontinued by the Petrova company for the present. Mme. Petrova has been suffering from "Kleig eyes," and will rest for the summer, after which she proposes to return to the stage for at least one season. She has issued an offer of a $500 bonus to any author who will provide her with a play, this bonus to be in addition to the usual author's percentages.

Elsie or Alla?

(Continued from page 23)

To imagine two more contrasting artists in the world of film fashions than Miss Ferguson and Nazimova, is quite impossible. In the same sphere with each there are many similar figures, and yet few distinguished ones who know just how far over the right eye to cock a smart hat without being bourgeois, and who realize the limitations of seal and sable without striving to appear as an over-advertised queen of the movies.

There is Norma Talmadge. Miss Talmadge realizes the importance attached to good dressing, and in fashion she is the petite beau ideal.

There is Virginia Pearson, with all her imperial beauty of the blue grass country, whose rearing alone instilled in her all the finer attributes of refinement in clothes. Emily Stevens is always artistic in gowns, which we have wanted to imagine were her own creations, because they are different. Here is a more modified form of the Nazimova idea; might we say, a discreet form.

There are many who might be mentioned by way of disapproval, who carry style and fashion to exaggerated and freakish extremities, and who have an entirely mistaken conception of the duties attached to being a screen favorite, or a figure in the public eye.

Of all our little Mary Pickfords, June Caprices, Marguerite Clarks, we expect little concerning fashions; we just think of curls, ragged ginghams in mountain huts, and almost invariably one beautiful flimsy, fluffy, tulley vision held in the arms of the banker's son—and the party's over!

And so again! To be or not to be fashionable, that is the question. But to be a leading actress on the American stage or screen, to be given the right and the power to radiate your own ideas and ideals, must be a grand and glee-orious feeling.

Sometimes in the confusion which must be attached to the size of one's picture salary, or the tediousness of long scenes, or waits, the domestic and social penalties due to personal popularity, the artist is apt to become distracted and lay less importance than is sometimes due to the gowning of a certain scene. This all might go farther to disappoint one of her ardent disciples out in Keokuk, Iowa, than any possible story about her having wrecked so many homes, or not really being as innocent as she is photographed.

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 102*)

Herbert Brenon forces at Hudson Heights, N. J. Herb. and Bill have been affiliated for a number of years. Charles Richman was last seen in the production of "Over There." Mr. Richman is now back on the legitimate stage—the first time in two years. Yes it is true that Lou Tellegen played in "Blind Youth" in New York. Mr. Tellegen returns to California this summer to make pictures. We do not discuss the religious beliefs of the stars. Henry Clive is the one who played *Vale* in "Her Silent Sacrifice." Edmund Pardo was *Sarthe* in that production. You are quite right about George M. Cohan not having much to do. All he does is produce plays, compose music for his musical productions; compose patriotic music about "Over There" and "Over Here" and in between times, just so he won't be idle George makes a picture or two. Pliny Goodfriend is the husband of Mary Anderson. Haven't heard of the engagement of Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance. The list of actors in service is too long to mention.

J. V. P., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Last we heard of Dixie Doll was when she called at this office one day last July or August. She expected at that time to go east and star in a picture, but no word has come that such an event occurred.

MYSTO, CALGARY, ALTA.—Address Eileen Percy and "Doug" in care of Artcraft, Hollywood, Cal. Fifteen years old, a concert player and the possessor of the nom de plume "Mysto" and proud of it all? Too much glory for one person, we say.

ARTCRAFT BOOSTER, GREAT FALLS, MONT.—The stars haven't any particular director. One time one; another time another. Marshall Neilan has directed about six of Mary Pickford's late pictures, but he isn't called her regular director, though he's a *regular* one.

M. E. L., KINGSTON, ONT.—Address Marguerite Clark care of Famous Players; Billie Burke in care of Lasky; Theda Bara, Fox (west); Irene Castle, Pathe; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph; Mae Murray, Universal; June Caprice, Fox; Hazel Daly, Selig; Bessie Love, Pathe (west) and Kitty Gordon, World.

E. H., ATLANTA, GA.—Earle Schenck played Ethel Clayton's husband in "The Madness of Helen." The cast of "Souls Adrift" follows; *Elma Raybourne,* Ethel Clayton; *Micah Steele,* Milton Sills; *Mabberly Todd,* John Davidson; *Ambrose Raybourne,* Frank de Vernon.

P. C., KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Baby Osborne is working at the Paralta studios in Los Angeles, Cal., making Pathe pictures. Ask your theater manager to get her production for you. Mrs. Lockwood is not appearing on the screen nor upon the legitimate stage.

L. S. & C. H., KINCARDINE, ONT.—You want to catch Mae Marsh by an address? That undoubtedly is a hard stunt, but if you want to take a chance, here goes: Goldwyn studio, Fort Lee, N. J. Charles Gunn played opposite Alma Rubens in "The Firefly of Tough Luck." Irene and Mrs. Vernon Castle are one and the same. Herbert Rawlinson is married. His wife is well known on the stage as Roberta Arnold. The only reason we can think of for Herb. not kissing girls in the pictures is because he is either too bashful or because the scenario doesn't call for it. We've a hunch that it's the latter reason.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. M., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.—Rather imagine the name of Vosburgh savored too much Hun to suit Alfred who is an Ameritan through and through. Eric Campbell was killed in an automobile accident. It was not during the filming of a picture.

A. S., MONT CLAIR, N. J.—Don't mind having you at all. In fact there is a "Welcome" card at the entrance of this department at all times. Write Marguerite Clark and ask for the photo. She doesn't ask even a quarter for a likeness of herself. Eugene O'Brien played with Norma Talmadge in "Poppy." He's that there guy that you admired so much and wanted to know about. The cast of "The Kiss of Hate?" Here 'tis: *Nadia Turgeneff,* Ethel Barrymore; *Count Peter Turgeneff,* William Abington; *Paul Turgeneff,* Niles Welch; *Micheal Orzoff,* H. Cooper Cliffe; *Sergius Orzoff,* Robert Elliott; *Vernick Orzoff,* Victor De Linsky; *Nicholas,* Martin Faust; *Isaac,* William Boyd; *Goliath,* Roy Applegate; *Samuels,* Frank Montgomery; *Leah,* Ilean Hume; *Police Spy,* Daniel Sullivan.

A. F., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Well now just because you live in Kansas City and because we've always liked K. C. and the people there and because you are a "steady customer" of the world's best magazine, we're going to tell you about Charles Clary. He is with Fox company at Hollywood, Cal. Is forty-five, not married and at one time lived in this city. Horoscopically speaking, so long as he has just taken your eye and left your heart intact it is not so serious as it might be.

B. Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Calm yourself. Here's the whole truth about the age of Dick Barthlemess. He was born on the ninth of May, 1895. Now figure out his real age yourself and by the way your full name and not just initials after this.

O. M. A., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—No stamp inclosed though we inspected the contents of the envelope with our usual carefulness. Harold Lockwood is with Metro; Antonio Moreno and Gladys Hulette with Pathe; Mary Pickford, Artcraft; Billie Burke, Lasky; Marguerite Clark and Richard Barthlemess, Famous Players, and Vivian Martin, Morosco. Didn't cause us a bit of trouble.

M. L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Anita Stewart isn't picturing at this time. Oh lady, lady, the man you adored so much in "My Unmarried Wife" is Kenneth Harlan. He isn't married and mail reaches him at Universal City, Cal.

A. P., WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.—Weren't you the lucky person to discover PHOTOPLAY? Think what you would have missed ere this if you hadn't procured that first copy. "Doug" has a different leading lady almost every time. Yeah it pears like he is fickle, but we have been told that the casting director is the one who chooses who's to play with whom and the star jes plays tha's all. Charlie Chaplin didn't tell us anything about being married, but then if *you* know that Edna Purviance is his wife what's the use of having the fact published.

G. L. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Sure, didn't you know that Jack Pickford drew a lucky number and Olive Thomas said "yes" when he proposed to her? Smith was previously the name of the Pickford family. Address Jack at the Lasky studios, Hollywood. His communications will be forwarded from there.

L. D., FREEPORT, ILL.—If Tony Moreno has two sons he has certainly been putting one over on us. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati. Theda's family, the Goodman's, have had their name legally changed to Bara. There are two Bara girls and two Bara boys. Theda is the only little vamp in their family. Elsie Janis, John Barrymore, Blanche Sweet and Marie Doro aren't appearing on the screen at present.

M. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—If you call at this office within two days we will present you with a beautiful autographed photograph of ourself. Otherwise your last chance of procuring a likeness of weuns will vanish. We're mighty strong for "brick tops" if they aren't upholstering ivory, wood or saw dust domes. And pug noses? Well, we fairly dote on them. We had the cutest little brown dog once that had a—but that is another story. What we wanted to say is that we think we'd like your auburn hair, and pug nose.

C. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Send your letter to Charles Clary to the Fox studios on the west coast. Eugene O'Brien's "fan" mail comes to him at the Norma Talmadge studio. Julian Eltinge at present is having all communications sent to the Lambs Club, New York City. Don't know the maiden name of Mrs. Harold Lockwood.

R. G. Y., BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.—That's mighty nice that your theater runs all your favorites on the screen. Thanks to your manager, we suspect. Want the cast of "The Puppet Crown?" Certainly: *Alexia,* Ina Claire; *Bob Carewe,* Carlyle Blackwell; *King Leopold,* Christian Lynton; *Duchess Sylvia,* Cleo Ridgely; *Count Mallendorf,* Horace Carpenter; *Marshall Kampf,* John Abraham; *Colonel Beauvais,* George Gebhardt; *Lieut. Von Mitter,* Tom Forman; *Countess Elsa,* Marjorie Daw.

M. S., HOBOKEN, N. J.—That perfectly scrumptuous wonderful man in "The Price of a Good Time" was Kenneth Harlan. He isn't related to Fannie Ward nor married to her daughter. Miss Ward's daughter is living in England. Mary Pickford's address is the Artcraft studio.

OLGA O., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Oh, no, Olga, you are wrong about Niles Welch and Earle Foxe. They aren't finished. They're both very popular young men. Don't blame us for the opinions of the editor, but take this little bit of info from us—he hasn't any favorites. His idea is to please the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Yes, 'tis true that Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone.

R. C., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Marie Osbourne was born in 1911; Mary McAllister one year before that; Aida Horton in 1914, and Bobby Connelly in 1909. Eugene O'Brien isn't married and never has been. Edna Purviance is the young lady who always plays with Charlie Chaplin and she is very pretty and she isn't married to Mr. Chaplin or anyone else and she is in California. You have forty curls and everyone says you rival Mary Pickford? Mary will have to give up in your favor, we believe, for the last time we heard about it she only have thirty-nine ringlets. Victor Sutherland is playing opposite Virginia Pearson in Fox pictures.

R. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Alfred Whitman was born in 1890. His address is the west Vitagraph studio. Jack Mulhall is with Lasky. You were right. He was a member of the Triangle forces at the time of your letter.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

M. B., NORFOLK, VA.—Jack Pickford is in the navy, but any communications sent to him at the Lasky studio in Hollywood will be forwarded safely to him.

MARY MILES MINTER BEAU, OAK PARK, Ill.—Juliet Shelby was originally the name of Mary Miles Minter. She was sixteen on the first day of April, this year. William Lerche is the real name of Bill Russell. Bill's thirty. Both he and Miss Minter answer letters from their admirers. Doris Kenyon's mail comes to Pathe; Shirley Mason's, Famous Players; Mary Mac Laren's, Universal City and Madge Evans', World. Alan Forrest is married to Ann Little. Fox eastern company is the address of June Caprice. The Minter and Russell pictures are made on the coast, not in Chicago.

I. T., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Famous Players studio in New York for communications to Pauline Frederick and the western Fox studio for the Theda Bara ones.

M. W., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Neither Mahlon Hamilton nor Lionel Barrymore give their ages. The latter is appearing on the legitimate stage in "The Copperhead." No Olive White in the cast of Fox's "The Tale of Two Cities." Marshall Farnum is dead.

BILLY BLUE GUN, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Thanks, Billy, very much for the Australian booklet. Believe we could find our way about Sydney now without a guide.

S. F., NEW YORK CITY.—Alice Brady is with the Select company.

V. C., THOMASVILLE, GA.—William Hart appeared in both "The Silent Man" and "The Desert Man." The cast of the latter follows: *Jim Alton,* William Hart; *Jennie,* Margery Wilson; *Joey,* Buster Irving; *Razor Joe,* Henry Belmar; *Tacoma Jake,* Milton Ross; *Dr. Howard,* Jack Livingston; *Old Burns,* Walt Whitman; *Katy,* Josephine Headley.

(*Continued on page 120*)

Mary Pickford, the Girl

(*Concluded from page 91*)

Once a popular actress in New York, portraying a slavey, desired realism—and in one scene blew her nose. The next day a critic wrote, in effect: "Miss —— is determined to be natural. Very well, let her have realism if she likes. But please, Miss ——, do not blow your nose!" Mary Pickford, so to speak, never blows her nose.

Mary herself is calm; matter-of-fact. But she has the saddest eyes in the world. Even while she laughs, her eyes stay wistful, and seem ready to brim over with tears. I asked Mary Pickford about it—and she laughed.

Writing about Mary, one always dedicates at least a paragraph or two to Mary's mother. Mrs. Pickford, quite apart from her business ability and brains, is charming; I liked her at once. And Mary says, "Mother is my world."

This is what Julian Johnson said about Mary Pickford in his Impressions: "Dawn, over a daisy-filled meadow; the spirit of spring imprisoned in a woman's body; the first child in the world."

What can I say? But one does not understand Mary Pickford. One loves her.

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- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
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- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
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- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
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- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
- ☐ Show Card Writer
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
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- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ Navigation
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The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 51)

loved was a compatriot and not a spy, that she was an aid and not a hindrance. Happy in the knowledge that another scheme of Imperial Germany to embarrass the United States had failed, happy in the ignorance that—

In the interior of a fortune telling "emporium" of Hopewell, Va., sat a woman of cold, heavy features and shrewd eyes. When she spoke, her voice unconsciously assumed the heavy gutterals of the German dialect. Her mien was one of hauteur and cruelty. She looked up slowly as her maid approached.

"Minna," she ordered, "telegraph von Papen to send me a good man for dangerous work!"

The maid bowed.

"Yes, Baroness," she answered.

CHAPTER XI

THE BURNING OF HOPEWELL

The "fortune teller" was Baroness Theresa Verbecht, special spy for Captain Franz von Papen, and placed in Hopewell, Va., as Madame La Vere, the Mystic, for purposes best known to Imperial Germany.

Hopewell, Va., was a hit and miss town of 25,000, every human being in it owing existence to the great guncotton plant a half mile out of town, which worked night and day to supply guncotton to the Allies. And Baroness Verbecht had been sent there to gain information concerning it—to decide on the best way to make it useless.

A decision that had caused Captain von Papen to send von Lertz and Madame Stephan hurrying to Richmond, Va., as soon as they returned from Exter, and Dollings, the undertaker, to rush to Hopewell. A decision also which had an indirect angle, for Heinric von Lertz, with his customary German stupidity, had written a note to Dixie Mason informing her of his trip to Hopewell.

But events were traveling fast. Even before Dixie had started for Richmond, Dollings, the undertaker, was in the fortune telling rooms of Baroness Verbecht and receiving orders.

"The information that I get from munition workers," she was saying, "is that the plant is least guarded between midnight and two in the morning. That will be the best time for you to place the bomb. I shall go straight to Richmond after I leave you. If anything should happen, and you should fail to bomb the plant, remember that a strong north wind would cause a fire to sweep the town and reach the guncotton works."

The maid entered.

"The machine is waiting," she announced.

They left the room. And later, in the surroundings of the guncotton works, a guard shouted, then raised his rifle and fired at a sneaking form. The form hurtled, fell, then tumbled over the edge of a slight proclivity, the bomb he carried rolling into the grass, its clock-work mechanism being started into action by the impact. A moment later, the guard ran to the edge of the proclivity. The intruder was gone. The guard sought farther. A roaring flame of an explosion, a scream of anguish and the guard stumbled forward—dead.

From twenty places in the guncotton yards other guards ran forward, to make their examinations, then to decide upon their course—a course which led to the sending of a telegram to the Secret Service for an operative. That operative was Harrison Grant.

So it was that the next morning, Harrison Grant descended from a train in Hopewell to make his way to the guncotton factory, while Dixie Mason very quietly made her way into the main hotel at Richmond. She showed her Secret Service commission to the hotel proprietor.

"I want a room next to Madame Stephan's."

"Easily arranged," was the answer. "Naturally you want your name kept off the register."

"Of course," Dixie answered. Ten minutes later, she was standing at a door of her room which led to the room adjoining. A strange device had been fastened there, an invention of the Secret Service, adapted from the dictograph, whereby the sound of voices could be intensified through the panel of a door, carrying the words to the ear in the same manner as a telephone would do. And Dixie was hearing what was being said on the other side of that door!

Two women were in the room, and quarreling. One was Madame Stephan. The other was—

"Baroness Verbecht," came the caustic voice of Madame Stephan, "your purpose is very clear. You think you can work into my place as the chief of Germany's women spies in America. But you can't—you can't! Perhaps you thought that by blowing up the guncotton works at Hopewell you'd succeed to my position, eh? But you didn't. And now, this other scheme—."

"Ladies—please!" It was the voice of Heinric von Lertz, accompanied by the slamming of a door. Evidently he had just entered the room. "I will have no more of this bickering and quarreling. Understand?"

But Dixie Mason already was packing up her door-telephone, and making preparations for a hurried trip to Hopewell. Five minutes later she was in a machine traveling across country toward the little munitions town, while—

Harrison Grant, accompanied by the sheriff, had turned down an alley of the little town as they tracked the bloodmarks of Dollings who had been plainly injured by the shot of the night before. On they went, closer and closer to the fortune telling room, closer —

But Dollings, staring through the window of the little building, had seen them. He hurried for another alley as fast as his injury would permit. Over fences, through back yards, creeping along piles of lumber, in the shadows of buildings—

He stopped. Before him was an open window, and on the table of the room beyond stood a lighted lamp. The instruction of Baroness Verbecht flashed

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued)

through his mind. The wind was blowing from the North! The undertaker turned and seizing a clothes pole, jammed it through the window, striking the lamp and overturning it. Then he hobbled on again, while the flames swirled and danced in the little shack and while men and women ran forth from the building to scream the warning.

But a warning that came too late. Hopewell was doomed.

Doomed while the fire crept closer and closer to the woods which would take it swirling to the guncotton works. Doomed, while Dixie Mason' hurrying along the country road toward town, divided her worriment between the sight of the burning town before her and the knowledge that the gasoline in the tank of the car was running dangerously low. Doomed, while Dollings, the spy who had set the flames, dragged himself through the outskirts of the town, seeking some means of speedy escape—his eyes narrowing at the sight of Dixie and her motor rushing along the road.

A quick leap to the center of the road, a shout and Dixie Mason was halted. An order—and Dollings had assumed control of the car, while Dixie Mason stood watching him with less of anxiety when Dixie remembered that gasoline tank—and she knew that escape for Dollings was impossible.

But she must act quickly! Across the fields she started, veering as she saw the cloudy debris of explosions as they hurled trees and houses into the air. The reason was obvious—Harrison Grant had seen the danger to the guncotton works, and a path of destruction in front of the flames was the only thing that would stop them!

So at the edge of town, with dynamite gangs running everywhere, Harrison Grant was determinedly blowing Hopewell to atoms—that the source of its life might continue to exist. Detonation after detonation sounded, while the flames crackled in the distance, while great stretches of ground were hurled into the air, houses blasted to nothing and trees uprooted—all to make a barrier against the sweeping flames. Explosion after explosion—then a great shout:

"The flames can't pass now! The guncotton works are saved!"

Cheers—then a new voice breaking in. "Harrison Grant—Harrison Grant!"

The president of the Criminology Club whirled, to run forward at the sight of Dixie Mason.

"Quick!" she called, "I've a clue to the man who set the fire!"

"Give me a machine here—hurry!" Harrison Grant almost roared the order. A moment more and he, with Dixie Mason were speeding toward the open road.

A mile—two—then the sight of a man who dragged himself along the side of a disabled car. Dixie Mason pointed.

"That's he—I knew the car would stop—its gasoline is gone!"

But Dollings ran toward a cliff. Desperately he sought to make his way down it. But loss of blood weakened him. His hands loosed their hold. His

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The Eagle's Eye

(Continued)

muscles stiffened—then relaxed. He screamed. A half hour later, Dixie Mason and Harrison Grant, having made their way to the foot of the cliff, found him where he had fallen, his hands clutched, his eyes staring—dead!

Carefully they searched him—to learn that after all, the destruction of Hopewell was as nothing compared to the general plans. For here was a list—a whole dictionary of destruction, ordering in its cold blooded way:

"Blow up plants at
Hopewell,
Wilmington,
Chester,
W. Philadelphia,
Acton,
Detroit,
Windsor."

"Hopewell had its benefits," said Grant slowly, "for by its destruction, we save the others."

"Yes, and if it could only awaken America to the danger from Imperial Germany—" Dixie Mason said the words thoughtfully — "its destruction would not be in vain."

And how great that danger was! For while Dixie Mason and Harrison Grant exulted in the partial failure of one of Imperial Germany's schemes of destruction, von Papen and Boy-Ed, together with Dr. Albert were at work on still another—and a greater one.

"Bernstorff is constantly complaining about the shipment of troops and supplies from Canada," Albert was saying. "What are we going to do about it?"

Von Papen smiled queerly.

"Make another attempt to blow up the Welland Canal," was his answer. "And this time it must succeed!"

CHAPTER XII

THE CANAL CONSPIRATORS

The echo of von Papen's remarks came two weeks later—in the room adjoining the Hohenzollern club where Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club had installed a dictograph that he might hear the plans and plots of the Germans in the rooms beyond. It was night. He had been for hours at the dictograph with no results. Now—

"Paul Koenig's just come into the club. Von Papen and Boy-Ed are there, Von Lertz too. They're talking about explosives and—"

"Explosives?" Stewart and Cavanaugh, Grant's favorite operatives, leaned forward. "What for?"

"The Welland Canal!" answered Grant excitedly. "They're—look out!"

He almost leaped from the dictograph, tearing it from its fastenings. Hastily he swirled to give orders.

"Pack up everything in this room—quick. Stewart! Scatter dust over the entire room—it's in the sack over there in the corner. Make things look like the room hasn't been used for months. Hurry! They moved the Kaiser's picture to cover up the explosives—and discovered our dictograph behind it! Now, work fast!"

Meanwhile, in the Hohenzollern club was consternation. Von Papen raging, stared at the dictograph transmitter on the wall.

"See where that thing leads to!" he announced to Boy-Ed and Koenig. "See if anybody was at the other end.

A half hour later, the men were back in the club, smiling and happy.

"The room hasn't been used for months," they reported. "Everything was covered with dust."

The next day, Dixie Mason sat at luncheon with Heinrich von Lertz in one of the big places of New York. Very quietly von Lertz had told her of her duties in Buffalo. Dixie looked up, to catch the eye of Harrison Grant, just passing. A few moments later, Dixie escaped from von Lertz for a few moments and stepped to the cab of Harrison Grant.

"They're planning to blow up the Welland canal," she whispered. "All of us are starting to Buffalo tonight. Take several operatives with you who will make it a point to be 'fooled' by Stephan and Verbecht. Then arrange for a boy to work as a bellhop in the Algonquin. I'll use him to carry messages to you."

Grant nodded. Dixie Mason turned back to the cafe and to von Lertz. Twenty-four hours later found them in Buffalo, while down in Washington, Dr. Heinrich Albert was explaining the plans to Ambassador Bernstorff.

"The Welland Canal is the logical place to strike." he was saying. "That is the canal, you know, running around Niagara Falls, and through it most of the Canadian troops are taken to the ports to be put aboard transports—to say nothing of the grain and other Great Lakes traffic that goes through there. If that canal is blown up, the biggest artery of trade that Canada possesses will be put out of commission. Further, it may cause trouble between Great Britain and the United States on the ground that this country was negligent in not protecting the American side of the waterway from attack."

A servant entered with a telegram. It read:

"Dr. Heinrich Albert,
Imperial Germany Embassy,
Washington, D. C.
Ten o'clock tonight. V. L."

"Ten o'clock to-night," repeated Dr. Albert as he showed the telegram to Bernstorff. "Boy-Ed and von Papen will be here then. They will celebrate with us."

Meanwhile, on the road just beyond the Welland Canal, Heinrich von Lertz was having a heated argument. A motorcycle patrolman had stopped him, just as he and Dixie Mason were returning from a view of the canal. And, when von Lertz was not noticing, the motorcycle patrolman had pressed the hand of Dixie Mason, and Dixie, in answer, had pressed his. Then the patrolman suddenly departed after he had slyly read the message Dixie had scrawled in the dust on the side of the car-body:

"Watch for message from hotel tonight. Keep watch on alley."

And so it was that when 9.40 o'clock came that night, Harrison Grant stood

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued)

on the corner near the big hotel, rapidly passing his fingers over a piece of knotted string, and translating the dots and dashes of the Morse code that it revealed to him. It was Dixie's message, brought to him from the hotel by the "planted" bellboy, and it read:

"Watch alley. Ten o'clock. Other men gone. One man yet to go. Dixie."

Hurriedly Harrison Grant turned to his men and gave an order.

"Get into a machine and be ready to go to the canal at once. I—."

The crackle of a shot interrupted. In the alley came the sound of voices and curses. Grant ran forward, just in time to see the forms of Secret Service men as they struggled with a spy who had come down the fire escape, armed with dynamite and detonators.

"Turn him over to the police," ordered Grant, "and hurry for the canal. The rest of the gang is already there."

Up in von Lertz's room, however, that shot had brought consternation.

"They've got Herson down there!" he snapped. "We've got to run for it!"

Hastily he seized his bags and with Madame Stephan, Baroness Verbecht and Dixie Mason, rushed for the elevator. There were words of fright and of anger—Dixie the most emphatic of all. But behind her mask of anger, Dixie was more than happy. She knew that Grant had received her message on the knotted string. Out at the canal—

"Quick! There's an automobile coming!"

A spy ran forward to where other spies were attaching detonators and dynamite. He gave hurried orders.

"Attach a fuse there and light it. We haven't time for the detonators! Hear me? Quick—try to get that boat that's coming through the locks now!"

But too late. For Harrison Grant and the members of the Secret Service had already rushed forward, to seize and grapple with the men, to shackle them, then to run forward and, seizing the dynamite, throw it out of the zone of danger. The Welland Canal was saved! Saved—while down in Washington—

"Message for you, sir!" It was the servant standing at the side of Dr. Heinrich Albert. The fiscal spy smiled.

"Von Lertz is right on time, eh?" he laughed, opening the yellow envelope. Then his laughter faded. "Himmel!" he exclaimed. "The plot failed! Several of our men have been arrested!" Bernstorff looked from Boy-Ed to von Papen and back again.

"I warned you," he said coldly. "I warned you not to take risks. But you took them. Do you know what this means? It means your dismissal from America! The State Department has already warned you that this may happen—and this is the end. Oh, why could you have made such a blunder!"

"It would have been a great victory if we had succeeded!" answered Papen sarcastically. "But no matter. We did our best—and we haven't failed yet. We may be recalled—but when we go, we'll leave a reign of terror behind us!"

(To be continued.)

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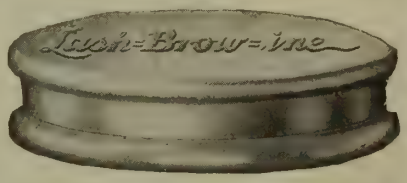

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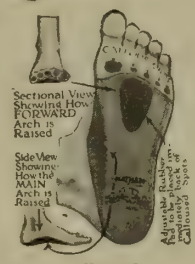

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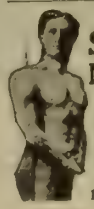

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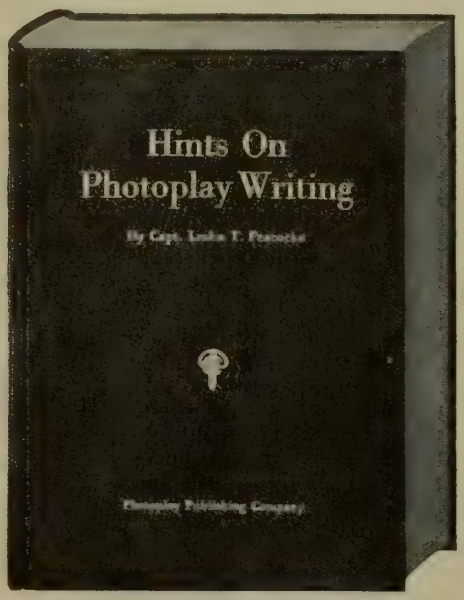

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His Own Home Town

(Continued from page 62)

ager had added impressively, "that we have found the vehicle for which we have been seeking." The two conspirators had gone over and over the letter until both were delirious with joy.

As he opened the gate to the street, Carol called him back to the porch. She was pointing at a shadow across the street which Jimmy only glimpsed before it vanished behind the trees. "It was someone watching you from behind that elm," Carol insisted. "He ran as you came."

Jimmy smiled a crooked, tender smile at her. "You are still lost in the play," he called back. "This isn't melodrama, it's merely life in Warchester. That scene of yours belongs in the third act."

Carol laughed and let him go but her eyes followed him anxiously down the street. He turned the corner at the Palace Theater and took the short cut through the alley which led to the *Courier*. Just before the office door there was a sudden flash of yellow flame and his hat seemed to leap grotesquely from his head. He stooped mechanically to pick it up and another bullet bit into the door, waist-high had he been erect.

The morning paper published a lurid account of the "cowardly attack" which their conservative evening contemporary promptly contradicted. The first version stated that the young owner of the *Courier* had met with a sudden end at the hands of a Hanlon habitue. Later editions gave an account of his miraculous escape and hinted uneasily at motives for the attempted crime "which might involve persons higher up."

Carol met him with the same casual friendliness but there was a vague unrest about her manner which Jimmy attributed to nervousness regarding the play. Suddenly, in the midst of his analysis of a difficult stage situation, he looked up to find Warchester's celebrated daughter weeping into the pages of her script.

At his first awkward attempt to comfort her she turned on him with the impotent fury of a heart-broken child.

"You were nearly killed," she sobbed. "For hours I thought you were—that horrible paper said so. Then you come here and talk about continuity in scenes and consistent characters and rapid action. If it's technique you want, why don't you take it up with Harding? You only need me to act."

The bewilderment in Jimmy's face changed to an ecstasy of understanding as a great light dawned. In one stride he was across the room and had gathered a much crumpled and tear-stained leading woman into his arms. There was a long silence which Jimmy broke almost in a whisper.

"I have held you like this before," he said softly, "but only in my dreams. I knew you were fond of me because we were kids together and because we stood alone against the town. Are you sure you are not confusing that with other things. Do you know that it is love and not old time affection?"

Carol raised a glorified little face and smiled at him through her tears, "It's been love, Jimmy," she whispered, "ever since the first."

The drummer had missed his Saturday night train and had resigned himself to Sunday in Warchester. With his chair tilted against the rail of the Bay State Hotel he lazily watched the bill-board across the street which was being slowly demolished by a business-like sign painter. "Coming Next Week" the sign announced in important and dignified heads. "Carol Landis" and then as if assuming that the name spoke for itself, it added in smaller letters "In 'His Own Home Town,' A Romantic Comedy, By James Duncan."

Something in the name revived a distinct memory among the drummer's kaleidoscopic confusion of impressions. "Jimmy Duncan," he muttered to himself. "The minister's rascally stepson. Never did a day's work in his life. Wanted to write so that people could understand other folks better."

Like a voice from the past, the nasal twang of Mr. Dodge broke into his reverie. "Two of them," he said complacently, pointing to the sign-board. "Two names that are as famous as any others in New York, and both from this little burg right here. There used to be people right in this town who would run Jimmy down but I always said there was something in him. I used to tell everybody that he'd succeed finally. I said—mebbe you remember—"

"Yes, I remember," cut in the drummer. "Now tell me where's the pompous old bird who came to the station for his son that day Duncan got in."

Mr. Dodge's enthusiasm was wilting.

"Banks!" he said scornfully. "I guess you've been away for a long while, haven't you? That old reprobate! Bermuda he's gone to, or Havana—some place like that. Said he went for his health. Well, I guess any of those places are healthier than jail."

His civic pride revived again at the sound of the clattering of hoofs and a chorus of hilarious goodbyes from St. Luke's church around the corner. "It's the wedding party," he chattered hysterically. "Just letting out. Jimmy Duncan and Carol Landis married to-day—high noon it was and only a few friends present. But the crowd's found them now. They're coming past here." And Dodge watched them approaching with a certain sense of pride.

Across the square clattered the old barouche which had once brought Sidney Banks back from the station. Surrounded by a pile of luggage, thickly belabeled, sat a man and a girl with the light of another and happier world on their faces. A long streamer of white satin ribbon floated out from behind the barouche, and could be seen whipping in the breeze after the vehicle was swallowed up in a cloud of dust.

The drummer watched the last flutter of the ribbon and then turned his eyes back to the sign-board. The episode was only one of many little dramas which he had watched to their logical close, although not all had ended so triumphantly. He yawned again contentedly and then followed the clamor of a gong in to dinner. He had all the philosophy of his kind.

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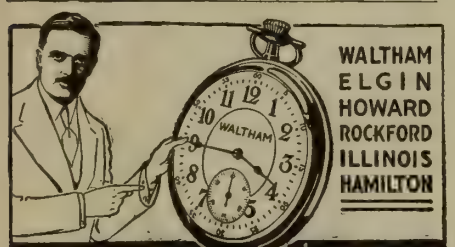

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Hearts of the World

(Continued from page 35)

silently and furiously with the pick and spade and skill their compulsory employment had given them, while the littlest looked on, alternately crying and wondering, as is the way with babies. In an hour the grave was deep and wide enough, and gently they lowered the stiffening body to its strange tomb of flagstones and their only rug.

Two miles away, in the Mouquet Farm dugout, a gay party was in progress. Von Strohm, a captain now, had in lady friends from Berlin—bare-legged dancers writhing to sensuous music. Presently a lieutenant brought in some frightened girls of the village, one of whom had given him a black eye. Everybody laughed—it was awfully funny. Bye and bye, in the orgy in this dungeon of lust, one of the little French girls screamed and died. Von Strohm threw her body in a bunk and walked away. The thoughtless little beast had spoiled his evening!

And as he walked, he listened. . . . the thunder of distant guns! It was the iron requiem of Madame Hamilton. The army of her son was coming to avenge her!

Slowly, it seemed almost inch by inch, the French troops moved forward over the oft-fought ground. It took them days to win a hundred yards. Meanwhile, Marie had been beaten almost to death by a Prussian overseer in the potato field—and she had found the three brothers of her lover! The last happiness made up for the first horror.

Then the day in which, through a rift of cloud and smoke, the carpenter, and Cuckoo, and Douglas saw once more the steeple of their village church, pointing toward heaven like the finger of Christ over a desolated world.

German headquarters decided sullenly to move—and in that instant the maliciously useful Von Strohm found and remembered Marie! He paused from his spying and hurrying; he had an excellent memory for faces and ankles.

Marie was trapped in the main room of the Inn, from which all had gone save an old blind musician who played on and on, as if he and his violin were a voice from eternity instead of a feeble cry in a shaking world. Von Strohm put no mask upon his intention. He cornered her by a locked door, chuckling, muttering vile words in German, running a lascivious hand over her arm and shoulders, as he held her close.

And, with his company fighting like fiends not a mile away, Douglas Hamilton, on scout duty, broke from his detachment and writhed forward, dodged forward, fought forward—alone.

Presently he was in the confused stone piles that he had known as peaceful streets. He scarcely knew where he was going—this jagged, blackened, littered ruin must have been his garden wall of love! He could best keep out of sight following the ruins to the Inn, which, thanks to its spy-keeper, was intact. He reached the courtyard—safe, so far!

"Captain Von Strohm!"

Furious, the Rhine-beast released the almost maddened Marie, and hurried out upon a superior's sharp command. It was a general officer, who desired his motor car guided beyond the village, into the highway.

Marie felt only one need in her life-drained body and suffocated soul . . . . air . . . . sunlight . . . . outdoors. Somehow, she reached the courtyard. And there, the apparition of her lover! Of course it was an apparition, for had she not seen him dead? So she smiled again as she had done on her night of madness, and put out her hands to see if *it* would disappear.

"Marie!! Oh, my love—my love—my sweetheart-wife!"

"Douglas—you *are* alive!"

"Yes, but unless I get away from here, I won't be long!"

"There's an upper room in the inn where no one ever goes—here—up these stairs—quickly!"

Von Strohm's voice—below! And the noise of firing receding!

"It's the monster!" whispered Marie, wildly.

"And we have been beaten back," added Douglas, calmly. "It means, dear heart, that God is good enough to let us die together. And before we go, I am going to marry you—with my mother's ring."

Stifling a little sob, Marie held out a hand still white, though torn and calloused and bruised.

"With this ring," murmured Douglas, "I thee wed."

"With this ring,"echoed Marie, for her part of the unearthly ceremony, "I become thy wife—"

"Open, here!"

The Teuton, tracking his prey unerringly, struck savagely at the heavy barred door.

Marie kissed the ring. Douglas drew his revolver, and thrust it into her side until its muzzle hurt—terribly—even as he kissed her and crushed her to him.

"If they come through the door . . . . my wife," whispered Douglas, significantly, gazing at the gun.

"I understand," murmured Marie.

One of Von Strohm's willing dogs broke his gun stock on the door in futile blows. Cursing him, the Captain siezed another gun, and himself—

The crash that tore down the door hurled through it, and upon the lovers, the mangled Von Strohm. Marie thought it the shot of death. Douglas knew it was a shell.

They were both wrong. Behind the Germans, on the stair, stood the laughing, hysterical Henriette. Days before a jesting officer had shown her the mechanism of a grenade—she knew where they were kept—and *her* hand, now, had avenged the household and the village. A Little Disturber indeed!

There were roars and cries outside—the French had reached the town!

Henriette was gone, no one knew where, when Cuckoo tore madly in.

And away he went, negotiating every corner in a careful crawl,—he could not die now, with the cup of love and life at his lips. Suddenly he felt, rather than heard or saw one coming at him. The Boche was negotiating a corner just as *he*

Hearts of the World

(Concluded)

was negotiating it. This was no time to shoot. Cuckoo detached his bayonet, and hurling himself forward, put his whole body behind the spring of that steel-weighted arm.

Henriette!!!

Facing each other like two outraged puppies on a lawn, they blinked, they laughed, they *both* swore, they embraced, they kissed, they swore and laughed again.

And so it was in the whole merry ruin that had been a village.

A canopy sprang up, and beneath it a table that groaned with delicacies magically brought forth and carefully hidden wine. The carpenter found his family, and other men found theirs. Cuckoo and the Little Disturber were the center of one group at that great dinner of liberty and reunion, and another company gazed with wet eyes and trembling smiles and fast-beating hearts at Hero and Leander come again, at Romeo and Juliet, no longer in Capulet's tomb, at Mimi and Rudolphe in Montmarte—at Douglas and Marie!

Monsieur Tourneur

(Continued from page 56)

found pictorial ways and means of presenting the finest shades of Maeterlinckian thought in his production of "The Blue Bird."

Maurice Tourneur was born in Paris, France, in 1878, and was graduated from Lycee Condorcet when he was 18 years old. After finishing college he became a designer and interior decorator, and has to his credit many illustrations for books and magazines, striking poster, lace curtain and fabric designs, as well as a number of original stage settings. He then became associated with Rodin, and later with the great French artist, Pavis De Chavannes.

The next three years of his life were spent in the French army—as an officer of artillery. When his period of service expired he was seized with the desire to go on the stage, which he did and at his own salary—90 francs or about $18 a month. His rise in this profession was rapid. His first engagement was with a road show playing four one-act plays on one-night stands. His next engagement was with Madame Rejane, and with her he made practically a world tour, including South America, England, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Africa. After this engagement he became associated with Antoine, the greatest of French producers, and here he learned much that stood him in good stead. Today, at the height of his career, he is a noteworthy contributor to moving picture artistry and its perfection.

WIVES, don't let hubby ease out of going to the movies by saying that the war tax makes the fee excessive. Remember, there are such commodities as six-cent cigars. Moreover, they're selling rather well.

ANYWAY, when the movie actors finally do go across in uniforms, the Generals needn't fear they'll not register in the "close up."

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Photoplay Magazine Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

PEACH FLUFF, GLOUCESTER, MASS.—Now the last time we resided on Blackwell's Island we didn't have any fire water served us. Guess you were there after our term was up. Louise Brownell is with the Ince company.

M. D., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Mary Garden is forty-two and is not married. Constance Talmadge, nineteen; single. Anita Stewart, twenty-one; married to Rudolph Cameron. Louise Huff, twenty-three; the wife of Edgar Jones. Pauline Frederick, married to Willard Mack. She's thirty-three. Viola Dana is twenty and married to John Collins. Clara K. Young is twenty-seven. She's not married. We don't often do that, but with your pleading note we'd be almost tempted to tell our own age. *Almost* we said.

MRS. K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Address Tom Moore at the Goldwyn studio. Ask him for a photo.

D. Y., HABANA, CUBA.—Write to stars for photos of themselves. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing same to you. Practically all of the players comply with that request for a picture.

SWEDE, ELIZABETH, MINN.—Eyes like Anita Stewart; hair like Margery Wilson, and a chin like Wallace Reid? Aren't you a bit kind to yourself? You should make a hit in pictures. The vital question is—are your feet mates? Are they? May Allison is with Metro which is an abbreviation for Metropolitan, just as "oh Min" is an abb. for Oh Minnie or Oh Minnesota. Mary Pickford sends her photo. We know, 'cause we sent for one ourself, wunce.

R. W. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Eugene O'Brien is thirty-two. Don't believe he has matrimonial intentions, but you might write and find out and send your photo and make an application. Marjorie Daw played the young sister of Cleo Ridgely in "The Chorus Lady." Gladys Brockwell was born in 1894. Alice Brady is about twenty-four. Florence Vidor is a year younger than Miss Brockwell. None of those you mention are incumbered, or otherwise, with a husband.

J. D. O., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Well J. D. O., if you didn't live in Australia on the other side of the globe you'd know the American definition of a "flivver." It's a bit of tin thrown together with a motor and when completed is a distant relative of an automobile. Perchance you identify them on your side as a Ford. George Forth was *Robert Kendall* in "I Will Repay." Rather imagine too many war pictures would get a bit on your nerves after having so much of the real thing. Comedies seem to be in greater demand in your country than ever. Undoubtedly the people want them.

ANITA AND MURIEL, NEW YORK CITY.—Now, girlies, that is mighty kind of you to say we have a chance, but too much competition frightens us and we're giving up right now in the beginning of the race. Mae Marsh has a brother under thirty and he's the one in the army. Charles Clary is a bachelor. He's forty-five and June Caprice is just exactly twenty-six years younger than that. Miss Caprice gets her mail at the Fox eastern studio. X's received; for which we thank you.

N. O., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—Alma Ruben (she speels her name thata way now) is not married. Wallace Reid is a six footer and is in training at Camp Lewis in Washinton. Bert Lytell was *Dr. Worthing* and Barbara Castleton was *Muriel* in "Empty Pockets." Jewell Carmen appeared in "The Half Breed."

B. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Madge Evans is nine years old. Bill Hart measures six feet one in his boots and gingham shirt. Write direct to the actor or actress for the photo. Twenty-five cents is the amount usually sent. Hopetomeetchawagain.

M. H., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Marguerite Clark at the Famous Players studio in New York. What's the idea of pictures of the stars for your hope box? We never had none of them in our God knows when chest. We ainta telling yuh to send a quarter, we're just suggesting it as the best thing to do when you want a photo.

THE JESTER

By Olga Petrova

The Jester sighed as laughter filled the air,
And bitterly he bowed his humble thanks,
Thinking how very great he might have been
In Shakespeare's roles. A great tragedian
Had given place to what? A low comedian.
Instead of tears, he made the public laugh.

S. C. C., BROOKLYN, MASS.—Oh, yas, we know people's ages and everything. Ann Pennington is twenty-three and she's not married yet. Harold Lockwood is thirty-one. Write to Anita Loos at the Lasky office in New York and we're quite sure she'll send you a photo. Evelyn Nesbit is appearing in vaudeville at the present time. Tom Moore is with Goldwyn. He's a peach if you say so and he was on the stage before he became a picture actor more than five years ago. Gosh! you're right about Bill Hart! He's human. Yep, Charlie Ray is married. Wend you weary "feetsteps" this way whenever you like. We'll be glad to have you.

LYNN, MASS.—We won't ever give you any info again unless you send your name along with your questions. Clifford Bruce played the outlaw in "The Winding Trail." Nawfully, nawfully mad! That's why your questions weren't answered before.

R. G., CHELSEA, MASS.—George Fisher was last with the Paralta Co. in Los Angeles. Joe King is with Triangle; John Bowers, with World; Charles Gunn, with Paralta, and Kenneth Harlan isn't married, and Jack Holt is with Lasky, and Fred Church is with Universal. The name of the dive keeper isn't given in the cast of "Little Lost Sister."

H. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—If A. says Mary Pickford is a decided brunette you tell him he is wrong. And if B. says she is a decided blonde with blue eyes and all the trimmings you tell him he is wrong. And this is the truth, the whole truth about Mary Pickford. She has light golden hair and hazel eyes and she was twenty-five years old in April.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, CANTON, OHIO.—Mary MacLane wrote books and loved cold boiled potatoes at midnight when she was seventeen. She lived in Butte. She no longer lives in Butte permanently and she is no longer seventeen but she still has that very great fondness for cold boiled potatoes at midnight. Sometime when we're seventeen we're going to write a history of *our* life and then we're going to tell how much *we* crave cold boiled hash.

LOUISE, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Jean Angelo was *Dr. Carewe* in "The Divine Sacrifice," the World production in which Kitty Gordon was featured. House Peters is another one of those mysterious absenters from the screen along with Blanche Sweet and other stars who have given up their screen work for the present and are giving no hints as to their return in the near future.

J. B., BAYONNE, N. J.—Any of the studios listed in the studio directory which appears in each issue of PHOTOPLAY is reliable. Address Mary Miles Minter at the American studio, Santa Barbara, Cal.

D. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Don't believe you saw Carl Stanton opposite Marguerite Clark in "Molly Make Believe." Mahlon Hamilton played with the little star in that production. "A Bit of Jade" is a Mary Miles Minter picture.

F. C., HAMILTON, OHIO.—George Walsh is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five. Douglas Fairbanks measures five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty. Creighton Hale weighs one hundred and forty and he too is five feet ten inches in height. William Russell is a six foot twoer and weighs two hundred and three pounds. Harold Lockwood is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and seventy-five.

NAZIMOVA FAN, MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—Address Alla Nazimova at the Metro studios in New York. Didst thou know that Mme. Nazimova is the wife of Charles Bryant?

J. W. D., WORCESTER, MASS.—Address Owen Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal. He isn't with any company.

B. H., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Mahlon Hamilton doesn't say whether he is a member of the ancient order of the henpecks union or not. He doesn't look the part to us. Address him at the Pathe studio.

L. R. W., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Jean Paige has only appeared in the Vita. O. Henry pictures. She was born in Paris in the state of Illinois in 1898.

R. S. K., CHICAGO, ILL.—William B. Davidson played with Edna Goodrich in "Her Second Husband." June Elvidge is single. Eileen Percy is with no company at present. Haven't heard of the reported engagement of Bill Hart and we're quite sure Bill would tell us of such an event. Owen is older than Tom Moore. H. B. Warner is doing no screen work. That's the reason we haven't had an interview of late. "God's Man" is now being shown in the outlying districts of the city. Wallace Reid, Antonio Moreno and Marjorie Wilson are stars. The star of a production is the one who is best known and most popular and the one featured. Beverly Bayne is twenty-four.

I. T. M., SPOKANE, WASH.—Olga Petrova is glad to answer the letters of her admirers, but she does not send out her photograph.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

N. S. A., GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—We can't get any trace of that serial. Perhaps the play you have reference to is "The Fascinating Widow." That's the one that made Julian Eltinge famous on the "legit." Twenty-five cents is sufficient to send when asking for a photo. Write to Sessue Hayakawa again and tell him of your previous letter and of the mistake made in Wallie Reids picture being sent you. Send your idea to some company. Write again.

R. A. H., SALEM, OREGON.—Wanda Petit (now Wanda Hawley) is twenty-one. She is married and is very much of a blonde with blue eyes and light hair. Miss Hawley is five feet six inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-four. Artcraft studio, Hollywood, Cal., is where she gets her mail. No trouble a-tall.

M. G., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Norma Phillips was last on the stage in New York. She has done no screen work in over two years. "The Unbeliever" is considered a crakin' good picture. Marguerite Courtot plays the feminine lead in it. William Shay is with the Herbert Brenon Co. and Jimmie Cruze with Lasky.

D. B., BERKELEY, CAL.—We're not going to tell you how many summers and winters and springs and falls we've seen, nor how many teeth we've lost, or if we are bald or if we have the rheumatism or if we have to wear specks when we read or any of those really personal things you want to know about us. Hazel Daly doesn't give her age. We don't like ladies wot swears.

T. W., ROYAL OAK, MICH.—Thank you for telling us about Hi Russell. Here's the news for our readers: Hi Russell is one of Detroit's leading brokers and has worked up a big local reputation as a movie star in comedy pictures.

B. H.,—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Charlie Chaplin made his first picture for his company just as soon as his studio was completed. "A Dog's Life," his premier production is now on the market. You may expect to see Chaplin releases regularly. Mary Pickford was twenty-five in April. She's just about four feet eleven inches tall and weighs less than a hundred pounds. Why man alive don't you know that the people are going mad over that very smile of Doug's and here you ask, "Why does Doug Fairbanks always bust out laughing?" Eileen Percy played with him in "The Man from Painted Post."

EDWINA, CUNENBURG, N. S.—Enid Bennett is with the Ince forces at Hollywood, Cal. She's married, you know, to Fred Niblo, the actor. Pauline Frederick is the wife of Willard Mack. We've given you the attention you demanded, Edwina.

MOVIE FAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Harry Ham is in the service of the U. S. Address him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal. Ann Pennington is with Famous Players. Mary Pickford's mail is sent to the Artcraft studios, Hollywood, Cal. Ann Pennington was born in 1895. Harry Ham doesn't tell how many years ago he came to this hard crool woild.

Photoplay Writing

(Continued from page 89)

of the different companies, the type of pictures they like, and the type of directors they employ is very helpful to the prospective scenario writer.

We are often asked whether it is safe for a writer to send his scripts to the various companies, the implication being that the producers of motion pictures are for the most part a band of piratical thieves. This idea seems to have become a firm conviction in the minds of many writers, and like most popular delusions, has—or at one time *had*—a foundation in fact.

In the early days of the motion picture there were many wild-cat, fly-by-night companies organized by an irresponsible lot of adventurers who tried to exploit the new art, and succeeded merely in disgracing it. In the stress of competition, however, practically all of these shoe-string organizations have been forced to the wall and their promotors driven into outer darkness. The motion picture industry today is in the hands of several groups of men who, almost without exception, are of the highest probity and honor, who would scorn to steal ideas even if it were good business to do so, *and it most decidedly is not good business,* as these men perfectly well know.

Practically every successful author is constantly assailed for plagiarism by people of whose persons or works he has never even heard. A case in point is furnished by an experience of the author of this article with regard to "Down To Earth," a picture produced by Mr. Fairbanks. In this picture there are certain scenes in a sanitarium, filled with hypochondriacs who, during the course of the story, are lured away from the sanitarium by a ruse and cast ashore upon a supposed desert island, where by leading normal, active, outdoor lives, they regain their health. Now it would seem that anyone would have the right to lay certain scenes of his story in a sanitarium, and yet, weird as it may seem, a suit was brought against the authors of this article and they were hailed to court at the instigation of a certain writer, because, forsooth, he had written a story in which certain scenes were laid in a sanitarium, as if sanitariums were his own private and particular preserves on which no one should be allowed to poach. The suit, it is needless to say, was a fizzle, and the case was thrown out of court. But the incident serves to illustrate the feverish state of mind in which an author is likely to work himself over a grievance which is a product of his own imagination, and which has no foundation.

So we say in conclusion, be reasonable. Do not imagine that producers wish to steal your ideas. On the contrary, most producers will gladly pay you well for them in order to encourage you to help supply their great demand. So send along your script to any of the leading producers without fear or trepidation, and be assured that if it contains one germ of originality, that germ will be discovered and its author eagerly sought after, in the hope that he may be able to develop that germ into an organism from which a successful picture may be made.

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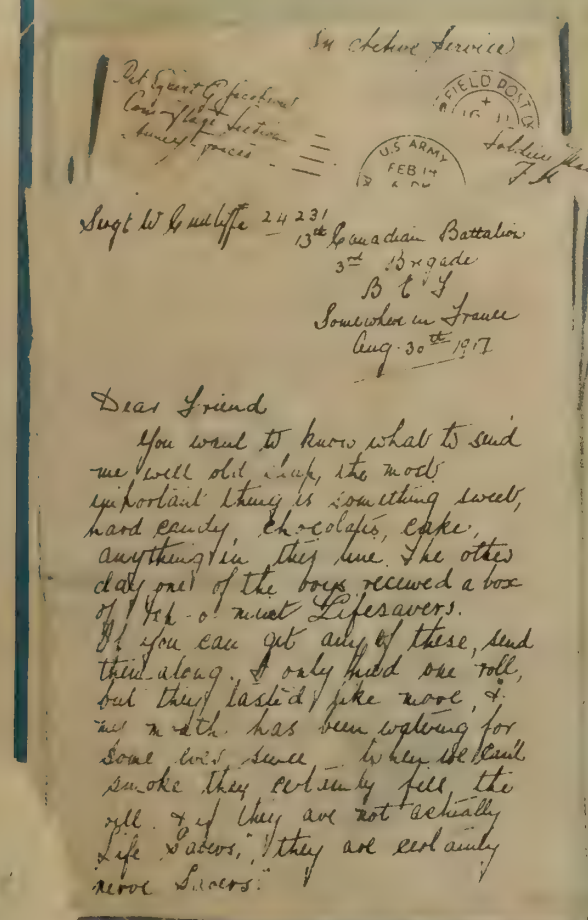

Drawn from an actual photograph

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"Remember those little Pep-o-mint Life Savers with the hole in the middle? Well, send some along."

"Your parcel was most welcome, especially the Life Savers."

"Don't forget to put in a box of Pep-o-mint Life Savers, so I can have some when I go up the line."

These are bits of actual letters from the front. Perhaps your soldier has written just such a letter to you. If so, you surely appreciate what Life Savers mean to our fighters.

In Life Savers the soldier finds a delicious, long-lasting flavor concentrated in a hard, crisp candy mint. Not heavy and filling, not too sweet, but cool and refreshing to parched throat and dusty mouth.

Try Life Savers yourself—send your soldier a box. Four flavors—Pep-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Cl-o-ve, and Lic-o-rice. Sold on 200,000 counters. 5c a package. Mint Products Co., New York. Canadian Sales Agents are MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

August
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MABEL NORMAND, Painted by HASKELL COFFIN

"Anybody Can Swim!"
Says Annette Kellermann, and she tells how in this issue

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* * *

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Or, are you too wise to be natural — are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

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And the spirit of play, of make-believe, is what lets you go on, day in and out, forgetting those practical, prosaic things that hold your nose to the grindstone.

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"HAVE you seen Louise's dear little georgette blouse?

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"'You don't mean to say you send it to the cleaner's!' she said.

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And that is precisely what Lux is. Lux comes in delicate pure flakes which dissolve instantly. You whisk them into a foamy lather, then add cold water. Into the rich, lukewarm suds you drop your most delicate blouse.

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Lux never hurt anything that pure water alone would not injure.

Let your blouse soak for a few minutes. ***Never a bit of rubbing.*** Simply dip your blouse up and down and press the suds again and again through the precious fabric. Every speck of dirt melts away without a bit of injury to a single delicate thread. Your blouse comes out new as the day you bought it.

Every woman who tries Lux wonders how she ever could have rubbed cake soap on anything she valued.

Now she buys the dainty things she loves to have and wears them often. They are not a bit of care or expense to her. She keeps them fresh and new the Lux way with no rubbing.

Get your package of Lux today from your grocer, druggist or department store.

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Silk Curtains	*Sweaters*	*Washable Satin Shirts*
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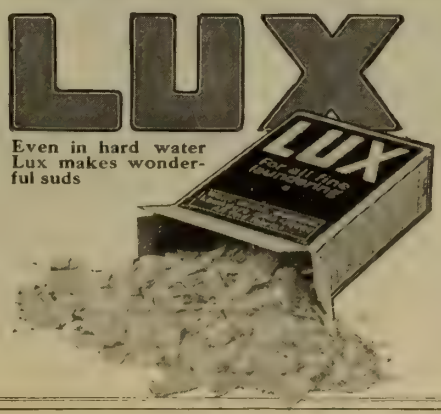

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XIV No. 3

Contents

AUGUST, 1918

Cover Design — *Mabel Normand*
From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

Rotogravure: 13
June Elvidge, Charlie Ray, William Farnum, Richard Barthelmess, Webster Campbell, Maude Wayne, Roxanna McGowan, Myrtle Lind, Anita Stewart, Lillian Gish.

Diamonds and Paste — Editorial 21

"Anybody Can Swim" — Annette Kellermann 22
The Famous Mermaid Has a Message for Landlubbers.

The Real Lillian Gish — Julian Johnson 24
As in Contrast to the Imaginary.

"Smileage" (Pictures) 27
What the Little Books Give To the Soldiers.

Gloria Glorified 28
Her Last Name is Swanson.

Missing (Fiction) — Jerome Shorey 29
Written from the Photoplay.

Vampire or Ingenue? — Herbert Howe 33
Studying Louise Glaum, 'Tis Hard to Decide.

Gas Meter to Megaphone — E. V. Durling 35
Raymond West Achieved the Jump with High Honors.

The Unexpected Happens (Pictures) 37
Regarding Mr. De Mille's "Chamber of Horrors."

"I Want To Be a Film Star" — Verne Hardin Porter 38
You Do? Here, Then, is All You Must Be. *Illustrated by R. F. James.*

(Contents continued on next page)

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for September will give the first account of this All-American Crusade for the All-American Art. *The Photoplay League of America* is the voice of the nation demanding clean pictures, real stories, human characterizations.

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Contents—*Continued*

Pity the Poor "Extras!" (Picture) 40
Do They Earn Their Money? Well, Rather!
Act One, Scene One — Alison Smith 41
How Irving Cummings Impresses the Caller.
Twixt Josephine and Joe — Jay Cole 42
Josie Sedgwick Can Drive a Coach and Be Pretty Too.
Would You Ever Suspect It? — Randolph Bartlett 43
What's In Mabel Normand's Library?
The Eagle's Eye (Fiction) — Courtney Ryley Cooper 46
Another Big Installment of the Thrilling Secret Service Serial.
A Queen His Star (Pictures) 54
How English Nobility Posed for Griffith.
Headin' South 56
The Real Reason Why Jack Holt Left Alaska.
Close-Ups — Editorial Expression 57
Maid of the Storm (Fiction) — Dale Carroll 59
Written from the Photoplay Story.
Animal Stuff — Susie Sexton 63
Making Jungle Creatures Act Before the Camera.
Miss What's-My-Name? 66
Proving That a Star By Any Name Can Be As Sweet.
Rotogravure: Marguerite Clayton, Peggy Hyland, Marion Davies, Theda Bara, Lila Lee, Norma Talmadge, Miriam Cooper, Marie Doro 67
The Man Who Takes the Pictures 75
A Study of Alfred Cheney Johnston.
Texas, the State of Excitement — Johnstone Craig 76
Miss Guinan, a Star from the Lone Star State.
Grand Crossings — Delight Evans 78
Johnanita—Have You Got It?
The Shadow Stage — Randolph Bartlett 79
Reviews of Current Photoplays.
Cramping His Style — Alison Smith 83
New York Is Pretty Crowded for Herb Rawlinson.
Plays and Players — Cal York 85
News and Comment from the Studios.
Educational Films 88
Concerning a Great New Phase of Motion Pictures.
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Pictures) 90
The Great Classic Now in Photoplay Form.
Dorothy Dalton's *"I Will"* — John H. Blackwood 92
Chicago's Official Slogan Inspired Her.
This and That 94
A Number of Interesting Pictures and Stories,
Bub's Diary (Pictures) 96
One Day in the Life of a Movie Baby.
Why Do They Do It? 98
Inconsistencies in Pictures as Discovered by Readers.
A Great Fire That Died in Infancy (Pictures) 103
Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky — Ellen Woods 104
Horoscopes of Roscoe Arbuckle and Beverly Bayne.
Questions and Answers — The Answer Man 109

Next Month

Lila Lee, the Girl of the Month

The girl of the month because:—she is only fourteen years old, has never faced a camera, yet has just been made a star by Paramount. And not a "child" star, either, for she is to play grown-girl parts. The story of a slender genius of womanly emotion found in vaudeville.

Charles, Not Charlie Chaplin

Charlie, behind the camouflage moustache, is the most whimsical thing in the universe; Charles, without the moustache, is a rather poetic artist, melancholy rather than uproarious—altogether a genius, and therefore altogether interesting. Charles, not Charlie, will be with you in September.

Stewart, Westerner of the West

Most of our Western stars were Easterners who assumed their chaps and lariats and sombreros after they grew up. Roy Stewart, the newest planet of the plains, is a *real* Westerner—he grew to his six feet and one hundred and seventy pounds on a diet of cactus and horned toads. His story is in PHOTOPLAY for September.

Have a Heart!

It looks simple from the outside: this business, or art—or whatever you are pleased to call it—of writing stories in shadows and lights. We sit out here in the darkness of our neighborhood house and pick flaws. It comes to be a pastime, a part of our picture pleasure. Did you ever think that, sometimes, the very chaps who built the picture had labored and sweated, yes, and swore, trying to avoid those very flaws. In the September issue Julian Johnson, who has just returned to the editorial chair of PHOTOPLAY after a year's absence, will tell the producers' side of the story. He has been in the front line trenches of the studios and the dugouts of the scenario writers. "Have a heart," he says; so that's what we call his story.

Taylor Holmes

The picture theaters know him as Taylor Holmes of "Efficiency Edgar" and "Ruggles of Red Gap," while to the old-fashioned theaters he is "Bunker Bean." He and his two worlds are delineated interestingly in these pages next month.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

Pay Day....Metro
Prunella....Paramount
A Doll's House....Artcraft
De Luxe Annie....Select
The Yellow Ticket....Pathe
Cyclone Higgins, D.D....Metro
Toys of Fate....Metro
The Winning of Beatrice....Metro
Social Briars....Mutual
Her Terrible Time....Mutual
Joan of Plattsburg....Goldwyn
High Stakes....Triangle
Baree, Son of Kazan....Vitagraph
Missing....Paramount
The Mysterious Client....Pathe
Peg o' the Pirates....Fox
The Mating of Marcella....Paramount
Believe Me, Xantippe....Paramount
His Own Home Town....Paramount
Old Wives For New....Artcraft
The Interloper....World
A Red-Headed Cupid....Triangle
Who Is To Blame?....Triangle
$5,000 Reward....Universal
A Soul For Sale....Universal
The Oldest Law....World
The Accidental Honeymoon....Rapf
The Golden Goal....Vitagraph
The Triumph of the Weak....Vitagraph
Wolves of the Border....Triangle
Her Decision....Triangle
A Daughter of the West....Pathe
True Blue....Fox
All Woman....Goldwyn
The Street of Seven Stars....De Luxe
The Firebrand....Fox
Cecilia of the Pink Roses....Graphic
Reclaimed....Harry McRae Webster
"Blue Eyed Mary"....Fox
Vengeance....World
Men....U. S. Exhibitor
Confession....Fox
The Bravest Way....Paramount
The Man Hunt....World
Stolen Orders....Brady
For Sale....Pathe
More Trouble....Pathe
A Broadway Scandal....Bluebird
Lend Me Your Name....Metro
A Game With Fate....Vitagraph
Viviette....Paramount
Love's Conquest....Paramount
Ace High....Fox
A Square Deal....Mutual
When Men Betray....Abramson
The Fair Pretender....Goldwyn

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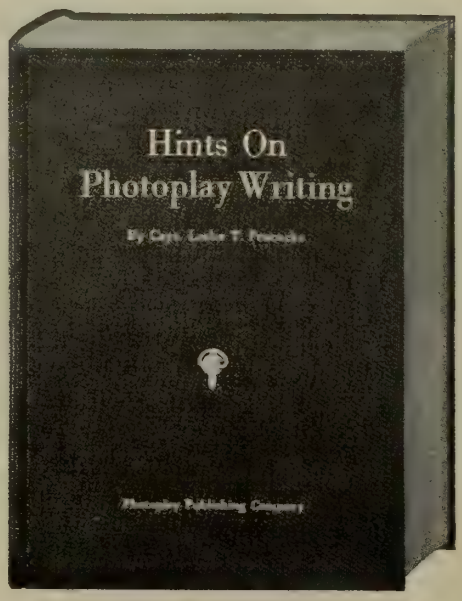

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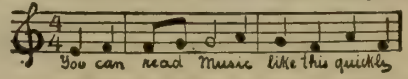

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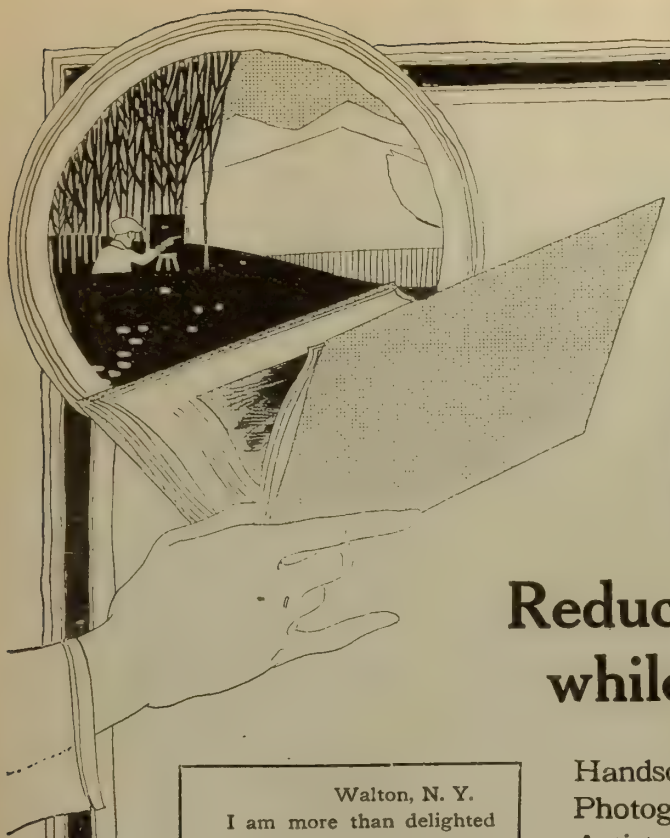

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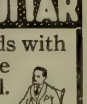

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MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

Novels Boys' Stories Humor Essays Travel History

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The Great American

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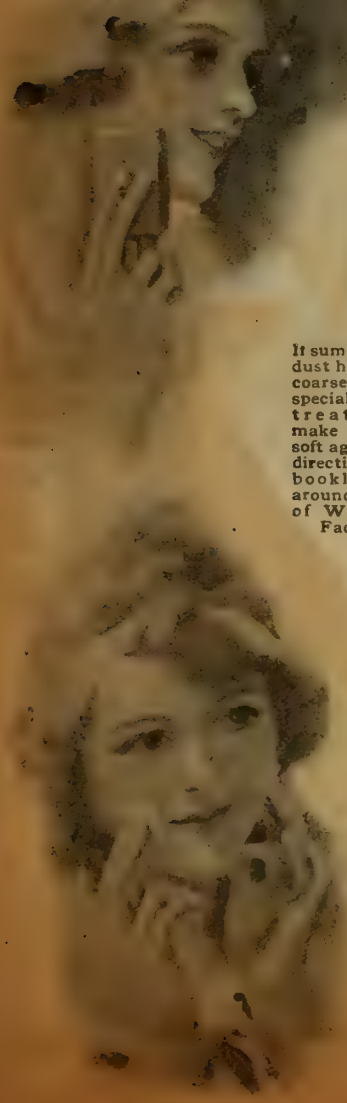

Your skin needs special care in summer

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

If summer sun and dust have begun to coarsen your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it fine and soft again. For full directions see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

THINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture—irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with *a piece of ice.* Dry the skin carefully.

For rousing sallow, sluggish skins, try the famous Woodbury treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

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Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 508 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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JUNE ELVIDGE has one all-absorbing interest in life—clothes. She admits it. "I like my work at the studio because it is just one charming frock after another." Miss Elvidge's good taste is apparent on the screen in World photodramas.

White Studio

Witzel

LONG ago PHOTOPLAY called Charlie Ray "Ince's Wonder Boy. Ray has come through—witness his work in "The Hired Man," "His Own Home Town," and "Playing the Game." He plays baseball, drives his own car, and loves his wife.

BIG Bill Farnum is a he-man. Boy fans enjoy his smashes with the villain; girls thrill at his fifth-reel grabs. Unlike his contemporary, Bill Hart, Farnum is an accomplished Romeo. He demonstrates in "Rough and Ready."

Underwood & Underwood

IN "War Brides," there was a boy who held the attention even when Nazimova was on the screen: Richard Barthelmess—and he kept right at it, and now he's a Paramount leading man. Lately seen with Marguerite Clark.

Lumiere

WEBSTER CAMPBELL is co-starring with Corinne Griffith in a Vitagraph photoplay, "New York, or Danger Within," a patriotic hurrah and spy exposé by Robert W. Chambers. Miss Griffith is really Mrs. Webster Campbell.

Evans Studio

PHOTOPLAY'S August number would be incomplete without a few close-ups of the accepted surf costumes. Presenting Maude Wayne, a Triangle-Keystone beauty—last word being lily-painting. First glance is deceiving; Miss Wayne is matching the colors of her skirt and hose.

ROXANNA McGOWAN seems to be having a tough time of it regardless of what she might have said when she came out. Whether it's a shark or an alligator we don't know; nor, apparently, does Roxanna.

Evans Studio

WOULD you ever have guessed that the girl at the left is called Myrtle? Lind is a fine last name and Myrtle's all right, of course, only—well, one can't help thinking of some really inspired given name for a girl like—like Myrtle. Yes, they're all Triangle-Keystoners.

AFTER a year's absence, Anita Stewart returns to the screen in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Her smile is just as brilliant as if she hadn't lost a case in court and participated in an automobile smash-up her very first day "on location."

Underwood & Underwood

LACE and lavender, roses in moonlight, gentle kisses, flower-hung garden walls —these are the things you unconsciously associate with Lillian Gish. But in reality, Lillian, an ingenue in appearance, is a rather suave woman off the screen.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV AUGUST, 1918 NO. 3

Diamonds and Paste

WHEN a woman buys a gown she does not simply go into the first shop she sees and buy it across the counter. She considers fabrics, colors, designs. And after the gown has been made to her order, if she does not like it or it does not fit, she does not condemn all clothing, and say she will not wear any in future.

When a man decides to pass an evening at the theatre, he does not simply drop in at the first house whose electrics meet his gaze. He wants to know what play it is, and who wrote the play, and who is starred, and perhaps who produced it. Nor if, after all these precautions he does not like the entertainment, does he say, "All plays are bad. I will not go to the theatre again."

Yet they do it to the movies.

"Let's go to the movies," says Friend Wife, and with Friend Husband she sallies forth. The chances are that, unless they are actual fans, they will go into the picture house nearest their home. If it happens that they see a poor production, or a story which does not interest them, or a star whose nose is not the exact shape they like, they will go home declaring that moving pictures are no good.

It is not the person who can compare intelligently the productions of the various companies, who fulminates against pictures, but the one to whom movies are just movies, coming from he neither knows nor cares where.

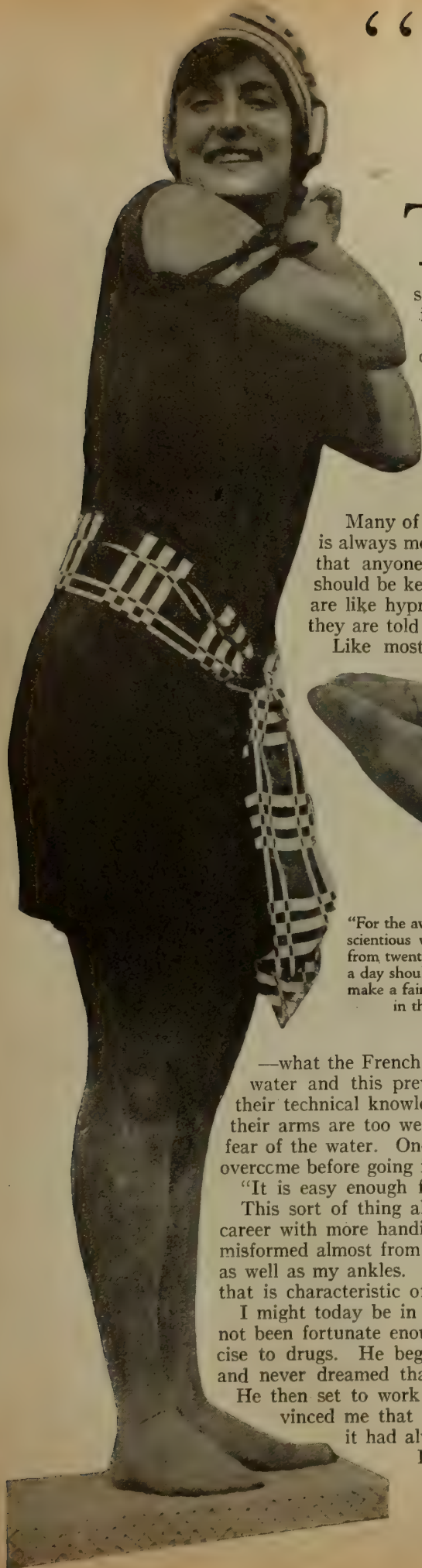
The woman who knows there are as many kinds of gowns as there are women who wear them, and the man who is as particular about choosing a play to see, as if it were an automobile, too often loose their sense of the variety of creation when it comes to the movies.

Nor are these the people who are unintelligent in other matters. One of the greatest geniuses of the theatre recently wrote an article in which he made himself ridiculous by drawing the most absurd conclusions from pictures he had seen, when the very nature of his comments proved that he had been seeing the very worst and not the best productions.

The eventual success of pictures with this sort of people depends upon the better class of producers maintaining standards so high, and keeping their names before the public so prominently, that the most casual observers will know that here, as everywhere else, there are diamonds and paste, and that there are some dealers who will not sell paste.

"Anybody Can

World's most famous swimmer gives and tells how exercise transformed her



THERE is just one secret of the art of swimming—confidence. Once the person who wants to swim has banished fear and become confident, swimming is as simple as walking.

Between the aspirant and this confidence there lie several superstitions, or traditions, all of which can easily be abolished. Among these imaginary disabilites are the following:

"My arms and legs are not strong enough" or some similar physical disability.

"The minute I touch the water I sink."

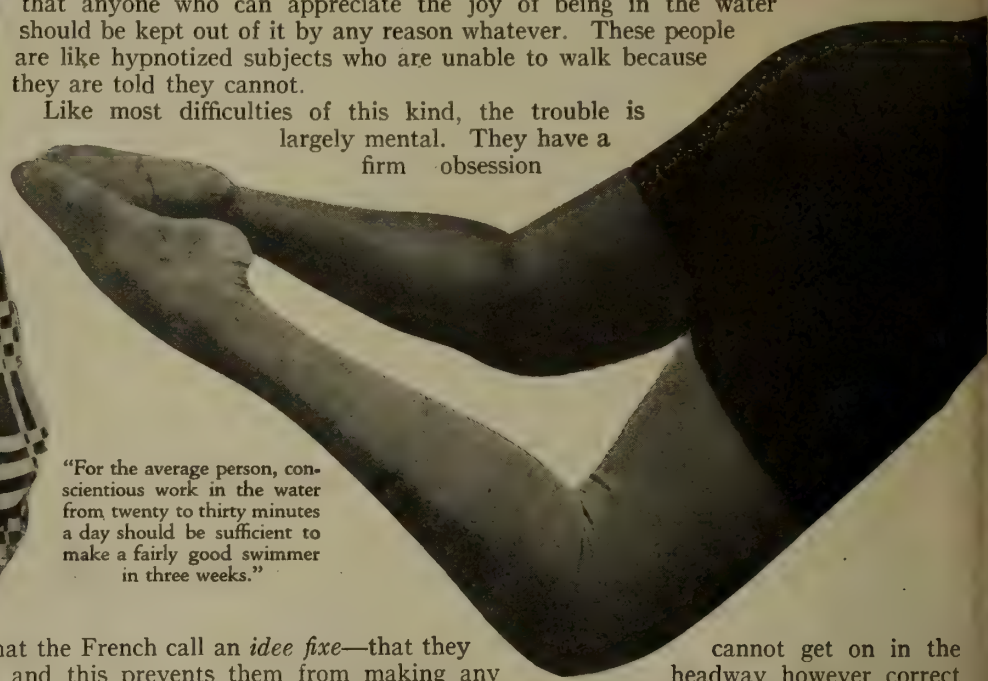
"I cannot learn to hold my breath under water."

"Water gets into my eyes and blinds me."

Every morning I get plaintive letters from people who insist that they can never learn to swim. They take lessons, they tell me and believe that they understand the principles perfectly, but when they get in the water, all they can do is cling to the rope and shriek.

Many of them make fun of their efforts, good-humoredly, but to me the situation is always more pathetic than amusing. It has always seemed to me so unfortunate that anyone who can appreciate the joy of being in the water should be kept out of it by any reason whatever. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot.

Like most difficulties of this kind, the trouble is largely mental. They have a firm obsession



"For the average person, conscientious work in the water from twenty to thirty minutes a day should be sufficient to make a fairly good swimmer in three weeks."

—what the French call an *idee fixe*—that they cannot get on in the water and this prevents them from making any headway however correct their technical knowledge of strokes may be. Nearly all who "cannot swim" will insist that their arms are too weak or their legs too stiff or that they are suffering from a congenital fear of the water. One man told me mournfully that I could never understand what he must overcome before going in the surf.

"It is easy enough for you to talk," he said, resentfully.

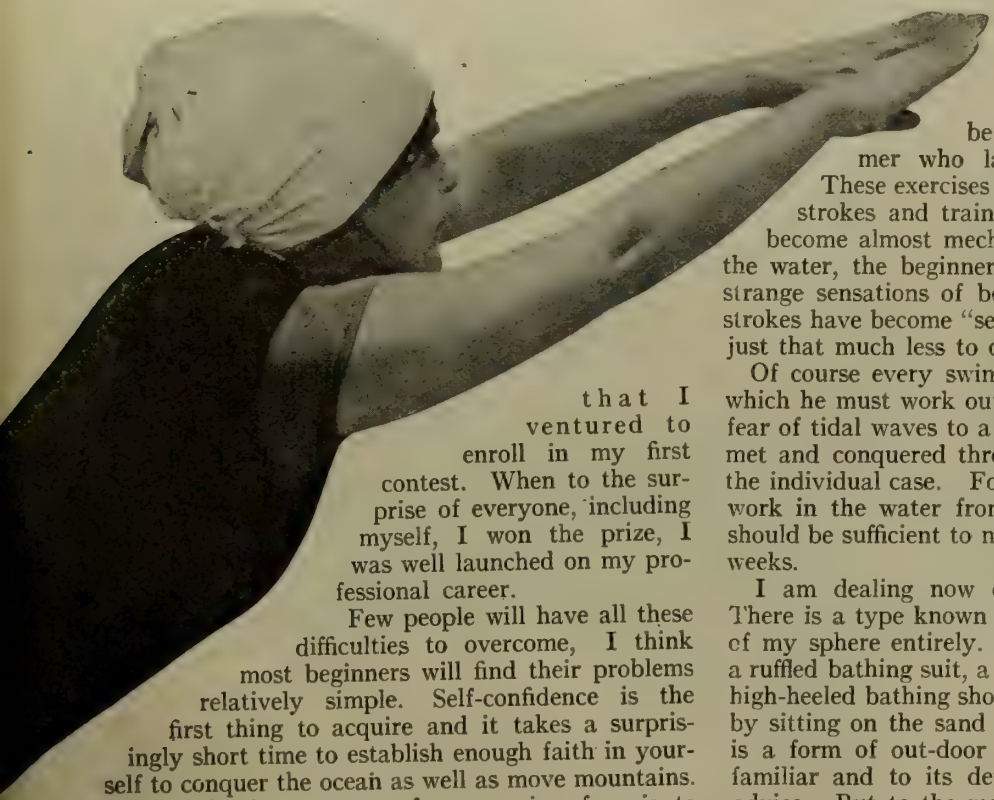
This sort of thing always amuses me, for no prospective swimmer could have begun their career with more handicaps than I. As a child I was a cripple. My legs had been painfully misformed almost from babyhood, and I was obliged to wear steel braces which hurt my pride as well as my ankles. Moreover I had that terror of the sea and of all strenuous activities that is characteristic of frail and nervous children.

I might today be in the position of those who look on wistfully at out-door sports, if I had not been fortunate enough to find a doctor who believed in the superiority of corrective exercise to drugs. He began these exercises so gradually that I grew to regard them as games, and never dreamed that I was being lured by inches into the sea-bathing which I hated. He then set to work to overcome my fear of the sea and through infinite patience, convinced me that it was a jolly if boisterous play-fellow instead of the roaring monster it had always seemed.

I shall never forget my thrill of delight and power when I first realized that I was master of my movements in the water just as on land. Gradually my legs regained normal form and strength, my general health improved and I found that what began as a "corrective exercise" had become an ideal recreation. My enthusiasm increased so rapidly

Swim"—*Says Annette Kellermann*

Photoplay readers advice on swimming, from child cripple to physical perfection.



that I ventured to enroll in my first contest. When to the surprise of everyone, including myself, I won the prize, I was well launched on my professional career.

Few people will have all these difficulties to overcome, I think most beginners will find their problems relatively simple. Self-confidence is the first thing to acquire and it takes a surprisingly short time to establish enough faith in yourself to conquer the ocean as well as move mountains.

One of the best means of overcoming fear is to realize how difficult it is to sink. You can prove this to your own satisfaction by dropping a coin in water that is just a little deeper than your arms can reach. If you increase this depth by degrees so that stooping over to reach the coin with the hand causes the entire disappearance of the body under water, you will find that you are unable to pick it up without the aid of a swimming stroke that will cause you to descend. The human body floats by a small margin, and it is usually the blind movements of a frantic struggle that cause drowning.

Familiarity with the swimmer's habits of breathing will also do much to dispel fear. An unexpected mouthful of salt water will make a beginner believe that he is strangling to death and will upset whatever poise he may have acquired. To prevent this, a few simple experiments in a bath-tub will do wonders. You can easily become accustomed to holding your breath under water by taking a full breath before submerging, and then expelling the air through the nose while submerged.

Another thing that will inspire confidence is the ability to open your eyes and keep them open under water. This also can be practiced in the tub. Clear water will at first cause a little irritation of the eyelids but this is perfectly harmless and will disappear. No one can feel entirely at home in the water until he has learned to see as fish do.

Dry land swimming exercises may be very helpful to the aspiring swimmer who lacks familiarity with the water. These exercises accustom the muscles to the various strokes and train the mind so that the movements become almost mechanical. In his first struggles with the water, the beginner is naturally handicapped by the strange sensations of being in a new element, but if the strokes have become "second nature" on land, he will have just that much less to overcome.

Of course every swimmer has his own set of problems which he must work out by himself. These range from a fear of tidal waves to a loathing for jelly fish and must be met and conquered through the experiments that best fit the individual case. For the average person, conscientious work in the water from twenty to thirty minutes a day should be sufficient to make a fairly good swimmer in three weeks.

I am dealing now only with the practical swimmer. There is a type known as the social swimmer which is out of my sphere entirely. Their method consists in wearing a ruffled bathing suit, a cap trimmed with rubber roses and high-heeled bathing shoes to match. The exercise is taken by sitting on the sand and posing under a parasol. This is a form of out-door sport with which I am not at all familiar and to its devotees I cannot possibly give any advice. But to the man or woman and even to the little child who really wants to swim—to every one in earnest, I can say with absolute certainty that there are practically no obstacles which perseverance will not overcome.

"It has always seemed unfortunate that anyone who can appreciate the joy of being in the water should be kept out of it for any reason whatever. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot."

Dorothy and Lillian in their dressing-room.

The Real Lillian Gish *Vs. The Imaginary*

Preconceived notions are invariably wrong —particularly so in the Gish Case.

By Julian Johnson

MOST people have a preconceived notion of Lillian Gish, just as they have of the Kaiser, business hours on a submarine, a big party in old Rome, summer at the North Pole, what a Chinaman is thinking about, the origin of the American Indian, Theda Bara's private life, Mary Miles Minter's real age, or Mr. Griffith's next picture. Like the Hun philosopher's idea of a camel—he never saw one, but evolved a picture from his inner consciousness—preconceived notions are almost invariably wrong. And never more so than in the Gish case.

There is a growing suspicion that the word "Gish" is an adjective rather than a proper name. In so far as it applies to Lillian. It must be admitted that there is ground for this suspicion.

It has been Lillian Gish's privilege to rise to world-wide celebrity as a *figurante* of innocence, maidenhood and springtime love in the photoplays of D. W. Griffith—and, in one frock or another, out West or back East, down South or over in France, she has never played anything else.

Lace and lavender, roses in moonlight, gentle kisses, old tunes pianissimo, a mystic Rocking Cradle, flower-hung garden walls—these are the things you unconsciously associate with Lillian Gish. Fresh blood on new-fallen snow is a terrible thing to see, much more terrible than blood on ground. So Mr. Griffith makes Lillian Gish the snowy background for the blood of his battles: rapine coils at her feet, the bat wings of murder flap past her head, the red hands of atrocity and terror reach toward her out of the murk—and never quite touch her.

That's why the picture populace has considered and does consider Lillian a pale, perfumeless lily, off as well as on.

The yardstick on a woman's brain is her sense of humor. Women are naturally a little more flexible than men, they are more facile and more adroit, and when they can give and take a joke they become the real sovereigns of the earth. Of course it is a popular tradition that no ingenue can possibly have a sense of the ridiculous—else she would laugh at herself and automatically go out of the ingenue business. Perhaps because she is one of the greatest professional ingenues in the world, Lillian Gish artfully locks her sense of humor up in her dressing room when called onto the set. In fact, knowing when not to laugh, and never laughing in the wrong place, is laughter's Scottish Rite. So far, Lillian of the lillies has never untied so much as a wan smile—in public—which has not been of the sub-deb order.

But on Serrano avenue in Los Angeles there is another sort of Lillian: an ingenue in appearance, still, but a rather suave and well-poised woman in reality, in spite of

the fact that she is scarcely over the top of twenty years. She is the studious rather than athletic type of girl—she leaves the muscle stuff to the "Little Disturber" in the same household—a girl who despises the shams of society, a girl who is much more at home with Balzac and Thackeray and Dickens and Galsworthy than with Chambers or Owen Johnson, a girl who has just returned from Europe more intensely devoted to America than ever.

To begin with, Lillian Gish is an enthusiast about the war. She is very much of an optimist, and she sees from the chaos of destruction the supreme reorganization of the world.

"I think this is a wonderful age to live in!" she declares. "It seems to me the world was going to sleep in selfishness—not a part, but all of it. America was quite sure that its inventions were the most wonderful things of history, England was all tied up in social traditions and class distinctions, and Germany, the supremely selfish thing of the Universe, was headed for a reincarnation of the old Roman Empire.

"When this is all over, the world is going to quit being provincial. We'll be less citizens of the Loire, or Kent, or California, and we'll be more citizens of the world. We'll understand each other.

"You know, we've got into a terrible habit over here: we think that the first thing to do to win is to call the Kaiser all the names we can think of—and the rest will be easy. They've passed that stage in England and France. The French and English are giving the devil his due just to beat him at his own game! It was only when I had been there quite awhile that I began to see that this spirit of sizing up murderous German ambition and soulless German accomplishment in a cool, dispassionate way was just about the worst thing that could happen to the Germans. When people get angry they lose their heads and call names. When they're perfectly calm, and patient even in suffering, and just quietly determined to win—then they're awfully dangerous!"

And Miss Gish has some right to be a war critic, for she has been in the battle line in France, and went through eight air raids in London.

"Almost always," she declares, "there were warnings—the aircraft guns in the distance, then nearer; finally, the deep, heavy boom of the falling bombs. Only once was our fright very sudden and intensely real. It had been a quiet evening, with no thought of an impending raid. We were living in the Hotel Cecil. Suddenly the biggest noise in the world came from the courtyard and street below. In the tremendous roar of the explosion the whole hotel rocked as though in an earthquake. I was flung from my chair, and in the dark—it is almost a criminal offense to turn on the lights in an air-raid—people rushed about like little ants in a hill you've just stepped on. The most dreadful part was the

Stage

Carpenter

Top—Dorothy Gish as "The Little Disturber" in "Hearts of the World." Below—Dorothy herself.

"WHO do you think are the most ideally fitted of all people—according to the British—to become airmen? Not the British officers, nor young French adventurers, nor even American racing drivers. The American cowboys! An airplane does the same thing to your liver, I guess, that a bucking broncho does. Driving anything on a level is no preliminary training, but the fellow who has 'zoomed up'—as the airmen say—on some bad little horse in Arizona is perfectly broken for the saddle of a scout plane."

screams and groans of the wounded and dying in the street below, for the bomb had struck a party in carriages. One cannot venture into the street when the anti-aircraft guns are barking, for the spray of shrapnel is even more dangerous than German high explosive—and there they lay, begging for aid, for fifteen full minutes, under our windows! It seems hours. As soon as the guns ceased of course almost everyone in the hotel rushed to them . . . not many were living, then . . . I shall never forget it.

"Another thing, that I wish I could forget, was my visit to the homes of a lot of poor mothers after a school had been bombed by a German squadron at midday, flying at the great height of 18,000 feet. I saw one woman whose little brood of three had all been torn to pieces by German nitroglycerin. She wasn't crying. She wasn't saying anything. But if there is a hell I saw it in the depths of her dry, sunken eyes. If I could reproduce that look on the screen they would call me greater than Bernhardt. And if I did I should go insane."

Mr. Griffith, it seems, was the bane of the party's existence—he and Billy Bitzer, the cameraman, but Bitzer was not quite as venturesome.

"Bobby Harron was fairly tractable," says Lillian. "In other words, if there was a lot doing, he'd take us—or get us where we could see, if possible. But Mr. Griffith—! He might be at dinner with a general, and if the air-guns began to sound he grabbed his hat like a little kid at the first shouts of a ball-game, and vanished. Lots of times he didn't come home till the following day! He was always in the street—he actually chased the darned things, as if trying to make them drop a nice sample bomb on him!

One of Mr. Griffith's peculiar studies for future years was collected in a camouflaged camera-nest near the Opera, in Paris. Here, for an hour or so on a number of days, Bitzer ground steadily and unobserved on the countenances of passers-by: the soldier, the widow, the old man, the Englishman, the bride, the child, the American, the coquette, the poilu's wife—he has a record of the unconscious war-face of every manner of human being in Paris. Lillian Gish, with Dorothy, started her act-

ing career as a child in the melodramas of Blaney and Al Woods. Later on she attracted Belasco's attention, and played principal fairy—or something like that—in "The Good Little Devil," with Mary Pickford. But she says that she was utterly unsuited to this role—hadn't enough experience for it in any way. Then she went to the Biograph, and under Mr. Griffith's direction, where she has remained ever since.

The sisters Gish—Lillian and Dorothy—have always lived with their mother, Mrs. Mae Gish, yet have not escaped the customary quart and a half of rumors of engagement and impending marriage—little Dorothy being perhaps an especial victim. So far, neither of them has any matrimonial intention in reality.

Serrano avenue, and their home, is not twenty minutes ride from the old Fine Arts studio which has modestly draped the birth of numerous masterpieces. Lillian, in her odd moments of neither working nor reading, is essaying swimming, French and piano. Dorothy—when not hopping about the country in her new enclosed car—is swimming to beat the band.

And Dorothy, being a selfish little sister, clips the end off her sister's interview: "Want to know where the 'Little Disturber' character *really* came from? Well, she was a little cockney girl; she's English, not French at all. Mr. Griffith saw her on the Strand one day, freshness, wig-wag walk and all. He followed her for hours—or rather, we did, and then I thought he was dreadful to make me play her. I couldn't. Besides, I didn't like her. I thought she was crazy! But Mr. Griffith insisted, and then I cried. He insisted some more, and—and I did. And I'm glad, now."

Think you that Lillian brooked or cared for the Little Disturber's interruption? She wound up the party herself after all. "When I'm thirty," she announced, "I'm going back to the stage. I want to play real women—not impossible heroines, or namby-pamby girls. I should like to play Becky Sharp—just to let you know how I feel about parts!"

Personally, I think Lillian Gish is going to play a lot of very real women before she leaves the screen—if she ever leaves it. She has the capability, the perception, and the intelligence.

Lillian Gish in an amusing scene from the Griffith war-drama, appearing with Ben Alexander, who thus became the greatest boy actor on the screen.

Stagg

The open-air movie theatres in the camps are put to many uses. _ Boxing bouts are one of them.

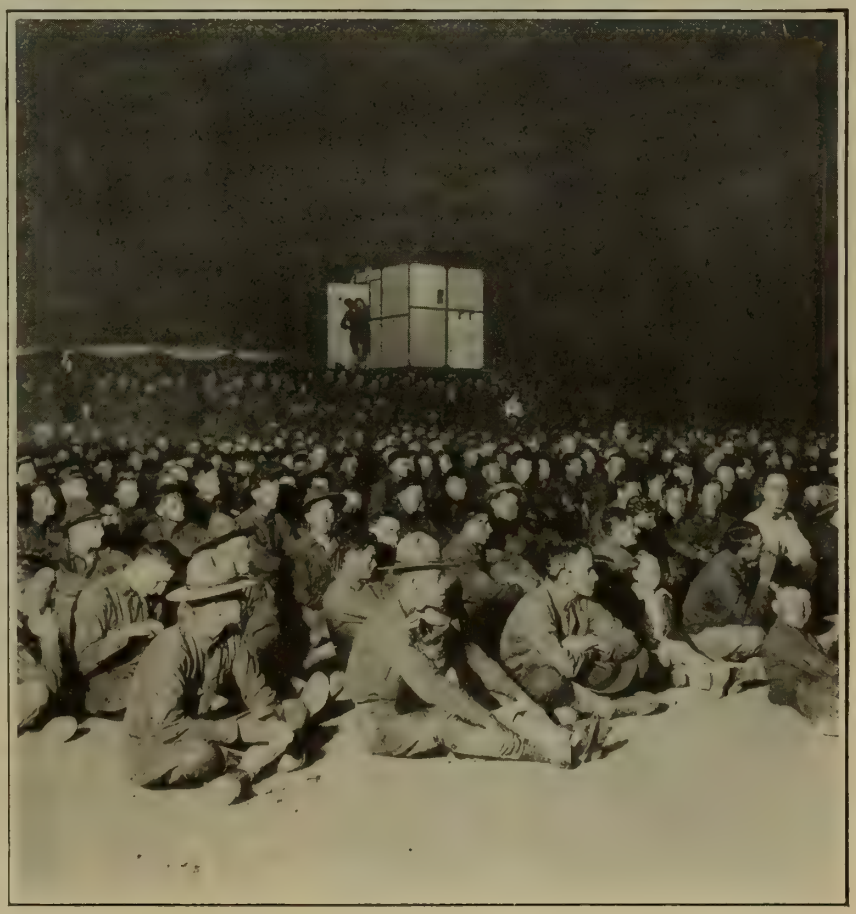
"Smileage"

YOU never heard of a city of 40,000 population without a picture theatre. Well, the army cantonments are cities with an average population of about 40,000.

Sometimes the picture theatre has walls and a roof. Sometimes there isn't enough room, so on fine nights they set up the apparatus outdoors, Mother Earth furnishing chairs.

One of the advantages enjoyed by the soldiers is that they don't have to pay any war tax. But they do have to pay admission to the shows —five or ten cents. It was to relieve them of this expense that Smileage was invented. Railway mileage books provide the owner with transportation for a certain distance. These Smileage books, which are being widely sold and sent to the soldiers, provide the recipient with a certain number of admissions to picture shows.

The great resources of the National Army provide first class operators, exchange men, and all other members of the profession to conduct first class motion picture entertainment cheaply.



Our soldiers are not the least bit fastidious at the movies. The ground serves just as well for a seat as the orchestra chair even though it is not as comfortable.

Gloria Glorified

Proving that hatpins are still mighty useful things

THERE are times when the everyday usual is downright unusual. For instance, there was once upon a time a girl who—

Was born in Chicago (where few come from, but whence all go in time);

Never even was a wee bit stage-struck;

Aspired to be a portrait painter;

Adored mathematics and Latin;

And regarded acting for the films as the last word in nothing to do.

Her name was—and is—Gloria Swanson, and since then—three years ago when she was sixteen—her views have changed considerably. There's a reason.

In "Society for Sale," with William Desmond, Miss Swanson graduated from light comedy to drama.

One day some friends invited her to visit the Essanay studio in Chicago with them. She was not interested; they insisted. So, to save argument, she went. A director saw her.

"You ought to screen wonderfully," he said, "—if you don't screen terribly."

That aroused her fighting blood. "I wanted to see," she explains, "if it was possible these others had something I didn't have. It was a dare. 'Try me,' I said to him. He told me to report for a mob scene scheduled for the following week. I went and was selected to play a small part. Well—"

That started her on her career: six months with Essanay, a year and a half in Mack Sennett's Keystone light comedies on the West Coast, nearly a year in Triangle comedies, and then—the big jump!

Surprising how things happen; what little things can bring about big things. Here was one on top of the other. Playing in Triangle comedies Miss Swanson started out "on location" one day a few weeks ago. She found she had forgotten her hatpin, and rushed back to the studio for it, almost bumping into Jack Conway, Triangle's feature director, in her haste.

"Wait a minute," called the director. "I've been watching your work, and I'm going to have you cast in a new picture I'm starting on. Want to be?"

"Do I?" fluttered the girl. "Gracious! I'd give my life for the chance."

And so another dramatic star was made.

Simple, isn't it?—when you know how!

MISSING

The faith of the wife of a soldier that endured the severest tests

By Jerome Shorey

WHEN Nell and Hester Cookson were left orphans, there was no doubt as to which would be the ruling factor in their existence. Nell was ten years younger than her sister, and pretty. Her prettiness had never been permitted to give her any satisfaction, however. "Never could expect to find any brains inside that doll's head" was one of Hester's daily rebukes. It was not because Hester did not love her sister, but because she felt her responsibility to protect her against the cruelties of life, that she insisted upon this axiom of their relations—that Nell must do nothing without her approval. There might have been, too, something of the involuntary jealousy that one woman cannot help feeling for another to whom nature has been kind.

Also, it is unfair to criticize too severely those upon whom heavy responsibilities are placed, without resources adequate to the situation. The sisters were not destitute, but the little annuity left them was barely sufficient for actual necessities, as necessities are measured by that class which inhabits the border land between the middle class and the aristocracy in England. They had been tenderly nurtured, well educated, taught to know and appreciate the finer things of life—taught everything, in fact, except how to make their own way in the world, and find joy in it as well. It was not merely that the idea of a gentlewoman working was revolting to them—or at least to Hester—but it was bewildering. What could they do? They knew music, but not enough to teach it; and everything else they knew was of about the same practical value—useful for social purposes and little more.

The man's supplication was all for glory, for victory,—the woman's only that he be brought back to her safely.

There was an obviously simple solution to the entire problem—anyone could see it at a glance, and Hester seldom allowed a day to pass without reminding Nell of it. This was, of course, that Nell could marry money. Hester did not even state it in the customary diplomatic form—"make a good match." "You must marry money" she said to Nell, over and over again. Perhaps it was this crude but honest expression of the idea that brought about the first and only revolt in the history of the sisters' lives. Had Hester taken a less desperate view of the situation, and tactfully managed to keep before Nell's attention the various desirable possibilities among the men of their acquaintance, there might have been a different story to tell. But with the cold, calculating manner of a social auditor, she appraised every man they met, maligned their possible virtues, until Nell could hardly endure it.

Even then, the habit of obedience might have broken down her resistance, only for the arrival in Nell's life of a romance which drove out all thought of any course of action incompatible with its demands. It happened quite suddenly, before Hester could take any steps to prevent it from coming to a crisis. The sisters attended a bazaar, given for a war charity. Hester approved of her sister's activities in such matters, because they brought one in touch quite intimately with the "right sort of people." Of course, many undesirables were present as well, but this could not be avoided in war times, so completely were all barriers of caste destroyed. This very leveling was an advantage not to be scorned, for did it not also bring within their reach desirable acquaintances otherwise impossible?

The acquaintance of Lieut. George Surratt was not, however, such a desirable one, but it was accomplished without Hester's knowledge. The bazaar opened early in the afternoon and continued until late in the evening. Hester employed her time in hunting, deliberately, for the right man for Nell to marry, and so engrossed was she in this quest that she did not notice that her sister was almost constantly in the company of Lieut. Surratt. George's regiment was soon to leave for France. He and Nell were attracted to each other immediately, and the very feeling that they might never meet again had a compelling force in drawing them closer together in a day,

than they might otherwise have come in months. With everything at such high tension, true character dwells close to the surface, and before Nell and George parted that first evening, they knew that they loved each other.

Hester looked askance when the lieutenant called at their home the following day and she began making inquiries. That evening she took Nell to task.

"You must not see this young man again," she said. "He is nobody—a beggar! Why, he has hardly any more money than we ourselves. And he doesn't stand to inherit anything. He is quite impossible. You must drop him."

"It's too late, Hester," Nell replied quietly. "I have promised to marry him."

"Marry him!" Hester exclaimed, aghast. "Never! You shan't, do you hear? You shan't!"

"I have promised to marry him, and I shall—immediately," Nell insisted calmly.

This disobedience was unthinkable. The submissive Nell had never before displayed even the suggestion of such a possibility. Never having encountered the problem before, Hester did not know how to handle it, so she stormed, scolded and threatened. But the Nell who had found love was a different person from the listless girl who never had questioned her sister's authority simply because nothing had sufficiently mattered. So she remained calm and immovable in her simple declaration.

George's letters from the front were replete with descriptions of life in the little French village, his assurances of victory over the ruthless foe, his hope and confidence in the outcome.

There was, inevitably, another scene when Lieut. Surratt arrived the next day to take away his betrothed. He might be called any day, and they decided not to postpone the wedding.

"Young man," Hester sneered, "how do you propose to support my sister?"

"We have discussed all that," he replied. "You do not seem to realize that life is somewhat different from what it was a few years ago. There are millions in England today who would regard you as wealthy. I have a little money, and that shall be added to what Nell has. She will be comfortably situated, and need have no fear for the future. She has assured me that she wants nothing more."

"It is not what she expects—it is what she is entitled to that I am talking about. I am here to protect her, and I propose to do so," Hester loftily replied.

"I would like to retain your friendship," the young man answered, "but it is your sister's happiness I am thinking about first. And I do not believe you have the least conception of what is necessary for that happiness. I don't believe you understand her ideals. And since you compel me to do so, I must say it is obvious that you are thinking more of yourself than you are of her."

When she could find words to express her rage, Hester ordered her sister's betrothed out of the house, but when he went he was accompanied by Nell. So buoyant is youthful love that not even the shadow of war and George's impending departure, could dim the light of their happiness, much less the querulousness of a disappointed sister who, they assured one another, would eventually recover from her anger. They little knew the depths of vindictiveness in Hester's heart.

Surratt took his bride to a little village in the north of England and there they forgot—or pretended to forget—for a week, that the guns were booming in France. George rented a little cottage, and made all arrangements for his bride to be cared for while he was doing his country's work. So the days passed swiftly, and they learned in the quiet hours of understanding silence, that they had made no mistake, and that the romance which had bloomed so suddenly in their lives was in truth a life mating.

One afternoon the peremptory summons came. The moment before, it had seemed that nothing ever could interrupt their happiness. Nell was at the piano, singing George's favorite song, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid o' Dundee." Her voice was clear and untroubled as that of a lark. As she ended George leaned over and kissed her.

"I shall never forget this moment as long as I live," he whispered. "No matter where I may be, I shall always hear you sing that song."

Then the knock on the door and the telegram. He had to leave in the morning. But while, for the first time in her life, Nell faced the prospect of being alone in the world, entirely dependent upon her own strength, there had come to her a new vision of existence which lent her a quiet confidence. She nearly broke down once, as she packed his kit bag—the visual fact that told of his imminent departure,—but she pulled herself together, determined to be a worthy member of that vast army of women who were giving all that was dearest, to free the world from its awful menace. Yet when they knelt together for a little moment of prayer, the man's supplication was all for glory, for victory,—the woman's only that he might be brought back to her safely.

Nell wrote to Hester at once, ignoring their quarrel, simply telling her that George had gone to the front, and inviting her to come and live with her. Hester, realizing that nothing was to be gained by obstinacy, and that she

might as well make the best of things, accepted, and a week later joined her sister. She had been beaten once—in the critical battle of her life with Nell, and so there was less of her former spirit of imperious domination. Moreover, she could recognize strength when she encountered it, and realized that Nell was no longer the listless little girl she had always known. So she learned to have her way by more subtle methods, and as Nell had no interest in anything except her husband's welfare, their life together was quite harmonious.

One of the nearest neighbors of the sisters was Sir William Farrell, a young man who, owing to a slight lameness, was unfit for military duty, but who had made splendid reparation to the general cause by establishing upon his estate a hospital and convalescent camp. This was the center of the war charity activities of the vicinity, and the sisters soon met the philanthropist. Hester, always the sycophant, cultivated the acquaintance persistently, and invited Sir William to call at their cottage. He found it a restful place, and as one of his favorite diversions was sketching, he used to escape frequently from his numerous responsibilities and stroll away to some picturesque spot with Nell, for relief from the constant scenes of pain at his hospital.

Sir William believed Nell to be a widow and he could not continue forever to conceal his love for her. At last he found occasion to plead his cause.

Hester watched the growth of this friendship with sinister eye. There was no telling what might happen. The fortunes of war were such that any day might bring news of the death of the man whose insult she would never forget. The greater Nell's faith and love, the more Hester chafed against the memory of her defeat. So she lost no opportunity of throwing the two together alone. She might gain her ends with Nell even yet.

But Nell was supremely unconscious of anything that might be in her sister's mind, and whatever may have been Sir William's thoughts, he kept them closely in his own heart. He shared with Nell the joy she had in George's letters from the front, his descriptions of life in the little French village where they were quartered, his assurances of victory over the ruthless foe, his hope and his confidence in the outcome.

"And when it grows quiet," he wrote once, "I can hear you singing 'Bonnie Sweet Bessie' again, and see you as you sat there that last afternoon at the piano. And then I know it will all come back again—it comes to me with all the sure knowledge of my belief in you and in my God."

Then came a day when there was news about George but not from him. He had led his men in an unsuccessful raid upon the enemy's lines, and had not returned. He was listed simply as "missing." He might have been taken prisoner by the Germans, but this was unlikely, as the Germans did not care to take prisoners, or he might be lying out in No Man's Land, dead or mortally wounded.

Hester slyly persuaded Sir William to break the news to Nell, and he did so with all the gentleness and sympathy he possessed. He did not try to rob her of her slender hope that George might still be alive, and yet he showed her carefully how little chance there was that such might be the case. Yet somehow, she could not believe that George was dead. It was not that she did not recognize the logic of what was told her, but there was an unquenchable feeling that somewhere he still lived. Nor did this feeling pass away with the passing weeks. No news arrived, and there was nothing upon which to base either hope or fear, but still Nell clung to that positive assurance that George would yet return.

For several months, Hester made no open attempt to combat this belief. The memory of her other defeat was too keen to permit her to risk another open encounter where Nell's love was concerned. So she satisfied herself with subtly encouraging Sir William, and noted with satisfaction that Sir William needed but little encouragement. At last she felt that she might risk a suggestion.

"Sir William is very fond of you, my dear," Hester remarked, one morning, with an attempt to be quite casual.

"He has been very kind," Nell replied. "I don't know how I should have got along without his sympathy and understanding."

"You can have much more than his sympathy, if you will accept it," Hester said, insinuatingly.

"What do you mean?"

Little by little the gleam of intelligence returned to his eyes. Nell's voice trembled so she could hardly sing on, but somehow she managed.

"Oh don't be such a silly. The man's in love with you."

"Hester!"

"Well, what of it?"

"If I thought that—oh! But he knows how I feel about George."

"It's time you came to your senses, sister. You surely aren't going to mope all your life over—"

"Hester!" Nell's voice was firm and commanding. "Perhaps you had better never speak of George again, until he returns."

Nell turned from her sister and went out into the garden. Her brain was in a turmoil. Surely Sir William was not thinking what Hester had hinted. Yet it was, of course, possible. She knew that she could give no reason for her absolute confidence that George would return. She knew that, to everyone else, she was a widow. At any rate, she would not precipitate matters, but at least she would be on her guard. So she succeeded in retaining Sir William's friendship without giving him any opening for a declaration of his feelings.

Nearly a year after George had been reported missing there came a letter addressed to Nell, the envelope bearing the mark of a base hospital in France. Nell was not at home at the time, and Hester opened the letter. It was from Dr. Howson, a friend of the family, who was in charge of the hospital, and it read:

"Without desiring to arouse your hopes too strongly, I still feel that I should tell you there is a patient here who, I believe, may prove to be your husband. He was found wandering about in a village we recaptured, wearing a German uniform. He seemed to be completely deaf and his mind a perfect blank. He was suffering from a complication of ailments, and it was impossible to get any information from him. I met your husband but once, and there is no one here who could identify him. If it is he, however, he has changed terribly, from the suffering he has undergone, and he is still far from being out of danger. If you come, be prepared for a shock."

Hester quickly decided upon her course. There was no use letting Nell know the situation until the facts were established. She would go to France herself, first. So she made an excuse that she wanted to go to London for a few weeks, and left for the hospital.

One glance was sufficient. There was no mistaking George Surratt—Hester remembered his features only too well. But what a different George it was who lay on the cot before her. His hair was white, his cheeks sunken, his eyes dull. He was still in the same stupor in which they had found him. He looked up at Hester without a gleam of recognition. She turned back to Dr. Howson.

"That is not my sister's husband," she said, without a quiver. "I am glad I spared her the false hope."

"Perhaps it is as well," the doctor replied. "The poor fellow hasn't long to live, I fear. We are barely able to keep him alive, but unless his mind can be brought back, it is only a question of days before he must waste away."

So Hester went back home, and said nothing of her journey. She warned Dr. Howson also against mentioning it, on the ground that it could not possibly do more than cause Nell further unhappiness. All this she justified to herself with the excuse that nothing could be done for George, and Nell would be better off to remain ignorant of his misfortunes. Eventually she would be convinced of his death, and then all would be well. In fact, it was now clear that Nell had been right when she insisted that George was alive, and when he died she would also, doubtless, realize this. So Hester concluded to stand aside and watch the drama unfold itself.

Meanwhile the seemingly inexhaustible patience of Sir William Farrell was beginning to show the strain. He believed Nell to be a widow, and he could not continue forever to conceal his love for her. Not all Nell's tact in fending off the issue could keep him silent forever, and at last he found occasion to plead his cause.

The temptation was tremendous. Perhaps she was wrong—only her instincts told her that George still lived. As against that, there were all reasonable arguments. And here was a fine, sympathetic gentleman of the highest type, offering her a life not merely of

(Continued on page 116)

Missing

NARRATED by permission from the Paramount photoplay, based upon the novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, produced with the following cast:

Sir William Farrell....Thomas Meighan
Lieut. George Surratt...Robert Gordon
Dr. Howson.....Winter Hall
Nell.....Sylvia Bremer
Hester.....Ola Humphrey

Vampire or Ingenue?

Even Louise Glaum's press agent never learned. However, who ever saw a siren in a tam o'shanter?

By Herbert Howe

HOW would you like to be a vampire's p. a.?

No, not her pa,—her press agent. You have read in magazines about p. a.'s. They're always referred to with the same delicacy as one uses in speaking of bigamists, burglars, pro-Germans and "cooties." I think the editors are jealous because they don't have the chance to hob-nob with stars. They confer the degree of M. H. (Master of Hyperbole) upon all press agents. Sure, press agents lie. So do the editors. The only difference is the press agent always knows when he's lying and the editor doesn't,—always.

I was a press agent. That doesn't hold now, or I wouldn't say anything about it.

Once I was delegated to introduce a vampire to New York.

Now that's worth suffering the ignominy of being called a p. a., eh?

One bright morning I was informed by an official of the company that Miss Louise Glaum would arrive in New York the next day. She had never visited the city to anyone's knowledge; therefore it was up to some one to introduce her to a few people, preferably those connected with newspapers, so that she would not perish of nostalgia and nonentity. I was to be "Some One." The morning of the peacock lady's arrival I suffered so with nervousness that I had to go to a doctor. He took my pulse and said my heart was beating so far above normal that I ought to be dead. I replied that I soon would be.

I fully expected to see the siren supreme descend from the train wearing a simple boa constrictor and a headdress of peacock feathers interspersed with javelins. When I did behold, for the first time, one of those ladies who-do-not-care, it was in the Lounge of the Claridge Hotel.

"Miss Glaum," said some one, and there she was.

Not a peacock feather, serpent, cigarette or foreign accent about!

Instead, there was a young girl, about ten years younger than you would expect the vampire to be, wearing a tailored suit, a tam o' shanter hat and a smile. All she needed was a curl and she would have passed as an ingenue. In fact, I never have decided whether Louise Glaum is ingenue or siren.

She has the eyes of a madonna and the mouth of a temptress. Her smile is guilelessly roguish. Her hair is short and curls waggishly. Sometimes in some lights it is a soft, dark brown; at other times in other lights it has a glint of Satanic flame. She's enigmatic because she doesn't try to be. Affectations always make a person apparent. She hasn't any. Half her charm is in her frankness. For instance, I heard her admit these shocking things:

"I was born on a farm in Maryland.

"I made my debut at the age of twelve in a Methodist church. I was made-up,—my eyes pencilled with matches, my cheeks rouged with crushed geranium blossoms. I was a complete failure. I horrified my darling mother and my sisters. I was almost excommunicated from the church. I hope the people who saw me that awful night have forgiven.

"When I played with a stock company on the road I had a trunk that was the despair of the stage carpenter. It was always flying to pieces and spilling my few clothes

over the station platform. Finally it collapsed for the last time and was abandoned even by the patient carpenter. Only the kindness of the leading woman, who offered to put my clothes in her trunk, permitted me to finish the season.

"I used to cook on an alcohol lamp in my room. One night I set the bed on fire and was nearly arrested by the hotel proprietor.

"Then I tried to launder my linen. I purchased an electric iron, which was eternally blowing out fuses in every hotel I visited. For some time I escaped detection by hiding it in the bed clothes and sitting still as a mouse when the search for the offender was on. Finally I was caught. The hotel proprietor was a villain. I should have known some vampire tricks then. But I didn't; I cried."

My idea for a vampire's entertainment had been—several cartons of cigarettes, buckets of champagne and manslaughter for excitement. Instead, Louise preferred that funny Italian "red ink," Turkish coffee and subway rides. She had never been on a subway, she declared, and she liked the crowds.

I had been informed that stars seldom keep appointments on time, and vampires never. Miss Glaum did some of the time, but most of the time she was an hour too early or an hour too late. But she always apologized beautifully. This was the stock excuse:

"I met a girl (or gentleman, as the case might be, and usually I imagine it was the latter) who recognized me, and of course I had to be nice to them."

On one occasion she kept a very important caller waiting a half hour, and the person was raging—until she met Miss Glaum. Afterward I learned my star had been chatting with the hotel manicurist. The manicurist said, "She is so nice to every one." I got so I could join in on that chorus in perfect key—"I had to be nice to them."

In such moments as this, snipped from "An Alien Enemy," it might be difficult to decide the question—but then you realize that Miss Glaum is acting and that she wouldn't stab anyone for worlds or universes.

When our siren finally set out for the West it was only after the studio had wired her no less than three times that she must get back to start production of a new play. She must have arrived about a week late, but I know she squared herself quite easily by saying, "I had to be nice to them."

The last words I heard as she and her cortege of farewellers departed from the hotel lobby came from a bell hop.

"Goodbye, Louise," he shouted, "Hope you'll come back soon."

"Goodbye, dear," she replied.

I'd like to know what his tip was, but Louise (I caught the bell hop's familiarity) said she had just "been nice to him."

Never again will I pity her victims. She may kill them, but I know that in so doing she will be nice to them. She may plunge the knife into their hearts, but after so doing, she will see that they die as comfortably as possible.

Louise Glaum does not need an accomplished leading man for her Romeo; indeed, one scarcely notices her opposite, so intent is he on her charming method of love-taking. And so this Louise is not a vampire after all, except upon the screen; and of late her managers have cleverly discovered that the real Louise—perhaps a superb mixture of vampire and ingenue—is much more interesting than any peacock lady however alluring she has been as such. And she was so charming and "ingenueish" in that tam o'shanter!

Louise Glaum does not claim to have Lucille or Duff-Gordon green eyed with envy. Her mother is the eager and talented collaborator on matters of dress. Here—curiously—under a mother's watchful eye, evolve the gowns that are supposed to lure men onto the rocks.

Gas Meter to Megaphone

"Learn the gas business and then go West" advises Raymond Ditto to the ambitious.

By E. V. Durling

"I WANT a job."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

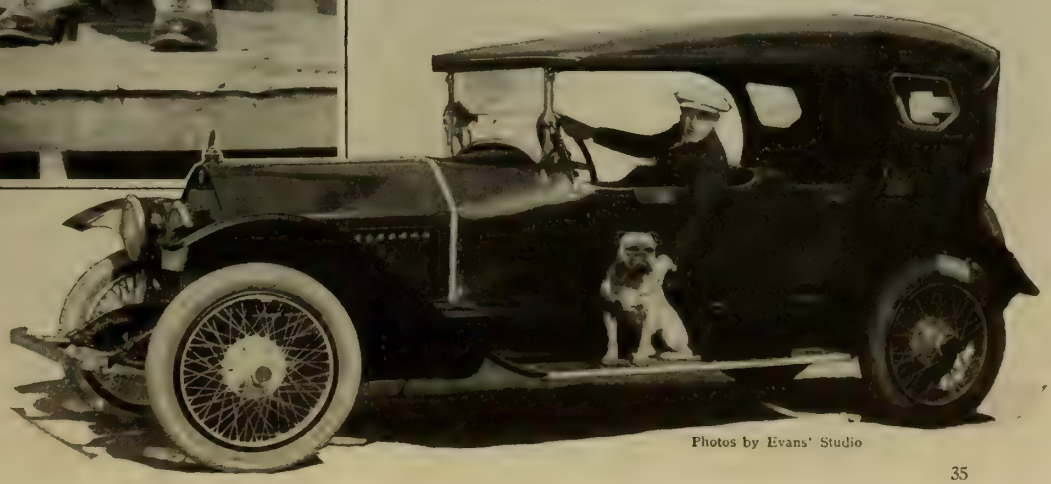
"All right—go into the property room and help carry out that piano for the set on stage two."

So it was that Raymond B. West entered the motion picture business seven years ago. He started as a property boy. He became in turn assistant camera man, camera man, assistant director, and finally director. Strange to say, Mr. West is probably the only motion picture director who started at the very bottom of the ladder and worked his way up to the top. Which is probably why he gets $750 per week, some $40,000 a year. And there is no perhaps about it—he gets it every week.

The object of this essay is not to point out the many and varied abilities of Raymond B. West or to comment upon his personal habits. Whether he owns an automobile, plays golf, or beats his wife is neither here nor there. If such are his hobbies so be it. This story is written to assure the young men of the country who are gas collectors, expert accountants in grocery stores, night clerks or those engaged in any of the occupations which will produce after twenty or thirty years of continuous service the magnificent salary of $25 per week, that there is yet hope. For Raymond B. West, now a director, wearing twenty dollar puttees, was once a collector for a gas company in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

West did not come to Los Angeles to go into the picture business. He came to work for another gas company. While wandering along the main street of the city he encountered a friend from the old home town—a certain Chester Withey who is now a motion picture director of no little fame. At this time "Chet" was an actor, and strange to say he was proud of it. He told West about it and added as a final punch to his tale, "and I'm getting $75 a week." At once the gas business lost one of the greatest collectors it ever had.

And the next day a solitary figure made its way to the New York M. P. Co. Fred Balshofer, who handles the destinies of Harold Lockwood at the present time, was directing a scene just outside the studio gates. West—for it was indeed our hero—stood gazing open-mouthed upon the actors and wondering what a man would do with seventy-five whole dollars coming in every week. With true cinema courtesy Mr. Balshofer suddenly ceased his work, turned toward Mr. West, and inquired: "What the hell are you doing here?"



As a director Raymond West not only finds life more enjoyable but his friendships have multiplied tremendously. After all, there are not many people wild about gas collectors—or collectors of any denomination for that matter.

Photos by Evans' Studio

Evans Studio

Successful filmsters have been known to deny that they had families; but you can hardly expect an ex-meter reader to go back on his charming wife and son.

Then followed the lines at the top of this story which serve to introduce the reader to the enterprising ex-collector.

Mr. West's ideas on the subject of a young man's opportunity in the picture business are interesting. He says: "The motion picture magnates are continually characterizing the film industry as fifth in importance in the United States. If this is really the case it is time they instituted big business methods. The Standard Oil Company, The Western Electric, The Bethlehem Steel Company and similar organizations do not wait for young men to choose their industry. They go out and get them and carefully develop them. They are then given an executive position.

"This does away with the chance of ability being buried. Now I believe this same system could be applied to the motion picture business. We have just as much to offer in a salary way as any other big industry.

"This system would do away with the argument as to whether or not a man needs stage experience to succeed in the picture business. What he needs is picture experience and there is only one way to get it and that is to work up from the bottom. Most certainly if I have my own organization, and I expect to some day, I will go out after the young men and develop them and not sit around sighing about the lack of directors, camera men or technical workers. The same system can be applied to the scenario department, the business office and the vast branch of the industry known as the exhibitors. I say seek the brains, the energy and the artistry of the country and they will make the plays and players."

There is no doubt about it, Raymond B. West has the right idea, and when it is all over, over there, the young men and the film magnates should get together.

Ingenues

By Delight Evans

WHY are Ingenues?
I laugh at them.

These Pretty Babies
With curls,
And Starry Eyes,
And lips that Pout,
And—sometimes—Chins.
Usually they are
Alone in the World,
Except for a
Venerable Relative
Who hovers Vaguely
In the Back-ground.
They are almost always
Wistful; and they see
Visions of Broadway
In every passing cloud.
They all have
Imaginations and a Trustful Smile
To help them along.
They are always
Afraid; and you can't help wondering
Why Grandad never took Summer Boarders
Before.
They Dream.
We know they do—
For when one Dreams
One's face is always a Blank—
Now isn't one's?
They are so Lovable
It's darned hard to find
Anything they don't Love.
They love
Artists, and the Cows and Chickens and
The Flowers and the
Blue Sky
And the Dear
Old Dinner-Bell—
EVERYthing except
The Hired Boy
Who, as everyone knows,
Is Good and True,
Though Poor.
Usually
They go to
The City;—
And if it isn't a
Cruel Landlady
It's the Floor-Walker.
But The Hired Boy, who has Come to The City
Because the Country didn't seem the Same
Without her Checkered Sunbunnit
To Confuse the Color-scheme,—
Stumbles in just in time.
And they Embrace,
Their Lips meeting in the Long, Long Kiss
Which is the Heart of the Silent Drama.
(Thank Heavens it's Silent!)

WHY are Ingenues?
I laugh at them.

The Unexpected Happens

By Pat Dowling

IN CECIL B. DeMILLE'S private compartment of the Lasky Studio vaults, there is a strip of film, now considerably over two reels in length. Whenever things are a bit dull, which isn't often, or there is an especially distinguished visitor to entertain, DeMille brings out this film. He calls it his Chamber of Horrors. Its origin:

The matadors and toreadors and picadors were all assembled in the arena. These were real bull-fighters from Spain and they had fought in hundreds of more realistic fights than this. They didn't take a movie scene in "Carmen" very seriously. Perhaps they should have. The bull caught one of them on his horns and tossed him thirty feet after galloping around the arena. But it couldn't be a scene so the film went into Cecil B. deMille's private collection.

The hero cantered down a mountain road to join the leading woman and the other man. As he arrived, one of the virulent breed of California rattlesnakes popped its head up behind the leading woman and the other man. The hero—Dustin Farnum—shot the rattler before the actors and the cameraman knew what it was all about. This little episode found its way into the picture showing how dramatic scenes are often made on the spur of the moment.

Now comes the death-defying-dive of an automobile. The heroine was scheduled to drive an automobile over a chasm left vacant by a fallen bridge. A dummy was to double for her. She practised running down the approach to the bridge and stopping just in front of the chasm. Once the car didn't stop and the girl and auto dashed off into space.

A harmless looking but desperate old Pilgrim father was supposed to beat the leading woman over the head with his heavy walking stick. As a matter of fact he intended to "fake" the blow. He didn't "have it in for" the leading woman. But he came just too close to realism—or his hand slipped. The girl was unconscious an hour.

The rider dashed into a glade with a cowboy swinging to the saddle. But he failed to swing. The rear left hoof of the rider's horse caught the cowboy in a rapid flank movement, and broke his leg. The rider dashed on but the cowboy was carried away to nurse his injured member. That wasn't in the 'script either.

Fannie Ward, about to trip across a rustic bridge for a film scene, caught the heel of her slipper between the logs. She reached for the side railing but it gave way and down went Fannie into the pool below. The tail end of the movie film shows Mr. deMille and the assistant director pulling the star out of the water.

I Want to be a Film Star

You do, perhaps—but can you qualify? Here is the real truth about the probabilities of your really succeeding before the camera.

By Verne Hardin Porter

Drawings by R. F. James

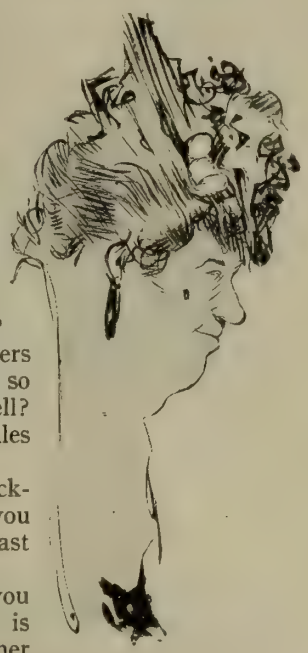
I know that if ever I got the chance I could make good as a motion-picture actress. I am eighteen; people say I'm beautiful, and I have fluffy hair and nice eyes,—large, too. I've had considerable experience in amateur dramatic productions, taking the leading parts in several, and the critics have always praised me highly. I like tragedy best. I can sing, dance, ride horseback, swim, play tennis and drive an auto. What should I do to get a place as a film actress? Have I a chance?
Omaha, Nebraska. MILDRED S.

YES, you have a chance, but first—

Is your nose perfectly straight?

Your eyes are large, you say, but are they dark?

Have they any casts or defects, is the pupil unusually large, are you just a wee bit cross-eyed, or do you wear glasses at times?



Have your teeth any gold fillings in them that show? Gold, you know, photographs black.

If not (for such fillings would bar you), are your teeth small and regular?

Are your ears small and set close to your head?

Do you bite your fingernails?

Are your neck and shoulders well developed and filled out so that you wear evening-gowns well?

How about your feet and ankles—are they well shaped?

Are you bow-legged or knock-kneed? If you are, how do you think you'd look if you were cast for a short-skirt part?

You say that people tell you that you're beautiful. That is likely to be against you, rather than in your favor. For the first thing the casting-director looks to see is whether you have (1) large, (2) strong, (3) straight features, a good nose, a good profile. An oval face, by the way, photographs best. Occasionally, but not frequently, small features take on a certain piquancy and sauciness on the screen; and if they do, they are valuable. Otherwise, no!

All these questions that I have asked are checked against you by the casting-director to whom you apply. If you pass the appearance test, then is the time to prove whether you have dramatic or comedy ability. You didn't know that, did you?

One day I was standing on one of Paralta's big stages talking to Robert Brunton, production manager, when a young lady dressed in perfect taste and with a face and figure that I'll wager had set many a masculine heart to fluttering, approached. She had run the gantlet of office boys, secretaries, the casting-director and all, and had come to present her case to the manager.

She wanted to be a motion-picture actress. She seemed to have all of the requirements. She was nineteen and looked, so Mr. Brunton admitted to me after she left, "like a million dollars." She had studied dramatic art in one of the best academies in the country; she had had a year of stage training; she had studied classic dancing; she had poise and personality; she dressed in exquisite taste; her parents were wealthy and, to get a start, she wanted to work for nothing!

And he refused her a place, smilingly, tactfully, but refused withal. Why? Simply because, discernable only to his practiced eye—I myself could not note it until he pointed it out—her nose was not absolutely straight!

"Think what a close-up, showing her face six feet long and four or five feet wide on the screen, would do to accentuate that crooked line of the nose," he explained. "It would spoil her for the audience."

Light eyes of blue and gray—light blue and light gray—frequently appear expressionless, particularly if the light strikes them at a cross slant.

Hair, unless it be of the veriest blond almost white, photographs dark unless it is lighted up artificially from behind. Red hair shows almost black on the screen.

Through the rapid action of the camera toning them down, large features are made to appear small. Seeing Mary Pickford on the screen, you'd never suspect that her face is unusually broad across the eyes and forehead. Nor would you think of Bessie Barriscale, almost svelte by camera treatment, as haunted by ever-near plumpness.

More peculiar still is the fact that the camera plays the trick of fattening up thin faces, making long faces seem shorter and fuller, shortening or elongating noses at its own pleasure (though rarely doing differently with the same nose), beautifying the plain, rendering ugly the beautiful. Some features of this trickery can be explained, others are against all reason.

Why was it that the most beautiful woman I have even seen—the most beautiful, we all agreed, who'd ever stepped foot inside the studio—looked as ugly as sin when we projected a test-strip of her on the

screen? She had all of the requisites: splendid features, eyes, hair, teeth, figure; but for some reason the camera disliked her.

Why was it that the Universal's beauties, one of the fairest from every state in the country, produced not a solitary screen charmer? Why is it that beauties of society and of the speaking-stage usually look so unnecessary on the screen?

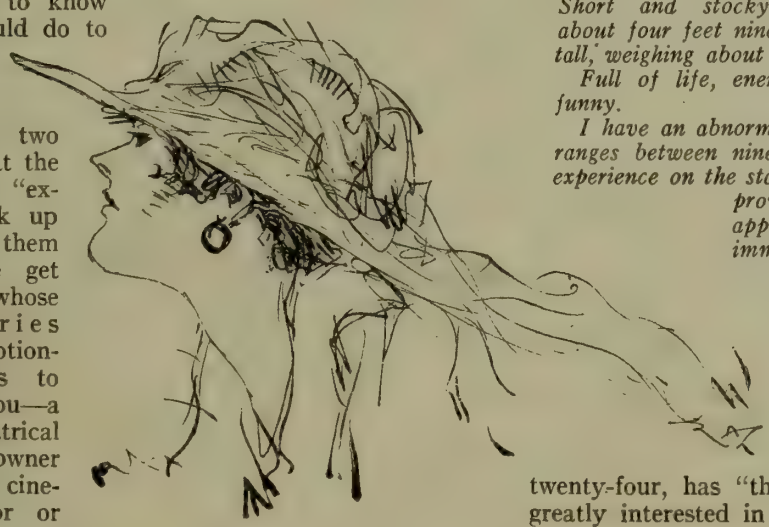
We have but one answer to all these questions: No one knows.

For that reason the photographs of this, that and the other aspirant that come piling in to the casting-directors of all of the studios can mean nothing. The "still" camera is a different breed of animal. It has its tricks, but they are not those of its big brother, the movie camera.

That one snapshots well, or appears spectacularly beautiful in sepia at fifty dollars a dozen, doesn't carry the slightest weight with the film camera. It has its own ways that are strange and peculiar.

So, Mildred S., don't waste your photographs on the casting-director.

YOU want to know what you should do to get a place as a film actress. Do either one of two things—start at the bottom as an "extra" and work up as most of them have, or else get someone whose judgment carries weight in motion-picture circles to recommend you—a director, a theatrical manager, the owner of a string of cinemas, an actor or actress — someone who knows what the films want and who knows and believes in you and your ability.



You'll get little by writing from afar telling how able or beautiful or handsome you are. Thousands of such letters pour in to the studios. Don't write unless you have something specific to offer, such as a broad speaking-stage training—an experience that is, by the way, being looked upon with growing favor by the film producers.

But as to writing to see whether there is an "opening"—don't. Arthur Hoyt, Triangle's casting-director, tossed me a bunch of such letters, come in the morning mail, and out of them I picked a few. Here is a sample:

I have a four-and-a-half-year-old boy, a bulldog and a fine specimen of Jara monkey who play nicely together. Will you be able to find work for them?

And:

My name is ————, and I will take Ford Sterling's place either on the stage or screen. I rather prefer the screen. I have written my first play already, which means I am ready to act. I have many good stunts. One is: I button my vest with a button-hook. Another is: I shine my shoes with a manicure brush. They are pretty good, but the best ones follow, so I will have to close up, wishing to hear from you soon with a welcome letter.

This, from the far east, was the cream of them all:

Being undersized, I am a young man the age of twenty-two, and would like if possible to get a chance in the moving-picture game. Short and stocky build, about four feet nine inches tall, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds.

Full of life, energy and, without bragging, naturally funny.

I have an abnormally large head. The size of my hat ranges between nine and nine and one-half. Have had experience on the stage but have never had any chance to prove my ability as a comedian. My appearance on the street always creates immediate laughter.

Another, announcing that he is of good family, "would be willing to work for you,"—"would like to ask if you can't accept a position for me,"—and makes it stronger by saying that he is "clean and good." One, a young man of twenty-four, has "the honor to inform you" that he is greatly interested in motion-picture acting, for which he is studying, taking a course in make-up and gestures.

"I have," he says, "a thorough knowledge of being acquainted with the life of farmers, and higher class of personal characters."

The prize package comes from Milwaukee. "Would you like to try a new player during a vacation next summer?" he asks brightly. "If so, what would your offer be?" And then, as if being in the market for a new suit, he gives his height, bust measure, waist measure, hips, length of "upper limbs," knee, "lower limbs," ankle, upper arm, forearm, wrist measurement, weight, *et cetera,* and details his "ability" as "impersonating, singing, speaking, drawing, painting and violin playing."

"My complexion," states this master of detail, "is light; also my hair, which is light and fluffy when washed, and dark and oily before it is washed."

These, then, are fair samples of the casting-director's mail. Some letters, it is true, give facts vital to the subject —but he can tell only by seeing you and trying you out.

Going back in a roundabout way to your question of what you should do to get a place as a film actress, let's get acquainted with this chap, the casting-director, to whom you will apply for a position, and find out what his duties are.

He, in the new order of things, hires—and fires. He doesn't give a tinker's rap whether you've studied in a school of motion-picture acting. He may look down upon you because you have. He and I know that nine out of ten of them give you less than nothing for your money; that many of them are out-and-out fakes.

That you will "work for nothing to get a start" means two things to him: that you value your services lightly, and that, being financially able to work for nothing, you will not take your work as seriously as though you were dependent upon the position for your support. Furthermore, by working for nothing, you will be taking bread out of the other fellow's mouth.

In his schedule of duties, the casting-director includes the reading of all scenarios written out scene by scene for production and ready to be turned over to the different directors. Each 'script has its "character sheet" describing each player as to age, dress, station in life, temperament and general characteristics. This helps him, but he must wade through the entire detail of action of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty scenes (for a five-reel picture) to become intimately acquainted with his characters so that he can fit his players to them with nicety.

With these needed characters fixed in his mind, he goes over his list of available players to see if any of them will fit. If he has, as some studios have, a large stock company —regular players on weekly salary—oftentimes he goes out of his way to employ them in the different parts; even stretches a point if need be, or changes a characterization. He naturally prefers to use them; he knows what they are capable of and how they will look on the screen, and it is, furthermore, part of his job to keep them working.

But if he can't fit any of his stock players to a part, he "sends out" for some particular player who, to his mind, does fit. He has a list, tabulated and card-indexed, of four or five hundred players upon whom he or any other casting-director can call.

He is always looking for new recruits. He watches the screen to note the work of players employed by other companies. He watches the speaking-stage. He listens readily to a recommendation from someone he thinks should know, and usually investigates. At one studio the casting-director's eye fell upon the telephone girl. He put her in a picture, she photographed beautifully and showed some acting ability, and now she's a regular member of his

(Continued on page 114)

PITY THE POOR "EXTRAS!"

THE slightly bored extra-ladies-and-gentlemen to the rear have been sitting in a warm sun atop a Fifth Avenue motor bus for about an hour now. It's noon and they have been at it since nine that morning—and no sandwiches in sight. The director with his inevitable 'script is to blame—he's showing Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres how to act on a motor bus; and it's all for a Vitagraph picture, "Sisters of the Golden Circle," from O. Henry's story. Practically the entire picture was filmed on top the bus. Of course the extras get paid for it—but heavens, whattabore!

ACT I—SCENE I

When you meet Irving Cummings, you meet an actor and feel like an actress.

By Alison Smith

WHEN you meet Irving Cummings, you (providing you are a "her") feel at once as if the curtain were going up on a first night play in which you are his leading woman. He advances to greet you with a perfect John Drew manner. You unconsciously adopt the airs of your favorite actress. Your surroundings assume the aspect of a stage set. You walk on in the midst of Act I, Scene I—a gilded cafe. A moment later you find yourself seated at a tiny table with rose-colored lights. The orchestra is playing "La Boheme"—off-stage, as it were. You hunt for your cue. My cue was to start the biography of the hero, which in every well-regulated play is given by the maid "discovered" dusting, at the rise of the curtain. Lacking the maid, I induced the hero to give his own biography and learned among other things that:

He was born and educated in New York. Unlike many New Yorkers, however, he knows that there are other cities on the map. He learned this from his stock experience and on long tours with such productions as "The Great Divide" with Henry Miller. He left stock for the films because of the larger salary and stayed with them because he considers it the most fascinating work in the world. While he is willing and eager to play anything from bishop to thug, he prefers out-of-door scenarios. He likes the heroes who have a chance to rough it and rescue the heroine from the variety of dangers that haunt the screen wilds. He has played leading man to every possible type of actress, and this has left him with a marked distaste for vampires and a preference for the sweet-faced ingenue. He proved this by his enthusiasm for Barbara Castleton who is now his leading woman in a series of five-reel features for World. He has flashing black eyes and wavy, hero-like, black hair and a smile that is sometimes boyish and sometimes very, very sophisticated.

All these impressions were woven through a tea which always preserved the illusion of being behind the foot-lights. It gives you the feeling that you are reading your lines well and that you are "ably supported" as the critics say. Mr. Cummings added the final Pinero touch by speaking French to the waiter. Almost I could hear the applause as the curtain fell.

Irving Cummings and little Madge Evans are the best of "pals." Mr. Cummings has a preference for the sweet-faced ingenue, proven below where Director John G. Adolfi is coaching him with Barbara Castleton, his new leading woman.

'Twixt Josephine and Joe

"Josephine" has dignity and femininity but it certainly can't cover Miss Sedgwick's versatility.

By Jay Calla[illegible]

Hartsook

Showing Josie in two typically contrasting moods. It's wonderful to be both feminine, and a coach driver!

REALLY, you know, it simply couldn't happen. Why, it's preposterous! It's against all tradition, all precedent. It's one of those biographical notes that are as rare as a blizzard in Los Angeles.

Even if it could be true, no press-agent would permit it to be admitted.

Except that it is true! What's true? Why, that Josie Sedgwick, born in Texas, tomboy from the romper period up, Triangle's star cowgirl leading-woman (except when she's vamping), facetiously referred to at the studio as "the female Bill Hart," and all that—it's true that until two years ago she'd never put her foot in a stirrup or knew the starboard from the port side of a horse.

I know it's true because she told me herself. That's enough for me.

You'll know the full significance of this awful confession when I tell you that ninety-nine per cent of the sweet young things who aspire to become film queens invariably catalogue their qualifications in just this alluring order:

"I can ride horseback, shoot, swim, dance, sing, roll my eyes, drive an auto, row a boat, paddle a canoe, etc., etc."

"Until two years ago, when Romaine Fielding saw me playing in a dramatic sketch at the Orpheum in Galveston, and made a cowgirl comedienne out of me," Miss Josie told me, frankly, "I couldn't do any of these things. The first time I ever really talked to a horse was before a film camera."

All of which was in spite of the fact that down in Galveston twenty-one years ago Josie Sedgwick's parents fondly named her Josephine, which is quite a nice name for a girl-baby, which to all intents and purposes she was. As she grew to spindly-legged, gawky kidhood, they thought better of it and compromised on Jo. Jo was in turn evolved into Joe, because of Josephine's acute tomboyishness, her fondness for male attire and the regularity with which she clipped her blonde locks with Ma's finger-nail scissors.

Everything indicates that Miss Sedgwick is just arriving from somewhere. And this is her usual way of getting where she's going.

This led to the general assumption among those who didn't know the entries in the family Bible that little Sedgwick girl was a boy.

Then, in desperation, her mother began casting about for an identifying cognomen. She recognized that her boyishly inclined offspring was in nowise a Josephine. And she was certain that the name Joe was not quite respectable. So she made it fifty-fifty, so to speak—Josie. And Josie it remains.

At seven she became a stage-child, playing dramatic sketches in vaudeville with the Five Sedgwicks, her father, mother, brother and sister. During those years she took nothing but boy parts, all dramatic.

"While, in reality," she explained, "I am a comedienne."

Each winter she played on the stage; each summer she attended a convent in Galveston, and caught up on her reading, writing and 'rithmetic. Then, having been inducted into the films as a western

(Continued on page 115)

Mabel Normand's history has been—being ready—as it will ever be.

Would You Ever Suspect It?

All the while she was making slapstick, Mabel Normand was reading Strindberg, Ibsen, and Shaw

By Randolph Bartlett

"DO you rent this apartment furnished?"

This was the only important thing I asked Mabel Normand. And this is why I asked it:

When I called, Miss Normand was quite obviously a very busy young person. A parcel had just arrived and she hurriedly tore off the wrappings and brought to light a collection of men's pocket articles bound in pigskin, including a memorandum book, a photograph case, and such odds and ends. She explained that they were for Father Kelly, the chaplain of a contingent of the American Army, just sailing for France. Miss Normand had received word from her brother, at Spartanburg, that Father Kelly had been very kind to him when he was in the hospital, and would be in New York a day or two before sailing. So Miss Normand was preparing to show her appreciation. This was something that could not wait, so while she went on with her work of doing the things up for Father Kelly, I nosed around the living room.

A big book case in one corner invited inspection. The array of authors was as unusual as it was fascinating. There were Gautier, Strindberg, Turgeneff, Stevenson, Walter Pater, Kipling, Oscar Wilde, Shaw, Ibsen, John Evelyn, J. M. Barrie, Francois Coppée, Bret Harte. Of the superficial best sellers there was not a single sample. Nor was

there to be found in the room a copy of any of the cheap, current fiction magazines. On the piano was a heap of music in which was to be found Rubenstein but not Irving Berlin, Chaminade but not Jerome Kern, Rimsky-Korsakoff but not Von Tilzer, Kohler etudes but no ragtime.

So when she told me that everything in the apartment belonged to her, I knew that we were going to have more important things to talk about than whether she considered the moving picture still in its infancy, and what her favorite role was, and whether she could cry real tears when the director asked her, and so on. In a recent article in PHOTOPLAY it was observed that the sole secret of enduring success in moving pictures is intelligence. Miss Normand's collection of books has, probably, done little toward making her successful, but they are an index to the possession of that intelligence without which there can be no success. Of course the mere ownership of books may mean nothing except that the owner is an easy prey to salesmen, but when, as with Miss Normand, there is a thorough knowledge of what is contained between the handsome covers, it means a great deal.

Let there be no mistake about this, however—Mabel Normand is no highbrow. To a person whose mind is not virile and active, association with the masters of literature is fraught with peril. But Miss Normand has that active mind. She does not take her reading like a sponge, but like an electric motor. While she was bumping and splashing her pretty self all over the landscape of Southern California and its well known coast line, in the Fatty and Mabel series of comedies, her mind was developing toward something more important. She was not satisfied to go on forever decorating the slapstick classic. The opportunity came, and Miss Normand was ready to be starred in big features. Still she is not satisfied. From farce she has ascended to comedy, but she knows there are higher rungs of the ladder still unclimbed, and when the next opportunity comes again she will be ready.

This girl reads Gautier, Turgeneff, Pater, Coppee, Wilde—but she is no highbrow. She does not take her reading like a sponge, but like an electric motor.

That has been her history—being ready. Not so many years ago, as the calendar counts time, she was living in Staten Island, just down the bay from New York. She wanted to earn her own living, and it was not long before she found a place as a model for artists. Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, and other noted illustrators, were among her employers. It is not a highly paid profession, and there were times when she walked all the way from Thirty-first Street to Sixty-seventh to save car fare. For the life of the artist's model is widely misrepresented. There isn't much romance in it.

Among Miss Normand's intimate friends of those days were Alice Joyce and Florence LaBadie, also artists' models.

The fact became known to them that it was possible to earn five dollars a day working in moving picture studios. As the income of the model averaged three dollars a day when she was so fortunate as to have engagements both morning and afternoon, this sounded like good news. So one day Miss Normand ventured into the Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street, the very cradle of the modern moving picture.

"I'll never forget it," she says of this adventure. "I had been told to be sure to see Mr. Griffith, and somehow or other I found my way up to the floor where they were working. The lights and the confusion bewildered me. The blotchy appearance of everybody's face, caused by the rays from the light batteries, frightened me. I sneaked off into a corner and tried not to be noticed.

"While I was standing there the most beautiful creature I had ever seen came upon the scene. She was a gorgeous blonde—I have no idea who it was—and her golden hair hung clear to the floor like one of the Seven Sutherland Sisters. I knew nothing about makeup and wigs, and I supposed this was all her natural appearance. If that was what they wanted in the movies I knew there was no chance for me. I wanted to get away before anyone saw me and laughed at me.

"As I was going out of the door a man stopped me and asked me if I was looking for anyone. It was Del Henderson. I stammered that I wanted to see Mr. Griffith, though the fact is, that was the last thing I did want. He told me to wait a few minutes. I tried to get away again and Edwin August stopped me. I evaded him and then Frank Powell came along. Somehow or other, in spite of all my efforts, Mr. Griffith saw me and immediately ordered someone to take me down to the wardrobe room and put me in a page's costume. I suppose it's about the only time any person trying to get into the movies actually made an effort not to see Mr. Griffith.

"Well, they had a terrific time finding a pair of tights small enough for me. They had to twist them into knots to make them fit. And I was horribly embarrassed. Yes—I know it doesn't sound like the ordinary idea of an artist's model, but I never had posed with so little clothes. They told me to stand still in a certain part of the scene, and I felt my knees wobbling. My legs felt like sticks of well-cooked spaghetti. At last they started work, and it never seemed to end. I don't remember the name of the picture—all I recall is that the wonderful creature I had seen was a blind sculptress.

"It came six o'clock and I could hear that dear Staten Island ferry calling me, but they wouldn't let me go. I never had been late to dinner, and I knew my mother would be worrying. But they kept us there until nearly ten o'clock. I think they gave me ten dollars for the session, but that was no lure. I never went back. They had told us to come back the next day, but I had no idea that the picture was unfinished, and I didn't want any more."

Mabel Normand with Roscoe Arbuckle in an old Fatty-Mabel comedy. When she was making these farce comedies Miss Normand became known as the most fearless girl in pictures.

It was quite a while after this that Miss Normand summoned up courage to try again. The second time she became a member of that company from which came Bobby Harron, Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, the Gish sisters, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, and all that long list of screen stars who had their start with D. W. Griffith.

When she was making farce comedies with Roscoe Arbuckle, Miss Normand became known among the players as the most fearless girl in pictures, when there were dangerous stunts to be performed. Nobody ever "doubled" for her. With all her slenderness and petite grace, she had the will power to go through with anything she attempted. She couldn't bear to be called a quitter. A typical incident occurred just when she recovered from a long illness that kept her away from work all summer, two years ago.

Just before she was laid up, she had been working on the comedy "Fatty and Mabel Adrift," and it had to remain unfinished until her recovery. At last she felt able to go back to the studio, and started out in her car. As she neared Edendale her nerve began to ooze away.

"I can't do it—I can't," she groaned, and ordered the chauffeur to turn back.

Before she had driven back many blocks, she began to call herself a coward.

"You've got to do it," she kept repeating to herself. "You've *got* to do it."

So the chauffeur was ordered to turn again toward the studio. Three times she ordered him to drive back home, and as many times her Irish blood rose at the thought of submitting to her fear, until at last she fairly whipped herself to her dressing room—and finished the picture.

Miss Normand's latest presentations, those that draw her away from the slapstick stuff, are "Joan of Plattsburg," in which she plays a modern and American Jeanne d'Arc, and "The Venus Model," in which she essays the title role recalling the good old days when she was so well known as the diving girl. Her first picture in her new affiliation gave her the luscious part of "Arabella Flynn," an errand girl, in "Dodging a Million." In "The Floor Below," a newspaper story, she was a copy girl, acting as no copy girl ever acted now or then. But no matter what she does—romping through a picture and lifting it out of the commonplace, or reading Strindberg, Shaw, or Ibsen after a hard day's work at the studio, Mabel Normand stands all by herself.

Wolf, stricken by his own scourge, was dying. "I spread the infantile paralysis germs," he said, thickly. "All for the greater power of Germany!"

SYNOPSIS

GLOBE-TROTTERS, scientists, investigators—such men compose the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to help the U. S. Secret Service in tracking spies of Imperial Germany, waging secret warfare on America. Harrison Grant, the Club president, has secretly installed a dictograph in the Hohenzollern Club, the New York headquarters of the spies.

Though the Lusitania disaster was carried to its cold-blooded success, this dictograph aids Grant in thwarting other holocaustic plots, including a plan to blow up the Ansonia Hotel with 800 naval officers as guests, the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship and a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe.

Dixie Mason, a beautiful southern girl working secretly for Chief Flynn, puzzles Grant. He wonders if she is German aide or American.

Grant thwarts a plot to bring on a strike that would stagnate all eastern America, finding its impetus in sinking of ships, presumably by the longshoremen. Grant succeeds in obtaining the famous "secret portfolio" of Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy of the German Imperial Government. This portfolio reveals many of the Teuton plot plans.

Slakberg, a spy who succeeds in becoming secretary of an American munitions plant, prepares to have all the shells made to be of German measurement. But Grant discovers the plot.

Dixie Mason, disguised, warns Grant of a Teuton plan to raid Canadian centers, having imported arms in coffin boxes. Here again is the plot thwarted, but Dixie, clothed as a youth, is discovered by Grant, who now realizes she is not a spy, but seeking to save the town of Hopewell menaced when the Germans plot to blow up the guncotton works located near there. They later save the Welland Canal from destruction. Von Papen and Boy-Ed are informed by Bernstorff that America intends deporting them.

The EAGLE'S EYE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service
Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.

Novelized from the photoplay serial produced by the Whartons.

CHAPTER XIII

The Reign of Terror

IN the great rooms of the Imperial Germany Embassy at Washington, Capt. Karl Boy-Ed and Capt. Franz von Papen were holding their last conference with Ambassador Bernstorff on American soil. It was several weeks after their failure to dynamite the Welland Canal—a little operation of espionage which had brought about exactly the consequences which Bernstorff had foreseen, the expulsion from America of his two best captains of destruction. The United States had demanded their recall—and the only answer possible had been given—acquiescence.

William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. What he and his men — the nation's Eagle Eye — have learned is here revealed for the first time.

Von Papen clenched a fist.

"They may send us back, Boy-Ed," he announced, "but our organization will stay!"

"More than that," answered the dapper Boy-Ed, "it will direct its activities from a little suspected quarter. The Secret Service is not paying much attention to San Francisco right now."

"Correct," answered von Papen, smiling with one corner of his mouth, "and the longer they keep their suspicions away from San Francisco, the better work Consul Franz Bopp will be able to do for Imperial Germany. By the way, I have here a code message of instructions for him. It tells exactly what I want done. I must send it today, so that every arrangement will have been made by the time of our departure."

"And those instructions are?"

"To create a reign of terror from coast to coast immediately after we leave America. It will show these idiotic Yankees a thing or two and—"

"Speaking of idiotic Yankees," broke in Bernstorff as he entered the room from a balcony where he and Dr. Heinrich Albert had been watching a military parade, "here is a little roll of film I wish you would take back to Hindenburg." Whereupon he opened what seemed to be a pair of field glasses, displaying them to be a cleverly concealed camera, and took forth a roll of negative. "I know that Hindenburg will be interested to see these tin soldiers that America calls an army."

Thus ended the last conference between the arch spies of Imperial Germany. Bernstorff and Albert were to remain in Washington, von Papen and Boy-Ed to hasten back to New York that they might give their final instructions to Heinric von Lertz, Madame Augusta Stephan and Baroness Verbecht. Those instructions came the day that von Papen departed, and assembling his spies before him, he said:

"Remember, that this reign of terror is in the hands of Consul Franz Bopp at San Francisco. He will have full charge in the West, von Lertz in the East—with the understanding that Bopp is to send the men here to do the work. When they arrive, aid them all you can. I would like, if possible, to make the destruction of the big gun works at Bethlehem the climax of the affair."

"It shall be done," answered von Lertz.

Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club shadowed von Papen until his departure, noticed his extreme care about his baggage—cabled Falmouth to be sure to make an exhaustive search of the Captain's effects when the boat touched there. As for Boy-Ed—

It was Dixie Mason of the Secret Service who accompanied him on his last trip to his office, persuasive, smiling, ingratiating Dixie, now and then leaning forward

Day after day the newspapers told a constantly growing story of horror. Throughout the tenement districts the infantile paralysis epidemic was spreading.

"Von Papen will join us at East Machias," advised Boy-Ed. "Here is a list of every ship that has left New York in the last twenty-four hours. How many torpedoes have you?"

"The world is good," he laughed.

"Is it?" she said caustically. "I think otherwise. Have you seen the papers?"

"No—too busy. Why?"

"Von Papen's baggage was searched at Falmouth. They took away his checks and check stubs, all his personal letters and a good many other things that will tell of his activities in this country. I think I know who gave the information that he was carrying this stuff! Look what I found in Madame Stephan's apartment just now!"

to whisper to him that America would be very lonely without him. To the boat she went also—and then to a telephone.

"Let me speak to Harrison Grant," she announced, when central connected her with the Criminology Club. Then—

"This is Dixie. I just said goodby to Boy-Ed."

"Yes."

"And while I was in his office, I happened to look at his daybook. There was a notation on it mentioning Franz Bopp in San Francisco. I don't know what it means—but I'm going out there to investigate. Watch von Lertz."

"Thanks, Dixie," responded Harrison Grant. "By the way, I wrote Madame Stephan a letter saying that she'd better give up any information that she has or that results will be bad for her."

"Hope it'll work, Harry. Goodby."

"Goodby, honey. Be careful!"

And Dixie Mason faded from New York, to become a shadow among shadows in San Francisco, and to seek to learn the secrets of the numbers of men who constantly hurried to and from Consul Franz Bopp's office.

For, the reign of terror had begun. In Pinole, where thousands of pounds of nitroglycerin exploded entirely by "accident," in Seattle, where a dynamite laden barge lashed the harbor to a foam, in Portland, in Vancouver, and on through the West, strange fires and explosions had become a matter of daily occurrence. And in the East—

"O. K. at Buffalo!" It was a voice over the wire as Heinric von Lertz listened expectantly, "the whole place burned up." "Good!"

A messenger boy entered. His telegram read:

"O. K. at Wilmington."

But those words meant another fire—and more destruction of life and property. The reign of terror was working out well. Heinrich von Lertz bowed happily at the entrance of Baroness Verbecht.

She produced a letter—bearing the stamp of the Criminology Club and the signature of Harrison Grant. Revenge was strong in Baroness Verbecht's eyes.

"That letter looks like a threat," she began. "It's a code message between them! That's where the tips have been coming from that have enabled the Secret Service to block our game. That's—"

But already the seething von Lertz was out of the office and on the way to see Madame August Stephan. There he flaunted the letter in her face, he refused to listen to her explanations, he stormed at her, he raved at her—and he did that thing which he had sought to prevent. He raised rebellion in the heart of the woman who had been faithful. He at last caused revulsion to take place of absolute fidelity. Then came his voice, raging, storming:

"Remember, Imperial Germany demands obedience—or death!"

Madame Augusta Stephan rose very quietly. She touched a hand to the page of the book she had been reading, "A Tale of Two Cities."

"In that case," she said quietly, "here is your answer:"

Von Lertz strode forward. He read the passage:

"It is a far, far better thing I do than I ever have done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

"Bah!" he seethed and left the room.

Madame Stephan hurried to the Criminology Club, where Harrison Grant, Cavanaugh, Stewart and Sisson were standing with haggard faces, a group of telegrams in their hands, telling of new assaults against America.

"Hide those telegrams," Grant whispered. Then, to the woman—

"Well? Have you decided?"

"Yes." Madame Stephan smiled. "No need for the concealment of those telegrams, either. I can tell you everything that is in them. What is more, I intend to tell you everything that is about to happen. First of all, there is a countrywide plot for Saturday night.

"I have been accused falsely," she went on. "That is all I care to tell you. Do you care to take my confession?"

Grant bowed, acquiescing.

The next night was Saturday night. In the great gun works at Bethlehem, the night shift was struggling with the great tasks that lay before it. Down in the boiler rooms, the firemen were plying the shovels as they sought to keep the steam at top level. Everywhere was rushing, seething activity. Then suddenly—

A form burst into the boiler room, striking the shovel from the hand of a fireman. The intruder showed the badge of the Secret Service.

"Not another scoopful of coal must go into those boilers until we've examined this coal!" he ordered.

"Why? Because we've just caught a German spy disguised as a woman, throwing bombs made in the shape of coal into the chute. Anyone of them is powerful enough to wreck the whole plant!"

And in twenty other places throughout the country, the same sort of a scene was happening, while in San Francisco—

"They're all in the office now!" said Dixie Mason to the Captain of the police she had assembled for the raid on Franz Bopp's office. "Take every one of them—I'll bring the charge and present the evidence to the district attorney."

The police ran forward. An hour later, the newspapers of the country were receiving the story of the arrest of San Francisco's Imperial German Consul, together with most of his staff and his entire crew of destroyers. As for the woman who had caused the defeat of Imperial Germany's reign of terror—

She lay on the floor of her apartment. Heinric von Lerzt bent above her, a revolver still in his hand. His eyes were feverish. He knelt and stared at her.

"Dead," he said quietly, "dead!"

A sudden flash of memory came over him.

"That book she was reading!" he whispered. "I'll—"

A moment later, the maid entered the room, to run forward hysterically at the sight of the woman on the floor. Von Lertz stopped her.

"Telephone the coroner," he ordered, "your mistress has just killed herself."

"What?"

"Yes—see—here is a passage in 'A Tale of Two Cities' that she marked just before she shot herself"—and he pointed to it and read it aloud.

And while von Lertz made his explanations, in a dingy old laboratory in a dark tenement street of New York, a bearded, fiendish eyed man was studying a tube of bacteria which he held before him—and gloating over it.

"When the warm weather comes," he mused, "then will Imperial Germany strike with a weapon that is invincible!"

CHAPTER XIV

The Infantile Paralysis Epidemic

It was not long after warm weather came that Dixie Mason saw a strange appearing man in the office of Heinric von Lertz. When she entered the office, she believed that she saw some money pass between the two men—and she was certain that just before she entered, von Lertz had been giving him instructions. But when she asked questions—

"Only an old schoolmate, in financial distress," answered von Lertz to her queries. Dixie glanced at him queerly.

"Heinie," she said quietly, "I don't believe you trust me as much as you once did. Why?"

"That's not true!" Von Lertz raised both hands in protestation. "But this is something with which I am bound to keep secret, except from one other person."

"Does Bernstorff know of it?"

"Not through me."

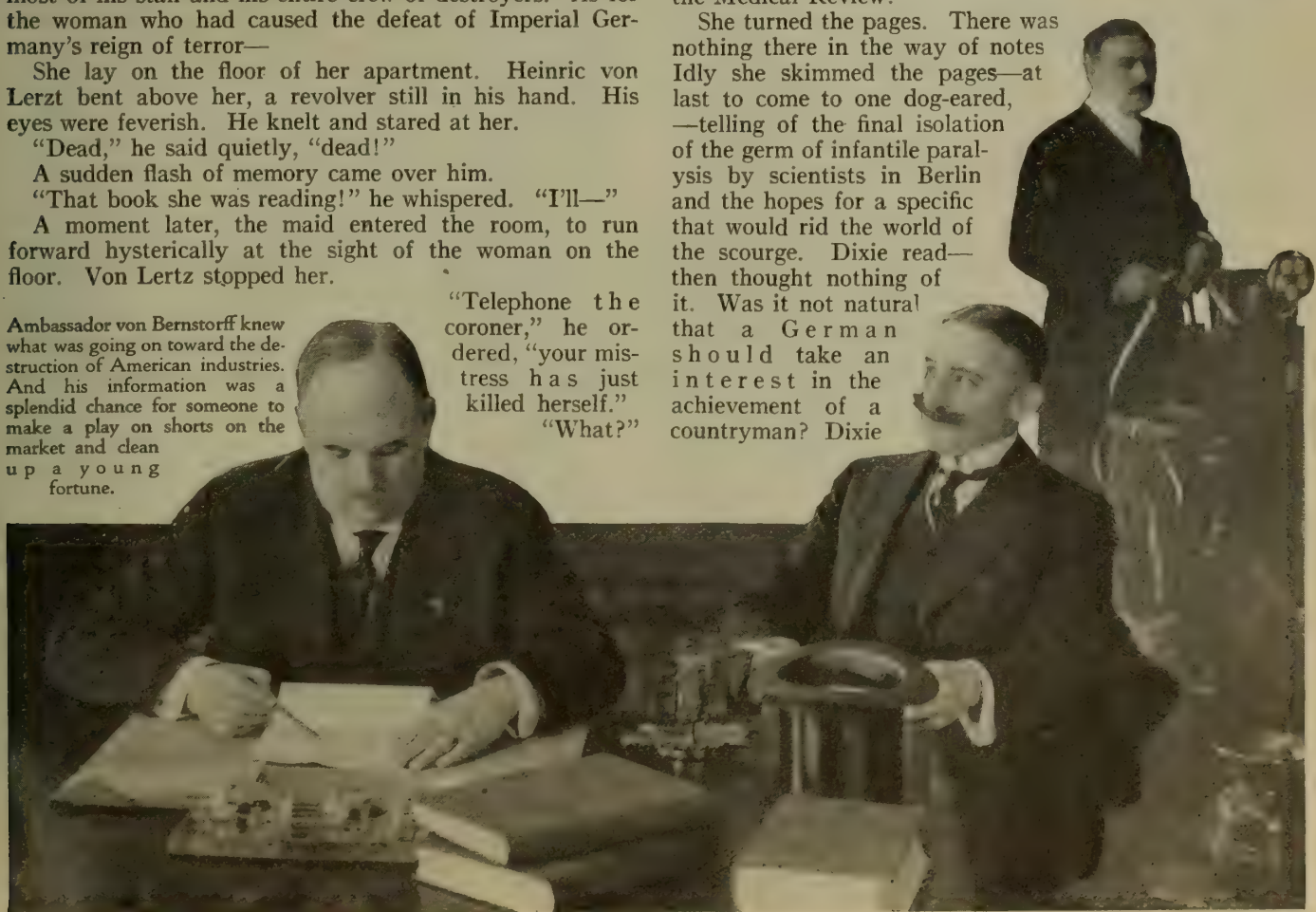
"Or Albert?"

"No—at least, I have not told him."

"Then the one other person must be Baroness Verbecht."

Von Lertz smiled in answer—but gave no answer. Dixie Mason went poutingly to the couch on the far side of the room. There she toyed with a magazine—finally to raise it in sudden interest. Why should von Lertz be reading the Medical Review?

She turned the pages. There was nothing there in the way of notes Idly she skimmed the pages—at last to come to one dog-eared,—telling of the final isolation of the germ of infantile paralysis by scientists in Berlin and the hopes for a specific that would rid the world of the scourge. Dixie read—then thought nothing of it. Was it not natural that a German should take an interest in the achievement of a countryman? Dixie



Ambassador von Bernstorff knew what was going on toward the destruction of American industries. And his information was a splendid chance for someone to make a play on shorts on the market and clean up a young fortune.

rose to go. Heinric von Lertz came forward from his work at his desk.

"I'm sorry—that I can't tell you," he began. "But—really, it's a secret. Today Germany begins a new offensive."

"On the French front?"

"Not this time. Imperial Germany strikes in the dark!"

Nor was Dixie Mason able to gain more. A week later, however, she hastened to the office of Harrison Grant—to find him in the uniform of a sanitary inspector, while the members of his organization were clothed in the white of inspectors also.

"We're working in the interest of humanity," he announced. "I suppose you've seen the stories of the growth of infantile paralysis?"

"Just exactly what I've come to talk to you about," answered Dixie Mason. "I'm afraid that Imperial Germany has had something to do with it. I saw von Lertz paying money to a man I know wouldn't be above the murder of children, and I know that on the same day von Lertz was interested enough in the subject to dog-ear a page of the Medical Review, telling of the isolation of the germ."

Harrison Grant bent forward.

"Have you been able to locate the man?"

"No. I've shadowed von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht persistently, but they always lose me. I know that they go somewhere in the tenement district around Chatham square, but that's all."

Apprehension of the criminal who was spreading the germs of infantile paralysis was difficult just then. Besides, the disease was growing to such an extent that every effort had to be directed against the plague itself. Day after day the papers told a constantly growing story of horror throughout the tenement districts and even in the homes of the rich the epidemic was spreading. Day after day, trains left the city, crowded with fear-ridden mothers removing their children from the surroundings of suffering.

While in the tenement laboratory of Dr. Wolf, once of Berlin, von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht listened to the reports of progress from the livid lips of the bearded old murderer, heard his stories of the spread of the disease and of the causes that led to it.

"And there's no chance of Imperial Germany being blamed!" he announced in his cracked voice. "They won't understand. Why should we kill children? they will ask. They will not know that it is the rule of Imperial Germany to weaken by any means possible, the morals and the strength of any nation that may be a belligerent. And when we have swept the nation clear of children and of many men and many women—what will America be then? A spineless nation—a fightless nation, ready and waiting to be overridden by Imperial Germany. And to think—" he spread his hands in estatic joy—"to think that I and my beloved flies have been the cause of it all!"

He almost ran forward to where a large number of small oval screens rested on a table of his laboratory.

"There they are!" he almost screamed, "there are the agents of Imperial Germany. They are the ones who spread the disease for us. See? I spread the culture in there and let them walk in it. Then I release them in the tenement districts. They hurry to the food. Food goes into the mouth. The disease is planted—and Germany is on the way to another victory.

"And look—" he pointed to great rows of bottles—"today Germany begins a new phase of its offensive. Medicine—a cure-all. My men will sell it on the street—."

"Be careful!" Von Lertz strode forward. Wolf grinned evilly.

"It analyzes perfectly harmless," he said in answer. "But when given to a patient suffering from infantile paralysis, it produces certain death."

But the trail of the spreaders of infantile paralysis was destined to come in another way. The weeks traveled by, to find New York almost in the grip of hysteria. Every edition of the papers brought new deaths. Every hospital was overcrowded. Day by day Wolf went forth on his rounds, to spread more flies, each with its legs covered by the infantile paralysis germ, in the infected districts. Day and night was the Criminology Club working in its efforts to clean up the dirtier districts, making the spreading of the disease more difficult. And toward the close of a day—

"I've been wishing for you!" It was Wolf's assistant who spoke as Baroness Verbecht and Heinric von Lertz came into the laboratory. "Wolf's drinking! He—"

A sound outside the door interrupted. Wolf entered, his eyes bloodshot, his step faltering. He reeled and stumbled, falling against the table which bore the culture tubes of the dread disease. A hand struck one of the brittle tubes of glass. It broke, cutting deep into his flesh. Dully Wolf stared at the blood on his hand.

"I've cut m'self," he announced dully.

"Yes—" the voice of Heinric von Lertz bore fright, "on a culture tube. Quick—we've got to get you to a hospital. You'll be infected."

"Think I will? Not me—I'm immune. I'm—"

But a week later, the strain of Wolf's boasting changed. He was in bed now, a victim of the racking pain he had distributed to thousands. Then von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht watched their agent of death taken away.

"Gather everything into this room in a pile. We've got to burn the evidence!" ordered von Lertz.

An hour later Harrison Grant, passing on his rounds, stepped back quickly as a pile of old bedding, blankets, and glass pounded down in front of him, from where

Von Bernstorff asked the privilege of receiving U-53 has just touched at Newport," he in- be a great deal of

firemen were dragging the wreckage from a burned tenement. The broken glass of culture tubes claimed his attention. He bent forward—to pick up a burned photograph—and a test tube still bearing the label of the germ of infantile paralysis. Grant went forward to where a storekeeper was mourning over his burned out shop.

"How'd all this happen?" he asked.

"It started in a laboratory upstairs," answered the shopkeeper. "The doctor or whoever he was had just been taken to the general hospital with infantile paralysis and —well, a little after that, the fire broke out."

Harrison Grant hurried for the Criminology Club and Dixie Mason.

"That's the man," she announced after a glance at the photograph.

"Good! Go to the general hospital. Dress as a nurse and arrange to be stationed in his ward. See if you can get a confession."

Three days later, the telephone rang in the Criminology Club. Harrison Grant recognized the voice of Dixie Mason at the other end of the wire.

"Come quick!" she said.

For at the hospital, Dr. Wolf was dying—dying and silent almost to the last.

"I spread the germs," he said thickly. "Yes, I spread them. It was all for the greater power of Imperial Germany."

"At whose orders?" Grant asked the question. Wolf stared at him. His lips moved slightly—but no words came. The disease spreader was dead. Soon the newspapers told of a betterment in the infantile paralysis situation—and credited it to cooler weather!

And while the childhood of America resumed its health and strength, two men turned their faces toward the Western Hemisphere from Imperial Germany. One of them was Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, former naval attache of the Imperial German Embassy at Washington. The other was Capt. Franz von Papen, former military attache—both bound for a neutral southern country that they might direct the activities of a hidden campaign against one of the greatest of American commodities.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST COTTON

The result of the meeting of von Papen and Boy-Ed in the neutral southern country was not evidenced for some time. Then reports began to come from the cotton districts of the United States that were anything but gratifying. The boll weevil had begun to invade the cotton fields, causing devastation to appear where there should have been acres and acres of white blooms; crops failed mysteriously—ton by ton the production of cotton was being cut down. And quite coincidentally, a short time before each new outburst of the natural enemies of cotton, a spy left the headquarters of von Papen and Boy-Ed, carrying concealed with him, hundreds of specimens of the destroyers of the commodity.

And perhaps it all would have led to success had Imperial Germany contented itself with the mere destruction of fields, and of growing crops. But Imperial Germany yearned for more than that. Great crops of cotton already had been picked and ginned. On the harbors of New Orleans, Galveston and even New York, thousands of tons of cotton were awaiting shipment to France, to England and to Russia. And Imperial Germany had determined that if this cotton could not be diverted to Germany, then it must go to no one. The result was that Dixie Mason dropped into the Criminology Club one day for a little chat with Harrison Grant—and an exchange of opinions.

"Von Lertz continues

a few telegrams at the Blank apartment. "The formed, "I think before many hours there will information for me."

Time after time the harassed Mrs. Blank sought to elude the representative of Imperial Germany's arch murderers, von Bernstorff, but she was blocked.

to get mail and telegrams from Zacatecas," said Dixie as she seated herself. "And also to get a number of secret reports from cotton centers down south. I—"

"And you haven't been able to learn what they mean?" Harrison Grant wagged a finger at her. "I'm afraid that von Lertz is losing some of his Imperial German stupidity."

Dixie smiled.

"If I had only von Lertz to work against," was her answer, "things would be different. But there is Baroness Verbecht—it seems she has assumed complete charge since the suicide of Madame Stephan. Personally, I think that that suicide some day will be traced directly to Heinric von Lertz, but that's another matter just now. The point of everything is that I have made an investigation and have learned that several shipments of cotton from the Harris Compress at Shreveport have been found to be eaten up with acids. I think I know how it's being done. I'm leaving tonight for the South."

"Good girl, Dixie!" Harrison Grant was glad of the opportunity to hold the hand of the little Secret Service operative for a moment," and I know that if there is anything going on, you'll get track of it. I wish that I could go along—but I can't. There's another little matter that is claiming my attention."

"Which is—"

"The wife of a certain broker in New York. For purposes best known to the service, she must be known only as Mrs. Blank, because I believe that she is only a pawn in her husband's hands. At any rate, Bernstorff has become fascinated with her. I have investigated Blank and have found that he is a scheming sort of fellow who would not be above forcing his wife to receive the attentions of another man. Ambassador Bernstorff knows what is going on toward the destruction of American industries. And suppose he should give advance information to someone connected with the stock game. The result would be a chance for a play on shorts on the market and the cleaning up of a young fortune."

"I see." Dixie rose. "Success, Harry!"

"Success to you, Dixie."

And so, Dixie Mason disappeared from New York, to take her place in the south, to trace the shipments of cotton from the fields to the gin, to aid in the cleaning up of fields affected by the boll weevil, while in the southern country, in constant communication with von Lertz and with Wolf von Igel, Boy-Ed and von Papen directed the activities of hundreds of spies scattered through the cotton districts.

Harrison Grant had been more than busy. Stationed in the shadow of the Ritz-Carlton, he had watched Ambassador Bernstorff more than once signal with the window shade of his room, receive an answering signal from across the street, leave the Ritz-Carlton, enter a blind passageway of the building across the way, get into a freight elevator and be taken aloft to the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Blank. More than that, he had learned that Blank had invited Bernstorff to a ball at his country estate—and through another broker, Harrison Grant had received an invitation.

The night of the ball the great estate of Blank was ablaze with lights. Mingling with the guests was Harrison Grant, his eyes following the worried, fretted features of Mrs. Blank. Nor was it long until he had been introduced to her and was chatting with her, while Blank glared at her from across the ballroom, and the nervous, irascible Bernstorff saw in him a rival for the affections of the woman he craved.

Mrs. Blank's mind had been a seething cauldron for days now—ever since her brutish husband had confided to her the plan for making her a puppet in a game of fascination. Beaten down for years by his overbearing nature, striving to struggle against him, but failing always, Mrs. Blank was facing the worst maelstrom of her career. And striving as best she could against it, she welcomed the apparent friendship which Harrison Grant extended to her, and the company which he offered—anything for a task imposed upon her by her husband. Time after time, when she sought to elude Blank and the representative of Imperial Germany's arch murderers, she was blocked. But once they met—for a moment, and Harrison Grant took advantage of that moment for a bit of advice he hoped would be heeded.

"Naturally, you know that I am the president of the Criminology Club," he said with little attempt to disguise the meaning of his remark. "We are at present working in the interest of the United States against certain representatives of a foreign country, one of whom is here tonight. The duty of every American citizen is to work against the spies which that country employs here—and should anyone gain any information from them, it should be communicated at once to me. In spite of the fact that it might make money for someone else on the stock market."

"I understand," she answered—and a moment later, Harrison Grant saw that she smiled at Bernstorff.

But while Harrison Grant was playing his game against that of Blank and of Bernstorff, Dixie Mason was more

than busy in the South. She had accomplished the arrest of one of Germany's acid throwers in the big compress at Shreveport, and was busily gaining a confession from him. Nor did the fact that the arrest had been seen and communicated to Wolf von Igel in New York by another of Germany's army of spies, worry her. For, with the search of the prisoner and the finding of papers upon him, Dixie had communicated her facts to the Department of Justice. And while Wolf von Igel strove to gather up the papers of his office and hurry them to the Imperial German Embassy in Washington, the Department of Justice entered to raid that office, seize those papers and again open a hornet's nest of German intrigue. For those papers told practically everything that the United States wanted to know concerning the activities of Wolf von Igel in America.

The papers were taken and Wolf von Igel removed to a safer place while Paul Koenig of the Hamburg American line, hurried to the office of Dr. Albert to communicate the bad news to him.

"That means that someone has learned our cotton secrets," Dr. Albert announced. "Very well. Cotton on the docks of New York must not be loaded on the steamers. Summon von Lertz."

The result was that fire broke forth in the harbors of New York, fire which destroyed bale after bale of cotton, which swept throughout the shipping district, which leaped from dock to ship and from ship to dock; fire in which thousands of bales of cotton crumpled into the smoke of nothingness. The further result was that a telegram was delivered to Bernstorff at the home of Blank, telling of that fire and of its results. Bernstorff did not notice that Blank was staring over his shoulder as he read that telegram. Nor did Bernstorff notice that Blank and Mrs. Blank suddenly disappeared from the maze of frivolity.

Carefully concealed just outside the conservatory, Harrison Grant was watching and listening. Within were Mr. and Mrs. Blank arguing about Bernstorff.

"Can't you understand what it would mean?" Blank was saying. "For instance Bernstorff got a telegram tonight that great cargoes of cotton had been destroyed in the Erie Basin tonight. He knew in advance that they were going to be destroyed. And if I had known it, I could have bought short on cotton, sold tomorrow and made money. You're the one who can get that information. Bernstorff's crazy about you. He'll tell you what you ask him. And you've got to do it. Now promise!"

Grant leaned forward. From within had come the low sound of a woman's voice. And her words were:

"I promise."

Nor could Grant help wondering just to what that promise would lead.

As for Imperial Germany, it was busy in a half a dozen directions at once. The visit of von Papen and Boy-Ed had struck a snag in the arrest of von Igel. Already they were packing their grips and making arrangements to get secretly across the line into the United States, that they might aid in a new blow that Imperial Germany was aiming against America—then escape. And that new blow was to be—

Far out in the Atlantic, the periscope of a U-boat appeared above the waves. And the churning submersible was headed straight for America!

CHAPTER XVI

THE RAID OF THE U-53

Separation, a new blow against America—then escape! Such was the plan of Boy-Ed and von Papen as they made their way into America and headed toward the East. But as they did so, the trail of at least one of them was picked up by the Secret Service with the result that when Karl Boy-Ed entered a small grocery store near the wharves of Newport some time later, a young girl watched from the shadows across the street. She was Dixie Mason.

(Continued on page 100)

A form burst into the room, striking the shovel from the hands of a fireman. "Not another shovel full of coal must go into these boilers until we've examined this coal," cried Grant. "We've just caught a German spy throwing bombs in the shape of coal into the chute above."

A Queer

Few may dictate to nobility. Yet David W. Griffith told the Dowager Queen Alexandra and court ladies how to act before the camera. They were quite submissive too.

The Dowager Queen Alexandra as she appears in a scene of Mr. Griffith's first Artcraft picture, "The Great Love."

Mr. Griffith instructing Lily Elsie how to play an important scene.

His Star

With customary partiality to the art before him, Griffith forgot that his actress was Lady Diana Manners, the celebrated English beauty. She was, for the moment, so much "material"—to be moulded into a Griffith actress.

GRIFFITH is the greatest man in pictures, because he lets everybody else do everything they can, and then goes them one better. "Masks and Faces" was produced in England, and it had almost all the stage and screen notables of Great Britain in the cast. What does Griffith do? The most beautiful women of the exclusive court circles act in his picture, "The Great Love." This is the picture recently referred to in PHOTOPLAY, in which Griffith will show the regeneration of British society through its war activities.

A group of English noblewomen as they appear in the picture. At left is Lily Elsie. Then appears Lady Diana Manners and at extreme right Mrs. John Lavery.

An unusual tableaux showing Bettina Stuart-Wortley scrubbing the floor. It's a hospital scene.

Headin' South!

Readers will please stand while Jack Holt sings "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine."

Jack Holt with Mary Pickford in "The Little American," one of his first pictures.

JACK HOLT has a secret.

He isn't really in Southern California to work in pictures—he's down there to get warm.

Jack spent so many years in Alaska driving a dog team over the snow and got so blooming cold that he had to spend the last six years trying to thaw out.

This leading man was born in Winchester, Virginia, the burg to which Sheridan made his celebrated twenty-mile dash. The son of a minister, Holt went to the Virginia Military Institute, developed into a civil engineer and then went up to Alaska as a surveyor. He switched from surveying to driving the mail sleds and for many, many moons during the winter months drove the dog teams from Valdez to Fairbanks.

Jack would save his wages as a surveyor until he had enough to go prospecting. After he spent all of his money hunting gold he would go back to work again as a mail driver.

At times during the winter months in some parts of Alaska, it becomes far from warm, and it was nothing for young Holt to come staggering into the Blue Skin Roadhouse pretty well frozen up. One time in the last snow of the year, after they had a gentle fall of nearly fifty-five feet in Valdez, and all the snow except the trail had softened up,—Jack and his dog team with a lot of tender missives bound for the hardy heroes of Fairbanks fell off the trail and were nearly frozen to death before found. But the mail business became monotonous and as a minstrel company was being organized to play the Alaska camps, Holt joined out as an end man.

As proof of his sojourn in the Far North, Jack produces a cake of genuine Alaskan—the adjectives were supplied by his publicity department—ice.

Finally his craving for warm weather became so great that Jack left Alaska and came to the States and bought himself a ranch in Oregon. The ranch went "bluey," as he says, and one day, down in San Francisco, Jack heard of a motion picture company that needed a man to jump off a cliff into the rushing river. Jack took the job and from then on devoted his interest and energy to pictures. He started in with Universal and Lubin and it was while he was with the Universal Company that his work was noticed by the Lasky organization, and it was not long before he was offered a contract. Practically his first production established him as an actor of rare ability. In this role he appeared as the German-American Lieutenant in "The Little American," in support of Mary Pickford.

From a German officer in "The Little American" he was converted into an American Quartermaster in "The Secret Game."

Holt did a number of productions at the Lasky studio and then went over to the other Paramount organization, Thomas H. Ince, to play the lead for Dorothy Dalton. The production was delayed and he was promptly borrowed by Lasky to do "The White Man's Law" and several others. After doing the Dalton picture he settled down for a little vacation when Clara Kimball Young cornered him for "The Claw." Now he's back with Ince.

Witzel

And here is just Jack, who was lured into the moving picture game by an invitation to jump off a cliff.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The Thrift Stamp—A New Problem. As these lines are written motion picture theatres in the West are discussing the serious problem which the Thrift Stamp has brought about—primarily, the Thrift Stamp, aided and abetted by Red Cross and Liberty Bond drives. The managers assert that the thrift stamp has destroyed the bigger portion of juvenile patronage, and in some instances menaces the very existence of the theatres themselves, by having eaten up the enduring margin of profit.

This is a problem with two grave sides—also it is a cloud with a nice silver lining.

For the first, the prime consideration of this nation today is not amusement, but winning the war. We have been told, and we believe, that nothing in the way of luxury or pleasure must stand in the way of our armies and the means behind them.

The cloud's silver lining is that any process, governmental or private, which is recognized as having taught thrift and the necessity of saving to the boys and girls of a nation is a good process, and augurs sanity, power, progress and wealth in the ruling generation to come.

It would, indeed, be a national calamity if any general financial disaster should overtake the nation's picture theatres. Indeed, these are the spiritual parks of the soul, just as necessary, now, as material parks for our physical selves. We do not believe that the administration anticipates nor would countenance any such thing at this time, for the movies are America's relaxation, and in these days of tension relaxation was never more vitally necessary.

The answer would appear to be this: if any form of amusement suffers, it will be high-priced amusement. If we have to, we can spare the two-dollar show a whole lot quicker than the ten- and twenty-cent show.

Comparative instances, though, show no such danger impending. The reports of Mr. Hoover, and his aides and successors in Belgium, tell us that no matter how destitute a district, or how utterly dependent on funds from America, a portion of every family's pittance was put aside for the beloved Cinema, and the oppressed Belgians went out of their troubles by going through the screen to other lands.

The theatrical business in London, including pictures as well, flourishes almost as in peace times.

In a modified sense, this is true of Paris—and would be quite true had not the nation been so actually depleted of its artists, creative as well as interpretative.

Come on with Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds and honorable buttons of the Red Cross! The only answer now would seem to be careful management, conservation, perhaps fewer shows, here and there—but always better ones!

Our Old Department. A year ago PHOTOPLAY used to comment, every month, on the soberly asinine electric signs to be found before apparently first-class city theatres. The signs grew more reasonable, and the department faded. But the nuts are with us again.

Inspect, for instance, this legend, which in large fire-type adorned a playhouse at Fifth street and Broadway, Los Angeles, during the last week in March:

It May be Your Daughter—and Charlie Chaplin.

While at the same time this allurement was displayed with equal prominence on the main street of Hollywood, the Athens of our art:

Shoes that Dance—Amateur Night.

One Way to Censor. The censor we still have with us, but as there is more than one way of removing the pelt from a feline, there are more than a few ways—if we can find them—of walking around the obnoxious smoke screen of stupid bigotry.

One way has been found by the Strand theatre in New Orleans. This enterprising institution has an "advisory committee," of fifty citizens, who pass not only upon the pictures, but upon the subtitles. Needless to say, such criticism is constructive rather than destructive, as is the defacing inspection of the professional moral policeman.

The kernel of wheat in the Strand's scheme is that it makes the motion picture *a community interest*, not an occasional peep-show in which the community takes the watch-dog's leavings. When motion pictures become generally a community interest, and a community pride—in other words, when each man feels that the picture is a thing in which he is not only a daily spectator but a responsible participant—when this time comes the public censor will die just as naturally as a little stinkweed hung up over the kitchen stove.

What He Had Been Playing. The individual managers of a circuit of theatres in certain small southern cities got together in New York recently. It was their annual convention, and their parliament was extensively harangued by those lesser lamps of Broadway who make a business of cheaply duplicating Broadway successes for the provinces. During the past year the fillums has cut into this nice profit something terrible, Mose!

Among the specially vindictive at this meeting was a two-cylinder producer whom we'll give the name of Ginsberg. Ginsberg doesn't

know much about the movies, but he has a conviction that it ought to be illegal to put a first-class photoplay in the same town with one of his nineteenth editions of Frohman. Ginsberg calls all screen efforts by the general and contemptuous name, "Chaplins." He made "Chaplin" a generality when he found that every theatre on his circuit, or nearly every theatre, as cancelling his worthy dramas in favor of the capers of Charlie

Yet Ginsberg found one manager who assured him that he had never had a Chaplin in his theatre. He spoke specifically, but Ginsberg, alas, took the answer as a generality. Ginsberg broke up the meeting to introduce him. "Here," he declaimed, "is a gentleman who never had a Chaplin in his house yet makes money — tell the gentlemen why you never play the Chaplins!"

"Well," answered the manager, "I can't—I don't have no open time for 'em, because my folks can't never seem to get enough o' Mary Pickford an' Bill Hart."

❦

Edison, Hail and Farewell! The Edison studio and laboratory in the Bronx, New York City, has been sold. In all probability the Edison name on film plays has passed into history.

To many, this will bring a certain poignant regret, for in the days of beginning, Edison upheld the banner of progress with splendid courage and great result. To others, the announcement means nothing at all—to the great majority, it is just an item of news.

Is there a bit of irony — or is it a fine farewell?—in the fact that the final Edison production, "The Unbeliever," is listed among the season's big winners?

To those who observe the march of photoplay events it seems as though film history, like much of the record of human life, moves in a circle. When Edison was in the heyday of its power, motion pictures were ruled by a mighty trust. Then came the humble independents, their unbeatable energy, their progress — and today *they* are a virtual trust!

What next?

❦

Your Kind Applause. "I have never heard an audience in a photoplay theatre clap its hands even when the house was bursting with people," said Vachel Lindsay, in a book published three years ago. We do not now recall whether or not we frequently encountered applause in those ancient times, but certainly one of the most interesting phenomena of today is the almost invariable applause which greets a favorite actor or a pleasing scene. There is more significance in this than the mere knowledge that the audience approves what it sees. The applause makes it more evident than ever that pictures have become real to the spectators. We would not applaud a pretty picture found in a book or in an art gallery, because its unreality is too obvious. But the moving picture has become a personal thing, its players actual persons. Except for patriotic spectacles, which we applaud for the same reason that we stand when the national anthem is played, this applause would be withheld if we stopped to think about it. We do not stop to think; we do not stop to realize that this thing that has aroused us is only a shadow. Our applause is spontaneous, because the thing we see is just as real as if the actors in person were before us, on the stage. In other words, we no longer look at a picture, we look into it.

❦

Sunshine or Spotshine? The making of moving pictures is now more than ever the monopoly of Southern California, yet the general public — the consumer of motion pictures — knows, and does not know, why.

Most people believe that the film men have convened in California because of its sunshine. This is true, but just why and how it is true the public does not realize.

The great advantage of Southern California is that its reliable weather permits companies to work on "location," and to make plans in advance for such exterior photography, at least three hundred days in the year. This is a factor of prime importance in turning out pictures on schedule, and at anything like endurable costs. Neither exhibitors nor performers' salaries wait upon bad weather.

Of secondary importance to this is the sharp, clear quality of the light itself, and the cheapness of electric power.

Interior photography is becoming more and more a matter of artificial lighting. The difference between sunshine and spotshine, as far as pliability and calculated effect are concerned, is the difference between a rain and a hose. You can do just what you please with a hose — wet anything, anywhere, any time, as much or as little as you like. Adolph Zukor is authority for the statement that in a year or two, at most, work done in the studios will be done wholly with artificial illumination.

❦

Another Scold. Frank Crane, usually a kindly person in his syndicated editorials, has joined the ranks of the scolds. But like many another estimable gentleman who tries to talk about pictures, he seems to know very little about his subject. He saw a bad picture, and with this as a topic, ferociously attacks producers as a whole, demanding, for example:

"Why pay Mary Pickford a billion dollars a year and then get the teamster or the plasterer to write the story for fifty cents?"

The figure of speech was ill chosen. Recent Pickford stories have been from the works of the following teamsters and plasterers: Bret Harte, William J. Locke, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

There was an uncanny quality in this little creature, a spirit of unrest and provocation that ran through her slim body like a flame. She was the embodiment of the music and color about her.

Maid of the Storm

A Cinderella who took adventure into her own hands

By Dale Carroll

ARIEL crouched in the sand at the mouth of her cave and watched the gulls as they wheeled out against the stormy November sky. Familiar as the scene was, it never lost its charm for her. All the world about her seemed to share her joy in the approaching storm—the little white-caps in the choppy, slate-colored sea, the long reeds bent by the wind, and even the birds as they circled over the horizon line. One of the gulls especially fascinated Ariel. It seemed larger than the others and gyrated peculiarly high above the others. Its spasmodic movements brought it nearer and nearer to earth—and then Ariel saw that it was no bird at all, but some giant-winged monster struggling to keep its balance. Her face turned skyward, Ariel watched the thing flopping about in the wind. Suddenly it swooped toward her and fell the long distance to the beach, with a great crash.

Ariel rushed to the spot, but not before a group of fishermen had gathered about the mass. Pinned under the wreckage was the long slim figure of a young man. One leg was bent under him and blood was beginning to trickle from his forehead, shadowed by an aviator's cap. Ariel felt a poignant thrill of pity as if one of her beloved pines in the nearby forest had fallen blasted at her feet.

Solemnly she trotted after the little procession that bore the bird-man to the cottage where Andy MacTavish, Ariel's foster-father, had grudgingly offered a shelter. Before the doctor came, Andy's clumsy fingers had cut the aviator's high boot from the broken leg and no one noticed that Ariel had gathered it in her arms and hidden it among her other childish treasures.

"He'll need a rare bit of nursing," the doctor had told them.

Ariel silenced Andy's sour complaints by her faithful promise to give up her long walks and her romps with the fisher-boys and even her games in the cave if they would allow her to nurse the stranger. Andy grunted his consent and the invalid stayed.

Patiently Ariel slaved about the cottage, changing the bandages, preparing his food and soothing him as he tossed and muttered of the strange world in the city beyond the cliffs. Her first reward was the look of recognition and gratitude which he gave her one morning as she brought in the tray with his breakfast.

"Did you fall out of the sky too?" he asked her whimsically.

She smiled rapturously at this first indication that her labors had not been in vain.

"I was here already," she told him. "I'm taking care of you. I'm Ariel."

"Ariel, of course you're Ariel," he answered and then murmured something about "come unto these yellow sands" which she didn't understand. But from that moment, he began to improve and soon he was able to limp from the cottage to her cave where she delightedly shared with him all her treasures.

This was a secret cave which she had named the "Witches' Cauldron" and had told the fisher-boys such blood-curdling tales of its origin that none of them could be bribed to approach it. There, with the birdman seated on a rock and she at his feet on the moss, they spent long lazy afternoons through which he learned her simple history.

She was called Ariel, she told him, because that was the name of the ship which had cast her up on the sands of the Kentish coast where Andy had found her. He had taken her back to his wife because he believed it to be his duty and not from any love of her, as the lonely child soon learned.

"That was when I was a baby," she told him. "I stayed here and played in the cave and grew up. And then you came," she added quaintly.

The stranger was not equally confidential. His name was Franklin Shirley, she learned, and he lived in that city of splendor and mystery known to Ariel as London. But as to his past and his plans for the future he remained uncommunicative and preferred to sit on the throne Ariel had made for him and listen to her chatter and watch her dance to the music of the waves.

She loved to invent strange dances for him. She had caught the rhythm of the waves and the wind until she seemed no longer a human child but some elfin incarnation of the storm. Once, after one of these wild dances, Franklin had caught her to him and buried his face in her wind-blown hair.

"Ariel!" he had cried, repeating her name again and again, "you are the loveliest thing I have ever seen."

After this, life had but one meaning for Ariel. They loved each other and she was content. Some day there would be another cottage, just above the Witches' Cauldron, where they would live only for each other. It was joy enough only to wait.

So that, when he casually announced that he must soon be back in London, it was a bolt from the blue. They had met at the cave as usual and he had been in an unusually tender mood. He had brought her a gorgeous blue ribbon which matched her eyes and a tiny sapphire brooch which he pinned on over her gingham frock.

"So that you wont forget me when I am gone," he said lightly.

"Gone!" Ariel's eyes were so blinded with bitter tears that she could hardly see the hand he held out for goodbye. She watched him as he walked away into the sunset and then she stumbled back to the cottage, the forgotten coil of blue ribbon trailing behind her in the sand.

Then followed days of incredible desolation. It was some time before she could go back to the cave, now haunted with bitter sweet memories. One day she forced herself to enter, and in a spirit of defiance, tried the old

Maid of the Storm

NARRATED by permission, from the Paralta photoplay based upon the story by J. Grubb Alexander and Fred Myton, produced with the following cast:

Ariel.....Bessie Barriscale
Franklin Shirley.....George Fisher
Abe Strohman.....Herschal Mayall
Andy McTavish.....Joseph Dowling
Jules Picarde.....Howard Hickman
Ludwig Strauss.....Nick Cogley
Elaine Shackleford.....Lois Wilson

They had met at the cave as usual and he had been in an unusually tender mood. He had brought her a gorgeous blue ribbon and a tiny sapphire brooch. "So that you won't forget me when I am gone," he said.

Franklin raised his head and in that one glance, a lifetime of suffering bitterness was lost in perfect understanding.

dance, but her steps faltered and she fell sobbing to the sand. Suddenly she raised herself on one arm and gazed into her reflection in the pool beneath her. In spite of her tear-stained face, the beauty that Franklin had found was clearly there. "You are the loveliest thing," he had said, "that I have ever seen." Why then had he never spoken of the love which was surging within her? If what he said was true, she was lovelier than the women he met at the dinners in London, which she had seen illustrated in the society papers. What had they that she lacked? Even though they were less lovely to look at, they could talk to him in his own language of his own interests. This was called education and she had none of it. She would go to London and break this barrier that separated them, and then be wholly his. A sudden gust of wind answered her cry of resolution and she sprang out of the cave with her arms outstretched to the storm, defying the elements as she defied all the powers allied against her.

That night, a quaintly bundled little figure stole out of the cottage while Andy and his wife slept. Her only burden was the boot which she had hidden since the day when it had been cut from Franklin's wounded leg. Inside was an address, "Josiah Dobbs, 17 Shaftesbury Way," and by this she could trace her lover. For surely, Ariel thought, no boot-maker could forget Franklin if once he had entered the shop.

A kind-hearted peddler gave her a lift in his cart and she reached London in the late afternoon of the next day. She made her way through the tumult of the city avenues to a tiny side-street where she found a shop with "DOBBS" painted in red letters above the door. She knocked timidly and, receiving no answer, opened the door and stood hesitating in the threshold.

Three old men, seated about a work table, looked up simultaneously. The cobbler had been surreptitiously entertaining Ludwig Strauss and Jules Picarde, his two cronies, at a game of cards, without the knowledge or consent of Jean his spouse, who disapproved of both cards and cronies. Their astonished gaze met Ariel standing in the door, clutching desperately the boot which now seemed her only friend. The sight brought an amazed grunt from the three, which gave the warning to Jean in the other room. As the torrent of her abuse grew nearer and nearer, Ludwig hurried Ariel out of the shop and into his own little garret above the stairs.

"It is better so," he explained. "She is a good cook, that woman, but she has a fiend's tongue. Jules and I have neither cook nor scoldings. You will stay with us and perhaps give us both."

So Ariel stayed. She kept the tiny rooms tidy and amused the two old men with her chatter of her life by the sea. They were both members of an orchestra in an East End theater, and they would go over their music, with Ariel sitting in rapt attention at their feet. Once they broke into a wild strain that was full of the spirit of the storm and the sea. Ariel sprang to her feet and into the steps of the dance that had thrilled Franklin in the cave of the witches. As the last note died and Ariel dropped exhausted to her chair, Jules turned impressively to his old friend.

"It is genius the child has," he said solemnly. "The genius that Strohman is looking for but has not found. He must see her dance. Tomorrow she goes."

The next day, a badly frightened little girl was literally pushed into the office of Strohman, who made and unmade stars by a nod of his head. As Ariel looked up at his courteous greeting, she saw a powerfully built man with a somewhat heavy face, which seemed oddly expressionless, like a mask. After a few perfunctory questions, he signaled for music and she danced for him, the dance of the winds. When it was over, he dismissed the pianist and beckoned to her to come nearer.

"Sit down," he said, abruptly. "Do you know that you have the spirit of a great artiste?"

Ariel shrugged her slim shoulders. She was beginning to feel that all this clamor about her dancing was a meaningless farce with no bearing on her real purpose in the city.

"You can be a great artiste," the manager repeated. "But you are not interested in your art. You did not come here for that. What are you here for?"

It was the first intelligent interest that Ariel had found in her purpose and she met it with a rush of confidence. She told Strohman of her love for Franklin and of her burning desire to make herself of his own kind.

"When I am like his own people, then he will know that he loves me," she insisted gravely. "Then we will be married," she finished as a child reciting a well-known lesson.

"I can make you anything you want to be," said Strohman. "I will present you in one of my own productions and you will be a great dancer, much greater than any women your lover knows. Perhaps then he will marry you as you expect. In return, I am asking only one thing from you,—a promise. You are the sort of girl who keeps promises."

Ariel could only nod.

"I want you to promise," said Strohman, "that if he—this man—your lover—does not marry you after all I have done, that you will then come to me."

At the last words, he leaned over his desk and fixed his gaze on her puzzled face. Ariel was not frightened but still bewildered.

"It is a very foolish promise," she said with child-like contempt. "And it means nothing, for of course we will be married. But if you ask it, I can promise." She held out her hand almost gayly as if it were part of a game.

* * * * * * * * *

The opening night of the "Ballet Egyptienne" had packed the huge opera house to its doors. Strohman's productions were always sure of an enthusiastic reception but "The Scarlet Lotus," it was rumored, represented the very height of the great manager's efforts. Furthermore, it was to introduce a new discovery known to the theatrical world only as Mlle. Ariel. So there was more than the usual stir of expectation as the lights died down and the quivering of the violins opened the first bars of the ballet.

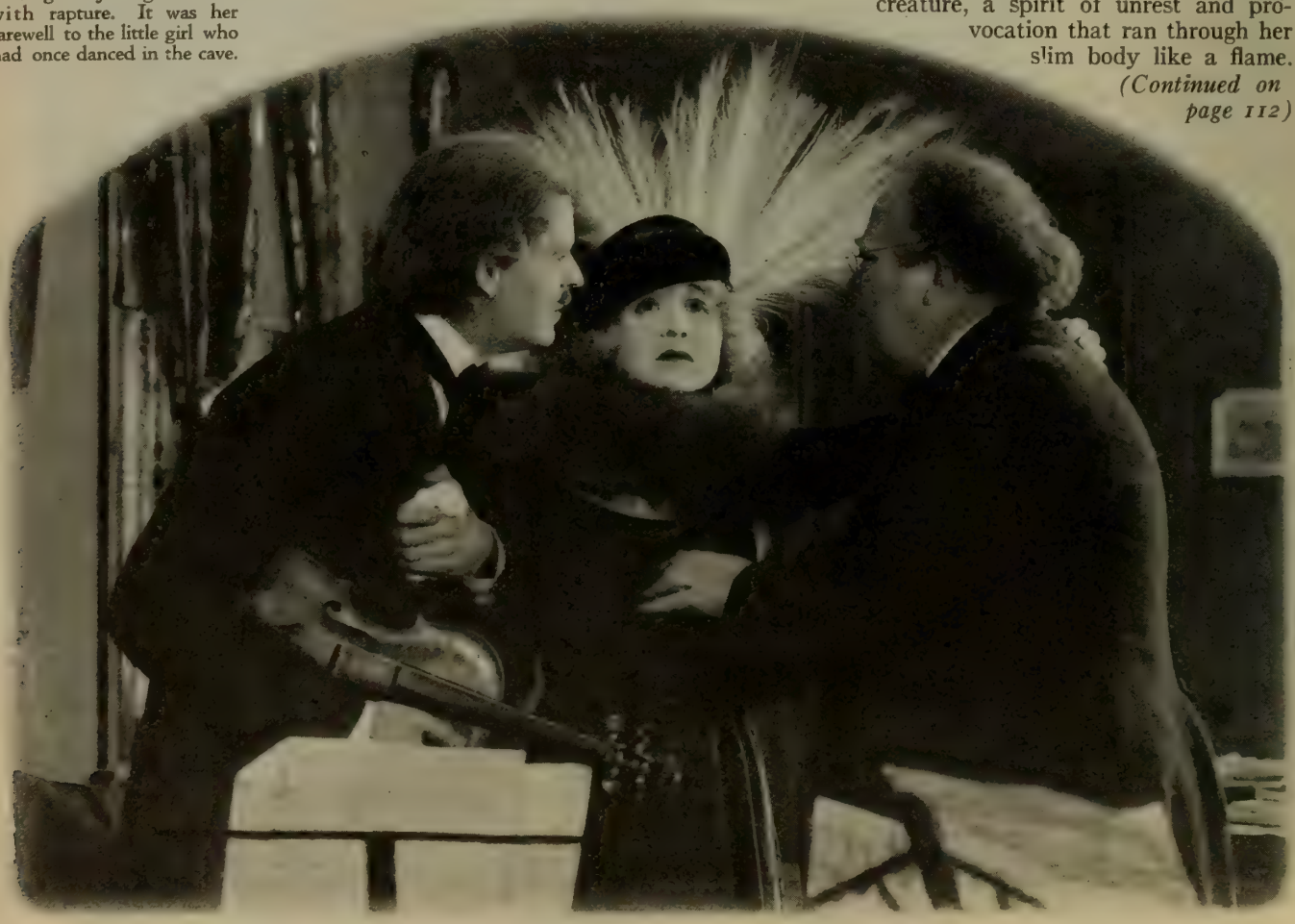
Far up in the gallery were Jules and Ludwig, too excited for speech even with each other. Their minds each held the same memories of a frightened little girl in gingham, clutching a huge boot as she stood at the door of the cobbler's shop.

In a box, further down, a much bored young man formed part of the theater party which had come to investigate the new "discovery." It was Franklin Shirley whose fiancée, Elaine Shakleford, had dragged him to the affair mainly because the man she really loved would also be in the party. So they both played their weary role of devoted couple until the little farce was ended by the rise of the curtain.

As the vivid figure of the little dancer whirled out from the wings, Franklin forgot his boredom. He had endured new varieties of aesthetic dancers until he loathed the species but this was really something new and refreshingly lovely. There was an uncanny quality in this little creature, a spirit of unrest and provocation that ran through her slim body like a flame.

(Continued on page 112)

In the little garret in Soho Ludwig and Jules greeted her with rapture. It was her farewell to the little girl who had once danced in the cave.



Animal Stuff

How the jungle stars are taught to act for the motion picture camera.

By Susie Sexton

CONVERTING raw material into motion picture stars, whether it comes on two feet or four, is not essentially different. In fact, directors who place the greatest emphasis upon the qualifying word "raw," say that the advantage is all with the dumb animals of the jungle rather than the dumb humans of the stage.

If the task of fitting the four-footed student for the screen is a hopeless one, viewing the case from the director's standpoint, it is not beyond the range of possibilities to end a particularly trying lesson by slaying the pupil. But the technicalities of the law discourage the slaying of potential motion picture stars of the human family. On the other hand, looking at the situation from the four-footed actor's corner, a particularly trying director may be eliminated from the situation with one blow of the paw, trunk, or tusk. But think how few, of all the human actors who have yearned to slay their directors, ever have succeeded in carrying out the impulse.

Take Leo Brutus, for instance. Brutus, a jungle-bred actor who now earns $300 a day while working before the camera, has differed with just eight directors. Three of their number now rest beneath neat mounds in various cemeteries, while the other five remained in hospitals long enough to decide that the king of beasts was right—they were in the wrong profession. They yielded to his arguments and went into the drug, grocery, or shoe business. Brutus, the largest lion in captivity, is now the most convincing motion picture villain in the world. He owes his position, among the dark men who are always taking the joy out of life in film dramas, to Michael Schliesser of the Bronx, self-styled naturalist.

If you can once convince a lion, man-eater though he be, that you have beaten him at strategy, he will remain beaten, so far as you are concerned, for all time. It was this simple principle of psychology, not pitchfork and pistol, which Director Schliesser employed when he undertook the training of Brutus as a potential movie star.

Several years under the big top in a circus menagerie had accustomed Brutus to bright lights. So to make the lion completely amenable to discipline before the camera, Mr. Schliesser decided, it would only be necessary at their first meeting to make this terrible Hun change his front as he was preparing for an attack. When Schliesser first entered the lion's cage he grasped the back of a chair, with its legs pointing toward his pupil. Brutus, in the opposite corner, crouched for a leap. Director Schliesser stamped his foot sharply after the manner of Spanish dancers in the fandango, and advanced toward the lion from one side. Taken by surprise, the man-eater recoiled and moved to the other side of the cage. His master stepped into the corner the lion had occupied. And Brutus, realizing that he had not been able to maintain his front and had been forced into a retreat, when his own purpose had been to cause the intruder to retire in disorder, acknowledged grimly that he had met his master.

Unfortunately, Brutus, whose brain was constructed for jungle use rather than the purposes of civilization, realized instantly the value of his conqueror's theory that an adversary once beaten remains beaten. He determined to try similar tactics on his two-footed co-workers in the studio. Making faces, he discovered, would scare any human being into hysterics and send even a strong-nerved camera-man to the emergency ward suffering from shock. Knowing that the lion uses this method of thwarting a particularly fussy director or putting an end to an unusually long scene, his owner tries to keep the grimaces turned in his own direction during a picture, so that he can use his own methods of controlling the big beast.

Vitagraph once hired Brutus for a role in "The Cave-Man." The director wanted a close-up of the jungle-bandit's treacherous face, registering all of its evil expressions, taken when the lion was not behind bars. Mr. Schliesser said it would be possible for a photographer to go down into the lion's arena without danger,

These actors do not hesitate to really murder their directors. Brutus, for instance, has differed with eight. The surviving five of the eight have gone into the grocery, or other similar less hazardous business.

Bears are hard to manage in a studio as their one impulse is to get away from the annoying click of the lights. In general, a bear cannot be handled for screen work until he is more than two years old.

if he would not give Brutus a single look during the entire proceeding. A freckled, red-haired camera-man volunteered. He was led down to the set where the camera had previously been placed in position for him. But he had cranked out only a few feet of film when he yielded to his curiosity. Noticing suddenly that Brutus was preparing for the spring he reserves for those who have been hypnotized by his horrible faces, Mr. Schliesser glanced quickly at his companion. The camera-man was motionless and his face had blanched so that not a single freckle was visible.

It required highly strategic moves to get man and camera out of reach of the lion's claws after that, but the director had his close-up. In time the photographer regained his freckles and was given a five-dollar raise for bravery.

The real difficulty in using animals in pictures, many directors assert, lies, not in coaching the dumb beasts, but in training human actors who take part in the same scene to do their part.

Mary Fuller once made a picture for Universal, in which a portion of the story was laid in the African jungle. As a special bit of color the director added a hyena to his cast. It was decided to turn the hyena loose and have it follow a semi-circular course out of the shrubbery to the door of the tent, in which sat the hero in English hunting garb, waiting for a native African servant to bring in the mail. At the door the hyena was to pause for several seconds within focus of the camera.

Coaching the hyena was easy. Raw meat was smeared on the studio floor in a semi-circle leading to the point where the director wanted the hyena to stop. Knowing that the animal's impulse would be to seize the meat and get away from the clicking, blinding lights, the trainer fastened to the floor where the hyena was to pause, a huge horse's shin. The hyena was letter-perfect in his role when the director called "Camera." But not the leading man. Even hardened trainers admit that they pale at sound of the hyena's laugh. It gave this handsome hero an acute attack of nerves.

But the actor was calmed. Lights were turned on once more. Following his prescribed course, the hyena began to crunch the horse's shin while the camera-man cranked furiously. Then it was discovered that no African servant was ready to bring in the mail The director found his missing actor shaking like a leaf in a far corner of the studio.

"Mah, Gawd, man," yelled the darky in answer to the director's remonstrances, "if that there animal makes that noise on a horse's shin, what you think he do to these yere bare feet o'mine. No, sah, Ah don' go in that picture."

That scene was finally shot with the hyena's keeper made up as an African.

Birds are the most difficult of all creatures to train for a screen production. Yet William F. Reilly, master of properties at the Famous Players Studio, who has been preparing animals for the screen ever since the Edison Studio was no

A owl, the symbol of wisdom, has no sense at all and cannot be trained for motion picture work. Pauline Frederick's confidante in "Madame Jealousy" had no histrionic ability although he received ten dollars a day.

bigger than a hat-box, was responsible for the successful appearance of fifty or sixty wild pigeons in Marguerite Clark's "Seven Swans." It was necessary to keep the birds in a cage at the studio four weeks before they became accustomed to the unusual lights and noises.

The secret of managing feathered actors lies in accustoming them to a certain kind of food. Mr. Reilly fed his pigeons shelled corn and entered their cage every day so they would not be afraid of human actors when they were ready to join Miss Clark's cast. After a month of actual studio experience the birds were released on the set. And the director found it was an easy matter to make them alight anywhere he wished by sprinkling a little corn on the spot whether it was on the ground or on the head, shoulders, and outstretched finger of his star.

Another example of the reluctance which human stars often feel about appearing with four-footed actors was given during the filming of this picture. Six white rats were hired as extras to wear gold crowns for half a day in one scene. By sprinkling a little food around, the director was able to make the rats romp and enjoy themselves. Any woman will realize, however, that Miss Clark had a nervous forenoon.

Strangely enough, an owl, the symbol of wisdom, really has no brains at all, and cannot be trained for motion picture work. That wise old bird who exhibited such *sang froid* as Pauline Frederick's confidante in "Madame Jealousy," had no histrionic ability, although he received a salary of ten dollars a day. The minute he is brought under Cooper-Hewitts an owl becomes practically senseless. He wags his head knowingly from side to side, of course, but that is only because he cannot look otherwise than wise.

Bears are always hard to manage in a studio as their one impulse is to get away from the annoying click of the lights. In general, a bear cannot be handled at all for screen work until he is more than two years old. Up in the Bronx there is an eighteen-month-old grizzly named Teddy, who will soon appear on the screen in a wrestling bout with Snowy, the beautiful white dog who has played a number of times with Marguerite Clark, and also with Doris Kenyon in "The Hidden Hand." One caress from Teddy would break a strong man's arm, but he permits Snowy to throw him again and again, and to all appearances gets decidedly the worst of it. Snowy is half Russian wolf, half shepherd, and was trained for police work. He and Teddy were raised together, which is one reason, their owner explains, why this Bruin permits such liberties.

Scenes of this kind, such as are frequently seen in the Sennett comedies, require infinite patience. The animals have to be rehearsed daily for a year or longer before they are ready for the camera. A grizzly must be held by a chain for many months before it is safe to let him taste freedom. When they are to be photographed it is also necessary to teach the animals to keep their act within a limited space. For this reason attendants stand on all sides during rehearsals to keep the four-footed actors within bounds.

Mack Sennett's menagerie in California contains all kinds of dumb animals even to trained fish. And Louise Fazenda helps train them.

In his California studio Mack Sennett has a menagerie which contains every dumb actor imaginable, even to trained fish. These are added to the Sennett staff in infancy and know nothing but the studio atmosphere.

When Clara Kimball Young went to North Carolina to make the "Heart of the Blue Ridge," she acquired the distinction of being the only actress in pictures who could appear with a wild animal without registering the slightest fear. In one scene she sat munching an apple on the bank of a mountain stream. A grizzly sat beside her and claimed every other bite of the apple. So much did the bear enjoy this scene that he decided to go home with Miss Young and the trainer had great difficulty in making him change his mind. This bear had a wide comedy experience with John Bunny, Flora Finch and Hughey Mack.

Monkeys are the easiest of all animals to train for the screen, although they must be kept constantly within reach of a whip, not for use so much as for psychological effect. Pupeka and Laura are a famous monkey comedy team now in pictures. They were accustomed to studio glare by being put regularly into a darkened room where flash lights, such as photographers use, were exploded at intervals. Laura will register every stage of the joyful emotions if her trainer exhibits a jelly bean over the camera-man's shoulder. Pupeka is ready to play Hamlet as a farce whenever he hears the whispered words "Castor oil." Pupeka did excellent work in Metro's comedy "Her Baby."

Lure of the blue lights appears to be in the blood of some four-footed motion picture stars. Roscoe Arbuckle's famous brindle bull terrier, Luke, cries like a baby if he is not permitted to go before the camera when the lights are turned on. "Fatty" Arbuckle spends all of his spare time between scenes teaching his bull terrior "Luke" new comedy stunts such as walking up and down a second story ladder, furnishing the motor power for a corn meal mill, or steering a speeding locomotive.

Miss What's-My-Name?

Proving that a star by any name can be as sweet.

If you're a novice—the right sort of novice—Thos. H. Ince will doubtless cast you into "leads." At least that is how this little extra girl "graduated."

SIXTEEN, tiny and shy; Helen Garrett, by name—a nobody; red-gold hair and golden eyes; merely an "extra girl" out of work, discouraged and sick at heart; and then—

"I'm tired of hearing that experience is a necessity," growled Thomas H. Ince one day while casting over his lists for a leading woman for his Wonder Boy, Charles Ray. "I'll make a bet with anybody that I can turn the veriest novice into a star—a real star, if she's the right sort of novice. . . . Remember that little extra girl, Helen Garrett? Mop of red-gold hair; big eyes—wistful, appealing? Send her to me."

Helen Garrett couldn't believe it at first. Ince had noticed her in the ranks and thought her promising! It sounded like a fairy-tale. But after she had talked to him, she made up her mind she would justify his confidence; and she bent all her energies and talents and good looks to "making good."

Did she? Well—did you see her as Ray's leading woman in "His Mother's Boy," then again in "The Hired Man," and once again in "A Son of the Snows?" But a leading lady whose name never saw the light of day, despite the fact that the exhibitors and their patrons began to ask who she was, a greatly discouraged, little leading lady.

In support of Charles Ray in "His Mother's Boy."

After about four months of namelessness she summoned up courage to ask Bert Lennon, he of the flaming locks who does the Ince literary chores, if Mr. Ince didn't like her work.

"Stands to reason he must," returned Lennon. "He's keeping you working, isn't he?"

"Then why—why does he give Doris Lee all of the advertising and publicity credit for being Mr. Ray's leading-lady—when I'm the leading-lady?" she asked tearfully.

"Holy cats!" exclaimed Lennon. "Didn't you know?"

Whatever it was, she didn't.

"Well, listen," started the wordsmith. "Exhibitors demand short names for players—for the electric signs—see? And—and I reckon I forgot to tell you that I'd changed your name. You've been Doris Lee for four months!"

And now Doris Lee doesn't mind being Doris Lee at all; in fact, she rather likes it. She's had so awfully many letters from screen friends telling how much they like Doris Lee, and she's been only too glad to answer them; and of course it doesn't take so long to write "Sincerely Doris Lee" on a photograph as it would to write "Cordially Helen Garrett." And then, being Charlie Ray's leading woman is a steady job; and Doris has visions of a little California bungalow and a black-and-white striped speedster in the not-too-far distant future. But Miss Lee says in conclusion: "I like my work so well that if they didn't pay me for it I'd do it for nothing." So that's why she's a success on the screen; her heart's right there.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON, lovely truant from the screen, re-appears as leading woman for George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Marguerite is a real old-timer, though it's hard to believe; she played with "Broncho Billy" Anderson.

PRETTY Peggy Hyland is one of our ablest allies. English and demure, she is popular with picturegoers both here and over there. She ran away from home to go on the stage! Her latest? "Peg of the Pirates," a fantasy of the sea.

"WINSOME" seems to be the word that best describes Marion Davies. She left the musical comedy stage for the screen, making her celluloid debut in a play from her own pen, "Runaway Romany." Now she's "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."

NOT content with premier vampire honors, Theda Bara has announced herself as America's greatest emotional actress. She demonstrates her versatility as an East Indian in "The Soul of Buddha" and as "Salome" in "Salome."

THROW up a new throne—Lila Lee has arrived! Not yet sixteen, she is the latest Paramount star. Jesse Lasky discovered her in a Gus Edwards vaudeville revue, where she was known as "Cuddles;" and now she is making her first photoplay.

THINGS have come to such a pass in picturedom that we count an evening ill-spent if we can't watch Norma Talmadge sweep through five thousand feet of film. We would not have it otherwise! She is now "De Luxe Annie," a gentle crook.

MIRIAM COOPER—the sad-eyed Confederate rose in the photoplay from which we date film history; The Friendless One in the Sun Play "Intolerance;" now a forlorn heroine for Fox. She is married to Raoul Walsh, her director.

IF there is anyone more delightful than Marie Doro, on or off the screen, we want to know about her. Miss Doro is a real person, with a lively sense of humor. Now that she has her own company great things are expected of this unique personality.

The Man Who Took The Pictures

"SEE the little birdie, please," ordered Alfred Cheney Johnston in his best professional tones, as he stood by his camera.

"Suppose you look at the little birdie yourself," retorted Anita Stewart, who was posing. Mr. Johnston did.

Miss Stewart took an excellent likeness, although we must admit that Mr. Johnston himself did everything but squeeze the bulb.

There are photographers and photographers—and Alfred Cheney Johnston, to whom we are indebted for the preceding eight pages.

In the last year Mr. Johnston's little studio in New York has become a familiar spot to most of the important stage and screen stars, despite the fact that it is not on Fifth Avenue and is not approached through a marble hallway, nor furnished with tapestries, plush and antiques. It has only one excuse for existence, and this is that in there Mr. Johnston puts into practice his theory that a photograph can have as much character as a painting. In fact, Mr. Johnston originally wanted to be a painter. He studied art, and, with a desire to create something new, began working out sketches in broad effects. However, he came to feel a greater personal appeal in the photographic medium.

Goldstein, a Keystone Tragedy

ROBERT GOLDSTEIN of Los Angeles, the tailor who soared, has been given a ten-year sentence in the Pacific prison of the Federal Government at McNeill's Island, as a reward for "The Spirit of '76," the figurative wrench he endeavored to throw into the machinery of the British-American alliance. In imposing sentence Judge Benjamin F. Bledsoe said that the case involved the destiny of the nation.

The now-penniless seamster producer also faces a fine of five thousand dollars, and his family troubles have reached the legal stage. Some little affliction like corns or bad teeth is all he needs, now, to make his cup of misery brimfull.

Goldstein is a bumptious ignoramus, more fool than villain, who mistook greedy aggressiveness for talent and business energy. His foot slipped when he tried to insult Uncle Sam as he had already insulted Art. A theatrical costumer, he bought stock in "The Birth of a Nation," made a bit of money, and decided to beat Griffith. He sold some of his own stock, and produced the Spirit aforementioned: a multi-reel whoop of bunk sentiment, fictitious history, coarse plot and insectivorous acting. Purporting to be a transcript of the war of American liberation, it was a fifty-fifty libel of the Colonies and Mother England.

It was German propaganda, impure and simple. Goldstein knew very well the real source of his backing, and why he was backed.

But mark the patience of the United States! "The Spirit of '76" was actually billed in Chicago, and after it had been shown up for the celluloid snake it was, Goldstein enjoyed an unmolested year. The country only asked that he quit where he stood. However, the tailor felt that he must give the Kaiser action for his money, and out came the damnable transparency in Los Angeles. Once more Uncle Sam was gentle. At first nothing more serious was contemplated than a liberal censoring.

Seating himself on the powder-barrel, Goldstein lighted his firecrackers: he put the condemned parts back, and endeavored to make a public showing of the picture.

The next day, and thereafter, his address was the County Jail.

It's Come To This

NOR was this ever thus. Three years ago—again going back into the Pliocene age, filmaciously speaking—you might have seen a little knot of sad-faced men almost any evening at the Lambs Club, the exclusive actors' organization of New York, wagging themselves mournfully.

You would approach and inquire, in tones of funereal depth:

"Who is it now?"

"Hopper!"

"My God!!! And I was talking to him right here, only yesterday. He seemed so well, so strong, so full of the zest of life. You're sure?"

"Sure! It was in the paper, but still we feared it might be so—and it is. Hopper himself has admitted it."

You were staggered, but whipped yourself into the self-torture of learning the ghastly details.

"What's he going to do?" you asked.

"COMEDIES!!!"

"NOT THAT—OH NO—NOT THAT!!!!!"

And so they passed on, one after another,—Willie Collier, Arnold Daly, Tyrone Power, until the club was so deserted because of migration to California, that David Warfield had to be introduced to someone to play pinochle with him. And he has stood steadfast, that Grand Old Man, determined to fight this Thing without fear or compromise. Like Horatius at the bridge, with John Drew at his right hand and William Faversham at his left, they remain, the triumvirate of incorruptibles, magnificent in their splendid isolation.

So there you are. It has come to this, that not only are People One Knows going to the movies, but if one wants to see the Players One Knows, One must go One's Self.

Texas, *the* State *of*

Waco is proud of Texas Guinan, but no more so than is the Pacific Coast.

"THE Triangle film plant," droned the imaginative guide to Culver City, "is by far the biggest in the world."

"You'll have to prove that," returned the often-lied-to traveler in celluloid. "That's the standard statement in every sun-canning factory I ever got into."

But the Cerberus of Davisburg was not at all taken aback by this challenge. "Easy enough! Texas is the biggest state in the Union, ain't she? Well, we got Texas in one room."

Which remark, however, was one of the flage sisters; either Camou or Persi; both good girls, and very handy, too. For the Texas he referred to was not the enclosure containing the Alamo, San Antone and Bill Bailey, but Texas Guinan, a little while ago one of the brightest blossoms in the Wintergarden bouquet.

Miss Guinan put her singing voice in mothballs, her dancing slippers in the piano and the Santa Fe Limited in high last August. It was her seventh or eighth hundredth trip to the Pacific Coast, but her first to a studio.

The comedienne felt that she should be immediately thrust into the enduring celluloids—even while they were taking tests of her and teaching her the trick of sunshine makeup—so she purchased a motor and furtively chased different companies about location, hoping to poke her well-known features in as an extra person. But, owing to watchful directors, this was denied her.

But bye and bye the Shut Open Door sort of eased itself ajar, and she found herself doing a corking adventuress in a tableau known as "The Fuel of Life."

Her first starring vehicle, released late in January, was a unique and powerful Western story of renunciation called "The Gunwoman." In this the young lady, whose most serious business on the limited stage had been to remind elderly gentlemen that youthful ideas are immortal, gave colorful delineation to a truly tragic role, blazing with action and surcharged with those deeper emotions which, behind footlights, fall only to our middle-aged actresses of international fame. As this is written Miss Guinan is enacting a role which has the variety and cynical subtlety of Becky Sharp, in a sketch of New York mid-town life known as "The Love Brokers."

So much for the pictures, and the opportunities they offer, as compared with the chances in a place where they hoist a curtain instead of calling "Camera!"

Texas is Texas because she has a right to be Texas. The city

Witzel

Miss Guinan's first starring vehicle was "The Gun Woman," in which she gave colorful delineation to a truly tragic role. At right she is pictured in this character, supported by Francis McDonald.

Excitement

By Johnstone Craig

Strauss-Peyton

Texas is Texas because she has a right to be Texas. The city of Waco is permanently swelled up because she was born there. On the stage Texas starred in "The Kissing Girl" and numerous Wintergarden successes.

of Waco is permanently swelled up because she was born there. After that she livened up Colorado for a number of years, went East via Chicago and made her stage bow as one of the head pillars in a humble temple of flesh called "The Snow Man." (Interesting archeological note: Franklin Farnum, full of enthusiasm and a sweet tenor voice, was one of her fellow sufferers in this night-blooming-hop-toad of town halls and country hotels.)

However, La Guinan was a chorine just two days. Then she became a sort of principal-ette, so to speak, dropping her spear to carry a promissory note in the music. Two years later she was made a star in "The Kissing Girl." Her recent Wintergarden successes include the stellar roles in "The Passing Show of 1912," "The Whirl of the World," and "The World of Pleasure."

When Texas Guinan is really at home she lives in a period house at 13 West Eighth Street, City of New York. She isn't any more afraid of that "thirteen" than Oliver Morosco, who is sure that it's his lucky number. Maison Guinan, as a matter of fact, isn't exactly a period house. It's more of an exclamation point. It is, besides being an exclamatory feature, a depot, a Grand Central Station, for all the antiques in the world and a few from the planets. What the cold-eyed cobra is to the little birds, in India, an antique shop is to—ah, you're wrong!—anyone who happens to be with Miss Guinan when she passes an old-stuff store.

In "The Love Brokers," in which she co-starred with Alma Rubens, Texas enacted a role that had the variety and cynical subtlety of Becky Sharp. It is a sketch of New York mid-town life.

"Do you live here?" asked a friend, on his first visit to the young woman's bewildering drawing-room, "or is this Sing Fat's warehouse?"

Among other things, she has collected quite a number of pieces of gold and silver from the wild tribes of North America. These are known as "coins," and are kept in a bank on Broadway.

There is said to be a man in Sitka and a little girl in Waxahachie that she doesn't know, but otherwise Miss Guinan's acquaintance is what you could expect. Her lunches, at which she seldom refrains from conversation long enough to eat anything, are most frequently taken at the Claridge Hotel, which was once sourly christened "The Guinan business office" by a short, blonde, disagreeable, feeble old editor, who was born in Boston and who wears spectacles.

She has a number of hobbies besides antiques and their collectors. Among these are lemons, other antiques, swimming, riding, more antiques, the color red, flowers, antiques, anything Galsworthy writes, house parties, motoring, gowns and hats—of which she has at least fifty trunks, Russian authors (particularly Dostoievsky), and, finally, antiques.

(Continued on page 117)

Grand Crossing Impressions

By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

JOHNANITA.
Have you Got It?
Everybody
Says it That Way—
Johnanita.
It Means
John Emerson
And Anita Loos.
Anita—
Who Looks Sixteen,
And Thinks like Sixty.
John,
Who Directs.
They
Collaborate, and
It's Some Combination.
I
Was With Anita
One Whole Day.
I
Had Lunch with her,
And
Talked with her—
That is,
Anita Talked—
I
Simply Stared.
Imagine—
Maybe—
The Tiniest Girl in the World,
With
Black black Hair
That she Twists Up
Under Fascinating Round Hats;
The Largest Eyes,
The Smallest Nose,
And
A Mouth that Looks Always
As if she'd just Been Kissed.
And Besides,
You don't Dare
Talk to her.
Anyway,
I Didn't.
I was Afraid
She'd Call my Bluff.
She Really Talks; but
She Listens, too—
I should Think
They'd Stay Up Nights
To Think Of
Clever Things
To Say to her,
Just
To Hear her Laugh.
Well—
I Guess They Do.
And she Always Does—she'll
Laugh with You, when all the Time
She Must Know
That she Could Have Said it
Much Better.
Oh yes—
John was There.
I Like John.
John Directs.
Anita—

I Walked Down the Boul Mich
With Anita Loos; I
Might Just as Well
Have Stayed at Home,
Walk Down the Boul Mich
With Anita Loos—
They won't Know you're There.
And all the Time,
I was Loving her to Death,
You Know
About her Brains.
You've seen the Pictures
She's Written—
"American Aristocracy,"
"His Picture in the Papers,"
"Wild and Woolly"—
And now
Johnanita
Are Doing
A Story of Camp Life; and
Sometime they'll do
A College Story.

Stagg

Johnanita laugh at everything.

Oh, you'd Love Anita!
She
Was on the Stage
When she was a Littler Kid
Than she is Now.
She Said
She Simply Had to Go On—
But it Cured her—
(Well,
That's What she *Said*.)
"If I couldn't Write—
I'd Want to Have
Something to Do
With the Stage."
I Think
Some Fillum Stars
Would Worry
If they Thought Anita Loos
Was Going In
For the Close-up and
The Lip-Biting.
Only,—
Anita Wouldn't.
I Wish
She Would.
Can't You
See her on the Screen? She'd—
But
What would we Do
With a Fillum Star
With a Sense of Humor?
Anita Loos
Is the Only Woman I ever Heard of
Who can Laugh at Herself.

Johnanita
Laugh at Everything—they
Laugh at themselves, and
With Each Other.
I asked Anita Loos about it—
"Yes," she said; "We
Laugh at Everything; we
Make our Living
That Way."
Maybe
Some day
Anita Loos
And John Emerson
Will do a Great Big Satire
On the Movies.
In the Meantime—
They're Making
The Whole World
Laugh at themselves.
And
Johnanita
Laugh the Loudest of All.
John
Has a Twinkle in his Eyes
All the time.
And Anita—
Anita is Prettier than Ever
When she Laughs.

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By

Randolph Bartlett

Marguerite Clark has never been half so charming as in "Prunella."

"PAY DAY" is one of the most important pictures ever produced, because it betrays melodrama. I do not refer to the honestly impossible melodrama of William S. Hart or Harold Lockwood, but to the cheap and cheesy melodrama that sneaks along in the guise of drama of social life—the melodrama of the crime in the back parlor that shrieks the identity of the criminal to all but the characters in the play—the melodrama of the hardworking girl and her amorous employer—the melodrama of eavesdroppers and coincidences—these are hauled out into the full light of the Kliegs and shown for what they are.

"Pay Day" is, possibly, the swan song of the Drews in pictures. They discontinued their brilliant comedies of domestic life because exhibitors did not know that their name in front of a theatre, advertising one thousand feet of laughter, would draw more shillings into the till than the latest horrordrama in five reels. This stupidity on the part of the one-horse exhibitor, this horrid and abysmal idiocy, this blindness to his own interests, may cost the world the Drew comedies, those gems of humor, for the laborer is worthy of his hire; and the self-respect of Mr. Sidney Drew would hardly permit him to accept for his fine artistry a smaller remuneration than is paid to the latest simp ingenue.

So it is quite fitting that in retiring, at least for the present, from the screen, Mr. Drew should have made a five-reel picture, which could have been the kind of melodrama the exhibitor thinks is good because it is down to his intelligence, but which any person with a spoonful of brains recognizes as a keen-edged satire on that form of so-called amusement. "Pay Day" has everything. It has the girl who steals from her kind employer for her unworthy sweetheart; it has the marriage for money; it has murder; it has escape from prison; it has the trick of the revolver that wasn't loaded; it has the scientific twist of artificial inoculation of leprosy—all these, ladies and gentlemen, crowded into five tense, terrific, thrilling acts, that will lift you out of your seats with hair-raising episodes, lightning speed incidents, and blood-curdling plots—a heart-throb in every turn of the crank.

Irene Castle and Warner Oland meet in a clever mystery story, "The Mysterious Client."

At this point Mr. Drew sticks his tongue in his cheek and winks. The hopeless bonehead will take this straight. He has seen it all before, so far as the actual outlines of the story are concerned, and he knows it is thrilling. He will not notice such subtleties as the debonair villain with a gardenia in the lapel of his overcoat, and another underneath in the lapel of his dinner coat, so that he is never without the badge of his caste. He will not sense the satire in the titles. But there is sufficient enlightenment among picture patrons to discern in this the underlying principle, that melodrama—the sort of melodrama I have mentioned—is essentially funny, and that with a simple twist of the wrist the shockers become shriekers, the thrillers, ticklers.

Not the least amusing phase of this unique pro-

Norma Talmadge, the miniature dynamo, has an ideal role in "De Luxe Annie."

Gloria Hope makes the heroine of "$5,000 Reward" an interesting person.

In "Pay Day" the Drews laugh at melodrama; it is a five-reel swan song.

duction is a scene showing an argument between Mr. and Mrs. Drew, as to whether or not they shall make this picture, with the intervention by telephone of President R. A. Rowland of Metro, luring Sidney with much gold to embark upon the enterprise.

PRUNELLA—Paramount

"Prunella" comes to the devotees of moving pictures with these questions: "Do you want pictures to stand still or go ahead? Do you want to continue forever watching the unwinding of the tales of commonplace things of life, or do you want to broaden your mental vision? Do you want poetry now and then, or do you insist upon always having prose? Do you want the screen to reflect the highest art of which it is possible, or are you satisfied to hold it down to everyday life?" According as "Prunella" wins the enthusiastic approval of the public, or slips by with just average attention, will these questions be answered. It is a fantasy—a tender little story of an adventure in love by a little girl who has been secluded from life and kept in ignorance of love. It is told with the most delicate art, the characters being picturesque marionettes, Pierrot, Scaramel, Coquette, and many other mummers. Even the scenery is in the spirit of masquerade, consisting of quaint miniatures of houses, trees and gardens. Marguerite Clark, whose entrance into pictures was brought about through Mr. Adolph Zukor's admiration for her work on the stage in this play, has never been half so charming, except perhaps in one or two of her fairy tales. The entire moving picture business and profession owes Mr. Zukor a vote of thanks for having the vision and the courage to put squarely to the public the question of whether or not movies shall remain movies forever, or advance to a point where they can stand on the same high plane as the other fine arts.

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Artcraft

It is impossible for Elsie Ferguson to appear silly enough to give a good impersonation of Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," a woman who was clever enough to save a large sum out of her housekeeping expenses in a few years, clever enough to sense everyone's motives, clever enough in everything except an understanding of the law of forgery. The play is antiquated, and needs all the complex psychological dialogue of Ibsen to make the story stand up. Yet Elsie Ferguson is so interesting a personality that no picture in which she appears can be entirely dull. The only consistent character in the piece is Krogstad, who should have been made the hero, for did he not, after having been disgraced, so rehabilitate himself that he was able to hold a position in a bank until the supreme ass Thorvald Helmer kicked him out for petty personal reasons? Alexander K. Shannon plays this part better than it has been done in any stage production I have seen.

SOCIAL BRIARS—Mutual

A girl dreams of going to the city and making a hit on the stage—and does so. This is the whole story of "Social Briars," which Mary Miles Minter decorates, and Alan Forrest tries to enliven. It is to yawn. And what the title has to do with it, is a mystery.

DE LUXE ANNIE—Select

Norma Talmadge is a miniature human dynamo. In almost any role she imparts a feeling of restless energy. In "De Luxe Annie" she has a story that is ideally suited to her. As a result of a blow, a young woman loses her memory and acquires criminal tendencies, enters into a business partnership with a crook, and is restored to her

proper station only after many adventures. With a less gentlemanly person than Eugene O'Brien playing the part of the crook, there might be a suspicion that all was not well during the lapse of memory, but the crook "comes through clean" at last, and his hand is shaken by Frank Mills, who plays the part of the young woman's husband. It is a lively story, and the acting of both Miss Talmadge and Mr. O'Brien is the best in months.

THE YELLOW TICKET—Pathe

It was not easy, until seeing the picture, to imagine Fanny Ward in the role of the tragic young Jewess, Anna, in "The Yellow Ticket," but she leaves off her blonde wig (or puts on a black one—who can say which?) and wins her dramatic spurs. A remarkable cast supports the star —Warner Oland, Milton Sills, Anna Lehr, Armand Kalicz, Helene Chadwick. The story, dealing with the curious Russian rules governing "fallen women," and with the ever passionate police officials of that country, is not the sort discussed in family circles, though the disagreeable features are handled with great care and restraint.

CYCLONE HIGGINS, D. D.—Metro

"Cyclone Higgins, D. D.," is another in the series of hilarious farce melodramas in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are offering the finest entertainment of their long careers. Bushman plays the part of a husky but uncouth minister who brings the gospel to a rough community in the south. He uses the direct method of thrashing those who refuse to accept his ministrations peaceably. It is all delightful, with enough serious plot to lend substance to the fun. Little Ivy Ward's mimicry of the awkward preacher's walk is a scream.

TOYS OF FATE—Metro

In "Resurrection" Nazimova proved that she is as great an actress on the screen as on the stage. In "Toys of Fate" she proves that "Resurrection" was no accident. She plays the part of a gypsy who is inveigled into a marriage with a wealthy man upon whose estate her father's band is encamped. There is a tense atmosphere of tragedy throughout, and only with the conclusion does the minor strain resolve itself into happier mood. Nazimova's role varies from the carefree pranks of the untamed girl to absolute despair, with moments which would baffle a lesser artist. The story drags, toward a protracted close, with a series of shop-made, mechanical incidents.

THE WINNING OF BEATRICE—Metro

There are two kinds of good pictures—those which blaze new trails by their originality of idea and treatment, and those which follow the familiar paths in a manner so pleasing that to see them is like meeting an old friend. "The Winning of Beatrice" belongs to the latter class. A young woman's father is killed and his enemies make it appear that he committed suicide because of defalcations; the daughter achieves commercial success and finally exposes the plotters. This theme is not new. But May Allison wins to stardom by her convincing manner, giving life to what might have been a dead level role. The presence of Hale Hamilton as her leading man may have inspired her; this actor knows how to be humorous without losing his romantic appeal. It is his screen debut.

HER TERRIBLE TIME—Mutual

Billie Rhodes is one of the most enchanting of comediennes, because she is pretty as well as amusing, but, even more, because she is furnished with comedy plots which are

Hale Hamilton may have inspired May Allison in "The Winning of Beatrice."

Kitty Gordon is a tormented bride in "The Interloper," a picture that ends happily, however.

Jack Abbe in "Who Is to Blame" is a deliciously dignified Japanese servant.

Harry Morey gives a genuine picture of an uncouth laborer in "The Golden Goal."

Elsie Ferguson's personality alone redeems "A Doll's House" from dullness.

Roy Stewart is a lovable Red Saunders in "A Red-Headed Cupid."

humanly recognizable. These comedies, such as "Her Terrible Time" and "Her Rustic Romeo," while hardly reaching the fine, satirical point of the Drew ticklers, more nearly approximate that than any other productions now being divulged.

JOAN OF PLATTSBURG—Goldwyn

"Joan of Plattsburg" contains one of the master strokes of picture imagination. Joan, a foundling, hears the story of Joan of Arc and is consumed with a desire to be called by her country. Hiding from her persecutors in a cellar, she hears strange sounds and voices, and hastens to tell the news to an officer who has befriended her. It develops that what she heard was a concealed wireless, and the voices of German spies. The parallel is worked out beautifully. Mabel Normand as Joan touches a point of artistry higher than ever before in her career. Even her feet are intelligent. This long delayed production is Goldwyn's best, and one of the best pictures dealing with war conditions in America.

HIGH STAKES—Triangle

J. Barney Sherry occupies a unique position—he is the one middle-aged man star with a romantic appeal. He has such vigor and virility that his iron-grey hair only emphasizes his youthfulness. In "High Stakes" he has the most interesting role that has been assigned him in a long time. The story hints at "Raffles" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and then takes an original twist all its own. The cracksman reforms, and how completely he does so is proved by a finish that would have delighted O. Henry.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph

Baree, half wolf, half dog, is nearly the star of the picture which bears his name, "Baree, Son of Kazan." He protects his beautiful, halfbreed mistress from a brutal trader, and finally avenges the murder of the girl's father by killing the persecutor. It is taken from James Oliver Curwood's novel, which, in turn, contains a strong suggestion of Jack London's great story, "The Call of the Wild." It is a story of elemental emotions, done with power and beauty. Nell Shipman as the girl of the northern woods, is at her best, except for two braids of hair of unbelievable length, which detract from the effect of a performance otherwise perfect.

MISSING—Paramount

"Missing" is the first good picture J. Stuart Blackton has ever made, so far as my range of vision has carried me. It is so far superior to his three pictures from Gilbert Parker's novels that there is no understanding how it was done by the same man. It is a story of women and war, with the theme that rouses the emotions and holds the interest, at the same time establishing firmly the philosophy of the song and smile at home, when the loved ones are fighting. The plot has to do with the schemes of an elder sister who tries to make a young wife believe her husband is dead, urging her to marry a wealthy suitor, and with the faith of the wife and her fidelity to her love. Robert Gordon—Huck Finn a few weeks ago—blossoms out as a juvenile hero. Marcia Manon is charming as the pathetic little wife, and Thomas Meighan forms a striking background.

THE MYSTERIOUS CLIENT—Pathe

Here is a picture which is entertaining because it is a real mystery. "The Mysterious Client" is a story which

(Continued on page 102)

Cramping His Style

Herbert Rawlinson says he can't find enough elbow room to be himself in the East, but he had the waiter scared

By Alison Smith

IF a man has dimples, it is impossible to tell whether he is angry or not. So, when Herbert Rawlinson met me with the announcement that he was "tearing mad," I waited to be shown. He was so angry, he insisted, that we must go somewhere to cool off. We found a tea room on a side street well off Broadway where I could sympathize with his wrongs over *cafe parfait* and French pastry. That was easy. He could enlist your sympathies if he were describing an interruption by the police while he was robbing a safe.

This, however, was really righteous indignation. He had been to a pink tea "to please a relative," he said plaintively, and an "anaemic little parlor snake" (description by Mr. Rawlinson) had been running down California. He (the parlor snake) had called Los Angeles a rube town and Santa Barbara a desert station and San Diego the jumping off place. All this before an admiring audience of Eastern women with Mr. Rawlinson fretting and smouldering in the corner.

"I was getting so hot under the collar," he told me, "that I thought I'd better beat it. I kept thinking of what I'd do to him if I got him out on the range. I had one bit of satisfaction before I left," he added grimly. "When he stuck out his flabby little paw, I gave it the real California grip. You know. Like this."

He illustrated and immediately all my sympathies were with the parlor snake.

"He'll nurse that mit for some days," said Mr. Rawlinson, sweetly.

As soon as you meet this smiling youth you understand why he must belong to the West and the West to him. The film who's who for once, in its terse style, has the best possible description. "Rawlinson, Herbert," it remarks, "boxing, rowing, swimming, motoring, riding, fencing," and then, out of breath, it adds, "all-round athlete." He strides up Broadway with an air of roaming the plains and his method of crossing the street is simple but blood-curdling. He has rumpled, non-skid hair, and direct blue eyes, and a jolly, direct grin. Even his dimples are direct, with no nonsense about them. He talks in gusts and illustrates everything he says with gestures which Western fiction writers describe as "free." "Free," however, is too mild; they are violently eman-

To repeat—if a man has dimples, it is impossible to tell whether he is angry or not. And evidently that is what the heavyweight—no, it isn't Francis X.—is trying to find out. Perhaps Herb has the "fighting grin."

Witzel

cipated, and a menace to the china and silver. He has a convulsing habit of telling you the most lugubrious tales of woe from his past life, roaring with joy over them until you join hilariously in his glee over the glorious way in which he was stung.

Most of these adventures happened at the French school where he was educated. He gave me vivid, Peter Ibbetson pictures of a puzzled little English boy striving to understand the strange habits of his French classmates. Later he came to America where he promptly ran away with a circus having read, doubtless, that all American boys begin work in that way.

From the big tent, he drifted into a traveling stock company where, he said, "I doubled in brass." This, he explained impatiently at my interruption, is the gentle art of playing a horn in the overture and then ducking behind the scenes to make up as the villain and kidnap the heroine in the second act. All of these hap-hazard experiences gave him valuable training in stage craft and he was managing a company in Los Angeles when Hobart Bosworth discovered him and induced him to go into the pictures.

"In my first picture, I played a monk," he said and then he showed me how he looked as a monk. He might have been more convincing if he had not ended the impersonation with an unholy wink. "I'm better in the crook roles," he admitted, apologetically. "A good yegg drama is my favorite outdoor sport. We had some regular raids in Los Angeles," he added fondly. "I know my way over every roof and fire-escape in the city. 'Come Through' was an interesting film to do. I played Jimmy the Possum, a gentleman crook, foxy but on the level. All the cops were wise and used to help us out, and we had some grand little scraps."

I smiled politely but with the mental reservation that I would prefer not to be the chief raider in any of the scenes with Jimmy the Possum. His heart is too thoroughly in his work.

When I asked him about his plans, he grew serious immediately.

"Most men of my age have only one plan these days," he said soberly. "I am a year beyond draft age, but I'm making every effort to get over there as soon as my responsibilities here are provided for. That thought is back of everything I am doing. I guess it's back of everything most everybody is doing."

For all his loyalty to "the coast" he admits that he is glad to get back to Manhattan, and that Broadway and Fifth Avenue look better than ever to him. It is his first visit for nine years, and he is getting all the thrills of a stranger in New York. Combined with this, is the delight of reunions with old friends like Hobart Bosworth and Ruth Stonehouse.

"I've met some bully new people too," he told me, to take the curse off the parlor snake. "Folks are about the same, regardless of the map. And there are a lot of things in the world beside climate and scenery. Even at that you people back here have the Palisades and Grant's Tomb. But say, do you remember Muir Woods on a Spring day?"

When two Californians get the "do-you-remembers" the conversation becomes unintelligible to anyone born east of Tahoe. Ours was a glorious mixture of San Francisco fog and Pasadena sunshine and the color of the Berkeley Hills at sunset. It was fascinating to us but impossible to reproduce to anyone who is not at least a native son by adoption. By the time we had compared notes on our favorite "hikes" and swapped camping stories, we were both weak with laughter, his non-skid hair was waving wildly, the silver and china was all over the place, and a sedate waiter was hovering anxiously over our table. Suddenly, after a blacksmith's bang on the table, Mr. Rawlinson stopped soberly.

The waiter, standing solicitously near, was, I saw, alarmed at the bang. I chuckled inwardly, wondering if many of his patrons emphasized their thoughts in such a forceful manner.

"I'm not really myself here," Mr. Rawlinson went on. "I feel subdued in the East. I wish you could interview me out West on a bright June morning. We could hop in my car and shoot out to Montecito, a mile a minute along the Santa Barbara track. I can't seem to get up any speed here but oh, lady, lady, how that country makes you feel!"

I gasped. If he was subdued here, what must be his idea of animation? I should dearly love to interview Mr. Rawlinson in California, but it would be from the safe shelter of a British tank, with insurance against shell shock.

D-y-i-n-g!

ALLEGORICAL movies with devils, and owls, and nude extra girls with net angel wings.
Anatomical clinics under the guise of historical dramas and sea legends.
Widow-robbing promoters of new picture companies.
Fabulous salaries (with a bare dozen exceptions.)
Children who register delight by manifesting symptoms of St. Vitus dance.
"Uplift" photoplays by nasty-minded producers.
The hokum about "ran four weeks on Broadway."
Weak-chinned cowboys.
Young club men who go west.
Shriners parades and Coffee Culture in Brazil.
Venerable ingenues.
Imitators (. . . . .) Space for your own pet peeve imitator.
Middle-aged college boys.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

SOME TIME we are going to print a list of leading men who are married and have children but who refuse to be photographed with their families. Irving Cummings will not be among them, for he is shown above, with wife and baby, proving that he is not in the Agonized Archibald class.

CONWAY TEARLE has announced his marriage to Adele Rowland, the musical comedy star. Tearle's latest screen appearance is in support of Anita Stewart in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl."

SUCCUMBING to tuberculosis, Benjamin C. Chapin, famous for his impersonation of Abraham Lincoln, died at a New York sanitarium. Mr. Chapin became seriously ill on Lincoln's Birthday when he went to the institution where he died. By an odd coincidence, Mr. Chapin's life work, "The Son of Democracy," a series of ten motion pictures depicting the life of the First American, was released on the same day that the actor went to the sanitarium, and he was unable to realize the financial benefits of his work, which to date have totaled nearly half a million dollars. Mr. Chapin was born in Bristolville, Ohio, in 1874. His resemblance to Lincoln caused him to impersonate the emancipator on the stage and later on the screen. It required five years for Mr. Chapin to produce the Lincoln Cycle.

BILL HART gave a party! The big Westerner made one of his periodic appearances in evening clothes at the military ball in honor of the officers of his regiment, the 159th California Infantry, or the "Bill Hart Two-Gun Men." Hart loaded a special train with feminine film stars, and from the moment the party stepped from the train at San Diego until it started back to Los Angeles after the ball at the Hotel Coronado, things moved at top speed. The grand march was led by Hart and Mrs. Colonel Farrell, and Colonel Farrell, commander of the 159th, and Katherine McDonald, Hart's leading woman.

IT is reported that Laurette Taylor is to appear for Artcraft in "Peg o' My Heart," her greatest success. There was some talk of obtaining this popular story for Anita Stewart, from Oliver Morosco; but J. Hartley Manners, the author, is said to have entered a vigorous protest and declared his rights, also those of his wife, Miss Taylor, who created the part.

MONROE SALISBURY in his new picture has pretty Edna Earle for his leading woman. It was Edna's first Western part; and she says, "I had to do some real horseback riding, and I was rather frightened at first, but I got through whole, so it's all right now."

FOLLOWING a complete reorganization, Paralta Pictures Corporation is ready to take up again the making of photoplays. Palalta made its entrance into the industry in March of last year. Eighteen productions have thus far been completed. The studios will continue without let-up under the new executive direction. Robert Brunton will remain as manager of productions.

Edwin L. Hollywood directing Wm. Marion and Beth Hollywood in front of the White House at Washington for the first government propaganda photo-drama. Inasmuch as it is the first picture made directly by the government, Mr. Hollywood was given the use of all government buildings for exteriors and interiors. Many stage and screen stars donated their services.

Voila: Director Oscar Apfel pretending to show Warner Oland how to pretend to frighten Alice Lee, the Chinese actress, who is to pretend she is afraid, for the pretentious World production, "A Mandarin's Gold." Yep — that's the fashionable manicure of a real mandarin.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR and Jesse Lasky were viewing "How Could You, Jean?", Mary Pickford's latest subject, which Taylor directed, when suddenly the operator stopped the film and said he couldn't run it any more. "Why not?" asked the surprised Mr. Lasky. "Because," replied the operator; "the studio's on fire." The fire was a real fire —the loss to the Lasky plant was figured at close to $100,000.

TOD BROWNING, another of those directors who "assisted Griffith," is now with Bluebird directing Ella Hall.

WELL, Terry Ramsaye has put it over again. Some time ago, out of his fertile brain, came the idea of a fifteen cent coin. The idea was so good it found favor, not only with motion picture exhibitors, but with many great merchandising institutions. Ramsaye is the publicity inspirer of the Mutual Film Corporation. His head is an idea laboratory. Ramsaye pushed his pet idea so hard that it is now the subject of a bill just introduced in Congress to authorize the fifteen-cent coin.

AFTER the premiere of "Hearts of the World" in New York, George M. Cohan said to David W. Griffith: "Mr. Griffith, your play's there. It gets hold of the heart. That's all I can say. Why should a buck and wing dancer like me speak about art?"

HARRY LEON WILSON, the humorist, author of "His Majesty Bunker Bean," "Ruggles of Red Gap," the "Ma Pettingill" stories and innumerable others, is disposed to see the funny side of everything in the world, including himself, thus disclosing himself as a rare bird.

Mr. Wilson, who lives in Monterey forty miles from a gin fizz, opened his morning mail to find an invitation from a motion picture studio to submit "strongly dramatic plots, developing consecutive interest, their most important situations and their climaxes" for a number of stars, and offering to lavish one thousand dollars per plot on him—*if* the plots were acceptable.

Mr. Wilson, be it understood, is one of the highest paid fiction writers in the world, and I am not going past facts when I say that he receives in the neighborhood of two thousand, five hundred dollars for each short story he turns out, and Heaven only knows how much for serials. Therefore, a thousand dollars per novel-length plot did not excite him. And this was the letter he dictated in reply:

Let me recall your attention to the very ancient story of the fastidious diner in the cheap restaurant who gives the waiter elaborate specifications for the steak he wants. The waiter, when the diner has finished his long directions, says:

"Mister, if there was a steak like that in the place, the Boss would eat it himself."

THE newest recommendation for "going into pictures" is, according to the casting director for World: "I am the young lady who holds the record for selling the greatest number of Liberty Bonds in Cordele, Georgia."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS announces that picture rights have been secured for "He Comes Up Smiling," the play in which the comedian scored his biggest stage hit.

THE Chicago studios of the Selig Poloscope Company have been closed, confirming rumors that were current for over a year. It is stated authoritatively that practically all the studio activity will be concentrated in the Pacific Coast studios.

DOROTHY JARDON, from the varieties, is soon to appear in pictures, trade-marking herself as "the tigress of the screen."

Klieg eyes, that *bete noir* of all picture players, exiled Mme. Olga Petrova to Palm Beach for two weeks recently. The gentleman who is joining in the pleasures of the enforced vacation is her husband, Dr. John D. Stewart, a prominent surgeon, who fails to qualify for the Only Their Husbands Club by reason of the fact that as a high ranking specialist he is rather noted in certain benighted circles where Mme. Petrova is known principally as Mrs. Stewart.

LITTLE MARY ANDERSON, long with Vitagraph, is now engaged as Sessue Hayakawa's ingenue lead for his new company. She will appear in his first picture.

RUTH ROLAND and George Chesebro have been engaged to play the leading roles in the new Pathe serial, "Hands Up." The story deals with the traditions and ancient rites of the Incas. It is to be produced on the Pacific Coast under the direction of George Fitzmaurice.

KAJ GYNT, the Swedish actress who supported Ethel Barrymore in "The Eternal Mother," returns to Metro in the production of Edith Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth." Miss Gynt for three years played leading roles at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm. In Strindberg's celebrated play "Easter" she played the part of Eleanor at a command performance before King Oscar of Sweden. Her motion picture debut was made with the Swedish Film Company.

"THE WOLF-FACED MAN" is the name of the new Pathe serial to be released sometime during the summer. The cast includes George Larkin, Ora Carew, Horace Carpenter, and others.

EMILY STEVENS has closed her theatrical season and returned to the Metro studio in New York to appear in a screen version of Rachel Crothers' play, "A Man's World," in which she will be directed by Herbert Blaché.

HUGH THOMPSON, the leading man who was seen in Fox productions for a long time, has left that organization and will be seen in the near future with Emmy Wehlen in "For Revenue Only," a story by Katharine Kavanaugh, who won one of the prizes in PHOTOPLAY'S scenario contest.

Russell Bassett, the grand old man of the movies, died last month at the age of 72. His career on stage and screen covered half a century, and he appeared with almost every great player of the time. He will perhaps be best remembered for his work with Mary Pickford for Famous Players.

There used to be two Earles in the Vitagraph family—director William and actor Edward. "Ann Acushla" was one of director Earle's last pictures for Vitagraph, and here he is shown directing Gladys Leslie and Edward Earle on location. Director Earle is now with World; Edward continues with Vitagraph.

JOHN BARRYMORE has returned to the screen as a Paramount star. This announcement marks a continuation of his career with the Famous Players which was interrupted by his recent stage successes. His first play will be an adaptation by Charles E. Whittaker of Willie Collier's play "On the Quiet." Chester Withey, who was associated for a long time with Griffith, has been engaged to direct the picture.

IF Dustin Farnum discovered you and gave you a big part in his new picture, and wanted you to sign a contract to play more big parts, would you turn him down? The girl in this case was hidden away upon a 150,000-acre ranch in Arizona, where Farnum and his company went on location. The girl was pressed into service and astonished everyone by her natural talents. Mr. Farnum tried to prevail upon her to stay in pictures, but without success, as the young woman is happily married and says ranch life appeals to her more than a picture career. So far as we know hers is the only case on record.

JAY BELASCO is now a director. He's bossing himself and Ethel Lynne in a Christy comedy.

FOLLOWING "Captain Kidd, Jr.," Mary Pickford will make two more productions for Artcraft and then take a good long vacation in the mountains. Mary says she is going to buy a whole mountain and build a house. "And I am going to take a month's vacation and boss the carpenters. No—I won't wear overalls—all the screen ingenues do that; it's old stuff. I'm going to have a costume especially designed for the part. I'll own all the animals I want, too."

Louise Glaum and Bessie Barriscale talking over the old days when they were together at Culver City in Tom Ince's aggregation. Miss Barriscale has been a Paralta star ever since the inception of the organization; Louise Glaum has completed three pictures and says she's glad she joined.

RALPH INCE has a Tiffany gold wrist-watch with radium numerals on the face, and Ralph is always lifting his sleeve these days to show it off. Before, he vowed he would never, never wear one; but when Olga Petrova presented him with this in appreciation of his work with her, he changed his mind.

(Continued on page 101)

Photo by Committee on Public Information

Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness

WHEN the youngsters of future generations come upon the obese volumes of history marked "1918" and "1919" they will find it recorded that one of the chief forces in marshaling the people behind the men behind the guns was the motion picture.

The screen's greatest educational work at present is being done in patriotism. The United States government is using millions of feet of film to assure Russia and other Kaiser-kidded countries that we are really in the war to the finish. And Uncle Sam has also made many pictures for home consumption—pictures showing the training activities of the army and navy—pictures that add heat to our melting pot and help to swing that ponderous pendulum, public opinion, around where it will come back strong along the right track with a big boost toward winning the war.

In reaching the people through the screen, the community house, next to the theatre, has been the chief rallying point.

What is a community house? Merely a schoolhouse with some common sense,—a schoolhouse for adults as well as children, for social as well as educational purposes, — one used evenings as well as day times, summers as well as winters. The community house is to a mere schoolhouse what an auto roadster is to a baby carriage.

As well as to the theatres, it is into these community houses that Uncle Sam sends his pictures, to reach the people. Any school can secure these government films upon request to the council of defense of the state in which the school is located.

Photo by Committee on Public Information

Uncle Sam himself has gone into the educational moving picture field. His "Pershing's Crusaders," released by the Committee on Public Information, shows what the "Sammies" are doing both at home and "Over There." Panel at top of page shows them in the trenches. Directly above, how our boys are taught the intricacies of the war plane.

And in this sort of social work—part entertainment, part education—lies the present chief field of usefulness of the screen in the school. Although the greatest of all "schoolma'ams," the screen is very young and inexperienced in teaching and, not having been invited in, is waiting at the class-room door.

But in the school auditorium how she shines! There she sings and sparkles fiction and fact, romance and reality, travel, industry and news for the benefit of the whole school and the neighborhood as well.

Let's see how these live schools go about it to make use of the screen. Take, for instance, Jud, an earnest little place in North Dakota.

The folks around Jud wanted to get together. They became tired of seeing the school auditorium used only for occasional political meetings and the annual Christmas tree festival. They believed its usefulness should not cease at four o'clock. So they opened their eyes and saw the greatest socializing and educational force of to-day—the motion picture.

Finally the township purchased the electrical plant, for it was a township high school. The patrons of the school held a box social to help pay for the machine. The bal-

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

ance was made up by private subscriptions, later repaid from the profits. The search for the right films began. PHOTOPLAY'S expert helped them out, furnishing them with films and putting them in touch with such splendid sources of free films as the United States government, the state institutions and the large number of industrial films.

Shows are held every Saturday night. The local band always furnishes the music. And the people are getting together—through muddy roads, blizzards and all. The whole plan is cooperative; the profits go back into better films and added equipment. And the folks around Jud are becoming better and more patriotic citizens.

Jud is typical. There are hundreds of "Juds" enriching the land. The extension division of the North Dakota Agricultural College is reaching the farmers of the state through use of the screen in 450 rural schools. There are thirty "Juds" in Chicago alone.

For another typical experience, let us pick on the little town of Mingo, Ohio. Read the enthusiastic story told by Principal Aughinbaugh of the Mingo schools.

"We have been running a public picture show for the past year. We got our start on borrowed funds with which we bought out a theatre. We soon wiped out the debt, added a second machine and a player-piano to our school auditorium and made many lesser improvements. There are now four other schools in the county following in our footsteps.

"Our first program consisted of "Cinderella," a five reel standard feature, a Burton Holmes travelogue and a cartoon comedy, all secured from a Paramount exchange. Since then we have run a show every Friday night and sometimes twice a week.

"And not long ago a farm near us changed hands at $300 per acre which would not have brought half that sum a year ago. The purchaser said he wanted to live in 'a live neighborhood.' The movies are regenerating our rural districts, as well as the cities and towns.

"We do not use junk pictures. And we have gone into the study of projection with the preciseness of the laboratory in optics and light, and now our projection is better than that of some of our professional brothers. People with theatres nearer come to see the 'Mingo pictures.'

"At times we also use our machines for class work. I cannot see why any school should be without a picture machine, if its pupils and teachers are alive. Our purpose has been to give wholesome recreation and some education at small expense and we have notably accomplished this."

What Mingo has done thousands of other schools can do. And more and more educators are coming to believe, with Rex Beach, that "there is no more direct, effective way of driving home a fact or teaching a truth than through the picture. Words are feeble things compared with it."

How the lowly caterpillar becomes the gorgeous butterfly is nothing short of a fairy tale when shown in moving pictures.

"Strange Things of the Sea" is the title of a Curtis Educational showing weird, interesting creatures of the "Land of the Deep Water."

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" becomes an even more vivid literary relic when shown "on the screen." Edison has done it with vim, vigor and veracity.

"Uncle
Ca

Harriet Beecher Stowe's anti-slavery classic—perhaps the greatest piece of democracy propaganda ever conceived—has now been done into moving pictures.

Marguerite Clark as "Topsy," the amusing little pickaninny who "just growed." You remember "Topsy" is befriended by "Little Eva," who gives her her freedom.

Walter Lewis as "Simon Legree," the brutal overseer—whose tyranny over Uncle Tom established him as the ideal villain of melodrama. Will they hiss him on the screen?

"PROPAGANDA" today is a powerful and familiar word. Mrs. Stowe never used it, perhaps, in connection with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," yet who shall say it was not the purest and most successful propaganda exploited?

Written ten years before the Civil War, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" acquainted the entire world with the futility of slavery, produced a finer appreciation of humanity—a belief in democracy that germinated the ideals for which we are today fighting.

And now, thanks to the camera, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has reached another vehicle of expression. It is astonishing that the enterprising film people never before thought of it as a screen possibility. Paramount sent a company to Louisiana to make "Uncle Tom" on the original site. J. Searle Dawley is in charge of the direction of this classic. Famous Players is starring Marguerite Clark in both roles—"Topsy" and "Little Eva." Read by millions, seen in theatres by as many, a hundred million, perhaps, will see "Uncle Tom" on the screen

Tom's
oin"

Above, in oval—Marguerite Clark as "Eva St. Clair," the lovely little daughter of a wealthy plantation owner. She meets Uncle Tom—as pictured at left, above—and persuades her father to buy him. St. Clair promises to free Uncle Tom—but neglects to do so; and little Eva dies in the old negro's arms.

Frank Losee as "Uncle Tom," the lovable negro murdered by the oppression of slavery as typified by Simon Legree. Forgotten after Little Eva's death, Uncle Tom is bought by Simon Legree; and when at last they come to set him free, it is too late—Uncle Tom is dead.

Florence Carpenter as "Eliza," the beautiful mulatto. Her escape with her child over the ice, tracked by blood hounds, is a memorable bit of stage history. It is even more thrilling on the screen.

Dorothy Dal

The slogan was of the
othy was sensitive enough

By John

Evans studio

This face and the will behind it nagged after Tom Ince until he suddenly discovered he was sorry he had been wearing the protective "I Am Blind" sign.

ONCE upon a time, in the city of Chicago, Dorothy Dalton heard her mother say: "I Will." Dorothy was a mite of a girl at the time but the sound of the official slogan of the city of her birth had a musical ring to her ears and she distinctly liked it, even in her baby way.

This "I Will" was destined to play a very important part in the professional career of the Dalton girl. It manifested itself first, when, after a siege at a private school, D. D. got the idea into her pretty little head that she would like, better than anything else in all the world, to be an actress —a really, truly actress on the speaking stage. At the time motion pictures were not so popular as they now are and she paid less attention to them than she has of late years.

When Miss Dorothy's plan was laid before Pa and Ma Dalton, there was an instantaneous and pronounced parental veto to the scheme.

Then it was that the "I Will" came to the fore.

Dorothy merely informed her parents that she proposed to go on the stage, no matter what anybody—and this sweeping declaration, of course, took in Pa and Ma—had to say about it.

It was simply the "I Will" stuff sprouting in the youthful character.

Of course Pa and Ma gave in—gave in gracefully, if not gleefully.

Was Dorothy a success on the stage? She surely was. At least Virginia Harned, with whom she first played, in a splendid stock company in Chicago, said she was—and then wanted Dorothy to sign her name on the historic dotted line for another season, but the young woman by this time had tried her histrionic wings and had made the rather astonishing discovery that she could fly—that these same wings were strong enough to carry her anywhere, so the opportunity to play a second season with Miss Harned was passed up. She went east into stock.

ton's "I Will"

city of her birth, but Dor-
to take it personally.

H. Blackwood

Five theatrical years did Dorothy play in stock, in vaudeville with her own company and on the "big time," and in New York productions.

Then came an eventful summer when she was the leading actress of the Keith stock company, at Portland, Maine. This Keith organization as a rule only played four matinees a week and it was on one of her "off" afternoons that Dorothy Dalton went to see her first motion picture. It was Billie Burke in the Ince production of "Peggy."

Dorothy was captivated. It was a new phase of acting. She voted in favor of it by the time the first reel was half over. By the time the picture was finished, she had formulated another "I Will." This time it was a determination to become a screen actress—a star, if you please.

The only motion picture Miss Dalton ever had beheld, understand, was this Billie Burke one and it bore the Thomas H. Ince trade mark, therefore, argued the Chicago girl, Ince must be the only manufacturer of motion pictures in the world, and she forthwith sent him a telegram, merely addressing it to Los Angeles. This telegram announced with all the finality of Youth and Inexperience that Dorothy Dalton had made up her mind to go into pictures and that she had chosen Ince as the fortunate producer to procure her services.

The Ince answer was a bit disappointing and disquieting. It was to the effect that he had never heard of an actress by the name of Dorothy Dalton—and besides, he had no place for her.

Now mark the "I Will" character of the Chicago girl.

Was she discouraged? Not so you could notice it. She instantly sent in her resignation to the Keith management and wired to Ince that she was coming to California, to help him make motion pictures.

Three weeks later a dimpled young miss of just about twenty and two years showed up at Inceville. She had Thomas H. pointed out to her and with nary a show of nervousness or any of the kindred ailments, she went up to him and said "Here I am"—just like that!

Ince was compelled to ask for information as to the identity of his girlish visitor, and when he discovered it was the young lady who had wired she was coming all the way from Portland, Maine, he hemmed and hawed a bit before he told her that he was sorry that she had made such a long and tiresome trip but, really, you know . . . same old stall stuff that he had been handing out to ambitious embryo Pickfords and getting away with it for a good long time, but it didn't seem to hit anywhere in the vicinity of Dorothy Dalton.

She only smiled upon Ince and said she'd be down the next day—perhaps there would be something then.

But there wasn't anything for her on the morrow nor for a good many morrows, but this didn't pique the Chicago young stock leading actress a bit. She continued to smile, flash a pair of wonderful dimples and an upper and lower set of dental furniture that apparently were well nigh 100 per cent plus, and then the inevitable happened!

One morning, Ince found an actress missing from his place of business. Sickness, temperament—no matter what the cause—it gave Dorothy Dalton a chance to show what she could do in front of the camera.

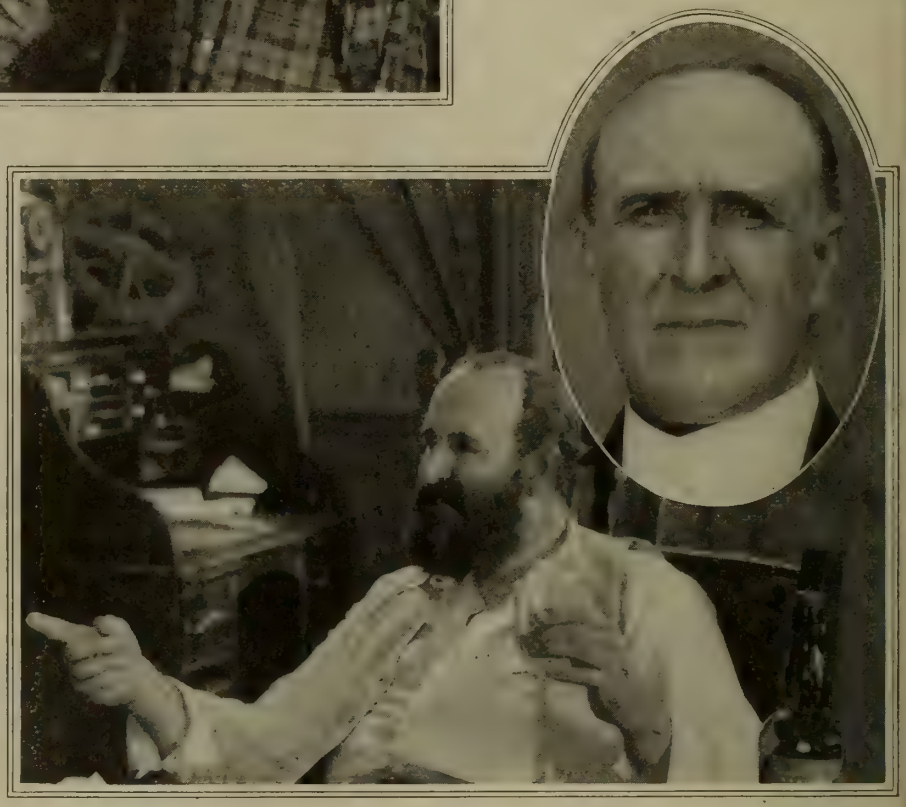
She didn't do a thing but photograph like the proverbial

(Continued on page 117)

If you were a tadpole and I were a fish, wouldn't we feel honored? 'Tis said that the fish all rise to the surface when Miss Dalton hovers around.

The Sad Tale of Hildegarde

HILDEGARDE is from one of the old Plymouth Rock families. There is no doubt that in the Mayflower there were some of her ancestors. But she has the misfortune to be a cripple; one of her limbs is shorter than the other. A limp prevents her ever becoming more than a character actress at best, in pictures. For Hildegarde is an actress. Two years she has fought to gain recognition, but until Mary Pickford discovered her on location in "M'Liss," she never had a real chance. Mary took pity on her because of her misfortune and also because of her dramatic ability, and she induced Marshall Neilan to bring her back to play a rather important bit in "M'Liss." The director argued that there was one scene wherein she would be required to run—and this Hildegarde could not do. "Then," said Mary, "we'll have a double for that scene, because Hildegarde must have this role." Now that "M'Liss" is completed, Mary says she will adopt Hildegarde. "Perhaps she will be most at home in my garden—with the chickens and other pets." And no doubt Mary is right—for Hildegarde happens to be a Plymouth Rock hen.



A Recipe for Whiskers

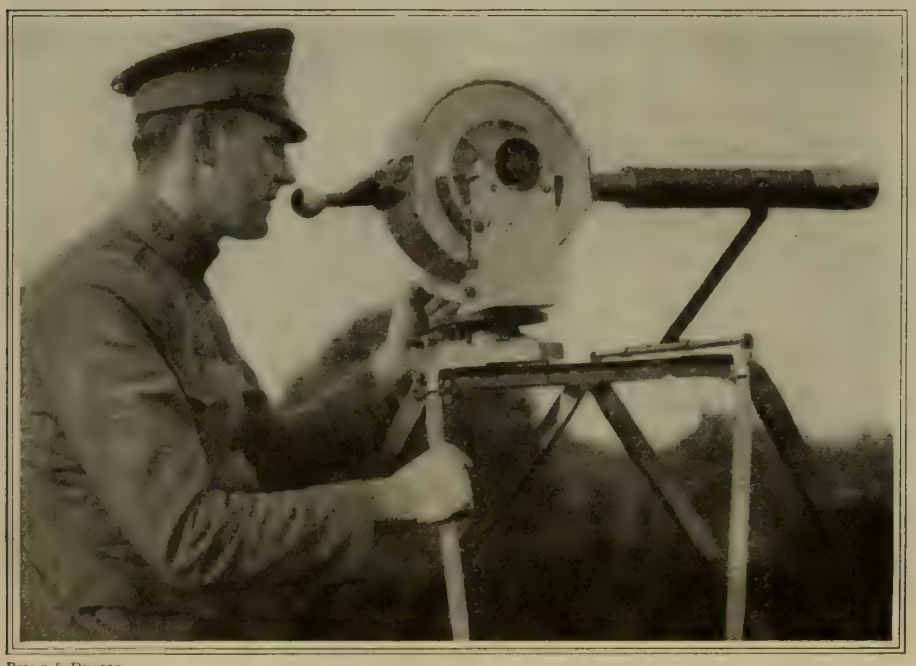
WHENEVER the directors on the Lasky lot want an actor to play a part calling for chin decorations, they give Theodore Roberts a few days' advance notice, and he shows up at the appointed time with a full grown crop.

Roberts is now wearing a nine months growth, but not from choice.

"The worst thing about growing a beard in motion picture work," says Roberts, "is that when you get started they won't let you stop. As soon as you get through one picture and get rid of one director, another grabs you and says, 'Hey, save that beard for me.'

"A few weeks ago, just after I had finished playing one whiskered part, I started for home and the safety razor. But Mary Pickford stopped me. 'Oh, Mr. Roberts,' she said, 'I want you to play the part of my father in "M'Liss," so please do not shave off your whiskers.' "

And by the way—the white-bearded gentleman holding Hildegarde in the picture at upper left is none other than the versatile Mr. Roberts.



Brown & Dawson

Photographing No Man's Land

ONE of the astonishing things in moving pictures is the fact that practically no improvements have been

made in the camera in ten years. This lends interest to a camera invented by Carl Akeley, naturalist, sculptor, and hunter of big game.

It is smaller and lighter, and has a gyroscope stabilizer which enables the operator to use it without a tripod.

The operator can watch the scene being photographed, exactly as it will appear on the film, by the use of an eyepiece that closes to exclude light, when not in use.

The camera can be focused without disturbing the film, by using a cutting device which perforates the celluloid.

A telescope can be attached for long-distance photography.

Mr. Akeley has placed his invention before the American government, and it has been adopted for work in France.

Blanche Sweet's Double

THE camera says that on the screen she looks enough like Miss Sweet to be Miss Sweet herself.

And that's exactly why and how Claire Anderson got her screen start.

Miss Anderson, having been born back in Detroit some eighteen years ago, found herself out in California three years ago sans funds. She went to a newspaperman friend and told him she had to find work.

"You're good-looking," he said. "We'll try the movies. I know a man who knows a man who has a brother who—" et cetera. And so Miss Anderson came to interview Russell Smith, at Griffith's studio.

"If you only looked like Blanche Sweet!" wailed Smith. "She's left us and there are still some scenes to be taken in her last picture, 'The Escape.' . . . . Say! Maybe you *do* look like her! Let's see."

So they gave her a film try-out, and, by George! she did!

That was her start. Then Mack Sennett made her an offer. She took it. For her first comedy, it was necessary for one of the girls to enter a cage of lions. All but Miss Anderson declined. She went into the cage and got friendly with the lions. That doubled her salary and got her a leading part.

When Triangle began casting around for dramatic talent, it chose Miss Anderson. Her first work was with Alma Rubens in "The Answer." Then she played *Mary Smith* in "The Servant in the House," and last but not least, she was awarded the title role in "Mlle. Paulette."

Sartorializing with an Expert

ALPHARETTE HOFFMAN is the costume director of the Famous Players-Lasky studios.

"Tell me," said a Mere Man who had been sent to interview her; "everything in the world about ladies' gowns and—well, things they wear."

Miss Hoffman smiled and said it couldn't be done—that is, she couldn't do it. "There's so much I don't know," she said.

But the Man persisted; and coaxed from her the following factlets:

She goes to New York four times a year on an average and visits all the modistes and designers, and talks to them and absorbs their ideas.

Then later, perhaps, Cecil de Mille will come to her and say, "I want a gown for a girl who must look so-and-so"—that is, she is to represent a certain character or mood or quality.

"Then I look at the girl and I think— Oh, I do a lot of thinking. Fast thinking, sometimes, too. And I say to myself—'last month I saw a pale gray with silver brocade—that would exactly express the character; yes, that is it.' Then I call to mind the ideas I have imbibed and design the dress accordingly. There's such a lot of it that is instinct.

"You see a designer of gowns is much like a politician—with her mind sensitive to the pulse of the period. Fashions are affected by conditions and we must feel these conditions and thereby mould the fashions. War — for example. See how it has touched the fashions with militancy. Many costumes are designed a year or more in advance. That is, a designer thinks of a model and puts it away in his brain wardrobe till the occasion for it is ripe—then he brings it forth and astonishes the world. As an example of the lengths to which we go I may say that Mr. deMille is spending something like $75,000 for the gowns in 'Old Wives for New.'"

1—They got me out of bed at 7:30 this morning and then foolishly put me right back again. Suddenly I looked up and saw a cow or a lion with the end of the carriage in his mouth, pushing me back and forth. That clicking noise—from the camera—was going on and someone was yelling: "Push it off the scene, Teddy—that's a good dog." Teddy pushed and pushed.

2—While I was discovering my whereabouts, a big loafer stooped over and picked me up as though I was a hot milk bottle. I was scared to death for fear he would drop me. I knew he hadn't carried many like me before.

3—He got hold of a fuzzy thing with a long tail and took the two of us to a beautiful lady. She beckoned to me. I said "goo-o-o!"

4—"Here's where you register jealousy, kid," said a voice at the camera. I turned and there, to my great astonishment, saw myself sitting in a high chair. Or, if it wasn't me, it was another me. It had on a cap and it was pretty. I'd hate to be pretty; women make enough fuss over me as it is.

Bub's Diary

One eventful day in the life of a movie baby — posed by Charlie Murray and other Mack Sennetters, to say nothing of the dog.

5—I wanted the lady to hold me but this big loafer showed me the shiny thing that says "hello" and that helped a little. That person in the cap said "Ooogle-gloo-bah-baaa-a-" Insolence! As though I didn't know the line was busy.

6—This loafer must have thought I was cold but I wasn't. Anyway, he got me upstairs but there wasn't any top to it and no bed room and no crib and bottle. I wish my mother hadn't educated me for dramatic work.

7—At last, someone who knew my anatomy! I like the shiny buttons, but they wouldn't let me play with them. Trouble was coming because the cow or the lion or whatnot, was hanging around again.

8—S'pose this thing had dropped me! "All right, Teddy," someone said. "Into the house. You've found the baby you stole, Teddy. Take it home. Good doggie." Why do they always call me "It?" What sacrifices we stars must make for the screen!

Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

It'll Be Warmer for Bill Presently

A SCENE was depicted in "The Kaiser, The Beast of Berlin" that showed, in a heated argument between the kaiser and the captain, in the Royal palace, the breaths of these two blokes. It was very visible upon the screen. Is the kaiser observing "heatless" Mondays?

A CUB REPORTER, Wichita, Kas.

You Don't Mean Samson, Do You?

SAY! what's the name of that incredibly strong man who played opposite Ethel Clayton in "The Whims of Society"?

When he was trying to burst open the door of her room, to save her from being asphyxiated you could see the whole wall bend.

Ye Gods!! such strength!!

I saw the same impossibility in one of Mary Anderson's pictures. One man was trying to annihilate another, by banging his head against a wall that gave every time his head came in contact with it. Would that every wall would give when I bumped against it.

L. M. F., Peoria, Ill.

They Need this Prescription in France

IN "La Tosca" Mario, the lover of La Tosca, is tortured by spikes driven into his temples, which leave deep gashes. When he and La Tosca meet at the prison there is not a sign of a scar on Mario's temple. Magic, eh?

R. H. BOISE, Idaho.

Getting Wet Is Believing

IN "The Hillcrest Mystery" the hero leaves for home in a pouring rain. Just before he steps out into the street he puts out his hand to see if it is raining. The fellow must have been blind—not to have seen the downpour.

EDA CORLIN, Chicago.

Boy, Page Mr. Baedeker

IN a recent Triangle picture the audience was informed by a sub-title that it was about to see the people and country town of "Lillyville;" yet strange to say the name "Florence" was distinctly shown upon the depot roof.

"READ," Meridian, Miss.

Each Purl a Tear

IN "The Thing We Love," Kathlyn Williams appears to be very proud of a sock she is knitting and anxious to do her bit, still it is very evident to real knitters she does not know the first principle of sock knitting for she is trying to knit it up side down. The sock is apparently finished except the cuff at the top and we see her knitting away at the end which in reality is the beginning of the sock. It isn't being done that way—yet.

L. C., Toledo, Ohio.

"Oh, Time in Thy Flight!"

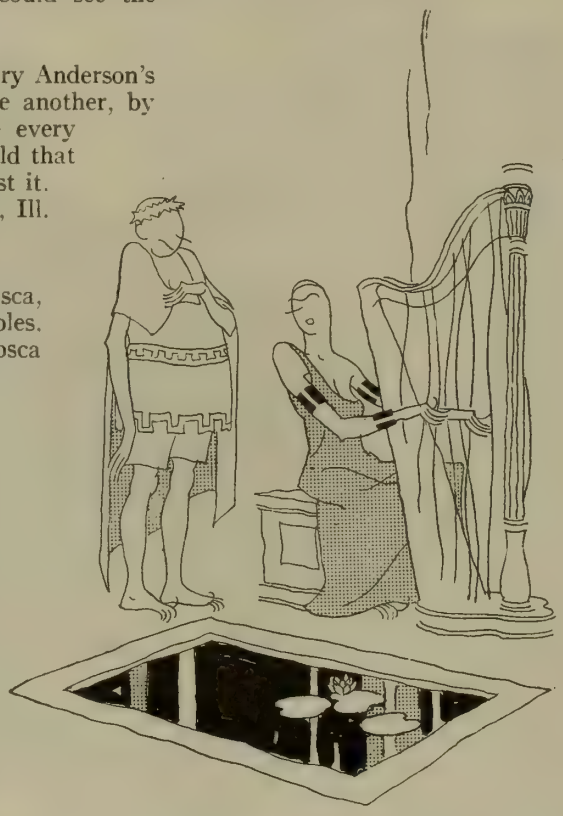
IN "The Cross Bearer," World, the Cardinal enters the Pope's sanctum at twenty minutes past two, and after completing his visit, leaves at ten minutes past.

G. C., N. Y. City.

Again—Love Is Blind!

IN "Heart's Desire," Marie Doro, as the peasant girl, falls in love with the son of her landlord. She marries him in the end and a "closeup" shows their hands, with the ring on Miss Doro's right hand. Here, and I have always believed it was so in most places, the ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand. Is America different?

R. H. ADAMSON, Beverly, West Australia.



Again—Cleo in Bad

WHOEVER wrote the photoplay "Cleopatra," starring Theda Bara, certainly should have studied ancient history. Some of the incidents of the play, such as Caesar leaving Cleo to be crowned king at Rome, are ridiculous, as they are not in accordance with historical facts. In this picture the Priest of Isis in Egypt was represented to be a man with flowing hair and beard, while history tells us that the Priests of Isis were compelled to shave their heads and faces. Which shall we believe?

In one scene, Cleo is seen playing a harp, the strings of which are so loose that the least shaking of the instrument causes them to vibrate wildly. Now, anybody who has had any experience with harps knows that the strings in such condition would never produce music.

CHAS. BRUMBAUGH, Orange, N. J.

Referred to Our Puzzle and Farm Editor

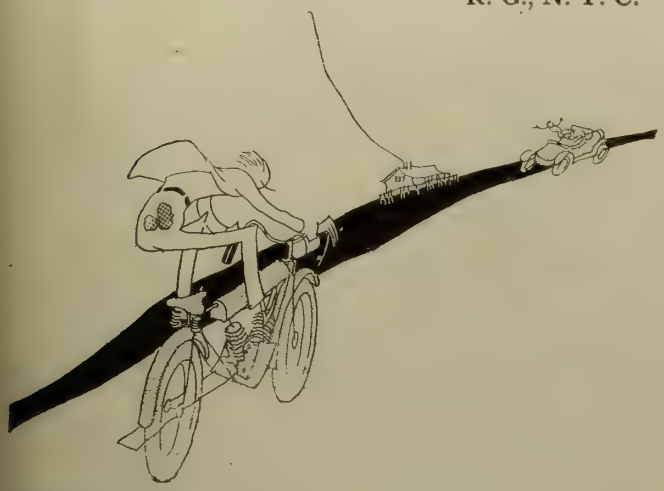
IN "The Land of Promise," Thomas Meighan is shown cultivating cabbage. In the distance we see corn flourishing as it would be in September. That evening Meighan makes the remark to his wife that they have been married six months. Their wedding taking place the 19th of September would make the time he cultivated the cabbage the 19th of March.

GRANT EVANGE, Bangor, Maine.

Why, Barbara!

IN Theda Bara's "The Forbidden Path," she poses for a painting of the Madonna. Later, when it is unveiled, Barbara Reynolds says "She has a soul of innocence in her eyes." As a matter of fact, the Madonna's eyes are cast downward so that the eyes could not be seen at all.

R. G., N. Y. C.



Shades of Speed and Benzine!

IN Carlyle Blackwell's picture "Leap to Fame," he slides down a rope off the roof when he sees the girl being kidnapped by the villain below. The slide soils the seat and legs of his light trousers a beautiful black. Blackwell then jumps on a motorcycle and after that rides on horseback to overtake the villains. Here one sees the same trousers perfectly clean.

NELL GROELING, New York City.

Some Army Tactics

SOME time ago I witnessed the photodrama, "For The Freedom of The World."

Though the hero became a member of the Canadian army all the privates shown wore the American uniform!

By investigation I have learned that there is no law in the British army whereby an army officer and his wife can be court martialed and sentenced to death for being in each other's company while he is on active duty at the front. There are hundreds of officers' wives from England and Canada serving in the capacity of Red Cross nurses and various other divisions of the service, who often see their husbands, and I have failed to discover any case where there has been a court martial much less a sentence of death for violating what the scenario writer claimed was a law in the British army.

If, in real life, a man shot a woman with the gun the hero of the play used to shoot the heroine, that woman's body would be severed in twain. But we can do anything in the movies!

And too, a spy is not court martialed by the German high officials in Germany any more than the same is court martialed by high officials in this or other countries. The prisoner is court martialed and sentenced by a body of officers and men who are in the vicinity of the outrage, unless there is something unusual in the case, and there was not in the case under discussion.

Also, a prisoner sentenced to death has not the privilege of deciding whether he or she shall be shot blindfolded. That is already decided by the men in charge.

Of course, I'm not complaining—"I am only telling you."

GENEVIEVE MCADAM, Everett, Wash.

From a Good Housekeeper

IN "Tarzan of the Apes," during one of those heavy tropical rains, a lion runs out in front of the camera and kicked up dust. I'm glad I don't live there.

R. H. HOOPES, Salt Lake City.

A Long Operation?

IN "Wanted, a Mother," with Madge Evans, we are told that the operation is to take place at ten o'clock. During the operation the huge clock in the room says five minutes to nine and in the next instant it's a quarter to eleven.

EDNA M. A. C., Newark, N. J.

Mr. Elliott to the Guard House!

WHY do soldiers, playing in motion pictures, salute superior officers when they are without a hat? They defy all military rules, at least Mr. Elliott did in "Joan of Plattsburg."

RUTH NOE, Toronto, Ont.

In the Suburb Called New York

IN "The House of Glass," Clara Kimball Young returns to the city five years after she had broken her parole. She is afraid to appear on the streets for fear she will be recognized; in fact, she even fears to raise the shades. Doing so, however, after a period of hesitation, she peeks out and we catch a glimpse of a busy street scene in lower Manhattan. Later, we are shown exterior views of her house and find it a two-story brick building with broad terrace, white woodwork—typically suburban in style. There are even a few shrubs planted near the window. This is not the kind of home found in the shopping district of New York City.

CHARLIE DICKINSON, Richmond, Va.

Two Bombs

IN "Riders of the Night," Metro, Viola Dana wears the most awful looking men's shoes imaginable but she wears them under beautifully *clean* and *darnless* white silk stockings. Some combination!

Another thing: Why don't actors and actresses really write the letters which are shown on the screen? Every real fan knows the average handwriting shown on the screen is not in keeping with the player's personality. Are they afraid of writer's cramp or haven't they the time?

MARGARET DENISON, Denver, Colo.

Perhaps His Head Was Bald

IN "The Crisis," one of the foremost characters in the play, a Southern gentleman, kept his hat on in the house. He even sat at his own dining table with his young daughter while his hat remained upon his head. Did he wait for her to be seated first at table? he did *not*. Since when have southern gentlemen who are recognized the world over for their politeness to women, their graceful manners and their chivalry, adopted such customs?

Why, oh why, do northern directors attempt to make southern pictures? The north knows nothing about the south and never will.

"REBEL," Lexington, Ky.

Chaplin Subtlety

IS there not something fine and splendid in the sight of Chaplin's dog, in "A Dog's Life," caring for the brood of little puppies—the dog being of the masculine sex?

W. R. W., Chicago.

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 53)

Why was Karl Boy-Ed in Newport? The answer was not long in coming. From the wharves came the sound of whistles and of sirens. Then the news seemed to radiate along the street—the U. 53 had arrived in port, having crossed the ocean ostensibly to pay a visit to America and to—

Dixie knew that it was something more than a simple visit to America. For one thing, it was to pick up Boy-Ed and von Papen. Another was—but that was what Dixie did not know.

But look! A submarine officer in German uniform was entering the grocery story. Dixie watched close, made arrangements with her cab driver for a speedy pursuit the minute he came forth, then waited. The officer was Captain Rose of the U. 53, at that moment paying his respects to Captain Karl Boy-Ed, and listening to the words of the former naval attache to the Imperial German Embassy.

"Everything is all right," Boy-Ed was saying. "Von Papen will join us at East Machias—after we have touched there for supplies. And in the meanwhile, here is a list of every ship that has left New York in the last twenty-four hours, their weight, names and destination. It will be an easy matter to pick them up. Now how many torpedoes are you carrying?"

"Six."

"That will be enough for our first raid. I have made arrangements for ten more to be supplied us when we touch for von Papen. What arrangements have been made for taking me on board?"

Captain Rose of the U. 53 smiled.

"When the crew sees us coming, they will open the U boat for a short visit by the spectators who are crowding around it. They naturally will all throng on board. As they do so, we will go aboard also. No one will notice you in the crowd. Then, as soon as we see that you are safe, we will shunt out the visitors and proceed to our business. Simple, isn't it?"

A half hour later, the U. 53 slid out of Newport harbor. And while it churned on its way to the open sea, Harrison Grant stood in the shadow of the Ritz Carlton, watching the window of Mrs. Blank's apartment. He had seen the shade rise and fall. Further, he had seen Bernstorff enter the secret passageway and travel to Mrs. Blank's apartment by means of the freight elevator. Cavanaugh came to his side.

"The Submarine U. 53 touched at Newport," he advised.

"So?" Grant smiled slightly. "Then we can be on the lookout for casualties in the morning. It did not come merely for a visit."

And had he been in the apartment of Mrs. Blank, we would have been certain of his statement. For while Blank listened from behind the portiere, Ambassador Bernstorff asked the privilege of receiving a few telegrams there.

"The U. 53 has just touched at Newport. I think before many hours have passed, there will be a great deal of information for me."

And Blank, with that much information, was already hurrying to a telephone that he might make arrangements for a series of short selling on maritime stocks —that he might reap the harvest of Bernstorff's information.

Far out in the open sea, only the periscope of the U. 53 was visible. In the submarine itself, Captain Rose was looking through that periscope and giving orders. He turned sharply:

"I see the Strathdene, a British freighter. Be ready to fire on it!"

"A torpedo?" Boy-Ed asked the question quite casually as he came forward.

"Certainly."

Signals sounded in the submarine. Hurriedly the engine of destruction was made ready as the U boat maneuvered into place for the firing of its shot. Then—

From a locker at the wide of the tiny main compartment of the submarine, came a sound—then a voice—then a woman as she leaped forward.

"You're not going to do this thing—please!" she begged. The crew of the U. 53 stared at her as though they would stare at a ghost. At last Karl Boy-Ed summoned a smile.

"So it's Heinie von Lertz's little friend, Dixie Mason!" he announced! "The little lady isn't the friend we thought she was. Perhaps she belongs to the Secret Service—"

Captain Rose turned to his men.

"Hurry with that torpedo!"

"Stop—in the name of—humanity!" cried Dixie Mason.

"Humanity?" Boy-Ed leered at her. "I don't recognize the name. It must be about time to fire the torpedo, Captain."

The answer of Rose was a signal to the crew. A moment later came the crashing sound of an exploding torpedo as the Strathdene went to its grave in the Atlantic. Later, in New York, Bernstorff showed a telegram to Mrs. Blank.

"The first of Germany's offensive on this side of the Atlantic," he announced. "The U. 53 will remain some time. Every ship that goes forth from New York will be torpedoed before it is ten miles beyond the three mile limit."

"But how is that possible?" Mrs. Blank looked at him with innocent eyes. "Where will the torpedoes come from?"

"From a base on the Maine coast, so well concealed that even I do not know where it is."

Mrs. Blank laughed, then rose. She walked to the window and looked casually down the street. In the shadow of the Ritz Carlton was the figure of the man she had seen there for days—Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club. Still talking to Bernstorff, then apparently giving up the thought of writing, crumpled the paper, and walked to the window again. A minute later, Grant was staring at the paper which had fallen from the window above. It read—

"Submarine base on Maine coast. Take precautions."

Grant turned to Cavanaugh who had come to his side.

"We must notify the navy at once!"

And while the radio stations were sending the messages to the destroyers and warships, the U. 53 was continuing its task of destruction. The Stephano, the Bloomersdyk, the Christian Knudson all had been sent to the bottom, while Dixie Mason had been forced to watch the explosion through the periscope and while the officers of the U. 53 laughed at her and railed at her. And now—

"The West Point is in sight. Ready!"

Again Dixie Mason saw a torpedo being brought forth. Again she leaped forward to protest against this hidden menace of destruction. But again only laughter met her. Dixie turned upon the officers of the U. 53 and Karl Boy-Ed.

"You cowards," she stormed at them, "you thieving, sneaking cowards!"

Her angered eyes caught sight of a heavy wrench, left where a member of the crew had tightened one of the heavy bolts of the engines. She leaped toward it. Before Boy-Ed and Rose could stop her, she had seized the wrench, thrown herself at the torpedo as it was being hauled into position, and with one great blow, smashed the propellor.

"Our last torpedo!" shouted Rose.

"We've still got the gun!" came the answer of Boy-Ed. "Emerge and shell the ship—quick! Stromberg! Watch this little she devil until we come back."

Already the submarine was rising to the surface. A moment later, Dixie Mason, facing the sullen Stromberg, heard orders from above, then the booming of a three-inch gun. She knew the rest—the West Point was being shelled to its destruction.

Dixie allowed her eyes to rove about the little chamber. A tiny wall desk was before her—merely a shelf attached to the side of the submarine, upon which papers were scattered. Then she closed her eyes, and leaned wearily against the wall, while from without there came again the sound of the gun, shelling the West Point. Stromberg watched her a moment, then turned toward the bolt of the engine, again loosened. Only for a moment—but that moment was enough. For in that time, Dixie had reached the desk, seized the papers which her eyes had selected, glanced at them, then run for the companionway.

"Longitude 69, latitude 44," she murmured, that she might memorize them the better—"call at base situated at longitude 69, latitude 44—"

Up the companionway and out upon the deck. At the gun, one of the crew turned and shouted. But too late. Dixie Mason had run far to the end of the deck of the U. 53, given a great leap and was in the water, swimming with all the strength she could summon.

Shouts from the deck. Shouts and curses and orders. Then an order in a new tone—from Karl Boy-Ed, staring into the distance with a telescope.

"It's a United States destroyer!" he shouted. "Let the girl go! Submerge at once!"

An hour later, Dixie Mason, nearly exhausted, felt herself lifted into a boat by the strong arms of a sailor.

"Get me to land, quick!" she ordered. "I have important information—about a submarine base!"

(To Be Concluded)

E. MASON HOPPER of Metro had eight extra men working under him recently, whose combined ages total 560. The oldest is ninety, and he insists upon calling all the others "mere boys." It is interesting to note that the picture in production is, "As the Sun Went Down."

"MUTT," the little white dog who co-starred with Charles Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," is dead. Mutt died of a broken heart and self-starvation. Although he had everything to live for, at the studio, the absence of his master, who was touring the country for the Liberty Loan, denied the little mongrel of the one thing he wanted—the loving attention of Charles Chaplin. Chaplin has not yet been told of "Mutt's" passing.

D. W. GRIFFITH in Philadelphia consummated a clever publicity move. The local board of censors objected to certain scenes and sub-titles in "Hearts of the World" on the eve of the opening performance. As a great many tickets had already been sold, the management returned the money and gave an undeleted exhibition of the picture without charge. The lobby was filled with attacks on the censors and the morning papers ran stories of the affair entirely favorable to the picture; and the decision of the board was appealed before the Common Pleas Court, which ruled, after seeing the film, that it was useful in the fight against Germany and suggested a compromise. Only two scenes were deleted; and "Hearts" is in Philadelphia for a long run.

THERE are 2,080 stars in the Pathe service flag. Ferdinand Zecca, the new director general of productions who arrived recently in New York from Paris, says that more than 2,000 French, English and Italian employees of Pathe have served in the ranks of the Allies. More than 80 men have responded to the call to the colors in the United States and the list is rapidly growing.

CLOSELY following the statement that the Franklin brothers were to direct Norma Talmadge, came the announcement that C. M. Franklin had enlisted in the National Army. His work will be carried on by his brother Sid Franklin, who has a film under way in the Talmadge studios. This team of directors was responsible for some of Norma Talmadge's earlier successes in the first days of Triangle. Now Sid Franklin has quite a two-man reputation to sustain.

IF the sincerest praise is praise from a child, then Emmy Wehlen ought to feel very much flattered. Baby Ivy Ward was working on the Metro studio floor with Emily Stevens between scenes for her own picture. Miss Wehlen was watching the progress of her sister star's new film. Ivy looked wistfully at the glittering figure, dressed for the scene, and two tears rolled down her cheeks. "Nobuddy," she announced to the world in general, "will interduce me to the pretty lady in the blue dress." An assistant director led her to the object of her admiration. "Why, those are real tears," exclaimed Miss Wehlen. "Did you cry them for the scene?" "No," replied the child; "I cried them for you. But now I don't want to cry any more." Then the two actresses had a real heart-to-heart chat.

Stagg

Yes—it's Bill Hart in a dress suit, dancing with Mrs. Colonel Farrell at the ball given by Hart to the officers of the 159th California Infantry at the Hotel Coronado in San Diego. Mrs. Farrell is the wife of Col. Leonard M. Farrell, commander of the 159th—the "Bill Hart Two-Gun Men," of which Bill is god-father.

HOWARD HICKMAN is no longer an actor. He's decided to give it all up and try his hand at directing. Hickman will boss his own wife, Bessie Barriscale, round the Paralta lot; and his first picture is "The Rainbow."

HAZEL DALY, perhaps best known as the devoted little "Honey Skinner" of the Essanay Skinner stories with Bryant Washburn, recently learned to swim a perfect breast stroke in two weeks at a Chicago natatorium—an achievement which, according to her swimming instructor, requires three months' hard practice on the part of the average feminine beginner. Miss Daly took the swimming course because her gypsy-girl role in "The Little Rowdy" requires a considerable amount of shady-woodland-pool swimming stuff. She is now with Selig in California.

ERNEST TRUEX and Shirley Mason appear in the first John Emerson-Anita Loos production for Paramount. It is a story of camp life, with "Ernie" cast as a soldier and Shirley a secret-service operative.

PEARL WHITE'S ambition to do something for the Government may soon be realized, as she is now in Washington, the guest of the War Department.

WITH a sigh, we Underwood this one: Viola Dana previous to her departure from the Coast for New York, auctioned off her famous menagerie, which included a donkey and goldfish.

AND we weep as we record this: Madge Kennedy has beautiful hands, and a certain modeler, impressed, desired to perpetuate them. He could not understand Miss Kennedy's refusal upon hearing that he was a modeler—not in clay, but in soap. She said she couldn't bear to think of being in everybody's wash-tubs.

BUT the best of all, dear readers, is this: Beverly Bayne each day receives white violets, from an anonymous admirer.

MAURICE TOURNEUR will make a series of motion pictures presenting Mother Goose and other nursery stories, for the Keith Vaudeville Circuit.

HOUSE PETERS and Anna Lehr have the leading roles in a new states rights feature.

JAMES K. HACKETT has gone to the Coast to make a feature film. Long, long ago Hackett appeared in a screening of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

(Continued on page 111)

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 82*)

is so full of inconsistencies that the spectator feels a distinct mental superiority to everyone connected with the production, and then when the end comes realizes that all the flaws he discovered were logical and necessary. This sounds intricate, but it is quite simple, and because it is mysterious, no part of the plot will be revealed here. The scenario, by Roy Somerville, is remarkably clever; the story was by Charles Dazey. The cast is headed by the brilliant trio, Irene Castle, Warner Oland and Milton Sills, who nearly made even "Patria" good. Caesar Gravina, an Italian comedian, is worthy of being starred. This is an opportunity for a producer who wants to turn out comedies that do not rely upon acrobatics for their effect.

STOLEN ORDERS—Brady

William A. Brady's first production since leaving World is an eight-reel version of the noted melodrama, "Stolen Orders." The original has been transposed into an American plot, bringing all its thrills with it and adding a few more. The general effect is an Ivan shocker superimposed upon a Pathe serial. The acting of Montagu Love, the charm of June Elvidge, the four remarkable fur sets of Kitty Gordon, and the innate nobility of Carlyle Blackwell embellish the action. It is another proof of the fact that five reels suffices for almost any story.

PEG O' THE PIRATES—Fox

As "Pay Day" satirizes melodrama, "Peg o' the Pirates" burlesques the familiar tale of the Spanish Main and the kidnapped damozel. It would make a wonderful libretto for a musical comedy of the Gilbert and Sullivan sort. How the burly and bewhiskered desperadoes step lively to the trickeries of their dainty captive must be seen to be appreciated. It is Peggy Hyland's best work since she came to these shores two years ago. Frank Evans as Captain Bones is a truly terrifying gent.

"The Triumph of the Weak" (Vitagraph)—Alice Joyce as a mother who steals to save her child from starvation, goes to prison, is paroled, marries without telling her husband the truth, and is blackmailed by a former confederate; a sombre but vivid role for Miss Joyce.

"Her Decision" (Triangle) — Gloria Swanson proving her right to stardom in the story of a stenographer who marries her employer to get money to save her sister from disgrace; the only J. Barney Sherry as the employer.

"A Daughter of the West" (Pathe)—a melodrama in which the principal characters are known to their intimates as Daredevil Gordon and Rawhide Pete; "Baby" Marie Osborne and Sambo provide atmosphere.

"Wolves of the Border" (Triangle)—Roy Stewart—is a story of a triangular feud involving neighboring ranchers and a band of outlaws; it is hard to believe there can be so much shooting in the wild west and so little killing. Perhaps this bad marksmanship is what makes the wild west so wild.

"True Blue" (Fox)—an English remittance man unexpectedly falls heir to an earldom, deserts his American wife and young son, and the son grows up hating his father, only to heap the proverbial coals of fire at last; William Farnum as the son; an artificial story with little heart in it, except for the first reel.

"All Woman" (Goldwyn)—Mae Marsh in a very diffuse story of small town politics, dissipation and intrigue; this star has yet to find the director who understands how to make the most of her pathetic winsomeness.

"The Street of Seven Stars" (Le Luxe)—the too common mistake of trying to put everything in a novel into a picture, resulting in chaos; Doris Kenyon, smiling and pretty, but lacking in dramatic force.

"The Firebrand" (Fox)—Virginia Pearson as a Russian princess in a story of the betrayal of Russia by aristocrats; very thrilling.

"Cecelia of the Pink Roses" (Graphic Films)—Marion Davies in a story where hardly anything happens until the fifth of the seven spools; pretty but tiresome.

"Reclaimed" (Harry McRae Webster)—Mabel Julienne Scott, one of the most beautiful and talented of screen actresses in a melodrama so silly that it is almost as funny as the Drews' "Pay Day," though not intentionally so.

"Blue Eyed Mary" (Fox)—A typical bit of June Caprice confectionery, in which a sweet ingenue reconciles a long estranged father and mother, and, of course, marries.

"For Sale" (Pathe)—Gladys Hulette in the oldest movie story in the world—the poor girl who marries her employer in name only to get money for a worthless sweetheart, and finally falls in love with her husband; Miss Hulette doing her best work in her worst story; Creighton Hale as the husband.

"More Trouble" (Pathe)—Frank Keenan as a comedian; a son comes home from college, followed by a flood of debts which he disowns, precipitating a melodrama of high finance; clean, lively.

"A Broadway Scandal" (Bluebird)—Carmel Myers looking a lot like Constance Talmadge in a clean, snappy melodrama which is twice as long as it needs to be.

"Lend Me Your Name" (Metro)—Harold Lockwood playing both of a pair of grown-up twins, and changing places with himself, in a hilarious farce comedy; Bessie Eyton and Pauline Curley as the sweethearts of Lockwood and his other self; a mistaken identity yarn, taken on the gallop, with beautiful backgrounds.

"A Game With Fate" (Vitagraph)—Stalwart Harry Morey and beautiful Betty Blythe in a story you wouldn't believe if I told you; a man bets he can get himself sentenced to death on circumstantial evidence, for a crime that was never committed, and nearly goes to the chair for it.

"Viviette" (Paramount)—Vivian Martin as the storm center between a jealous lover and his more polished brother; intensely emotional, but clean and beautifully done.

"Love's Conquest" (Paramount)—Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful, as a duchess of sixteenth century Athens, who finally succumbs to a noble-hearted though lowly lover, who serves her faithfully at his dire peril; rather ponderously acted.

"Ace High" (Fox)—Tom Mix in a thrilling melodrama of the well known Northwest, saving a child from death in the snow, saving her from a foster father and marrying her.

"A Square Deal" (Mutual)—Margarita Fisher in a light comedy proving something or other about the proper place of a wife being the fireside.

"The Man Hunt" (World)—Ethel Clayton as a gentle cave woman; she woos and captures a protesting lumberman, who is determined not to fall in love with her. A pleasing picture.

By Staff Reviewers

WHEN MEN BETRAY—Ivan Abramson

"When Men Betray" is the reason for censorship. It has an assorted lot of villains who go methodically to work to "betray" every woman in the cast. These affairs range from the wealthy matron and the clubman to the maid and butler, but all are equally tiresome and disgusting. Gail Kane did her best with an absurdly tragic role. It is a picture which should be kept from children and adults both. If it was passed by the National Board of Review, the board may as well go out of existence for all the protection it is to the public.

BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE—Paramount

Wallace Reid and Anna Little have made "Believe Me, Xantippe" as engagingly foolish as it was on the stage. The adventures of the inventive young man who commits forgery on a bet that he can elude capture, lend themselves delightfully to screen comedy. The sub-titles make the most of occasions for slang.

OLD WIVES FOR NEW—Artcraft

It is extremely difficult to build up a pleasing romance upon a foundation of divorce. Add to this difficulty the displeasing fact that "Old Wives For New" contains scenes of disgusting debauchery, and you can appreciate the failure of this elaborate, beautiful and well-acted picture. A man of fine instincts, whose wife becomes lazy, slovenly, and horribly fat, falls in love with a woman of his own type, and eventually everyone is happy. There is some power displayed in the telling of the story, but it leaves a nasty taste. The cast is remarkable—Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Florence Vidor, Theodore Roberts, Marcia Manon, Helen Jerome Eddy, Edna Mae Cooper, Gustave Seyffertitz, Tully Marshall. Cecil B. DeMille directed, and seemed to revel in the most immoral episodes.

(Continued on page 104)

A GREAT FIRE THAT DIED IN INFANCY

Above—The gentleman in shirt-sleeves is Jesse Lasky; the time is half an hour after the fire started. The fire is now history, and twenty minutes later, actual reconstruction, in the form of temporary shoring for an all-steel frame to supplant the charred and ancient wooden one, will have commenced.

LAST month the tightly-packed Lasky lot, in Hollywood, had a hundred-thousand-dollar fire that was a miracle for not becoming a million-dollar one. It happened in the middle of a busy afternoon, and started in an old wooden building on the north side of the enclosure. It destroyed a store-room, a quantity of film and is said to have damaged the color processes upon which the Lasky people have been working for many months. But the marvel is that it didn't spread to stages, offices, store-rooms and other buildings. The fire was stopped—by the Hollywood fire department and the whole studio force.

Theodore Roberts and Wanda Hawley seem to think the fire isn't going to amount to much. Mr. Roberts is arrayed as some sort of Oriental monster in "We Can't Have Everything," Above, Tully Marshall plays the hose and Ernest Joy, in the fez, directs.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 102)

HIS OWN HOME TOWN—Paramount

"His Own Home Town" is a drama of the under dog with Charles Ray in this characteristic role. He does not remain the under dog, however, but returns to the town which despised him, cleans up its politics and marries his boyhood sweetheart. Ray is at his best in this wistful picture of misunderstood youth.

A SOUL FOR SALE—Bluebird

"A Soul For Sale" pictures the struggles of two elderly roués for the possession of a young girl, played by Dorothy Phillips. She is finally rescued by the athletic hero. It is an unsavory theme, developed with crude, melodramatic force.

THE OLDEST LAW—World

"The Oldest Law" follows the adventures of a young bachelor who engages a pretty country girl to "entertain his men friends" as housekeeper in his establishment, and then is surprised when the world misunderstands his good intentions. The intelligent acting of June Elvidge makes the play entertaining, though not plausible.

THE INTERLOPER—World

In "The Interloper," Kitty Gordon is a bride who is tormented by the virtues of her husband's first wife. An obliging friend proves that the wife was not so virtuous after all which make everything all right again. The film owes whatever merit it has to the skillful direction of Oscar Apfel.

A RED-HEADED CUPID—Triangle

The "Red-Headed Cupid" is Red Saunders himself, who most unselfishly unites his cowboy pal with the pretty girl from the city. Roy Stewart makes a lovable Saunders and the director has brought out all the dry Western humor that made the stories so popular in print.

THE ACCIDENTAL HONEYMOON—Rapf

"The Accidental Honeymoon" is a frankly frivolous story of a young man and woman, forced to pose as bride and groom. The usual farcical complications, which follow are so naively presented that they are not even questionable. This is largely due to the good taste of Robert Warwick and Elaine Hammerstein, as the honeymooners in name only. The action has caught the atmosphere of the farm in which it is staged—an adorable farm with pigs and everything.

WHO IS TO BLAME—Triangle

"Who Is To Blame" is a really original treatment of that unoriginal problem—marital infelicity. The husband and wife are separated by a vampire, who is just about to triumph when she is trapped by the Japanese servant. Jack Abbe plays the servant with all the delicious dignity of the California house-boy, and is worthy of a play written about himself.

$5,000 REWARD—Universal

"$5,000 Reward" is interesting solely because Gloria Hope makes you care so very much about what happens to the little heroine. She frees Franklin Farnum from a murder charge by intriguing a confession from the real criminal. Miss Hope plays the role with far more originality and imagination than the author showed in writing it.

THE GOLDEN GOAL—Vitagraph

In "The Golden Goal," Harry Morey is a burly longshoreman whose life is nearly ruined by a scheming society woman and entirely redeemed by a noble stenographer. Morey gives a genuine and powerful picture of the lovable, uncouth laborer and his clumsy struggles to get out of his class. Florence Deshon is his Delilah.

THE FAIR PRETENDER—Goldwyn

"The Fair Pretender" is a pleasant variation of the "Green Stockings" plot with Madge Kennedy as the self-made

(Concluded on page 117)

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars in *the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Witzel

Nativity of Roscoe Arbuckle, Born March 24th.

MR. ARBUCKLE was born to fame, honor, and the power to rule over others. If newspapers, billboards, or moving pictures were not invented, he would get before the public in some other way. He would make a splendid leader in war, as well as a good actor. He has more power for serious drama than comedies, but, if left to his own choice, the product of his brain would be clean and pure. The law of attraction, or cause and effect, should draw Mr. Arbuckle close to the salt water, where he would have the best luck financially. He was sick with throat trouble in February and will have another attack in July. He has so many good qualities that I have not the space here to enumerate them, but I will mention that he will always be inventing ways to make more money. He is saving but generous, and loves to give dinners to friends. Should live in a corner house, if possible facing the west, or should have a corner room facing the west. Among the things he should avoid are Socialism and electricity, and he should expect no money or property from the dead. However, indications are that in 1920 he will be a "bloated millionaire."

White

Nativity of Miss Beverly Bayne, Born Nov. 22nd. (Hour Not Given.)

MISS Bayne has six planets in fixed signs, indicating that once she gets her mind made up, it generally stays up, and the only way to make her change her opinions is through kindness. (I can only read from the positions and aspects of the planets at birth, on account of not having the hour.) From the position of the little lady of Love, namely Venus in Capricorn, I would advise Miss Bayne to guard her worldly goods, that is, not to trust anyone to do the investing of her money or they will pick the wrong thing to invest in. Marriage will be delayed, or, if married young, the husband will be interested in commanding her money or estate and there will be a difference in age. I would advise celibacy while on the earth this time. The position of the mental planet Mercury in Sagittarius gives her ambition, a just and very independent and often rebellious nature, with some tendency towards rashness or impulse. She has the power to read human nature very well. She is very magnetic, with the power to attract both sexes. She is capable of extra hard work, but cannot lose sleep. She longs for pure affection.

Bessie Love, one of motion pictures' most delightful stars, says: "The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured."

Jessie Reed, who was "Beauty" in "Sinbad," the Winter Garden Show which played in New York, says: "I scarcely knew my nails when I had finished manicuring them with Cutex, they looked so well-groomed."

When you see how well Cutex makes your nails look, you will never go back to the cutting method

Apply a little Cutex Nail White under the nails. It removes all discolorations

Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. Gives your nails a transparent, lasting polish

Why you must not cut the cuticle

Manicure your nails without cutting. See how much lovelier they *can* look!

IN manicuring your nails don't cut or trim the cuticle. When you cut the cuticle, it grows tough and ragged. It breaks and forms hangnails. All around the base of the nail little cracks open upon the tender, sensitive skin underneath—the appearance of your whole hand is ruined!

Knowing the need for a safe and efficient cuticle remover, a specialist worked out the formula for Cutex. Cutex has taken the place of the ruinous knife and scissors. It is absolutely harmless. It will quickly remove surplus cuticle without cutting, leaving the skin at the base of the nail firm and smooth.

How to manicure without cutting

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick. Both cotton and orange stick come in the Cutex package. Dip the stick into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse off the dead surplus skin with clear water.

If your skin has the tendency to become dry, rub a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort—a mild, soothing cream — around the base of your nails when you go to bed.

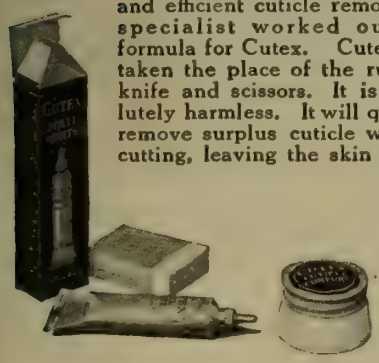
Have your first Cutex manicure today. Notice how short a time it takes and what a well-groomed appearance your nails have.

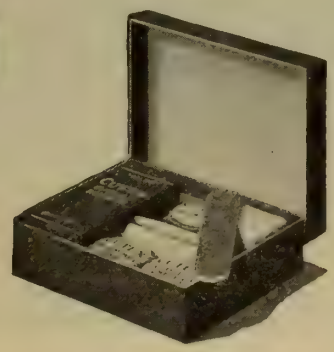
Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If your store hasn't what you want, order direct.

Let us send you this complete manicure set

Mail the coupon today with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a complete Individual Manicure Set, enough for at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 708, 114 West 17th Street, N. Y. City.

If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 708, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.





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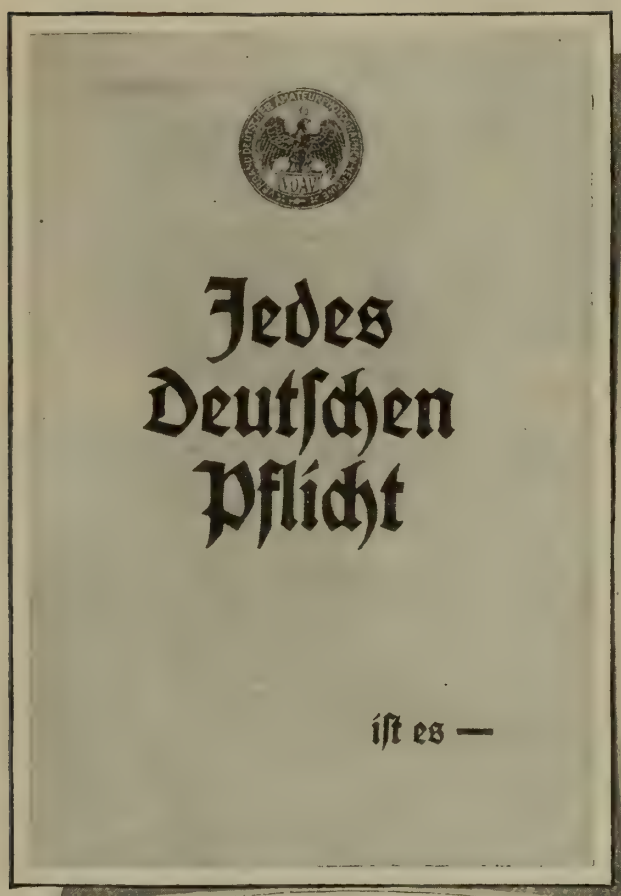
To the People of Germany they said:



Jedes Deutschen Pflicht

ist es —

nur deutsche Erzeugnisse zu verwenden
und dadurch die deutsche Industrie zu unterstützen. Deshalb verwendet für eure photographischen Zwecke nur deutsche Kameras, deutsche Platten und Filme, deutsche Papiere! Wer die Erzeugnisse der feindlichen Industrie kauft, stärkt die Wirtschaftskraft unsrer Feinde

Deutsche, merkt euch

für alle Zeiten, daß mit eurer Unterstützung die amerikanisch-englische Kodak-Gesellschaft schon vor dem Kriege mit Amerika rund 50 Millionen Mark auf die Kriegsanleihen unserer Feinde zeichnen konnte!

Es gibt keine deutschen „Kodaks"

„Kodak" als Sammelname für photographische Erzeugnisse ist falsch und bezeichnet nur die Fabrikate der Eastman-Kodak-Company. Wer von einem „Kodak" spricht und nur allgemein eine photographische Kamera meint, bedenkt nicht, daß er mit der Weiterverbreitung dieses Wortes die deutsche Industrie zugunsten der amerikanisch-englischen schädigt.

Verband Deutscher Amateurphotographen-Vereine.

Berlin-Steglitz, im Oktober 1917
Belfort Straße 13

Auskunft in allen Liebhaberphotographen-Angelegenheiten wird bereitwilligst erteilt.

The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.

—If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!

A translation of the circular in full is as follows:

"It is the duty of every German to use only German products and to patronize thereby German industry. Therefore, use for photographic purposes only German cameras, German Dry Plates and German papers. Whoever purchases the products of enemy industries strengthens the economic power of our enemies.

"Germans! Remember for all times to come that with the aid of your patronage the American-English Kodak Co. subscribed before the war with the United States, the round sum of 50,000,000 marks of war loans of our enemies!

"There are no German 'Kodaks'. ('Kodak' as a collective noun for photographic products is misleading and indicates only the products of the Eastman Kodak Co.) Whoever speaks of a 'Kodak' and means thereby only a photographic camera, does not bear in mind that with the spreading of this word, he does harm to the German industry in favor of the American-English."

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!

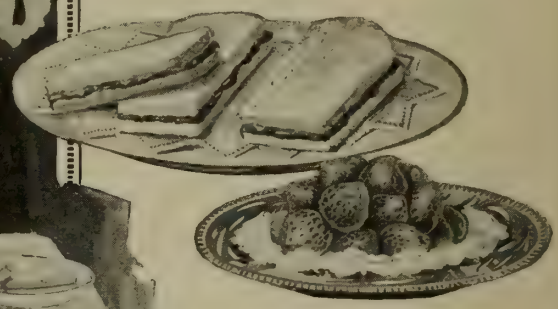
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

Mabel Normand

—tells a new way to use

Carnation Milk

For Picnic Sandwiches and Dainty Desserts



MABEL NORMAND, the Goldwyn star, likes to make things to eat. She has created something mighty good this time. She takes some cream cheese—such as you get at your grocer's—and blends it with Carnation Milk as directed in her recipe herewith. On a lettuce leaf sandwich as the "filling," or with bar le duc currant jam, or preserves of any kind —Well, you can take her word for it that it's worth tasting. See how she looks after the first bite of her sandwich.

You can buy Carnation Milk at your grocer's. Order a few cans now, and use it in your cooking, with your coffee, to make desserts—in short, for every milk use in your home. It is just cows' milk, pure and fresh, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to maintain its purity and wholesomeness. It "stays sweet" until opened, and for several days thereafter—even if you keep it in a cool, dry place without ice. It is the wasteless milk supply, and that means a lot in these days of thrift.

Mabel Normand's Cheese Whip

Take a brick of cream cheese; slowly work into it several tablespoonfuls of Carnation Milk, undiluted. When the cheese has taken up all the Carnation Milk it will hold, add a couple more tablespoonfuls and whip the mixture with a fork until it is light and fluffy. Spread it on sandwiches or serve it with preserves and toast or wafers.

Delicious Cream Pie

1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Put Carnation Milk and boiling water in double boiler, mix flour with a little water, and add to hot milk and water. Cook 5 minutes; beat sugar and yolks of eggs together; then add to milk and cook 5 minutes more. Add butter and vanilla. Have pie crust baked; add filling. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and put on top of pie. Set in oven to brown.

Book of Recipes Free

We will gladly mail to any reader of Photoplay a copy of "The Story of Carnation Milk"—our famous book of practical recipes. Write for it now.

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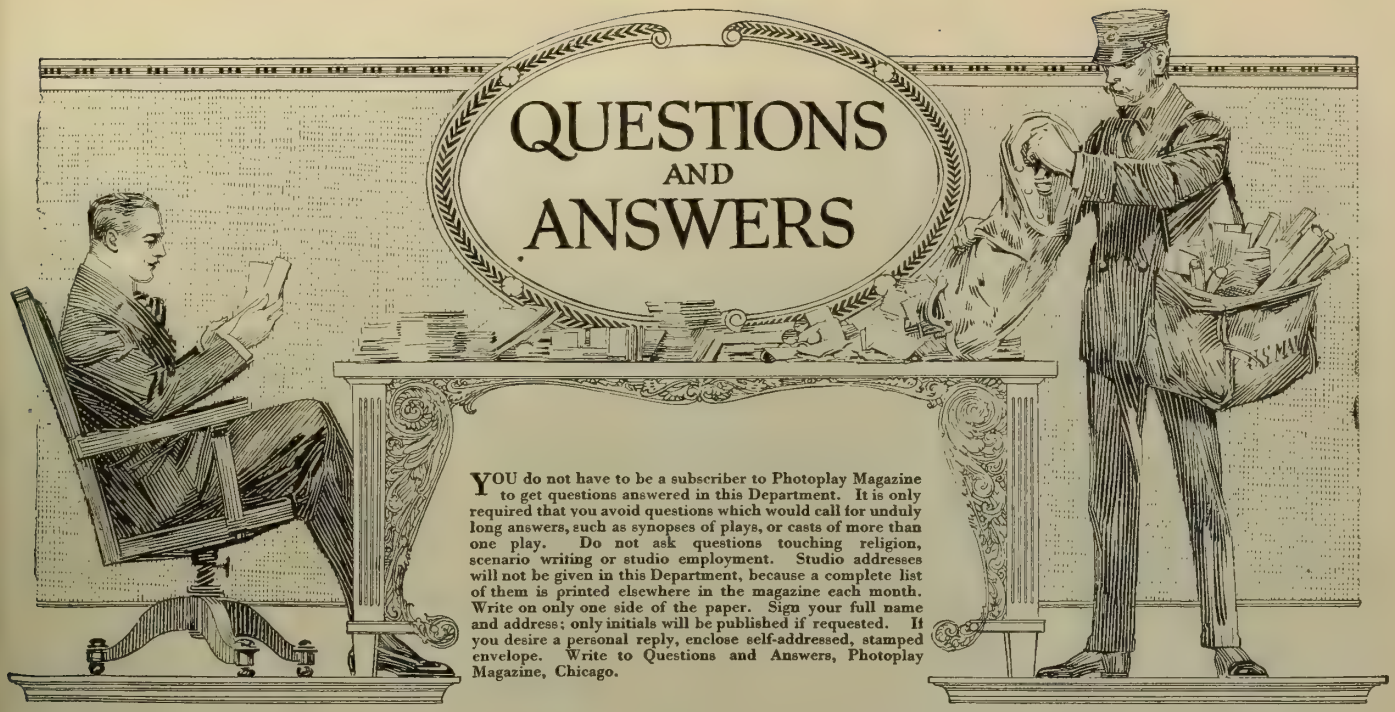

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

J. C., EPHRAIM, UTAH.—Your service to the U. S. Government comes before everything else. Therefore, an actor under contract to a company who is called in the draft cannot wait until his contract with the film company is fulfilled, but must go immediately upon getting his notice. The film companies contract is void when the government needs you.

E. M. C., MONTREAL, CAN.—Geraldine Farrar is thirty-six. Her eyes are blue-gray and her hair is black. Address her at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She—that is a likeness of her—appeared on the cover of the December, 1915, PHOTOPLAY.

HART ENTHUSIAST, NEW YORK CITY.—Harold Goodwin played opposite Bessie Love in "The Sawdust Ring" and also the part of David Bryce in "The Silent Man." You say that "The Answer Man makes me think of that hard funny candy we used to adore so much because it lasted so long." Say whatdayamean? Or can it was that you are implying we're "sweet as lasses candy."

E. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—"The Blue Bird" has been filmed and is now being shown to the public. It's a Paramount picture and probably has reached Indianapolis by this time. Bobby Connolly is nine; Leland Benham, eleven; Ernest Butterworth, Jr., eleven, and Frank Butterworth, twelve. You may write to us whenever the spirit moves you. That's the kind of a guy we are.

M. S., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Josephine Whittell (Mrs. Robert Warwick) and Lois Wilson had the feminine leads in "Alimony." The former was the designing divorcee and the latter the young wife. It is a First National Exhibitors' Circuit production.

JUSTA FORD, PITTSFIELD, MASS.—"Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp" was filmed in the west. The desert scenes were really made in the desert. Alice Joyce was born on the first day of October. That was Vernon Steele in "Fields of Honor" with Mae Marsh.

IRISH, DETROIT, MICH.—June Elvidge was born in 1893. Mollie King, five years after that. June is more than likely to send you the photo you so much want to have. She is at the World studio in Fort Lee, N. J.

B. V. T., HABANA, CUBA.—Antonio Moreno is single. Pathe studio is his address and he's thirty.

H. E. D., BRYN MAWR, PA.—Leah Baird was *Olga* in "Neptune's Daughter." Walter McGrail, *Jack Hollis* in "The Ressurrection of Jack Hollis." No record of a Maisie Campbell production. Did you know that your friend, Ollie Kirkby was recently married to George Larkin? Santa Ana, which can be reached from Los Angeles by trolley, motor or steam car, was their Gretna Green.

I WONDER WHY?

Bad men always die—in the movies.

Pretty girl-crooks always marry young attorneys—in the movies.

Rich young men always Go West—in the movies.

Little orphans—if they have bright curly hair and large dark eyes—always get themselves adopted—in the movies.

Tall melancholy westerners always come from out of the desert—in the movies.

Young manicurists always have rich uncles—in the movies.

Men from thirty to fifty are always wicked — or uninteresting — in the movies.

Callow youth is always glorified—in the movies.

Wall Street daddies always neglect their daughters—in the movies.

Farmers always have flivvers and farmers' wives always wear sunbonnets—in the movies.

C. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Why the grudge against Gladys Brockwell? You either have been misinformed or else are the possessor of too great an imagination. Miss Brockwell's hair is not a crown of temporary, but of permanent glory. We'll speak to Mary Pickford about having you write all her scripts. She'll undoubtedly be dee-lighted. Vivian Martin's age is a profound secret. No one knows and it won't tell.

E. M., ELMHURST, CAL.—Address Owen Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club; Wallace Reid, Camp Lewis, Washington, and Mahlon Hamilton at the Pathe studio. Billie Burke is thirty-one.

M. A., BINGHAM, UTAH.—Bessie and Montague Love are not related. In fact Love has only come after Bessie since her screen career began. She was originally known as Bessie Horton, but D. W. Griffith thought the name Love suited her ever so much better, so Bessie Love she became. There's the entire story.

J. U. C. P., GALVESTON, TEXAS.—Dear J. U. C. P.: Your shower of curses arrived intact. Surely *you* won't care to have such as we answer your questions. Therefore we're not agonna.

SOMEWHERE IN HARTFORD, HARTFORD, CONN.—Louise Glaum has been married. Mabel Normand has been one of our particular flavorettes ever since the Biograph days, so we agree with you.

NIFTY, SOUTH BEND, IND.—Well, now tell you just how we feel about the matter. Jack Pickford's away to war and he's a nawfully nice guy and he probably wouldn't care if Olive sent you a photo. Address Miss Thomas at the Triangle studios. Some lucky dawg we say your brother is to have sawn and shooken Olive's lily white hand. We had a cousin wunce who was the sister-in-law of a man who *knew* a girl that looked like Olive. It's an unforeseen pleasure to serve you, Nifty.

H. T., KALIKI, HONOLULU.—Blanche Sweet is returning shortly via Select and you'll probably hear a lot about her in PHOTOPLAY. You saw the Blanche Sweet story in the April number, did you not? Margarita Fisher (she has dropped the "c" and made it just plain fish) is with American company. Ask her for a photo. We bet she'll tell you about the cast of the picture you want to know about in which she appeared.

V. S., PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—You must look at the PHOTOPLAY in a different way each month if you've seen Marguerite Clark's and Mary Pickford's addresses given in a dozen different ways. The business address of the former is care of Famous Players studio and of Mary, Artcraft studio, Hollywood.

Questions and Answers

(*Continued*)

INQUISITIVE, FARMINGTON, MO.—If you used the plot originated by someone else you would have the deuce of a time selling your script to any company. Not much credit due you if you use the idea of another. Lottie Pickford isn't on the stage. She makes pictures occasionally.

D. M., SOO, ONT.—Douglas Fairbanks is with Artcraft; Francis X. Bushman with eastern Metro, and Harold Lockwood with western Metro. Mary Miles Minter and William Russell at the American studio.

F. S., OSKALOOSA, IOWA.—Address George Walsh at the eastern Fox studios. Even though he has a secretary we believe *he*, himself, would write to *you*.

M. D., CENTRAL CITY, NEB.—Permit us to decide which is your favorite department in PHOTOPLAY if you are having such a difficult time in choosing. Don't you think it's the Answer Department? Bessie Love will send you a photo. Pathe is her address.

G. E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—You ask, "What are the requirements of a person to become a movie star?" Any color eyes; Grecian nose; curly hair that long grows; pearly teeth; natural pose; sunny smile; lots of clothes. Thas all. June Elvidge is single. Carlyle Blackwell and his wife are separated.

H. N., INCASVILLE, CONN.—The octopus in "The Shielding Shadow" was faked.

BLONDY BROWN, ALBANY, N. Y.—Eugene O'Brien is thirty and he isn't married and we believe he might like you because you live in Albany and he likes Albany. But then shucks, Eugene might not like you any more for living in Albany than he would if you were Arabella Pklnskl of Zion City. You can't tell about these actor folk.

A. T. and S. M., NATCHITOCHES, LA.—Henry Walthall is not divorced—yet. Thomas Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring. Frances is a sister of Blanche and Julie Ring. We couldn't possibly tell the opinions of Thomas Meighan and Henry Walthall but *we* like "picture show fiends" and we're glad you're they.

O. B., SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, H. F.—Send your letter on to Miss Minter at the American studio in Santa Barbara, Cal.

B. L. M., BALTIMORE.—Mighty glad you are such a staunch PHOTOPLAY-er. Gee whiz, there is a bunch in league with you and present indications point to "more to come."

J. K. K., NEW CASTLE, PA.—Can't see how those advertisers are to be made to not call all their pictures the "biggest and best." You see that is what advertising is for. *They* think their goods is the best and it's their duty to make *you* think so, too.

G. L., CALGARY, ALTA.—We don't ever tell why we have a mystery surrounding us. We don't know. Nobudda noes. Your great fondness for Answer Men, Property men and coal men leads us to believe that the charms of some baggage man will get you yet. The property man is the one who takes charge of all the properties of a studio and must have the properties in the right place at the right time. For instance, telephone on the left hand side of the table; pencil on desk, pen on desk, ink on desk, letter on desk. All gotten and placed in the correct place by the property man. Get us? It's about as clear as the Chicago river.

BLACKIE, NELSON, B. C.—Mary Pickford on page 15 of the April PHOTOPLAY. No more "sub-deb" stories scheduled for the present for Marguerite Clark. You heard that Billie Burke is forty-five. Just a little mistake. Billie Burke will be forty-five—in fourteen years. Enjoyed the pome.

J. M. W., MADISON, WIS.—No kinship between Ralph and Frank Morgan. Blanche Sweet is returning via Select. That is she has a company of her own releasing through Select.

L. V., NEWTON CENTER, MASS.—Address Niles Welch at the Somerset Hotel, New York City. You just slip a quarter into the envelope of the letter and ask for a photo and we think Niles will "come across." Address Bessie Love at the Pathe west coast studio and Mary Miles Minter at the American Co.

THE NEED

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatt'ries without blinking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

H. M. L., LYNN, MASS.—Cleo Ridgely Horne is busy taking care of the Horne Twins, Jimmie, Jr., and June Jassamine. Didn't you see the pictures of the Horne family in the May PHOTOPLAY? May Allison is being featured by Metro. Mahlon Hamilton is with Pathe. Maybe we are slow in giving you the information you want, but we believe in that old adage that one answer in the magazine is worth two unanswered questions.

WATCH MY STEP, LINCOLN, NEB.—The eight little Bushmans happen to only be five in number. The picture you speak of was filmed at Bushmanor. The yeas are right in the Lockwood marriage question.

G. R., MANCHESTER, N. H.—Now you write that real nice letter to Robert Gordon that you told us about and we bet he'll "come across" with a photo and a letter. His address is Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Just as soon as Anita Stewart decides to "stay put" we'll try to get that interview for you. Drop in again.

GRAPEVINE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The Fairbanks Twins were last in the Follies. Oh yes, that was quite some little time after they posed for the Goldust advertisement. A picture of Billie Burke and her baby in the June issue. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron.

F. R., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Constance Talmadge was the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance." Miss Talmadge is nineteen and her address is in care of Select, Hollywood, Cal. Dorothy Dalton was born in 1893. Alatia Marton is twenty-three and Ruth Clifford is eighteen.

LOCKWOOD FAN, PORTLAND, ORE.—Harold Lockwood has been married about ten years. The maiden name of his wife is not known to us. He has a son.

LORENA, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Far be it from us to tell you whether you should go to see "Cleopatra" or anything else. The cast for it is: *Cleopatra*, Theda Bara; *Caesar*, Fritz Leiber; *Antony*, Thurston Hall; *Pharon*, Albert Roscoe; *Charmain*, Dorothy Drake; *Iras*, Dell Duncan; *Octavia*, Genevieve Blinn; *Vendituis*, Herschall Mayall; *Octavius*, Henri de Vries; *Kephren*, Art Acord.

HARRY, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—We know better than to call you English. D. W. Griffith has a brother.

T. C., MARKED TREE, ARK.—Mollie King played *Philippa* in "The Mystery of the Double Cross." Yep, she's quite some gel.

J. S., NEW YORK CITY.—William S. Hart, that's his name. He is forty-three and isn't married. However, have you heard the latest? They do say he's engaged and she lives in Butte, Mont. Mighty glad that you derive so much fun out of this department.

J. C., SPOKANE, WASH.—Priscilla Dean is 21 and not married. Harry Carter was born in 1879 and is now at Universal City. He has brown hair and blue eyes and was on the musical comedy stage, having been projected onto the screen when the company in which he was playing was stranded in Los Angeles.

A. E. U., FREMONT, NEB.—Enjoyed your knitting article very much. We immediately sent for a pair of needles and a hank of yarn and we're plying them daily and hourly. Any spare minute when we're not answering questions we knit,—two purl two and drop two.

G. S., JR., NEW YORK CITY.—"Over There" with Charles Richman has been released and shown in New York. Anna Nilsson is the blonde-blue-eyed girl you have reference to. You were in a mob scene of that picture and are anxious to see yourself as others see you? Well, watch out that you're not disappointed.

J. B., CORPUS CHRISTIE, TEXAS.—Olga Petrova lives in New York. You are using green ink because that is the favorite color of Mme. Petrova and she uses green ink too? Well, well, and how ink has gone up too—especially green ink. That was Mahlon Hamilton with Olga Petrova in "Exile." Two or three pictures made by her own company are now on the market.

A. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—We're glad you're glad to know us. And we believe you when you say you are twelve and in the seventh grade, even though you say no one else takes your word for it. Write Norma Talmadge at her own studio; Anita Stewart at Vitagraph and Olive Thomas, Triangle.

J. A. N., NEW YORK CITY.—You'll outgrow your mad desire to become a motion picture actor. Would yuh buhlieve it to look at us now that when we were seventeen or thereabouts we wanted to be a Big League baseball player? But jiminy crickets, if we were seventeen now we'd want more than anything else to be a Sammy.

(Continued on page 118)

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 101)

THE scarf that Eileen Percy sent to her soldier boy has been received and acknowledged. Eileen's photo now adorns Private Gould's home-made shelf in the barracks; and she is "Queen of the Intelligence Section." Gould said his pals joshed him somewhat at first, but afterwards congratulated him. And the postscript to a long letter filled with entertaining descriptions of "our boys'" life in France is as follows: "It might interest you to know that some of the boys insist on calling me 'Eileen.'"

CAPTAIN ROBERT WARWICK has returned to New York after spending four months "over there." He expects to be here three or four weeks on a special mission for the General's Staff. Captain Warwick received his commission at Plattsburg last November and was assigned to the Intelligence Bureau on General Pershing's staff.

FLORA FINCH, remembered as the famous co-star of the late John Bunny, is again to come before the public. This time she is not to be glimpsed from the silver sheet, but is to appear on the vaudeville stage in a farce burlesque.

LOUISE HUFF is a very recent addition to the stars of the World Film Company. Miss Huff has just left Paramount, where she has made a number of pictures with Jack Pickford.

HENRY WALTHALL is again with Griffith. This announcement is one of the biggest we've made in a long time. For Henry Walthall did his greatest work under David Griffith—as "The Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," in "The Avenging Conscience," and other photoplays. Walthall's contract with Paralta was cancelled by mutual consent; and the actor is now at work on one of the Artcraft pictures to be made by Mr. Griffith.

RUSSELL BASSETT'S long career ended last month. The old actor died at the age of seventy-two at his home in New York after fifty years in make-up, the last five or six of which were spent before the moving picture camera. Bassett's last screen work was done for Paramount. Surviving are a wife and son, Albert Antonio Bassett.

CORP. S. RANKIN DREW was shot down in an aerial combat in May. His machine fell after a battle fought well inside the German lines. It is believed that he was only slightly wounded and that he is now being held prisoner. Before enlisting in the French aviation corps in 1917 Corp. Drew was associated with Vitagraph, both as actor and director. Some of his important screen appearances were in "The Hunted Woman," "The Vital Question" and "The Girl Philippa." He is a nephew of John Drew and the only son of Sidney Drew.

Are you still sweet and dainty hours after your bath?

No amount of fastidiousness can give you the exquisitely-dainty feeling that Odorono does

BE as exquisite all day as you are the moment you step from your bath. Odorono—a delicate toilet water formulated by a physician—corrects entirely the unnatural perspiration under your arms or on your feet—that spoils your frocks and stockings—that is so embarrassing.

Use Odorono tonight—wherever perspiration troubles you—under your arms, on the feet, hands, forehead. The directions are so simple, it is so easy to use, that you are delighted at its magic help. One application will keep the skin absolutely dry and odorless for three days! Never again need you wear any protection for your dresses. Daily baths affect it not at all.

Dr. Allyn endorses Odorono

"We do not believe that any harm can come from stopping the excretion of perspiration in limited areas, such as under the arms, feet, forehead, etc. Experimental and practical tests show that ODORONO is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed, and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

LEWIS B. ALLYN, Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 50c and $1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it. Address The Odorono Co., 511 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

Write for our booklet, "The Appealing Charm of Daintiness"—to know more about perspiration and how to relieve it. Suggest to the men in your family that they write for "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

ODO-RO-NO

The toilet water for excessive perspiration

THIS is Richard A. Oldham. He earned $2200.00 in four months with a Haywood Tire Repairing outfit. For 20 years he was telegraph operator on the Illinois Central Railway. He is now 58 years old. He answered my advertisement—quit his job—bought a plant and opened a business. He just wrote me "I have made more in eight months than 2½ years as operator." There are now 500 stations where tire repairing is neglected.

I Must Have 500 Men

To Fill These Positions

I have a Big interesting Book to send you. It tells all about tires—gives inside figures and profit. Send for it! What Oldham and others are doing *You* can do. $2500.00 to $4,000.00 per year is conservative. Like Mr. Oldham—One machine will start you. Then open a shop. You can see business all around you. Put out a Haywood Sign and business will come to you. Now get started. Send for the Big Book and start making money.

M. HAYWOOD, Pres.

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Prevent loss at the laundry. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.

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YOUR FULL NAME FOR	3 doz.	$ .85	$1.00
	6 doz.	1.25	1.50
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Samples of various styles sent free.

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7 N. Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn.

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APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.

Print Your Cards Circulars Newspaper Book, Labels, Programs, Tickets

With an Excelsior Press. Increases receipts, cuts expenses. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Boy does good work. Small outlay, pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Write factory for catalog of presses, type, outfit, samples. It will pay you.

EXCELSIOR THE PRESS CO. D-43, Meriden, Conn.

Maid of the Storm

(Continued from page 62)

She was the embodiment of the music and color about her. The dance mounted to feverish intensity until, in a sudden burst of sound, it ended and the curtain fell only to part again and again to the clamour of an excited audience surprised out of its usual first night tolerance.

After the tumult had died, Franklin sought out the party which had gathered in Strohman's luxurious apartments for a triumphant dinner to the new star. He was seated next to the young guest of honor and he could not help but notice that he held her attention almost to the neglect of the other members of the party. Something in the curve of her cheek, in a wistful look in her eyes, recalled fleeting memories, a sudden recollection of "old unhappy far-off things," which piqued his imagination without giving it any definite form. There was nothing vague about the attraction the young dancer had for him, however, and before he left he had exacted an invitation from Ariel for tea the next day.

Ariel's triumph had turned to ashes at Franklin's failure to recognize her. She spent a sleepless night torn by the memories that his presence had aroused in her. In the morning Strohman insisted upon a drive, and as soon as they were seated in the limousine, he handed her a paper folded at the society notes. It was a flattering reference to the engagement between Elaine Shackleford and Franklin Shirley, "both well known in the younger set." Ariel handed back the paper without a word.

When Franklin arrived for tea, she had no doubt about her power over him. However blank his recollection of the past might be, the present held him beyond all power of resistance. Ariel knew that the situation swung on an intonation of her voice or the pressure of her hand at parting. Because of the conflict of desires, she kept the poise of a mere acquaintance and let him go with no token that she too felt the affinity between them.

With the morning came sanity and renewed courage. To her surprise, the maid brought her a card bearing the name of Mrs. Whitney Shackleford, and admitted a gentle old lady in black with a fragrance of lavender about her. She had heard of Ariel through Mr. Franklin Shirley, she said, and had seen her dance that night. For a while they spoke only of Ariel's work and of the great dancers of the past. But on leaving, the little old lady drew Ariel's face down to hers.

"Your face is so sweet, my dear," she said softly. "You never could wantonly hurt anything. I am glad I have seen you. My little girl's happiness is safe in your hands."

After she had gone, Ariel threw herself at full length on the *chaise longue* and gave herself up to bitter memories. She was trapped. Her only chance for sanity was to recognize this and cease struggling for happiness. Franklin had forgotten the past and his present belonged to another woman.

In a delirium of pain, she staggered to the telephone. By the time she had given Strohman's number, however, her nerves were under control. His voice came over the wire, eager, answering. To his frantic questions she had only one answer.

"You win," she told him laconically, and dropped the telephone even before she could hear his response.

On her way to Strohman's apartment she ordered her chauffeur to drive into the little garret in Soho where Ludwig and Jules greeted her with rapture. Franklin had been there that very morning, she learned, and they had told him the story of her first arrival, and shown him the boot by which she had hoped to trace him. He knew the truth now, but it hardly mattered, she thought. She kissed the two old musicians, her eyes wet. It was her farewell also to the little girl who had once danced to the winds in the cave.

Meanwhile, Franklin Shirley had been dashing aimlessly about the City, half stunned by the memories that now came rushing back in an overwhelming flood. He now knew that she was the Ariel of the cave and of the most elusive and exquisite experience that had ever become part of his life.

After insistent attempts to see her at her apartment he finally managed to seek out Ariel's personal maid whom he found in tears. He persuaded the half-hysterical girl to tell him that her mistress had left after midnight for Strohman's rooms. He pacified the girl with plausible assurances, but inwardly he was seething with suppressed fury. Outside he hurled himself into a passing taxi and gave Strohman's address. An outraged man-servant tried to stop him at the door, but he pushed the man aside and stalked into the living room where Ariel stood silently beside her manager who looked suddenly very old and weary.

Franklin stood for a moment with his back against the door. Then he slowly raised his right hand and as Strohman looked up he faced the muzzle of a revolver. Ariel gave one startled movement and then the three stood motionless. It was Strohman who broke the silence with a short laugh.

"Put up your gun my friend," he said dryly. "We are three fools, but you two are lovers and that is your prerogative. As for me, I have no such excuse, so I will proceed to be sensible. And the sensible thing as I see it, is to leave you together." He went out still smiling.

Ariel's eyes had never left Franklin's face. The defiance in her expression had faded to tenderness at the sight of his evident agony.

She went over to him and gently took the pistol from his hand. Clenched in his other hand was a crumpled bit of paper which she smoothed out and read. It was a telegram announcing the elopement of Elaine with the man she had always loved. She added that she was very happy.

Franklin raised his head and met Ariel's rapturous eyes. In that one glance a lifetime of suffering bitterness was lost in perfect understanding. Outside, the storm broke in heavy gusts against the windows, but the two lovers stood locked in each other's arms oblivious of the storm-world far beneath them.

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KEYSTONE FILM CO., Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

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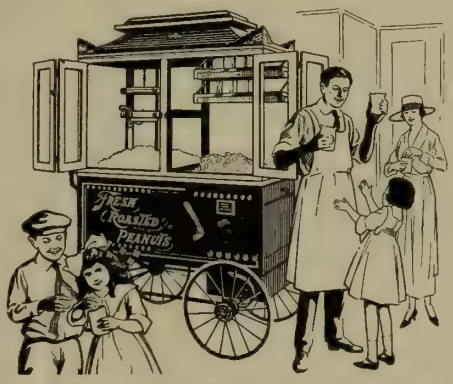

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I Want to be a Film Actor

(Continued from page 40)

stock company. Another found the distinctive type for which he had been searching for months, in the drug section of a department store.

These players are for what are called "bits"—small parts: maids, butlers and man-servants, nurses, waitresses, and all of the many minor characters that through the action of the plot circulate around the principals.

You'd be mighty lucky if you got such a part first-off. There are a hundred applicants for every one of them, applicants with training and experience.

If you start as most of them have, little Mary not excepted, you will first face the camera as an "extra."

In the old days the extras trudged from one studio to another looking for work by the day. Several hundred usually were registered at each studio, and when a casting-director wanted a mob he would send out a flock of telephone calls for them. But this was not often, and one must live. Some found that by keeping in close touch with the studios, they kept themselves well forward in the casting-director's memory. Thus developed the system of "making the rounds."

With the systematizing of the film industry there has come into existence in Los Angeles a film players' exchange, used by virtually all of the studios as a general employment agency for extras. This exchange started with the names of two thousand extras on its lists; in a few weeks this number grew to five thousand. Now the exchange is making an effort to cut this list to about one thousand three hundred, including only people of known experience and ability,—at three dollars a day!

Under this system the casting-director bothers himself little with the details of getting extra people for his pictures. He calls up the exchange and, like ordering sugar from your grocer, he says, "Send me ten eighteen-year-old girls with ball-room costumes," or "I want eight ditch-diggers," or "Get me a bunch of old men and women to make atmosphere in a poorhouse scene." And, lo and behold, they come trailing in at the appointed time, wrapped and delivered as ordered.

Not all of these five thousand aspire to film stardom. Some of them are girls and boys living at home, or married women picking up a few extra dollars. Some of them are old men and women too broken in body and spirit for the every-day working world. But at least half of them are ambitious to make their mark in the films, to make the pictures their life work.

They are starting right. Most of them have applied for stock positions and have been refused. They are sticking doggedly. They know that as extras they will be seen on the screen. Who knows but what the camera will pick them out from the crowd as its particular favorite? Who knows but what some director will see in them some special, success-bringing ability? Who knows?—why, it happens almost every day!

On the screen you sometimes see an

I Want to be a Film Actor

(Concluded)

extra grimacing, gesturing, moving about in or around and in front of the principals. Usually he or she is doing it against the director's orders, but doing it deliberately—to *attract attention.* In the argot of the films, that is known as "mugging." And if there is anything in the world that stirs a star to temperamental hysteria, it is to see a semi-closeup of herself on the screen with an extra's contorted, just-see-how-nice-I-look face showing blandly over her shoulder.

And for an extra to win the reward of a closeup, though it may be but a bare flash of three or four feet of film—three or four seconds in the showing—that's a near approach to heaven on earth!

My hat is off to the extras. More power to them, and more success. They're fighting their fight bravely. I wish all of them could win.

THERE are, as you see, two ways to "get in." One is what is known as having an angel—someone to recommend you and to get you a hearing. The other is to start at the bottom and work up.

Mary Pickford started out as an extra when she applied to Griffith back in the old Biograph days. Theda Bara was one; Anita Stewart, even with a brother-in-law as director, worked at first in mob scenes.

The list is too long to re-iterate. With the exception of those who have come from the legitimate stage, it includes virtually all of our present-day film stars.

Film producers are searching frantically for new types and new personalities. But they must be shown. So don't you be like the rooster who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.

'Twixt Josephine and Joe

(Concluded from page 42)

type, she has played nothing but western pictures with the single exception of "The Maternal Spark" in which she took the part of a denatured vampire.

Though we're rather used to hearing that Miss So-and-so is beloved by all who work with her, I'm going to say it again about Miss Josie. She's always armed with a smile and a "Hello!" She's always happy. She hasn't any temperament, or if she has she doesn't exercise it openly. And she has whole regiments of nerve.

"She's not like most most of them," her director, Cliff Smith, said. "I don't have to ask her to do thrillers; I have to ask her not to."

She sauntered back to us while we were talking.

"How would it be," she asked me, "to get a photograph of me being thrown from a bucking horse?"

I had my mouth open to croak, "Splendid!" when Cliff Smith poked me in the ribs with his elbow. "For the love of Pete, don't let her do it," he hissed in my ear. A crowd of cowboys, all of them her ardent admirers, gathered around her. "Aw, let's don't, Josie," they pleaded. "You just gotta quit breakin' that collarbone uv yourn."

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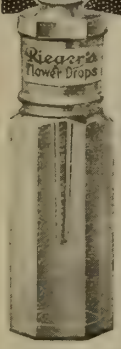

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The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.25 an oz. at druggists or by mail, with two new odors, "Mon Amour," "Garden Queen," both very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors.

Flower Drops Toilet Water, better than most perfumes, $1.25 large bottle. Sold by Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; all Liggett Riker Hegeman and Owl Drug stores and best druggists and department stores everywhere.

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Photoplay

Missing

(Continued from page 32)

comfort, but of opportunity to be useful in the world. His wealth tempted her not at all, but his ideals of the use of wealth opened up great vistas of desire to do something great for England. And yet, with all these temptations, Nell hardly wavered an instant. The thoughts passed through her mind only to be driven out by the one consuming thought of her life, that one day she and George would meet again and be happy as they had been in the past.

A week after Hester's return, the messenger from the village telegraph office came to the cottage. Hester answered his knock.

"This telegram's for Mrs. Surratt, lady," the messenger explained, as Hester reached for it. "Most special instructions to give it to no one else."

"But she's not at home," Hester explained. "I will see that she gets it."

"Why, Hester!" came Nell's voice. She had come into the room unheard by her sister.

Trembling with apprehension, Hester stepped back. Nell signed for the message, and quickly tore it open. It was from Dr. Howson.

"Your husband very ill in hospital here," it read. "Is now positively identified although your sister came last week and insisted patient was not Surratt. Come at once."

Nell turned upon Hester.

"You fiend," she cried. "You—"

But Hester had fled to her room and locked the door, and Nell realized that it was too important that she should speedily reach George's side, to waste time denouncing her unscrupulous sister. Gathering together what few necessities she could take on the journey, she hurried to find Sir William Farrell. She did not feel equal to the ordeal of making the trip alone. She showed him the telegram and he consented, without a second's hesitation, to go with her.

Two days later they reached the base hospital, and were met by Dr. Howson. He welcomed them, but warned Nell that she must be prepared for the worst.

"You will hardly know your husband," he said. "He has aged terribly. And he will not know you, I fear. He recognizes no one. I have had you come because unless his mind is restored he cannot possibly recover. We can do just so much with the body, and then all our science fails unless the brain is alive and helping us. We must have that determination to live which does not exist save in the conscious mind. So you must be brave, for everything now depends upon you."

Nell was brave, not merely because she had become inured to the idea that had been instilled into all women of the allied nations through the years of the war, but because of her faith that still burned within. She knew that one day she and George would be reunited, and this was not yet a reunion. This was not even George—this inert body lying upon the cot. The George she knew must come back. She would bring him back.

It was no simple task. She sat beside him, and smoothed his brow with her hand, but he only looked at her blankly. She kissed him, and held his head close to her heart, but when she looked into his face again there was the same vacant, bewildered stare. It was heartbreaking, but her faith never wavered. Then, of a sudden, she remembered his words, that happiest of moments, when she was singing to him, just before the fateful summons had come.

"No matter where I may be, I shall always hear you sing that song."

So she leaned down close, and began singing softly the song he had loved so well. At first it seemed that this, too, would prove unavailing. But as Nell began the second verse a puzzled expression came over George's face, the first expression of any kind there had been there since they first found him. He seemed trying hard to remember something, trying but without success. Then little by little the gleam of intelligence returned to his eyes. Nell's voice trembled so she could hardly continue, but somehow she managed to go on to the end—

Her heart then broke, and she fervently prayed,
"Oh God in heaven, let me go too,
And be wi' my laddie, sae gude and true."

The song ended in a sob.

"Nell!" George's voice was a whisper—a weak, barely audible sound, but Nell heard it, and buried her face beside his on the pillow.

A few weeks later George was able to leave the hospital, and go back to the little cottage in the north of England. Sir William preceded the reunited couple, to have everything in readiness for the still weakened man. Hester, he learned, had already gone, exiled by her own unnatural ambitions. And so the faith of the bride was proved, and the happiness of these two renewed—a happiness wrested from the awful conflagration of the world, which cannot utterly consume all joy, and makes that which survives the stronger for the tests which it imposes upon humanity.

An Authorization

A MARRIED man of draft age, who could not read or write, asked his wife to write the Exemption Board of his district stating that his family was dependent upon him. Here is what she wrote, and which he guilelessly presented to the Board in person:

"Dear United States:

"My husban ast me to rite you a recommen that he s'ports his famly. He cant rede so dont tell him, jus take him. He aint no good to me. He aint done nothin but drink lemon extrack and play a fiddle ever sins I maried him ate yeres ago and I gotta feed sevn kids of hisn. Maybe you kin get him to carrie a gun. He's good on squirls and eatin. Take him an welcum. I need the grub and his bed for his kids. Don't tell him this but take him.

Hiz wife, Mary mead."

Texas, the State of Excitement

(Concluded from page 77)

In California she lives in a bungalow by the sea, but she is saving her pennies for a country place on Long Island.

She is a very unusual musical comedy product, this young woman who talks Galsworthy, Ren Wolf, Bernard Shaw and Sime Silverman, all in a sentence, and she has great dramatic possibilities on the screen—possibilities which Dr. Davis is rapidly turning to practical use. Her fear is of getting fat, her hope is to see Jake Shubert directing a motion picture, her faith is in today, for you never can tell what the condition of the money-market is going to be tomorrow.

Her pictures, strewn around here, rather speak for themselves, except that they don't say that she has eyes like an Egyptian sky and brown hair.

"What do you think I ought to say?" she asked her approaching interviewer.

"Nothing," answered the interviewer, "for my space is used up, and if you start you'll talk all night."

Dorothy Dalton's "*I Will*"

(Concluded from page 93)

million dollars, and in fact she quite ran away with the honors of the picture.

Then and there the name of Dorothy Dalton was placed upon the Thomas H. Ince pay roll—and there it has remained until this day, even in the face of offer after offer at a salary that often made the young screen star blink and ponder.

"The Flame of the Yukon" represents the apogee of the Dorothy Dalton screen popularity, although it by no means reflects the actress in her best and most artistic moments. Still, it's the screen product that makes people who meet her for the first time open their eyes a bit wider as they exclaim: "Oh, yes—I saw you, in 'The Flame of the Yukon.'"

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 104)

widow who invents a "late" husband. Her mythical spouse comes to life and causes much embarrassment. It is a gay little story, particularly adapted to Miss Kennedy's talent for spontaneous comedy.

"The Bravest Way" (Paramount)—Sessue Hayakawa in a role more domestic and less exotic than usual,—a Japanese gardener who sacrifices love to loyalty but eventually is rewarded.

"Vengeance" (World)—Montagu Love as a Swami who trails an idol's jeweled eye through five reels of mystic melodrama; Barbara Castleton's first World film but her role only demonstrates her ability to wear garden frocks charmingly.

"Confession" (Fox)—Sid Franklin puts new thrills into old melodrama; the murder, the man-hunt, the last-moment-pardon made absorbing through skillful direction; Jewel Carmen, charmingly plaintive as usual.

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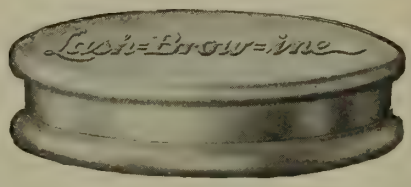

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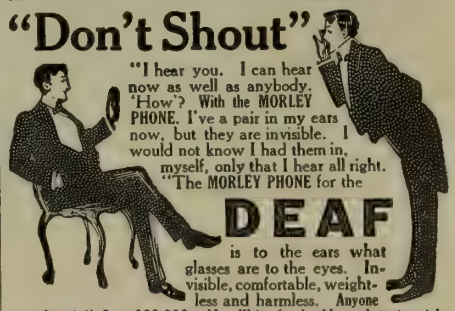

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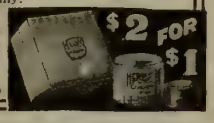

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

J. M. K., IRONWOOD, MICH.—Wallie Reid's address is the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Never saw Marguerite Clark drink, smoke or chew, so don't believe she makes a practice of it.

MARION, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We are able to tell you how old Heeza Star is. How many times he has been married. How many small Stars there are. Where they live. What they eat. The size of their shoes. The names of their car. Their favorite color. The list of Heeza's plays and everything else about the Star and Picture families. But up to date we have been unable to figure out why so many men and women wish to become movie actors and actresses. Charlie Ray's wife is living. His address is in care of the Ince studio, Hollywood, Cal. No record of the whereabouts of Norman Trevor. Roland Bottomley is not married. "Hands Up," a serial, is the next production in which Ruth Roland is to make her appearance.

A JERSEY CHICKEN, WEST NEW YORK, N. Y.—Paul Panzer is coming back to the screen after an absence of a year. He's appearing in a new production, the title to be announced shortly. That explains his crossing the Weehawken, W. S. ferry from Jersey.

THE THISTLE, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.—Don't know whether Mr. Ford received your letter or not. If he did you will have an answer to it, we know.

JE VOIS SAVOIR, HAILOWTON, MONT.—William Scott was *The Stag* in "The Devil's Wheel." Anita Stewart is back in pictures. Her first new Vitagraph production is to be "The Mind-the-Paint Girl." Wallace MacDonald was *The Harmony Lad* in "The Shoes That Danced." He isn't married. Hugh Thompson played with Theda Bara in "The Forbidden Path."

E. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mrs. and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks are separated. There has been no announcement to the effect that Mary Pickford and Owen Moore had parted.

O. J., NEW YORK CITY.—You'll have to write to the Lasky company and ask them the price of the "stills" from the pictures you mention. We haven't any idea of the cost. Address June Elvidge at the World studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

BONITA GOMEZ BLOOD, BONES CANON, COLO.—Well, you never can tell who we may be in disguise, but we'll assure you right here and now so that your fears will cease, we are not a Bolsheviki or a Hun. Quite careless of your principal to preserve you. Or did you say can? Address Jack Mulhall, Jack Pickford and Elliott Dexter at the Lasky studio, Hollywood. And William Desmond at the Triangle studio. Billie Burke at the eastern Lasky studio. Enid Bennett and Charles Ray at the Thomas Ince studio; Vivian Martin, Morosco, and Mary Miles Minter, American. You'll have to write to Miss Bara yourself and ask her for a photo.

P. D., MUSKEGON, MICH.—Now dearie, the young man you adored so much playing in "A Self Made Widow" is John Bowers. We advise you not to trifle with him, for he was just recently married. The other very handsome one opposite Alice Joyce is Walter McGrail. You're right about us being Jazzie, but Juggie—no. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold.

A. C., HONEY GROVE, TEXAS.—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883. Haven't heard that his father is living in Texas. Mr. Fairbanks has a secretary.

PATTIE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Haven't heard of the marriage of Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance. Billie Burke is going back on the stage next season. Creighton Hale is with the Pathe company. "The House of Hate" is the late Pearl White picture and Antonio Moreno is being co-starred with Miss White in that serial. One of the late Polly Frederick's production is "Fedora." Geraldine Farrar is to play for Goldwyn this summer. Pauline Frederick is a Goldwyn star now too. "Women and the War" is to be the next big Griffith picture to follow "Hearts of the World." Pauline Frederick was educated in Boston. Henry Walthall is again appearing under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Elsie Ferguson's eyes are blue and her hair is brown.

PEARL'S PAL, N. Y.—Pearl White is again appearing in a serial. Better tell Pearl White about the makeup yourself. Have never seen the handwriting of your favorite star. Ever hear of Hooverizing on paper?

R. V., GUELPH, ONT.—There are classes of all sorts and descriptions for women doing war work in the U. S. Believe the Red Cross nurses are the only ones being sent over at the present time. All the actresses you mention send out their photos and answer letters.

M. S., DENVER, COLO.—Lew Cody was born in Waterville, Maine. He's played in too many pictures to mention them all, but some of them are: "The Mating," "The Cycle of Fate," "Mickey," "The Bride's Silence," "Southern Pride," "A Game of Wits," "A Branded Soul," "The Straw Collar," etc.

MADAME BUTTERFLY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Art kidding us, Madame Butterfly? We live in Chicago, you know.

M. L., LOWELL, MASS.—Henry Hull may do a picture or two when he completes his engagement in "The Man Who Came Back." "Rich Man, Poor Man" and "Prunella" are two late Marguerite Clark pictures.

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN, DETROIT, MICH.—Mollie King is appearing in vaudeville. Anita Stewart is back in pictures. Her first release is to be "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl."

P. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Mae Marsh is twenty-three; Alice Lake doesn't give her age; Sessue Hayakawa was born in 1889; and Billie Rhodes in 1897. The birthday of Tom Forman is February 22; Constance Talmadge, April 19; Richard Barthlemess, May 9; Robert Harron, April 12, and Billie Rhodes, August 15.

BLUE GRASS BILL, LEXINGTON, KY.—Well suh, we'll try that creepin' into the editor's office and askin' for those pictures as you suggest just as soon as we get rid of the rheumatism. We've got a very artistic editor and if we didn't creep picturesquely he might not pay any attention to us. Cecil de Mille is married.

E. & L., NELSON, NEW ZEALAND.—Roberta Arnold (Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson) is a tall slender brunette. Very few people liked the colored drawings. No cast of "Arizona." Be sure and write again, E. & L.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

K. T., KEOKUK, IOWA.—Jack Holt is with Lasky. He's played with Mary Pickford and Sessue Hayakawa and Margaret Illington and he's very popular. That all? Oh yes, his address is Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. John Bowers is with the World Film Corp. He was divorced from Beulah Poynter and recently married a non-professional. You'll be able to see Mr. Bowers in World pictures for the next one hundred and four weeks. In April he signed a contract to appear in World pictures for two more years. Because you asked us not to we won't say we're glad you like us, but we are glad anyway.

E. L. Y., EVANSVILLE, IND.—We've never noticed any particular likeness between Wallace Reid and Marguerite Clark unless possibly their eyelashes slant in the same way. In that case you may resemble both of them. Marion and Madeline Fairbanks are on the legitimate stage. Kathlyn Williams was born in Butte, Mont., the village made famous by copper and Mary MacLane. Miss Williams doesn't give the year of her birth, but after viewing "The Whispering Chorus" it doesn't seem possible that the event took place more than twenty-three or four years ago, though records show that she's probably about thirty-seven or eight. Believe she would write to you.

F. D., WEST FORT WILLIAM, ONT.—You want to get fat like Roscoe Arbuckle? 'Tis said he eats three square meals and a couple of extras each day. The story about Roscoe becoming intoxicated each hour is not true. It can't be did, even in the "movies." *We* know.

R. H. B., EVANSVILLE, IND.—There is really no reason why you should hesitate to write Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Blackwell for their photos in evening dress, inclosing twenty-five cents to each. We know of no other way for you to get them. Thank you for the pleasant wishes.

ELMA, SHANGHAI, CHINA.—Pleased to learn that we're liked so well "down under." Bessie Love was born in Texas about eighteen years ago. Pearl White is of Italian and Irish descent.

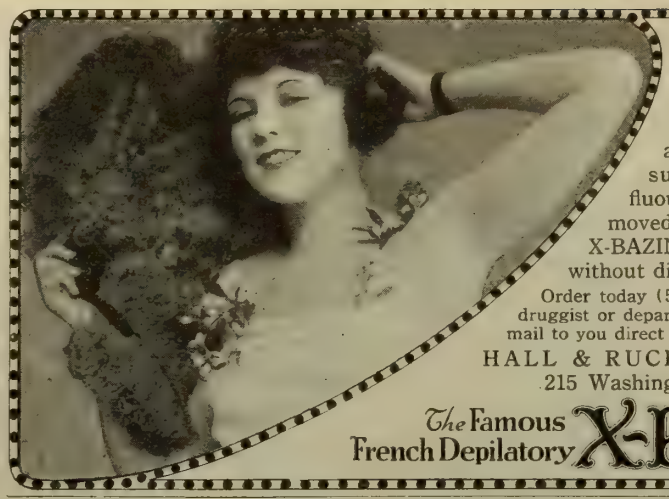
M. M., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Sorry, but we haven't received the late measurements of the stars you are curious about. Both Olga Petrova and Pearl White have green eyes.

MARY ANDERSON FAN, PENSACOLA, FLA.—How tall is Mary Anderson? Why she isn't a-tall. She's four feet, ten inches short. Pearl White has Pearl-y White teeth.

V. O., CANOTERIE, QUEBEC.—Harold Lockwood has a son and a wife. She's not a professional. Vivian Martin is married to William Jefferson. Triangle studio, Culver City, Cal., is the address of William Desmond.

HELEN H., MONROE, LA.—Helen, you'll have to speak to Mr. Goldwyn and Mrs. Paramount and Miss Universal and all the other members of the film families and ask them why they don't put in settings to suit *you*. It must be *too* exasperating for words to have all the settings too cold. Accept our deepest sympathy and our hopes that you'll see 'em warm up.

A. V., CHICAGO.—There isn't any lucky one so far as Eugene O'Brien is concerned, so you have a chance.



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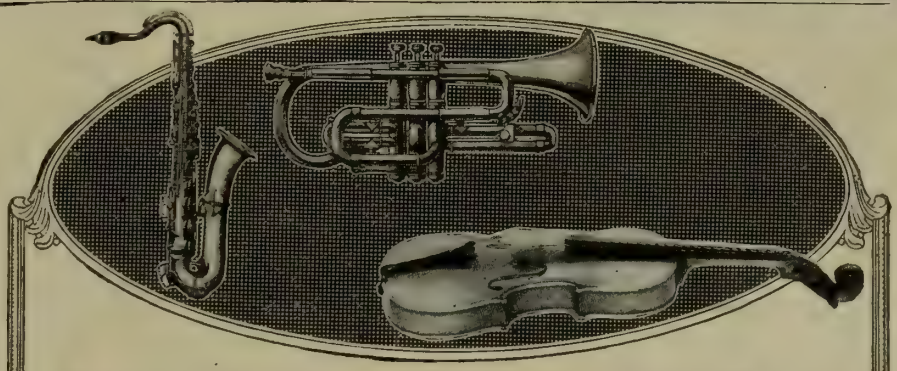

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DOROTHEA, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Wallace Reid was born in New York in 1891. He's six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five and he has brown hair and blue eyes and Delight Evans interviewed him and we asked her what kind of a voice he had so that we could tell you the truth and she said it was just right, so it's O. K. to call him the man with the just-right voice.

BILLIE, SPRINGVALE, MAINE.—Florence LaBadie died of injuries received in an automobile accident. Vera Sisson played opposite Harold Lockwood in "The Hidden Spring."

JAZZ BAND FIEND, MALVERN, ARK.—Mary Pickford, Nell Craig, Ruth Stonehouse, Bessie Barriscale, Norma Talmadge and Vivian Martin are the ones in the list you give who are married. Fred Wright, the director, is the husband of Miss Craig.

GRACE DARMOND BOOSTER, WILKESBARRE, PA.—Florence Vidor and Jack Holt both appeared with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Honor of His House." That trio played together for quite some time. Mr. Hayakawa has his own company now and neither Miss Vidor nor Mr. Holt are scheduled in any of his new releases.

H. J. L., DETROIT, MICH.—It would be impossible to go over every scene of "Hearts of the World" and tell you just which ones were filmed abroad and which were not. This is very confidential. *We* couldn't tell at times which were the actual battle scenes and which were "staged." Can you imagine that?

JACK, HASTINGS, NEB.—You're in rather hard luck. Proposing by letter to Mary Miles Minter and Mae Marsh both in one month and being refused by the two of them. Cheer up and remember it's a queer road that doesn't branch out, and you'll be getting a movin' picture actor-ess yet.

IMA NUT, TORONTO, CAN.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1887. Irving Cummings in New York City one year later. Don't mind us. If you don't want to believe your favorites are married it's your privilege not to believe so.

LEWIS, CANUCK, FOREVER, WINNIPEG, CAN.—Harry Ham was born in Napanee, Ont. You shot the question, we answered.

H. R., STAUNTON, ILL.—Mary Miles Minter is sixteen. American studio is her address. Address June Caprice at Fox. She's nineteen. Mary Pickford's address is the Artcraft studios, and she's twenty-five and admits it. Pearl White is twenty-nine and she's with Pathe. Dorothy Phillips receives communications at Universal City and she's twenty-six. George Walsh is as old as Dorothy Phillips and he's with Fox. Franklyn Farnum is with Universal and he's thirty-five. Francis Bushman is with Metro and he says he was born in 1885.

WORRIER, BOSTON, MASS.—You say you are a fan and want to know if you may depend upon the Answer Man to give you "dope" about your favorites. To which we reply in poetic meter: Come right along, oh photoplay fan. We'll give you all the facts we can.

INQUISITIVE, CANTON, OHIO.—Anita Loos and Anthony Kelly are known as screen writers.

TRIB, MT. HAWTHORN, WEST AUSTRALIA.—Marguerite Clark's address is Famous Players studio. Well, from your writing we should imagine you would make a very good screen actor, but from your signature we know that you never will be one. Consult a handwriting expert.

TILLIE, TOPEKA, KAN.—Go to New Yawk and become a star, Tillie, if you have made your final decision, but remembah Tillie, remembah that we won't show any partiality so far as you are concerned. We'll answer the Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark questions just the same, though they probably won't be coming in as thickly as the ones about you.

H. Y. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We have seen your college paper, "The Punch Bowl", and liked it. Thank you for offering to send it to us.

C. F., LANSING, MICH.—Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, Grace Darmond, Vivian Martin, Louise Huff and June Caprice are blondes. Thomas Meighan and William Russell have dark hair.

L. P. I., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Viola Dana in "Breakers Ahead." She played in "Blue Jeans," too. "Blue Jeans" and "The Blue Bird" were not the same picture.

L. R. U., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Address Harold Lockwood at the Metro studio, Hollywood; Viola Dana, Metro, New York; Jewel Carmen, Fox, Hollywood; Virginia Pearson, Fox, Fort Lee, N. J.; Earle Williams at the western Vitagraph studio, and Anita Stewart at the Brooklyn studio of Vitagraph.

R. B., WARSAW, N. Y.—Say, young fellow, look at our studio directory appearing in each issue of PHOTOPLAY and you'll find a whole list of reliable film companies given with their addresses. What more can you ask?

LA LORELLE, SALISBURY, MD.—Violet Horner played the part of *Zarrah*, Hal de Forest of the *Sultan*, and William Shay of *Prince Omar* in "The Daughter of the Gods." Douglas McLean's communications are sent to 135 W. 79th St., New York City. Quite sure he'll "come across" with the photo. Douglas Fairbanks is five feet, ten inches tall; Harold Lockwood, five feet, eleven; Dustin Farnum, six feet, and Wallace Reid, six feet. Douglas Fairbanks played in "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish." Marjorie Wilson and Gladys Brockwell played with Doug in "Double Trouble."

CARMEL COLONEL, STANTON, NEB.—Haven't the maiden name of Mrs. Harold Lockwood. Pathe studio is where Pearl White is located. Violet Mersereau is at the Monterey Hotel in New York. Creighton Hale is at Pathe, Warren Kerrigan, Paralta. Why do movie actresses wear curls? Might better ask: Why do movie actors and actresses wear curls? That's a stumper! Olive Thomas is with Triangle at Culver City.

B. B., UTICA, N. Y.—We reckon you all will find a photo of Conway Tearle in the art section of the January, 1917, PHOTOPLAY.

T. D., EAST LOGAN, UTAH.—The X between the Francis and Bushman means Xavier. Write to Wallie Reid at the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. The rumor of his being at Camp Lewis was false. The scenario is the outline or synopsis of the play. Anyway, that's what Noah tells us. Your writing indicates that you have a great desire to possess a motorcycle. In time your desire will be fulfilled.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

L. M., TEXARKANA, ARK.—Harry Morey is a star. He has been co-starred with Alice Joyce. He hasn't any special leading lady. You just ask him for a photo and specify that you'd like one without that eternal fag. Virginia Rappae was the orful vampire in "Paradise Garden." William Hinckley died in March. Naomi Childers last played on the legitimate stage with H. B. Warner in "Among Those Present." Winifred Allen is now Mrs. Lawrence Sperry. Harry Morey and Alice Joyce are with Vitagraph. Marguerite Clark with Famous Players. Bessie Love played the Bride of Cana in "Intolerance."

EDNA, LOCKWOOD ADMIRER, PITTSBURG, PA.—Honestly have you seen all those three film stars? Some people are the luckiest. We'd be glad to send you a photo if we were Harold Lockwood, so perhaps Harold being Harold will be glad to do likewise.

HELEN & DOROTHY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Tom Moore is married to Alice Joyce. Address Mr. Moore at the Goldwyn studios. June Caprice is nineteen. She is single. Madge Kennedy is married. She doesn't give her age.

WATTLE BLOSSOM, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Write to Mary Pickford at the Artcraft studio, Hollywood, Cal., and ask her if she received the gift you sent to New York. Mary Pickford is far from being like India rubber and her height remains stationary even though you have seen it given several different ways. She's about four feet, eleven. The question of our national flower has never been settled, but the golden rod is supposed to be it. We're in the best of health, thank you.

D. W., TULSA, OKLA.—Theda Bara was born in 1890. She's single. Her hair and eyes are dark brown. Bayside, L. I., is the address of Maurice Costello. Mr. Costello's eyes are blue-gray and his hair is brown. Both Lillian Walker and Edith Storey are unmarried. Flora Finch was last with Pathe. Florence Turner is now living in England. Olga Petrova's husband is a surgeon. Mahlon Hamilton is no longer the leading man for Olga Petrova. He's with the Pathe company and he doesn't say whether he's married or single.

BEAUSAJOUR, ASCOT, AUSTRALIA.—Quite sure Paul Scardon will be glad to write to his native countryman. Mr. Scardon was born in Australia in 1878. He appeared on the stage in Australia for twelve years. His screen career started with the Reliance-Majestic company about five years back. He has been with Vitagraph for some time.

PEGGY, PITMAN, N. J.—The Mary Pickford picture, "The Teacher and the Bully," is not a new production. In fact it is very old and was recently reissued. Might say it was produced about eight or nine years ago, which is ancient history in the film world. Vivian Martin is living in Hollywood. She was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. Won't tell how long ago. She's been in pictures for more than two years. Harrison Ford was the "handsome young man" in "The Sunset Trail." If Haskell Coffin ever did a sketch of us he isn't aware of it and neither are we.

R. H., NORFOLK, VA.—"The Firefly of France" is a late Wallace Reid picture. Mr. Reid has blue eyes and blonde brown hair and is six feet tall and weighs about one hundred and eighty something or other and he dresses just like a real reel hero and he parts his hair in the middle sometimes and sometimes he doesn't. He wears a wrist watch and he smokes a pipe and he's just as nice off the screen as he is on and he is married to Dorothy Davenport and he has a young son William Wallace Reid, Jr., who is going to grow up to be just like his father and he has a car and a house and he lives in Hollywood and he's popular and—oh well, you know all about him now and you just keep on having him for your favorite. He's all right.

E. C. M., NEWCASTLE, IND.—Douglas Fairbanks has appeared in more than fifty-seven varieties of pictures. "Wild and Woolly" wasn't intended to be ripped up in that fashion and the jumpiness of it was undoubtedly due to the age of the film when shown to you. See?

I. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—There may be a commercial studio or two in Denver, but no well known company is located there. Chicago studios are perhaps nearer Minneapolis than any others, but there is practically no work being done in the Chicago studios now. Generally a synopsis of the story is all that is needed for a scenario. There is no set number of scenes to a reel.

Answers to June Puzzles

First Prize, $10.00—Miss Myrtle Norton, 60 Bainbridge Street, Malden, Mass. Second Prize, $5.00—Kenneth R. Walter, 180 North Fulton Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y. Third Prize, $3.00—Mrs. C. E. Learned, Box 351, Clayton, N. Y. Fourth Prize, $2.00—Mrs. Frederic Wellman, 1940 East 72nd Place, Chicago, Ill.

Winners of the $1.00 Prizes—Miss F. J. Van Benthuysen, 551 W. 178th Street, New York City, Miss Helen Linn, 2511 Ames Avenue, Omaha, Nebr., Marshall Dielf, 141 W. Concord Street, Boston, Mass., William Reynolds, 1338 King Street W., Toronto, Canada, Chas. J. Cunningham, 1713 N. Madison Avenue, Peoria, Ill., C. L. Hindbaugh, 2963 Talbott Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. Lieut. S. W. McArthur, M. R. C. Base Hospital, 14 Camp Custer, Mich., Miss Helen Wagner, 661 Meldrum Ave., Detroit, Mich., Aldred Aurich, Box 306, Sacramento, Calif., Joseph Juenker, East Aurora, New York.

Correct Answers

1—Harry Morey
2—Henry B. Walthall
3—Walker Whiteside
4—Mae Murray
5—June Caprice
6—Julian Eltinge
7—Harold Lockwood
8—Pauline Frederick
9—Taylor Holmes

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* * * *

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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hat the Moving Picture asks of YOU

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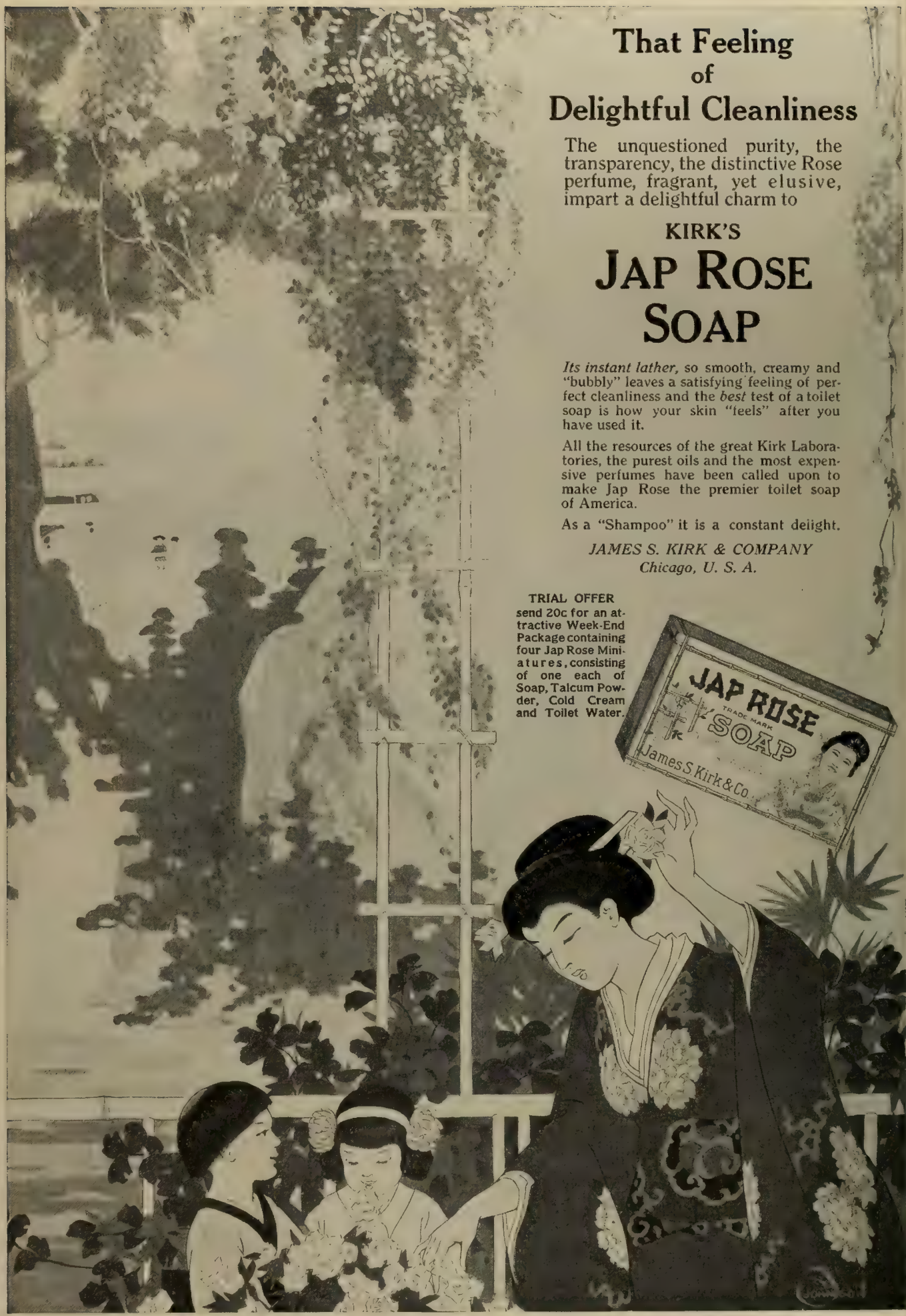
Louella O. Parsons—
Propaganda!
How the Moving Picture is fighting the Hun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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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VOL. XIV No. 4

Contents

SEPTEMBER, 1918

Cover Design — *Lila Lee*
From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

Art Section Portraits: Marjorie Rambeau, Norma Talmadge, Ben Alexander and mother, Martha Mansfield, Fred Stone, Marie Provost, Geraldine Farrar, Lou Tellegen, Wallace McDonald, John Bowers, Irving Cummings, Eugene O'Brien, and Lois Meredith

After the Deluge — Editorial 27

The Myriad Moods of War (Pictures) 28
A Variety of Snapshots from Overseas.

Have a Heart — Julian Johnson 30
Appealing for Tolerance from Motion Picture Patrons.

The Service Star (Fiction) — Dorothy Scott 33
Retold from the Patriotic Photoplay.

A Merry Hamlet — Alison Smith 37
Conway Tearle, the Melancholy, is Really a Cheerful Soul.

The Property Room (Poem) — Charles McMurdy 38
And the Treasures Stored Therein.

Stifling the Tears 39
Mary Warren Just Emoted in Her Own Little Way.

Odds and Ends (Pictures) 40
Just That.

The Lady? No, the Car! — Alison Smith 42
Hugh Thompson Would Rather Talk Autos Than Leading Ladies.

Propaganda! — Louella O. Parsons 43
The Part the Screen is Playing in the Great War.

(Contents continued on next page)

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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Next Month

Without referring to Messrs. Zukor, Lasky et al., we promise that next month's will be a paramount issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be full of the most timely special articles, it will be vivid as an autumn forest with its array of unusual illustrations, it will be surcharged with personality material, it will give all the news of the whole field of motion pictures, and it will, especially, follow in its own field the widely divergent courses of America's manifold energies in the prosecution of our great war for the freedom of the world. This periodical feels that it is not only a duty, but a great honor and privilege to do this, in every way that is within its special powers.

What About Screen Comedy?

Do you realize that comedy is the one branch of optic entertainment which is almost virgin soil? Are we to have "situation" comedies as such comedy is found in plays and books—or must we forever depend upon oddities, antics and pretty girls who Hooverize their clothes? An intensely interesting story by a man who knows more about screen comedy from the side-lines than any other living individual—Harry C. Carr.

The Dominant Race

What land has contributed more screen players, and writers, than any other on the face of the globe? It's almost a monopoly, and it's a singular fact for which there seems to be no accounting. In October, the story—and the proofs.

Is There a Dishonor Roll?

What have we done in the War? Are we carrying our burden as we should? It has been charged that the stage is one hundred percent patriotic, while the screen is not. A serious story that faces facts squarely.

Contents—*Continued*

The Little Angel in the Home 46
We Have One in Every Good Sob Fillum.

Do You Believe in Fairies? Jerome Shorey 47
You Should After Reading the Romantic Fortune of Lila Lee.

The Eagle's Eye (Fiction) Courtney Ryley Cooper 49
Conclusion of the Secret Service Serial.

As an Engineer He Was a Darned Good Actor 57
Speaking of Robert Gordon, Hero of "Missing."

The Four Doors Susie Sexton 58
The Keys That Open the Way to the Spectator's Emotions.

Scare 'Em or Make 'Em Laugh! "Smiling Bill" Parsons 61
The Rotund Comedian Tells How He Does It.

A Dog That Pays an Income Tax Grace Kingsley 62
Teddy, Sennett's Star Canine.

Old Hartwell's Cub (Fiction) Frances Denton 63
Story Version of the Filmplay.

Close-Ups Editorial Expression and Timely Comment 67

She Never Worked for Griffith Randolph Bartlett 69
Marguerite Snow of "The Eagle's Eye" is Original.

Colonel Mary (Picture) 71
They Call Her Regiment "Mary's Lambs."

Grand Crossings Impressions Delight Evans 72
Dorothy Gish, the "Little Disturber."

Why-Do-They-Do-It? 73
Your Department—Jump Right In!

The Photoplay League of America 75
An Important Announcement, by the Editor.

Pauvre Enfant? Merci—Non! 76
Madge Evans Is Anything But Pallid.

The Shadow Stage Randolph Bartlett 77
Reviews of the Current Productions.

Charles, Not Charlie Julian Johnson 81
Observing the Great Actor from a New Angle.

Educational Films 84
Devoted to an Important Phase of Motion Pictures.

Plays and Players Cal York 86
News and Pictures from the Studios.

The Five Funniest Things in the World Homer Croy 90
Tricks Used by Successful Comedy Directors.

A Blue-Ribbon Baby Adela Rogers St. Johns 93
That Was What Roy Stewart Was Once Considered.

May Allison Is Back Marjorie Manners 95
For Which We Have the War to Thank.

Mrs. Mills' Many Husbands 97
In Justice to Mrs. Mills, Hurry and Read the Story.

Without Benefit of Custard 98
Juanita Hansen Has Graduated from Comedy.

The Family Name Is Blythe 99
And the Offspring in Question Is Named Betty.

Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky Ellen Woods 100
The Fortunes of the Players As Told from the Stars.

"Mosquitoes and Directors Keep Out" (Pictures) 101
Concerning a REAL Vacation, and Bessie Love.

Questions and Answers The Answer Man 107

Answers to July Picture Puzzles 119

Next Month

Who is the Best-Dressed Actor—

—the man in the film, or the man in the footlights? While the theatre has for half a century been accepted as the criterion of fashion, here is proof—in an absorbingly interesting account by the modest young man responsible for the attire of three-fourths of the motion-picture gentlemen—that the crown has passed from the night to the daylight stage.

A Dramatist Who Found Himself

What is more interesting than a human document—the story of a man who triumphs in expression only after an heroic struggle with his medium? We're wondering why this account has never been printed before; it's the true narrative of a celebrated American playwright, who, retiring with a comfortable fortune at middle age, discovered that spoken lines no longer lured him. He threw himself into picture-writing with all the enthusiasm of youth—and today he is one of the most successful American scenario-writers.

Photography—The Mile-a-Minute Art

Do you know that the art of photography itself, the great material base of all motion picture achievement, is a thing as changing as the substance of stories and our idea of good acting? The story of American motion picture photography is an absolute romance; its problems today are as exciting as some of the problems of war. One of its masters—J. M. Nickolaus—laboratory chief of the Triangle Film Corporation, will tell you of it in October PHOTOPLAY.

Government Activities

PHOTOPLAY for October will give a most remarkable showing, on many pages, of our government activities in the war. It is impossible, owing to changing conditions and the momentary demands of censorship, to completely catalogue these in advance.

The Shadow Stage

Julian Johnson, who this month returns to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, will next month resume his personal conduct of the Shadow Stage, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's department of review.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

Page 78

Hit-The-Trail-Holliday ..... Artcraft
Her Final Reckoning ..... Paramount
Social Quicksands ..... Metro
Good Night, Paul ..... Select
A Desert Wooing ..... Paramount

Page 79

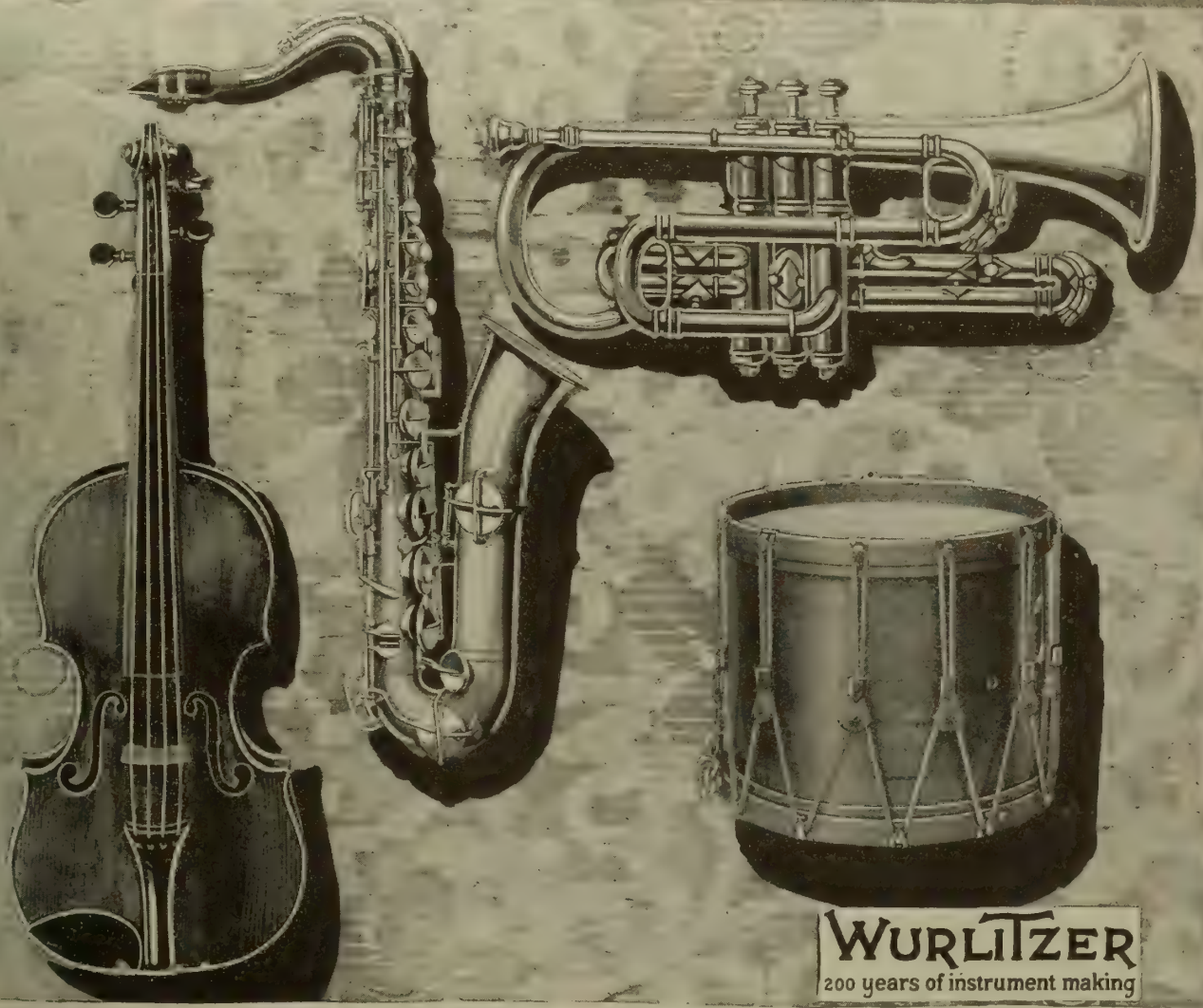
Patriotism ..... Paralta
Say, Young Fellow ..... Artcraft
How Could You, Jean? ..... Artcraft
The Firefly of France ..... Paramount
The Soap Girl ..... Vitagraph
A Woman of Redemption ..... World
Station Content ..... Triangle

Page 80

Madame Sphinx ..... Triangle
The Last Rebel ..... Triangle
A Man's World ..... Metro
The Whirlpool ..... Select
The Kaiser's Shadow ..... Paramount
The Venus Model ..... Goldwyn

Page 102

The Heart of a Girl ..... World
You Can't Believe Everything ..... Triangle
To Hell with the Kaiser ..... Metro
Opportunity ..... Metro
Sandy ..... Paramount
Shark Monroe ..... Artcraft
Tinsel ..... World
Shackled ..... Paralta
Smashing Through ..... Universal
Find the Woman ..... Vitagraph
Kidder and Ko ..... Pathe
We Should Worry ..... Fox
The Only Road ..... Metro
The Model's Confession ..... Universal
The Claw ..... Select
Which Woman ..... Bluebird
Midnight Madness ..... Bluebird
A Little Sister of Everybody ..... Pathe
The Voice of Destiny ..... Pathe
The House of Gold ..... Metro
Nine-Tenths of the Law ..... Independent
Her Body in Bond ..... Universal
Hell Bent ..... Universal
The Girl in His House ..... Vitagraph
Closin' In ..... Triangle
The Mortgaged Wife ..... Universal
The Fly God ..... Triangle
The Painted Lily ..... Triangle
Tangled Lives ..... Triangle
One Dollar Bid ..... Paralta
The City of Tears ..... Bluebird
Tempered Steel ..... McClure



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Your Country Needs You

Many thousands of graduate nurses have been withdrawn from civilian practice for military duty. There is urgent need for many more with our fighting forces over seas. Unless more nurses are released from duty here our wounded men over there will suffer for want of nursing care. And they *cannot* be released without your help.

The nation *must* have 25,000 student nurses *now* if we are to fulfill our duty to our sons who offer their bodies as a bulwark between us and our enemies. Every young woman who enrolls in the United States Student Nurse Reserve will relieve a graduate nurse, and at the same time will swell the home army upon which we must rely to act as our second line of hospital defense.

Will You Accept the Opportunity and Responsibility? The call is for women between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five. Intelligent, responsible women of good education and sound health are wanted to enroll as candidates for the Army School of Nursing, established under the authority of the Surgeon-General, with branch schools in the Military Hospitals, or to enroll as engaging to hold themselves in readiness until April 1st, 1919, to accept assignments to civilian nurses' training schools. Those who enroll will be sent at the beginning of the autumn and spring terms. Not every one who enrolls may be accepted; those of superior qualifications will have the preference.

There are 1579 nurses' training schools in the country. Some of these schools do not require even a full high-school education. On the other hand, a college education is a valuable asset, and many hospitals will give credit for it. Credit will also be given for special scientific training, or for preliminary training in nursing, such as that given in special courses now being conducted by various colleges and schools.

Enroll in the Student Nurse Reserve

Women who enroll in the United States Student Nurse Reserve will be assigned to these schools as vacancies occur. The term of training varies from two to three years. No course takes less than two years nor more than three.

Every women who completes the training course satisfactorily may be eligible for enrollment as a Red Cross Nurse and for Service with the Army or Navy Nurse Corps and stands a chance of being assigned to duty abroad. At the same time she will be qualified to earn her living in one of the noblest professions open to women. And it should be remembered that practical nursing is part of the work of every training school and the student is not only learning but serving her country from the outset.

Board, lodging and tuition are free at most training schools, and in many cases a small renumeration is paid to cover the cost of books and uniforms.

The nation needs every nurse it can get to "keep up with the draft." The United States Student Nurse Reserve is the equivalent for women of the great national army training camps for soldiers. The nation will rely upon the student nurses to fight disease at home, to care for those injured and disabled in our hazardous war industries, and to make themselves ready to serve when the time comes as fully trained nurses, either abroad or at home.

For further information or for enrollment apply at the nearest Recruiting Station established by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. If you do not know address of your local Recruiting Station, write for information to Council of National Defense, Woman's Committee, Washington, D. C.

Anna Howard Shaw, Chairman
Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense

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War Council, American Red Cross

W. C. Gorgas
Surgeon General United States Army

Dr. Franklin Martin, Chairman
General Medical Board, Council of National Defense

UNITED STATES STUDENT NURSE RESERVE

Contributed through Division of Advertising

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This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

The Secrets of Distinctive Dress

WHAT is the secret of Petrova's charm? Have you ever tried to analyze it? The other evening I overheard two charmingly gowned women discussing this very question, as they came out of the theatre. One of them is the proprietor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment and for that reason her opinion was especially interesting to me.

"Petrova's charm," she was saying, "lies first of all, of course, in her art as a great actress. But blended with that is the charm of her fascinating personality. And she gives expression to that personality not only through the mediums of facial expression and a superlative degree of grace, but also through dress. Her gowns are invariably distinctive. They are the last word in their expression of prevailing fashions, and yet there is an individuality about them that makes them also an expression of Petrova herself. This is the secret of their distinctive character. They express Petrova's individuality because she herself understands dress as few women understand it. She knows just the little touch, the change in line that makes a gown distinctively becoming to her."

And now that you think about it, don't you see that that clever modiste was absolutely right? Did you ever notice the difference in the appearance of women you meet on the street, in the stores and shops, at church, in the theatre or wherever you go? Always there are a few dressed so attractively, so faultlessly in taste that you cannot help admiring them.

These women often have no advantage in *beauty* over other women. Their advantage lies solely in the fact that they know and apply the principles of artistic design, color harmony, becoming style and countless other secrets of personal attractiveness to express their individuality and make them always appear at their very best.

What would it mean to *you* to be able to express your own individuality in dress? Wouldn't you appreciate the satisfaction of knowing that every article of your attire is always becoming as well as stylish—an expression of yourself? I know you would and that is why I am sure you will welcome this news I have for the readers of Photoplay:

After long and painstaking study, with the help, advice and endorsement of creators and leaders of fashion, Mary Brooks Picken, herself one of America's greatest authorities on dress, has written a wonderful book. It is called "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," and it is brimful from cover to cover with intimate facts about the style, design and harmony of fashionable dress—little knacks of faultless taste—guarded secrets of fascinating women—and the principles underlying the development of social ease, grace, beauty and personal charm!

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, concisely and completely, *any* woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can become familiar with the beauty secrets of the world's best-dressed and cleverest women, and learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality. For in this remarkable book all these things have been reduced to simple, practical rules that any woman can understand and apply.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you. If you have been specially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are "plain looking," if you have some little defects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill at ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

This book is so important, it can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to always appear charming and attractive, that the publishers want *every* woman to see and examine it for herself—without obligation or expense—in her own home. I have been authorized by them to say to readers of Photoplay that by merely filling out and mailing the coupon below, you can examine this new book in your own home for three days without sending a single penny in advance. If at the end of that time you feel that you can afford to be without its constant help and aid, return it and you will be under no obligation whatever. If you want to retain it for your own, send only $2 and the book is yours.

Madame Olga Petrova

Would *You* Like to Know—

- How to acquire a winning personality?
- How to express your individuality in dress?
- How to always appear at your best?
- How to win admiration?
- What colors bring out your best features?
- Whether you should dress your hair high or low?
- How to make your hands add to your attractiveness?
- How to make yourself appear taller or shorter?
- What kind of dress will give you a fashionable figure?
- How to attract friends?
- How to be sure your attire is faultlessly correct?
- How to make yourself appear more slender?
- How to acquire a graceful carriage?
- What is the first essential of faultless dress?
- What kind of clothes make you seem younger?
- How to become graceful and always at ease?
- How to dress appropriately for all occasions?
- What colors harmonize perfectly in a costume?
- How the most refined women use perfume?
- How to develop poise?
- What you should do to counteract defects in your personal appearance?
- What kind of corset will give you graceful lines and yet be entirely comfortable?
- How to observe the fundamental laws of beauty and good health?
- How to bring out the beauty of your eyes, hair, etc.?
- How you may have a beautiful complexion?
- How you can dress to give your cheeks more color?
- How to know your own good and bad features?
- How to master the principles of style and dress harmony?
- How to select the models best suited to your personality?
- How to add just the needed touch to an ordinary, plain dress?
- What dress accessories mean to the woman of refinement?
- How the best dressed women wear jewelry?
- What errors to avoid in choosing waists—skirts?
- How to dress most appropriately for your work?

These and hundreds of other questions associated with the cultivation of personal charm and attractiveness are answered by this wonderful book which you can examine—without obligation or expense—by merely filling out and mailing the coupon!

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" is a handsome volume of generous size, 250 pages beautifully printed and bound in cloth with gold stamped covers, a book you will be proud to have in your library or for daily reference and use in your boudoir. It is safe to say that never before was a book so vitally important and so beautifully published, offered to women through such a liberal offer. Remember that it does not cost you a penny to see it with your own eyes, to keep it for three full days and learn at first hand just what it can mean to you before you have to decide whether you will own it.

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Simply write, "Please send by return mail your booklet 'A Road to Bigger Things,'" and address your letter to:

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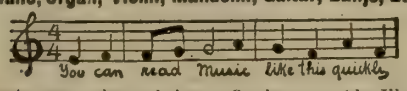

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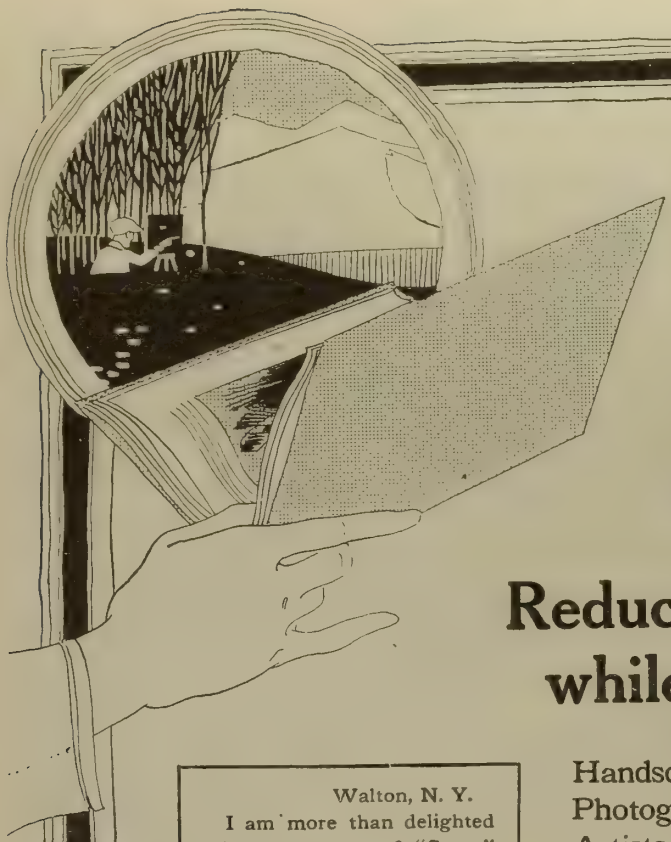

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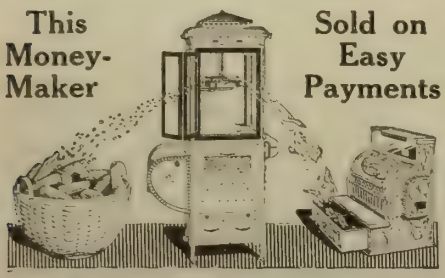

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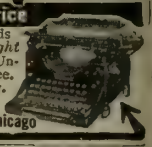

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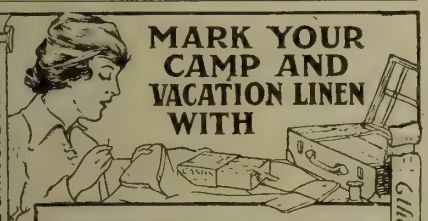

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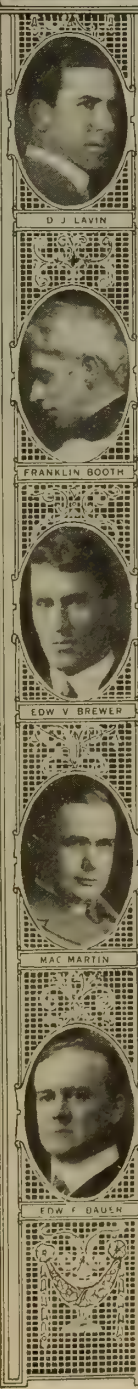

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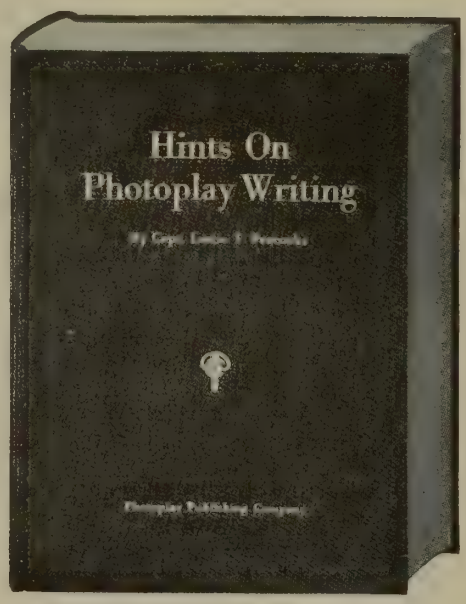

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Captain Leslie T. Peacocke's remarkably popular book on the craftsmanship of scenario writing. It is a complete and authoritative treatise on this new and lucrative art. This book teaches everything that can be taught on the subject.

Written by a master craftsman of many years' experience in studios. It contains chapters on construction, form, titles, captions, detailing of action; also a model scenario from a library of scripts which have seen successful production.

This book will be of especial value to all who contemplate scenario writing, and who do not know scenario form. In other words, it will be invaluable to the man or woman who has a good story, but who does not know how to put it together.

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ADDRESS DEPT. 10-O

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO

War *and* the Fifth Estate

A BUGLE shrilled in the darkness of the big theatre. The pictured actors ran to the window of the Paris hotel. Far down the street came a flutter of flags. The bugle call sounded again and then on the screen were flashed the words, "The Americans have come!"

It was the climax of a picture that had stirred every emotion. Men and women had wept and laughed and shuddered as war's comedy and tragedy sprang into being before them. They had seen the German horde sweep down into France, they had seen the poilus standing up under the withering fire of the boche artillery, they had gone into the trenches and fought alongside these brave sons of a brave nation, and now came the thrilling sight of men of their own flesh and blood marching to join in the struggle for democracy.

Do you wonder that they cheered and cheered and cheered again, standing in their seats with tears running down their cheeks, cheering until far up the hanging globes of the highest lights shook at the storm of it?

To every man and woman in that great theatre the war became from that time forth a living, breathing thing. No longer a remote passage at arms in distant lands, it was brought before their very eyes in all its grimness and glory.

And here was but one of countless such experiences that have their counterparts in moving-picture houses the country over.

The Greeks believed that drama had a cleansing effect upon all those who watched it. They believed that it purged a man's soul of the baser things, lifting it up to the heights of the emotions rising out of the acted scenes.

If this world-old theory is indeed true, what a mighty cleansing the soul of this nation has experienced in watching the drama of war as portrayed by the moving picture!

It was not the fault of the American people that they did not realize the full meaning of the war from the outset. There was little reason why they should have. All too many of those who were shouting, "Wake Up, America" were men (and women, too) who heretofore had held themselves coldly aloof from America's democratic aspirations and dreams. They were not the sort the people trusted, they did not speak the people's language and some parts of the nation waited to be shown.

They were shown. They are being shown today. With their own eyes they saw America arming. They saw their boys change from slouching, callow youths into upstanding, responsible men in the magic crucibles of cantonment and training camp. They saw the vast trains of supplies being moved to feed these men better than any army is being fed. They saw the workers in the munitions plants forging weapons for America's fighters and they saw the finished products, those splendidly trained soldiers of ours, marching aboard the transports.

As they gained a first-hand knowledge of events from the physical pictures on the screens, their mental pictures of the war broadened into a true perspective of its overwhelming importance.

Today as they see our khaki in Paris, on Flanders fields, in the American-held trenches, they grasp the meaning of it all with a human understanding that never could be cajoled by orations or essays.

All the Allied governments have been quick to realize the outstanding importance of the Motion Picture as a moulder of public sentiment, a stabilizer of civilian morale.

They have called up the best brains of the business and put them to work devising the most efficient methods of screen propaganda. In Washington whole offices are devoted to this vital work. Pictures of America's preparation and landing in France are shipped regularly to Spain, South America and other neutrals. What they have done in offsetting the thoroughly organized German propaganda in these countries may never be known but we can be sure their influence is felt.

Nor is it alone for propaganda purposes that the governments so universally look to the Motion Picture. They have not neglected the recreational value of the screen. At one time in the first black days of the war the authorities decided to close the Motion Picture houses of Paris. They soon saw their mistake. There were very definite evidences of the dangerous effects of depression caused by lack of the accustomed diversion. Like individuals, nations cannot afford to dwell too persistently upon the one thought of war. Man must have his lighter moments if he would face the sterner ones.

The splendid service rendered by the Motion Picture in the sale of Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, in the promotion of the work of the Food Administration and the numerous other war activities need not be emphasized here. It is familiar to anyone who has been in a motion-picture house since April, 1916.

In a time of world agony there comes the Moving Picture to lure the tortured mind into pleasant places, to hearten the desolate, refresh the weary.

Well may we call the Motion Picture the Fifth Estate. It has worthily proved its right to stand beside the Press as the new expression of our new Democracy. On the screen, Man sees his brother Man and his heart goes out to him in the true spirit of fraternity.

Now this Fifth Estate has its interpreter and the name of that interpreter is PHOTOPLAY. Where the Motion Picture goes, PHOTOPLAY goes. Whom the Motion Picture interests, PHOTOPLAY interests. In picture and in type it is the magazine of the Motion-Picture world that reflects most accurately the most important developments in that world. Like the Motion Picture, its appeal is human and universal.

(Copyright, 1918, Photoplay Magazine)

What causes skin blemishes

The way to remove blemishes and to remove their cause

EVERYONE is immediately attracted by a *clear* skin—soft, free from blemishes and unsightly spots.

Every girl longs for it.

If your skin is not as clear as you would love to have it, find out just what is causing the blemishes that mar it. Then start at once to remove not only the blemishes, but their *cause*.

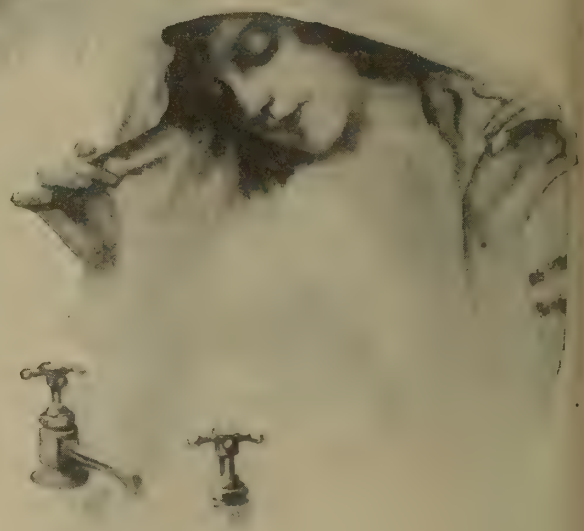
Skin specialists say they are tracing fewer and fewer skin troubles to the blood—and more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores with dust, soot and grime.

To keep your skin clear from the spots and blemishes caused in this way, you must remove the blemishes you already have and *prevent* the appearance of fresh ones.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use this treatment *regularly* until the blemishes disappear, and supplement it with the regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet. This will keep your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes.

The 25 cent cake of Woodbury's will last for a month or six weeks of any facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. For sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.



If your skin is pale and sallow, try the new steam treatment given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 509 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

FEW young women have given as many delightful characterizations as Jane Grey. Remember her in the old Triangle pictures? Recently, on the stage, she took Marjorie Rambeau's place in "Eyes of Youth," and played "De Luxe Annie."

Charlotte Fairchild

IT'S so seldom that one discovers the vivid Norma Talmadge in anything even remotely suggesting repose that this is a most unusual picture. Whoever called Norma "the miniature dynamo" had never seen this pose.

ONLY Kate Bruce—"Aunty Bruce"—as he called her—could make little Ben Alexander cry at the proper times in "Hearts of the World." Here are Ben and his REAL mother, in a very unteary moment.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

PERHAPS you had your first view of Martha Mansfield in an Essanay-Max Linder production. She was with Harold Lockwood in "Broadway Bill," and "the spoiled girl" in James Montgomery Flagg's series. Now she's in the "Follies."

Alfred Cheney Johnston

IN getting Fred Stone, the Photoplay crossed its Rhine. The most popular American comedian—with the possible exception of Al Jolson—is a man of wealth and world-wide theatrical influence. He is completing his first Zukor-Lasky picture.

Stagg

FLOWERS and birds and sunsets and girls haven't needed any added charms for quite a good many centuries. For instance, here is Marie Prevost, whose dressmaker hasn't contrived much of anything, and yet—Marie is still in Sennett's pictures.

Underwood & Underwood

THIS year the continent did not threaten to divide that redoubtable stage-screen pair, Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Lou Tellegen, for Farrar is making pictures in the East. A dual film venture for Farrar and Tellegen has been predicted.

Lumiere

WALLACE McDONALD, not long ago with Vitagraph, and recently with Triangle, has a splendid baritone voice—and is going to war!

IRVING CUMMINGS, now leading man with Kitty Gordon, was a favorite in those "early days" of four years ago and a greater one now.

JOHN BOWERS has signed a contract to appear as a leading man in World films. Several years ago he played opposite Mary Pickford. Married.

Hartsook

EUGENE O'BRIEN has risen to stellar dimensions, as a leading man, without being starred. It is reported that he is to have his own company.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

LOIS MEREDITH'S most recent screen appearance was with Sergeant Empey in "Over the Top." She is equally well known on stage and screen. She starred in "Help Wanted," and has been featured by Vitagraph, Pathe, and Lasky.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV SEPTEMBER, 1918 NO. 4

After the Deluge

THE world is at the end of an epoch. The Great War is as much of a milestone as the Great Deluge.

And after the deluge, what?

We believe that this is the finale, for the present generation at least, of mere material invention and mere commercial expansion for gain. Commerce and invention have been rising like a vast utilitarian flame for a half century.

It is altogether probable that the war will be followed by an age of stupendous spiritual discovery, and related to this of course, a revival of art such as the world has not seen since the Italian Renaissance.

The greatest things in the world remain to be discovered, and none of them are merely material. They are awesome things, things which we speak of in whispers . . . . the relation of the human brain and that mystic impelling force which for want of a better name we call the soul . . . . the problems of life and death . . . . the riddles of the cosmic universe.

These vast things must, in their very nature, have the most stupendous reflexes in imagination. Imagination's one expression is art, in some form or other. And the art of the twentieth century—the pre-eminently faithful, graphic, living art of today—is the Moving Picture.

What Music has meant to Italy, Painting to France, the Novel to Russia and Dramatic Literature to England, the Moving Picture will mean to America. Yesterday America was the only believer in the Moving Picture; today it is the only developer; tomorrow it will be the only master of the craft. It is destiny that this craft shall be the arm of our ingenuity and the vehicle of our imaginations.

Veritably, as The Day of Materialism and Imperialism is waning, The Day of the Literature of Light is dawning.

The peculiar necessities of their Alpine warfare has lead the sturdy Italians into a conflict almost as upside down as that waged by the airmen. Here is a "trench" not in the Alps, but on the Tagliamento river. One would believe that whoever constructed such a trench, could, if occasion arose, do the most beautiful fancy work — provided all their time were not taken up decimating the Austrian Empire.

The danger of a surprise attack, or an air-bomb, or a filtration of deadly gas, isn't much of a worry to these United States troops, asleep in a dugout right where the fight is at its hottest. They have warmth, which is a manifest necessity in the cool nights of Northern France, and they have just had something to eat, which is a happy thought anywhere, and they are ready for anything that comes.

Here are two Sammies posted in an advanced shell-hole, not, however in "No-Man's Land." This particular bit of gnashed ground is just behind the front line diggings, and serves to give the Americans their final training. At this moment they are observing Hun airships criss-crossing the air above their heads, and—you will note by the tensely-grasped rifles—they are not at all unwilling to have these buzzards of the sky come within sniping range. This is one of the first pictures to arrive in this country showing Americans actually bearing the burden of the world-war at the front.

The Myriad Moods of War

Photos copyright by
Underwood & Underwood

Will another Meissonier arise to paint the grim yet occasionally beautiful drama of this war? Let us hope so, for with a world embattled there is warlike splendor of a sort that — let us hope — we shall never see again. Occasionally there is a gentler touch which might have done honor to the soft tints of Corot. This French sentry, for instance, perched on the wall of a ruined chateau, could be the centerpiece of an exhibit in any Salon.

Here lies indisputable photographic evidence of the end of at least one of the great new German U-boats. It lies, a total wreck, on the coast of Wissant, near Calais. The boat was captured by the French, and the crew were taken prisoners by Belgian cavalry. This picture gives a remarkable view of the general lines of the Kaiser's new weapon of the seas, and — sinister thought! — it is a pity that it and some more like it cannot be shown through the German Empire.

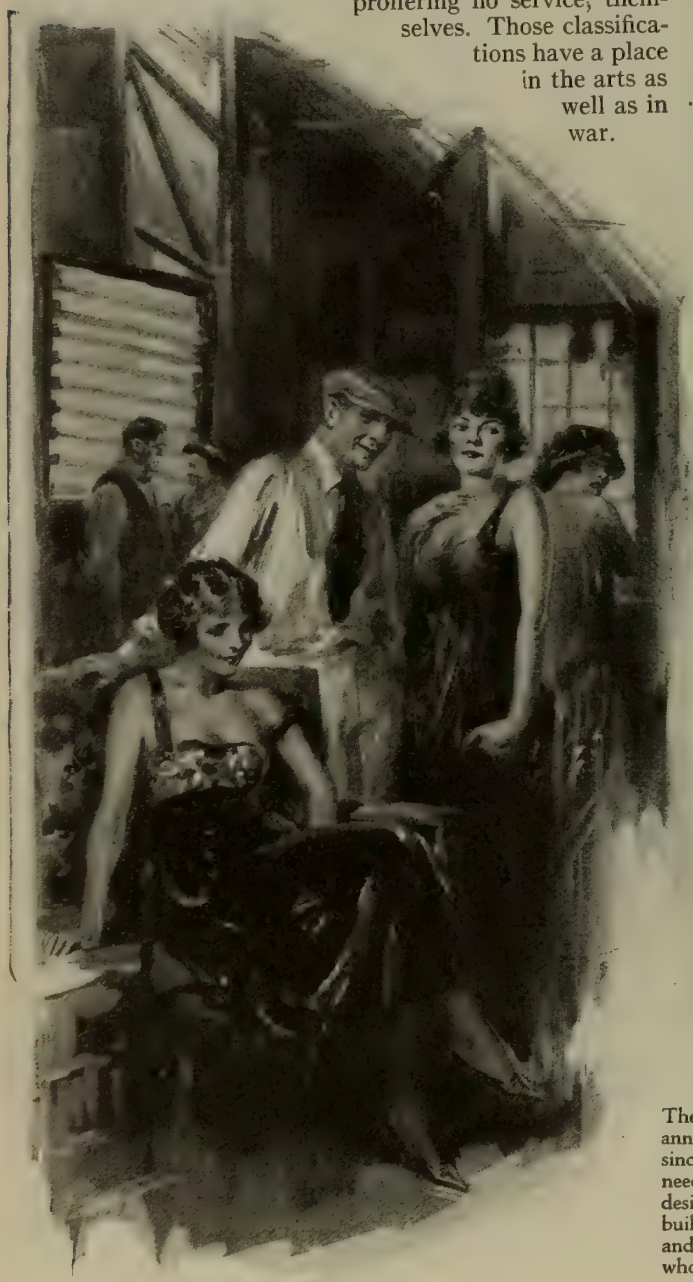
MR. JOHNSON has long been recognized as the leading commentator that the new art of the Photoplay has yet developed in its twin brother in art, literature. At the conclusion of a year's leave of absence from his editorial desk, spent in the studios of the East and West, he has returned, bringing with him a deeper appreciation of and faith in the great mission of the motion picture, a greater Tolerance (if possible), and a vast storehouse of information. Like a surgeon seeking more light, in diagnostic study he has attended clinics, and done research work. His remarkable literary ability, with which the readers of PHOTOPLAY are familiar, gives him the facility to pass his information on and to aid in a constructive manner in the development of the greatest Art which America has given to the world — the Photoplay. We are glad to welcome him back. We know our readers will be gratified by his return. —THE PUBLISHERS.

Have a

You have got to put your whole
make it achieve its manifest Destiny.
a new understanding, pleads for

By Julian

OUR government has wisely determined that traitors are of two classes: those who actually give aid and comfort to the enemy, and those who do nothing except deride the efforts of others, while offering no help, making no sacrifice, proffering no service, themselves. Those classifications have a place in the arts as well as in war.



The photoplay has annexed beauty, long since — but now it needs decorators and designers and scene-builders, and modistes and fashion-designers who know the photographic values of color.

A year ago I left the secure trench of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to advance into the no-man's land of actual picture-making. I wanted experience. I got it. I made experiments. A few of them were successes. I wished to find out what sort of fellows the men behind the pictures really are. I found out. I wished to know why we don't get better pictures, and a larger percentage of good pictures. I discovered some of the reasons—not all of them, or even half of them, for here's where one has to back up experience with theory.

My first impulse, upon once more tumbling over the sandbags, and finding my feet on the fire-step, is to cry "Have a Heart!"

I am going to say this: the chief thing wrong with motion pictures today is the class of intelligent people who continually find fault with them.

I mean authors of repute and power; the progressives among actors and actresses; established theatrical managers; professional critics and commentators; leaders of society and civic bodies whose function it is to turn their following toward some form of art or other.

Let me explain still further:

We have come to the end of the Motion Picture's kindergarten years. The mechanical epoch, the toy era, is quite over. The Motion Picture is today in a death grapple with an invisible Prussian—a spirit of skepticism which would condemn it to an eternal triviality, making the screen a languid diversion for children, cooks on a holiday, ingenues, and business men in the siesta hour.

The Motion Picture has gone as far as it can in the paths which it has always followed. By every justice that art and culture possess, it is due, from now on, to be a genuine artistic force, a cultural, permanent force, and that it cannot be unless intelligent men and women will lend it not only their fullest support but their uttermost faith. That they have never done, but if they do not do it, now, they are committing treason against the artistic liberties of the world. They will be guilty of crushing the one art contribution of the twentieth century beneath a bigotry which would have done credit to the fourteenth.

The director and the star dominate the production side of the picture business today. You hear a good deal about stellar tyranny, and almost nothing about the Commune of the director. Yet there he stands—obscure, but an oft-multiplied little Czar.

Of course the directoral problem is a real one. The directors grew to be bosses because they had to be—they had to write their own stories as well as choose them, and after that, adapt them to their people and their conditions. That wasn't any desire to wear shoulder-straps; it was the first

Heart

faith behind the Motion Picture, to
A familiar Voice, aroused by
tolerance, and tells you why.

Johnson

THERE are robbers in National Banks, sensualists in the Church and Heaven knows how many half-wits in the colleges. Must the Photoplay be condemned because of the pickpockets among its camp-following?

We want from the intelligent men and women of the United States unquestioning, enthusiastic belief in the motion picture as an instrument of destiny in bringing men and their motives together throughout the world, as a disseminator of knowledge, and a purveyor of beauty and emotion.

The chief thing wrong with motion pictures today is the class of intelligent people who continually find fault with them.

law of survival. However, like the descendants of the first feudal strong men, many of the directors have grown to be robber-barons, and inflict on their proprietors and their public the brassy sheen of small-time taste, feeble education and colossal egotism.

Now then, what do we want from the intelligent men and women who are the progressive and creative forces of the U. S.?

Like America's militant allies, we want and must have pretty nearly everything.

In the first place we want unquestioning, enthusiastic belief in *this truth:* the Motion Picture, the greatest discovery of the arts, is the instrument of destiny in bringing men and their motives together throughout the world, and is as well a disseminator of knowledge and a purveyor of beauty and emotion.

When all those who count themselves leaders of thought believe in the Motion Picture as they believe in the Novel, the Play, Music and Painting, we shall receive the full and heartfelt co-operation of every man and woman who can write or make or procure an artistic thing.

First of all, we need the sincere co-operation of the author himself—not the author's by-products.

We need painters. We need designers. We need the fashioners of style. We need poets. We need wits and epigrammatists and all the rapiers of letters—for the Motion Picture's mightiest corps and chief reliance, the Photoplay, depends much upon the written word. We need mechanical inventors and chemical experimenters. We need opticians with imagination and modistes who know the value of color in photography.

Lest some member of the Author's Union assassinate me for inferring that the author, not the illiterate picture-manager, is to blame for a lack of literary sincerity among the cameras, let me explain: this is a two-sided quarrel. For one author who has been done brown, insulted, and thrown out over the back fence, there are twenty who do nothing but snort and sneer, extending a cordial raspberry to all things picturistic—and perfectly willing, too, to pick up some loose change by dashing off an idle scenario now and then. And for as much as possible, for it is no sin for anyone to charge double price to the government and the movies.

There you have some of the external facts in the case. Have a heart!

Have a heart and help. If you don't, I tell you that as sure as we're both here, the Motion Picture—and the Photoplay, which is the Motion Picture's biggest and finest expression—will come to a full stop.

Let me come back to the war for one more illustration: one day's battle now uses up more ammunition than Napoleon required to carve an empire. The demands of the Photoplay, in particu-

The Director and the Star dominate the production side of the picture business today. You have heard a lot about the tyranny of the star, but not much about the tyranny of the director.

lar, are correspondingly just as overwhelming. To progress it must have not a novelty here and there, but a stupendous torrent of spiritual emotions, mental ideas and physical material.

The Whole People have got to put their whole faith back of the War to bring it to an end, and behind the Photoplay to make it continue.

Before I sat down to write these paragraphs it seemed to me that the mechanical difficulties—the internal problems—were the paramount issue. You see, we have made them secondary, but they are very real, too, and I want to show some of them to you.

You are responsible for the first and biggest one: the vast number of photoplays necessary. In your down-town theatres you kick if you don't have a daily change of bill; in your resident districts you must have a new one every other day. No publication—not even Montgomery Ward's catalogue—could hold up to that demand. The theatres wouldn't attempt it. Yet, cultivating this optic intemperance deliberately, you spread your groans all over the highway because you don't find invariable masterpieces.

Have a heart!

For the illiterate captioneer, the careless director, the time-clock scenarioist, the perfunctory scene-builder, the prima-donna actor, the male or female vampire and the managerial panderer I offer no excuses under any circumstances.

Not to continue a weary cataloguing, let's take two or three specific instances of great obstacles never even thought of by the casual observer.

California is considered a paradise of light. And so it is—when its sunshine falls from a perfectly clear sky. But many of the spring and summer months are marked by a variable haze: light which is of one degree to the eye, and of many degrees to the camera. Now, lights in a picture must "match up." So, sometimes, day after day, a company will set out to continue or complete one or more exterior sequences and find it impossible to do so because "the light doesn't match." Meanwhile, stellar salaries go on, overhead expense piles up—and the program is waiting. Eventually the picture must be completed regardless.

The war is increasing the laboratory chief's problems day by day. Perfect moonlight effects were gotten in the aniline dyes imported from Germany before the war. That dye is gone. Eventually, we shall have as good or better, made domestically—but we haven't it yet. Developing and printing materials have not only increased nearly 2000 per cent in price, but are almost impossible to get. No firm is able, today, to get anywhere near the quota of new cameras it is willing to pay for. Each one that it does get costs as much as a high-class automobile!

Most of the production departments are located, per artistic necessity, in California, while their executive offices exist, per business necessity, in New York. Three thousand miles apart, and ofttimes not even the whole labor of the Western Union is able to make them understand each other.

> THE demands of the Photoplay are as overwhelming as the demands of War. To progress it must have not a novelty here and there but a stupendous torrent of spiritual emotions, mental ideas and physical material.

The problem whose rack and anguish never relents, the nightmare that shares your plate at the table and roosts on your bedposts at night, is *Time*. The awful urge of speed saturates and tinges every department of Photoplay endeavor. Time! a galley-boss born of feverish competition and public fastidiousness that forces producers to produce on an inviolable scale whether art be fleeting, or lethargic for any one of a number of unavoidable causes. The fact that it may require time for the mountains to go to Mohamet finds no recognition in the film booking agencies, pushed by the exhibitors who are pushed by the exhibitor's patrons. Time balls up the leading woman's costumes, makes a machine out of the most enthusiastic scenario-writer, makes a sawmill of the cutting-room, interferes, even, with proper locations.

In the Restaurant Royale, in Chicago, I heard a swarthy-faced engineer, at an adjoining table, sharply criticize Triangle's "Hard-Rock Breed" because the rock location wasn't "hard rock," after all.

I was intimately concerned with the finding of locations for that particular picture. We went *seventy miles* every day, by motor, to get to the rock-drillings that *were* shown—seventy miles, from the coast to the interior of San Bernardino county, and there wasn't what the engineering profession knows as hard rock work within two hundred miles of Los Angeles at that particular time. If there had been hard rock within one hundred miles we would have reached it. For picture purposes all real rock excavation, on a large scale, is practically the same. We ought to have had it, perhaps, to satisfy the two-score men in the United States who in a few scenes could detect the difference. But just then we couldn't get it, and we did the best we could.

Have a heart, Mr. Engineer!

The theatre men, because of a bit of jealousy; the literary men, because of class pride and a lot of real wrongs at the hands of the pirates and ignorant elbowers who have infested this business; the professionally cultured, by reason of their habits of thought—these, and others, have a motto upon their walls which says: "The Movies are Anathema, and They who traffic therein are Sluggards, or Thieves, or both."

Let us destroy that sentiment wherever we find it, for it is the delusion of Pharisees who close their eyes and stop their ears against the truth.

There are robbers in National Banks, and sensualists in the Church and Heaven knows how many half-wits in the colleges. Must the Motion Picture and the Photoplay be condemned because of the scars of speed and the pickpockets among its camp-following?

Have a heart!

While the photographer waits, perhaps day after day, for the "light to match," stellar salaries go on, overhead expense piles up and the programme waits.

The Service Star

In which it is proven that the only person prouder than a bride is a war-bride.

By
Dorothy Scott

"For all my fears," said Marilyn whimsically, "my dream came true. I'll be a real war bride this time, with no pretending."

MARILYN kept right on with her knitting although her eyes were so brimmed with tears that the stitches seemed blurred and distorted. She was doing her best to hide in a corner of the spacious, bright hall which was used as a work-room by the Ladies' Loyalty League and which was at this moment filled with chattering femininity. Most of these "volunteer workers" were of high school age and, in the midst of this gay, fashionably dressed crowd, Marilyn looked like a little grey moth that had somehow strayed into a bevy of butterflies.

She was waiting, nerves on edge, for the taunts which had become a familiar part of the afternoon's conversation. Whenever there was a lull in the chatter, it was customary to "get a rise out of Marilyn" and, with the unconscious cruelty of youth which has never known suffering, the girls had seized upon her one sensitive subject. She was used to being twitted about not having a beau—as long as she could remember she had been called an old maid and she had learned not to mind. But, since the war had broken out and she had watched the long lines of gallant fellows on their way to the front, the thought that there was not one of them to whom she could send candy and cigarettes and good cheer, had become almost more than she could bear. The girls' chatter about their soldier sweethearts, left her sick with loneliness and this they knew and found exceedingly funny.

In spite of her struggle for self-control, one huge tear rolled down her cheek and splashed on the khaki-colored sock she was knitting. Gwendolyn's quick eyes saw it and sparkled maliciously.

"Feeling blue, Marilyn?" she cooed in honeyed tones. "Are you crying over your lover at the front? Don't be bashful—show us his picture."

Twenty pairs of bright eyes were raised from their work to watch the fun. Marilyn winced like a little hunted animal, then gulped twice and suddenly became calm. A wild idea had entered her head and out of her desperation, she acted on it almost involuntarily.

"I haven't his picture with me," she said, steadily. "But I can tell you his name. It is—" she hesitated for a fraction of a second and then added in a rush, "It is Captain John Whitney Marshall. Perhaps you have heard of him."

Heard of him! The name of General Pershing himself could hardly have caused more excitement. For weeks, Captain Marshall had been heralded in the papers as the latest "American Ace," the valiant young aviator who had become the terror of the German aerial fleet. Marilyn caught eagerly at the first murmur of surprise and ad-

miration and then to her terror heard it change to incredulity. To keep her courage from failing utterly she plunged forward still deeper.

"He isn't my sweetheart though," she gasped hurriedly. "He's my husband. We were married secretly before he left for the front." And then, unable longer to keep back the burst of tears, she escaped in the buzz that followed her announcement.

Once out in the street, the realization of what she had done, descended in full force upon her. To her as to the other girls, Captain John Whitney Marshall was only a name to be honored. She had never even seen him although his picture in aviator's uniform, cut from a Sunday paper, had hung above her dresser for weeks. She was in for it now, however, there was nothing left but to see her story through and to find evidence that would support it.

In her bewilderment, she stopped for one dazed moment before a dingy little curio shop on the corner. Its window was filled with the usual motley collection of old jewelry, worn tapestries and dirty prints. In the foreground was a battered German helmet and an officer's leather belt, obviously placed there because of their timeliness. They gave Marilyn her second inspiration. She would buy them as relics of her mythical husband.

The proprietor who bargained with her was an unsavory looking creature with shifting eyes and cruel hands like claws. Once a voice from the back of the shop addressed him as "Blinky" and he answered with a volley of curses. Before she left, he had forced upon her the purchases for twice their value and with uncanny knowledge of her purpose, had sold her an old-fashioned wedding ring.

Meanwhile, the girls of the Ladies' Loyalty League were holding an indignation meeting in the deserted hall. The first impression made by Marilyn's earnestness had worn off and they all agreed that she was a horrid little story-teller who was trying to impose on their good-nature. She must be exposed at once and publicly, to teach her a lesson but they could not agree on the best method of making an example of her. Suddenly Gwendolyn had a bright thought.

"Captain Marshall's mother lives here," she announced. "You know their beautiful place they call 'Hillcrest.' Let's write to her and tell her everything and invite her to our next meeting when Marilyn tells her story. She can show her up better than anyone." And, with the shout of joy which greeted this suggestion, the Loyal Leaguers gathered about the table to compose a letter to Mrs. Marshall which would be tactful and at the same time justly indignant.

At the next meeting of the League, the twenty young patriots sat clustered about their guest who had just arrived in the Marshall limousine. They had all agreed secretly that she looked exactly as the mother of a hero should look—a gentle, distinguished woman with the unconsciously gracious manners of the true aristocrat. She had indicated from the first that she did not care to discuss the object of her visit and the girls were waiting, with varying degrees of impatience, for Marilyn's arrival.

When the door finally opened and Marilyn stood on the threshold, all the Leaguers turned as one to face her. She made a pathetic, frightened little figure with her huge eyes staring through their shell-rimmed glasses and the German helmet and belt clasped tightly to her shabby blouse. She tried to slip into a seat but Gwendolyn, still with her honeyed smile, pressed forward, took her hand and led her forward to the guest.

"Let me present Mrs. John Whitney Marshall, wife of the famous aviator," she said sweetly. "We invited this lady here especially to meet you, Marilyn. Do tell her how it happened, my dear. It's all so thrilling."

Marilyn looked up into the kind brown eyes of their guest and had a wild impulse to throw her arms about the older woman's neck and confess everything. A suppressed chuckle from one of the girls brought her back to her original intention and she began the story which she had prepared carefully at home. It was a remarkable mixture of love and adventure which did credit to Marilyn's powers as a weaver of fiction, but to-day—with those kind eyes upon her—the girl could not do it justice. As she faltered over the most salient facts, she turned to her trophies for support and held out

John's face was distorted at first sight of the weapon. . . . . Suddenly, all trace of fear changed to blind anger. He sprang at the crook just as he fired.

the helmet and the belt as dumb witnesses to her statements.

In the pause that followed, Mrs. Marshall spoke.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to meet you, my dear," she said gently. "You see, I'm John's mother."

The helmet fell crashing to the floor as Marilyn staggered back struck by the realization that she had been trapped. A burst of laughter from the girls who no longer tried to restrain their mirth, confirmed her assurance.

But Mrs. Marshall went on speaking. "My son wrote me all about it," she said to the dazed Marilyn. "I've been looking for you everywhere. Come here, dear child. I'm so glad I've found you."

Marilyn could only stare for a moment at the arms outstretched for her. Then the strain of the last hour broke and she fell sobbing into the embrace of the dear woman who, deceived or not, was at least for the moment, her friend.

* * * * * *

Life at Hillcrest, where Marilyn was now established, would have been one untroubled round of luxury and comfort and sweet companionship if it had not been for the secret which was gnawing at her conscience. Every affectionate act on the part of Mrs. Marshall burned like a coal of fire until finally the girl could bear it no longer. One night, when her foster-mother left her with a goodnight kiss, she called her back and told her everything. Mrs. Marshall seemed, oddly enough, more bewildered than surprised and sat for some moments in silence as if seeking guidance for her next move. At last, she spoke.

"You must stay here, at least for the present," she said. "Later we will decide what to do but until then never let anyone but ourselves suspect that you are not my son's wife." Marilyn promised with a deep sense of relief in her heart.

That night, Marilyn awoke suddenly from the most horrible of nightmares. With the terror of her imagined dangers still upon her, she jumped from her bed, ran out in the hall and fell almost into the arms of a young man, an utter stranger, who had come out of an adjacent room with an air of belonging there. At her shriek of surprise, Mrs. Marshall came out of her bedroom, cast a significant glance at the stranger and led Marilyn away to her own room. In the midst of her soothing words of endearment, she explained that the stranger was a young chemist for whom she had fitted up a laboratory. "Mr. Hardwick is doing very important work for the Government," she told the girl. "Of course you must say nothing about his being here, for spies are constantly about." Marilyn promised again and went to sleep with the vivid memory of a pair of keen lovable blue eyes which her momentary glimpse of the stranger had impressed upon her.

As the days went by, Marilyn's visits to the laboratory became a regular part of the pleasant routine at Hillcrest. It was obvious that the chemist looked forward to them. At Mrs. Marshall's suggestion, she had discarded the black-rimmed glasses, loosened her primly knotted hair and turned from a meek little grub to a very fascinating butterfly. Without the slightest conceit, she realized that she was now a very pretty girl and the chemist's evident admiration did not seem incredible to her. Nevertheless, she was deeply disturbed at the situation which was developing.

Once he had raised her hand to his lips and then catching sight of her wedding ring, had dropped it with a look of searching inquiry. The pang which this unspoken question had brought her, made her realize how close and important a factor he had become in her life. She had left the laboratory hurriedly with some laughing excuse but the thought of that look still stabbed her and she felt that she was beginning to hate the soldier "husband" who was the unconscious cause of her suffering.

One evening, as she was dressing for dinner, her maid announced that "a person" downstairs insisted on seeing her. From the up-turned nose and general disgust of Celeste, Marilyn gathered that the "person" was more or less objectionable and not to be encouraged. When she entered the reception, an evil-looking figure rose and came forward, fixing her with a steady menacing gaze. For a moment she had only a vague sense that she had seen this man before and then with a rush came back the memory of the dark, dingy curio shop and this face leering at her from behind the counter. It was Blinky. As the conviction flashed upon her she started back with a little cry.

Blinky grinned, insolently.

"Remember me now, don't you," he sneered. "I'm wise to your little game kiddo but there won't be any trouble if—" He crossed his palm with a significant gesture.

Marilyn felt the old terror sweeping over her. This crook had it in his power to spread broadcast the secret which she and Mrs. Marshall had so carefully guarded.

With a panic-stricken movement she tore from her neck the string of pearls which had been her birthday gift and held them out to him. Blinky clutched them in his claw-like hands, grinned his approval of her move and vanished without a word.

This incident served to strengthen her resolution to leave Hillcrest—a resolution which had already sprung from her growing love for the chemist. There had been no word or act that would serve as admission of the attraction they both felt but they were both unhappy and ill at ease in each other's presence. Drawn together by an almost irresistible force, they were still separated by the spectre of a wholly mythical husband. Marilyn lived in hourly fear of the consequences of revelation and finally decided to seek safety in flight.

When she announced her purpose to Mrs. Marshall, that lady met her resolve with frenzied entreaties to stay at all cost. The fervor of her pleadings surprised and puzzled Marilyn. She knew that Mrs. Marshall loved her and had expected some affectionate efforts to keep her in the house but there was something hysterical, almost terrified in the woman's determination to keep her there. She broke away after a painful scene and started back to her room, more than ever resolved to get herself and her few belongings out of the house which had held such joy and suffering for her.

As she passed the laboratory door, she became conscious of the penetrating and sinister odor of some gas, far more deadly than any that had before emanated from that hall of evil smells. She rushed to the door and threw it open. As she did so, a dark figure swayed past her and fell heavily to the floor. It was the chemist who had evidently just entered to investigate the accident and had been instantly overpowered by the fumes. A glance at the laboratory told the story—the jar which had contained the deadly gas lay smashed on the floor with a large rat which had knocked it over lying dead beside it.

Marilyn's shriek brought the butler to the scene and between them they managed to drag the unconscious man to a couch in the library. As Marilyn bent over the death-like figure, she looked up suddenly to see Mrs. Marshall standing in the hall. She seemed immovable for one moment and then rushed forward, brushing the butler and Marilyn aside.

"John," she cried, as she threw herself on her knees before the divan. "John—My son—Come back to me—"

The chemist's eyes slowly opened and he staggered uncertainly to his feet. "I'll be all right, in a moment, mother," he soothed her. "Didn't get enough of the stuff to do much harm, but another breath would have finished me."

As the servants helped him up to his room, Marilyn turned to the mother with flashing eyes.

"Then he," she said slowly, "is John Whitney Marshall."

The mother could only nod, pitifully.

"So that's why you let me come here," Marilyn stormed at her. "To make me a tool to help me trick my country! Oh, the coward, —the slacker—slacker—slacker!"

She whirled toward the door and would have flung herself out of the room but the mother called to her in a tone so full of anguish that there was no ignoring it. She came back slowly and stood before her, still trembling with fury.

(Continued on page 112)

The Service Star

NARRATED by permission from the scenario by Charles A. Logue, directed by Charles Miller, and produced by Goldwyn, with the following cast:

Marilyn March.....Madge Kennedy
John Whitney Marshall.Clarence Oliver
"Blinky" .....Tammany Young
Jefferson .....Jules Cowles
Finkelstein ..... William Bechtel
Mrs. Marshall...Maude Turner Gordon
Gwendolyn Plummer.....Mabel Ballin
Aunt Judith.....Victory Bateman
Martha .....Zula Ellsworth

In her mind's eye, Marilyn could see him standing before the army men — staunch and proud—reporting for service.

A Merry Hamlet

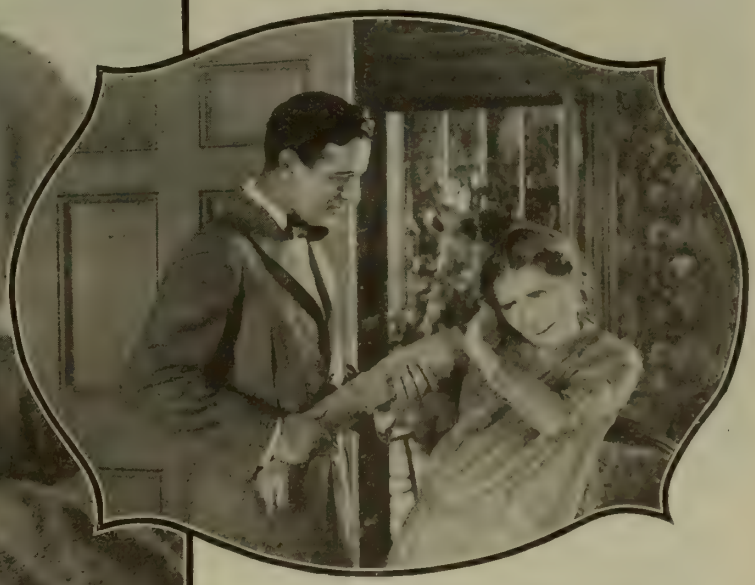
Conway Tearle is really cheerful—even before breakfast.

By Alison Smith

THERE is something about the name of Conway Tearle that suggests partings at twilight and the shadow of cypresses and other old, unhappy, far-off things, that are subtly tinged with melancholy. That is why, when I first met him in the prosaic light of an editorial office, I was so surprised that I forgot about being an interviewer. Instead of asking him about his favorite breakfast food, I blurted out, "You don't look a bit sad."

"I'm not sad," he answered, calmly, quite as if that were the right way to begin. "I am hopelessly, unromantically cheerful. I'm even one of those unpopular persons who are cheerful before breakfast. Yet, because I have played every variety of blighted being including Armand Duval, people think that I am like that all the time. They expect me to behave like Hamlet or the grave-digger."

You couldn't imagine anyone who looked less like a grave-digger. He had evidently just motored in from the country and he was as jaunty as sun-burn and an auto-cap could make him. He suggests outdoor sports in every move, without the slightest hint of the tragic situations which are his usual in-door sport behind the footlights. His buoyancy is different from the Douglas Fairbanks variety, however, and his grin is slightly quizzical, as though he were amused at himself for finding life so agreeable. His philosophy, I learned, has been gathered from all sorts and conditions of men whom he has met through his insatiable curiosity to see how "the other half" lives.



Mr. Tearle--twice. His accompanist in the small picture is Mary Pickford's remarkable characterization, Unity, in "Stella Maris."

"I chummed about with some queer lots in London," he told me. "They gave me invaluable material for character work, which I never could have gathered second hand. For instance, I never could have played the bruiser in 'Major Barbara' if I hadn't known a chap

just like that down in Whitechapel. I met him while I was a pugilist."

"In a play, you mean," I gasped. "Not a real one."

"A real one," he insisted proudly. "All my family had been actors for generations and I decided that it was time to break away from the traditions. While I was trying to decide between the law and intensive farming, the opportunity to enter the ring came along and I jumped at it. It's a real science in itself and one that is much abused by outsiders. You can't stay in it if you are vicious. A clergyman even, can tread the primrose path on the quiet if he is so inclined, but a pugilist has to keep fit, physically and mentally, or he is knocked out."

"You've been reading 'Cashel Byron's Profession,'" I accused him."

"I know that pugilists were a decent lot before Shaw wrote that book," he answered calmly. "But then Shaw thinks he discovered the ten commandments. I don't like that school of dramatists although I did enjoy the character work in 'Major Barbara.' I like authors who write plays and books about what people do instead of what they feel and think. I don't like any kind of subjective writing. You can get the characters' mental state through their actions better than through what they say about themselves. I'd rather have people talk about their pet operation than about their emotions. And I don't like Ibsen."

This last was delivered as a simple positive statement and not with the "please-don't-publish-this" manner which usually accompanies such heresies. He doesn't like Ibsen and he doesn't care who knows it. And yet his art has been devoted to getting the more subtle nuances of emotion over across the footlights. Was this a mood, I wondered, or the same perverse desire that made the tragedian of the old legend long to be a clown?

The fact that Mr. Tearle was born in Brooklyn could not prevent him from having romantic antecedents. His family has been known for generations in Wales and Ireland and both the Conways and the Tearles are familiar and respected names in English theatrical history. His own work has been associated with a number of famous names including Sir Charles Wyndham and Ellen Terry. On the screen, one thinks of him as the restless artist in "The Common Law," the melancholy prince in "The Fall of the Romanoffs" and the mysterious South African miner in "The Judgment House." However cheerful his philosophy may be, there is undoubtedly some quality in his personality that fits him for the more somber roles of life and he is usually identified with the hero who is a victim of fate's revenges and whose head is "bloody but unbowed."

And yet I know that when I see him again as a promising young barrister whose career has been ruined by a reckless woman whom he has just sent back to her husband, and when he stands before the fire-place, defying fate with that ironic twist to his mouth—

I just know that I will forget that he is cheerful before breakfast and that he doesn't like Ibsen.

Corner of Property Room of Triangle Studios, Culver City, Calif.

The Property Room

By Charles McMurdy

Here's the crowded storage-room of Filmland's raw material—
Curious accessories to deck the mimic scene;
Trappings and accoutrements for single reel or serial--
Stuff that dreams are made of—in the stockroom of the screen.

Bearskin rugs from Labrador and fishing nets from Brittany;
Rusty spurs from Gettysburg; a miner's pick from Nome;
Idols from Cambodia, besought in heathen litany;
A spinning wheel and stately clock from some Colonial home.

Here's a towering headdress worn by Dervish monks fanatical;
There's an ancient coat of mail—with many a dark red stain;
This old chest of ebony once bulged with gold piratical,
Loot of swarthy buccaneers along the Spanish Main.

Daggers that could tell a tale of murder and of mystery;
Swords that flashed in midnight brawls in moonlit Paris streets—
Never a scenario could screen a hotter history,
Filled with wild adventuring, with gay and gallant feats.

Commonplace modernities and obsolete antiquities
Gathered from the ends of earth, in every crowded nook;
Anything required for heroics or iniquities—
Comedies or tragedies or quaint and curious histories—
You'll find it in the prop room—if you just know where to look.

Stifling the Tears

Mary Warren bit her upper lip instead of the lower—and that's the sort of actress she is.

MARY WARREN is another example of these bright and willing young women who hang around the gate waiting for opportunity to knock. This gate happened to be at the Triangle Studios at Culver City and Mary wanted a job. So she waited and waited; and, as is the way in the movies, opportunity happened along and Mary opened the door and reached out and dragged it in. She'd always wanted to be a movie actress, you see, ever since she was little Mary Weirman, back in Philadelphia. But the folks didn't approve, of course—folks never do, in interviews with movie stars from Philadelphia—and so Mary went anyway. It chanced that a family friend, Barry O'Neill, was a moving picture director; and he urged Miss Warren to come on in. She liked the idea, but she wanted her parents' consent first. Did she coax them into it? Suffice it to say that Mary went in and now Mary's folks never miss a movie on any program—just because Mary's in 'em.

Mary began work in an Eastern studio—just bits, you know. But then a leading woman became ill and the director was in a quandary. (This also always happens, in the movies.) Mary Warren stepped in and saved the day. She made a hit and she started West to add fortune to her fame. At Triangle she played minor roles for a while; and then luck came her way again, when "The Sea Panther" was filmed. They needed a girl of her type to play opposite William Desmond in this story of adventure; Mary passed the test, and—made good!

She continued bright and willing, and never disputed the director when he told her to clasp her hands and gaze at the leading man as though she meant it, and bite her lip to keep back the tears, and all those things that are part of a movie actress' gay life. Mary had ideas of her own, however, about looking up at the hero, and biting her lip—she would bite her upper lip instead of her lower lip, which made it much more unusual—and she emoted in her own little way when the director glanced away. And when "they" saw unreeled the first picture Mary made, they said, "She's there!" and led her to a desk where she took her pen in hand to write "Mary Warren" on a nice contract.

Later on came another opportunity, and as usual Mary grasped it with both little hands. She was featured in a comedy-drama, "The Vortex," and—made good again. Then she played opposite Desmond in "An Honest Man," and perhaps in this scored her greatest artistic success.

And those who know her best, say she's still little Mary Warren. Oh, but listen—Mary answers all proposals from film fans with a gentle but firm, "I am already married." Friend Husband is Lee Phelps, also of Triangle. But she sends them all autographed pictures.

But there's something more about Mary. When you ask her how she spends her spare time she doesn't wrinkle her brows at you and murmur "Sir!" She'll just smile and say, "Oh, nothing ever happens to Mary."

But we know that Mary has a cunning little bungalow in Hollywood, with chickens and dogs and cats and rabbits; and a little garage which occasionally houses Mary's little speedster, and a diminutive orange-grove in the back-yard.

By the way, the day we interviewed Mary she said she'd almost had sunstroke that very morning while out picking oranges. And once in a while Mary goes to the theatre and very often she spends the evening in a picture theatre—Mary always was a movie fan. And every one who knows her wishes her lots of success and ends up by saying that nothing is too good to happen to Mary.

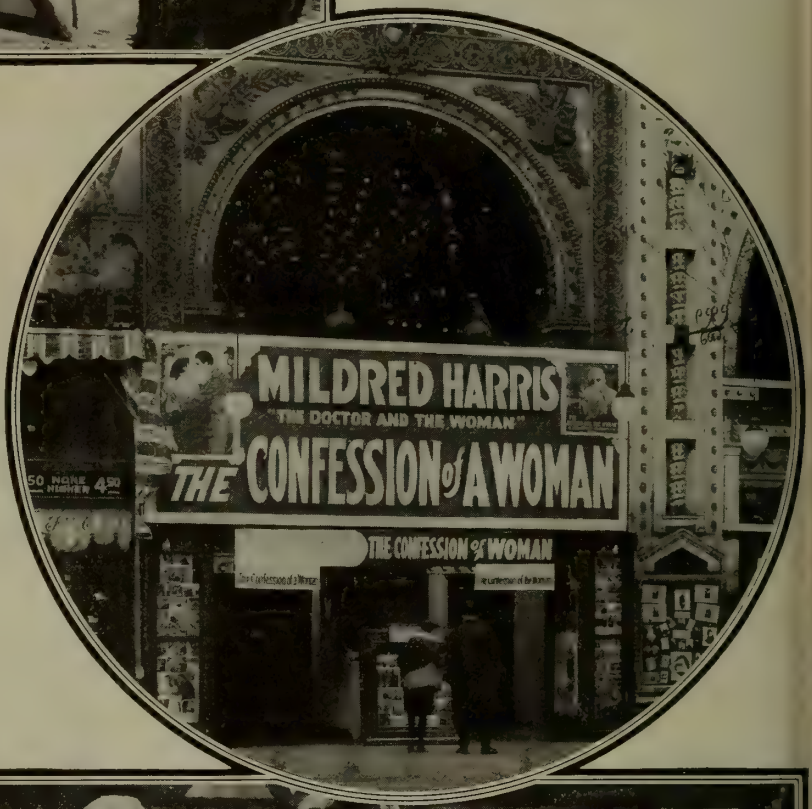
The fact that dogs aren't responsive to flowers has nothing to do with the case. Mary Warren requested an inhalation and the little dog is feebly responding.

Putting the Punch in "K"

The producers who made over Mary Roberts Rinehart's popular novel, "K," were congratulating themselves that they had quite some punchy little title in "The Doctor and the Woman." But a Chicago loop theatre went 'em one better. They booked "The Doctor and the Woman," but they weren't satisfied with the title. So they got out the red tickets and hung up a classy sign to this effect: "The Confession of a Woman." And the lurid lights on the posters wink maliciously at the passer-by: "You don't know the half of it, dearie; you don't know the half of it."

Improving the Sunlight

"Southern California," says an authority, "is the ideal place for picture-making. Here one works in the sunshine; in the open air. Here artificial lighting is a farce—Old Sol provides all the Cooper-Hewitts necessary. Here—" and so on. Well, he's all wrong, this prospectus guy. Here you see these lonely lovers shivering in midstream while the director and his assistants are doping out the lighting system of sunny California. The why of the white screen is this: the faces of the actors are in shadow, and the screen catches the sunlight and reflects it back on the faces, making possible outdoor photography in Cal. The picture was snapped when Reginald Barker was directing for Ince, and Charles Ray and Dorothy Dalton were only mentioned in the cast.



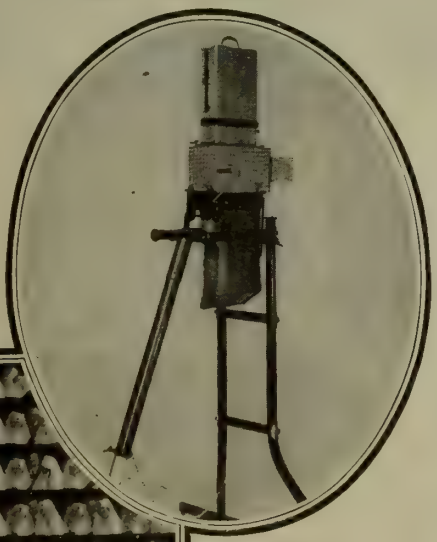
"Why, I Remember When—"

There isn't a single strand of crepe alfalfa in this collection of belshazzars. The gentlemen regaling Edith Storey with reminiscences are real Forty-niners, inveigled into doing bits for the Storey-Metro feature, "As the Sun Went Down." The daddy of them all is "Pop" Taylor, third from the left, who at ninety has a standing challenge in riding and shooting against any man not more than twenty years his junior. Boys of sixty-five are beneath his dignity.

The Passing of Ethel the Great

Ethel, the greatest ioness in the world, is lead; and Universal City nourns. For Ethel was born at the Universal City arena, trained there, earning almost human tricks, appeared in every Universal production requiring jungle scenes, and at the age of four years, died at the U City arena in giving life to young. Ethel's burial cavalcade was the strangest ever seen. An elephant swung the casket in his trunk; camels with their ship-like motion and nodding heads seemed to be chanting a requiem, and an orang-outang caught the sincerity of sorrow and buried his face in hairy hands. All the players who appeared with Ethel in the "Lion's Claws" serial formed the funeral procession. Ethel fortunately completed her part in the film before her death. The gifted animal used to like nothing better than to ride with her human co-star, Marie Walcamp; to have the chauffeur "step on it," and to see the telephone poles flash by like the teeth of a baby's comb.

A variation of the camera below is used to get natural poses for portraits, as hundreds of "shots" can be taken at one sitting.

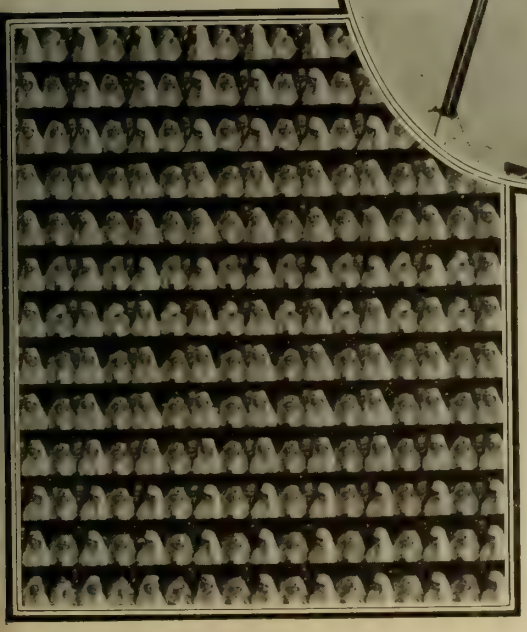


A Vest Pocket Movie Camera

It was, of course, only a question of time until some ingenious person would make a moving picture camera that would bear the same relation to the big machines they use in picture studios, as the pocket kodak does to the portrait camera.

An Italian inventor seems to have done it. His camera is a compact affair which uses an ordinary photographer's glass plate, five by eight and one-half inches. As the crank turns, this plate moves back and forth and up and down, until the equivalent of seventy-two feet of film has been photographed. If the operator wants a longer picture, he simply puts in another plate. This plate is developed as those of your own camera.

The projection machine, naturally, simply reverses the method used in making the photograph. But as it uses glass plates there is no fire risk, and the ordinary electric current which supplies light to the home, is sufficient.



Whose Hands?

Both belong to actors famous as screen "westerners." One's forte is the western "bad man," the other, sweet-rough cow-punchers. Left, Dustin Farnum's; right, Bill Hart's.

The Lady? No, the Car!

Hugh Thompson would rather talk autos than pictures

By Alison Smith

Mr. Thompson and Virginia Pearson in one of the strong moments of "A Daughter of France."

AS a rule there is nothing more simple than inducing people to talk about themselves. There are, however, three types that are consistent exceptions—a mother with her first baby, a young girl with her engagement ring and a man who has just bought a car. I was already familiar with the first two and I discovered the third when I met Hugh Thompson. As soon as he invited me out to the garage to "look her over," I knew that the evening would be one long struggle to learn more about him and less about his machine. I was right.

Apeda

It really was a ducky, infant prodigy of a car, painted a gorgeous rich-but-not-gaudy blue.

"What do you think of her?" its owner asked, fondly.

I told him truthfully that I thought she was a pretty color.

Mr. Thompson concealed his disgust politely and patiently began to explain the mechanical fine points of the motor. When I finally looked as if I had absorbed these details intelligently, I was invited to hop in.

To obtain my interview, I saw that it would be necessary to be firm with him. "Mr. Thompson," I said, "I came here to hear about your career, not the car's. I write for PHOTOPLAY, you know, not Motor Life."

And between skids and dashes and honks from the prodigy, I managed to gather the following:

He was born in St. Louis, Missouri. (I found that much in the studio directory for when I asked him, he murmured something about f. o. b. Detroit.) He began his professional career in a church choir where he sang for the excellent reason that he was in love with the organist. He left the choir-loft for the vaudeville stage singing illustrated songs until, after some stock experience, he drifted naturally into the moving pictures. In his first film, he played the blackest of villains.

We came to grief when we started a discussion of leading women stars. I was in the midst of a rather neat epigram of my own about a well-known vampire, when he suddenly announced, "Her clutch never loosens!"

"*Are* you speaking of the lady?" I gasped.

"No, the car," he answered. "Oh, you were talking about the disappearance of the vapid ingenue type, weren't you? Yes, I think she is becoming less popular. Was that her hood that rattled?"

From that moment, our conversation was one huge chaos of crossed wires.

James Gerard's adventures in Germany visualize some of the Kaiser's pleasant little pastimes. "The Kaiser" (at left) tells a story of the man's weaknesses.

Propaganda!

An earnest consideration of the inestimable part being played by the Motion Picture in the Great War.

By Louella O. Parsons

IF German vandalism could reach overseas, the kaiser would order every moving picture studio crushed to dust, and every theatre blown to atoms.

There has been no more effective ammunition aimed at the Prussian empire than these picture stories of Germany's atrocities.

First because the moving picture reaches such an enormous audience. Where the novel eight times out of ten presents a more logical discussion of the cause, and the stirring patriotic play has more claim to our attention, it only reaches the thousands, where the film is seen and absorbed by millions. Moving pictures encircle the globe in every inhabited city, and are shown at a price which makes it possible for everyone to see them.

These followers of the cinema have seen with their own eyes how German militarism is waged against civilization. They have seen the rape of Belgium, the devastation of France and the evil designs against America, Italy and France. They have lived over with these unfortunates this tragedy against helpless women and children, and with tears in their eyes and horror in their hearts have cried aloud for vengeance against this soulless nation.

And while these film plays have been raising the temperature of the Allies' patriotism to blood heat, Germany has been gnashing its teeth. The natural question, Why doesn't Germany meet these attacks with similar moving pictures? brings back an answer attacking one place where Germany's widely touted efficiency is at fault. We do not doubt for the minute that Germany is making a strong attempt to come back at us with its own moving picture propaganda, but we who have studied the film situation since long before the war know that the kaiser's domain is not equipped to circulate any such productions as we have been viewing the last twelve months.

And if it were it would not have an American audience to reach. We with our cosmopolitan population of mixed races are able to reach the very people Germany is struggling to get into its clutches. And again, if it had studio facilities, there is no story it could tell to gain sympathy. The allies have never invaded a Belgium, nor destroyed a France, nor waged any unholy war against defenseless women and children.

The powers at Washington realized what a factor the screen would be in the war against William Hohenzollern. The declaration of war was not a week old when President Wilson sent for W. A. Brady to co-operate with him in getting the moving picture industry in line. What the fifth estate did in the way of starting the ball rolling with its four-minute men, its patriotic strips of film and with the active assistance of the three Liberty Loan Campaigns is too well known to need further comment. But the big thing the film producer has done was to create within the year over sixty pictorial propagandas, or more than one a week.

Not all of these moving pictures have been intelligently constructed. Some of them have been absurd and impossible; others have been written too obviously for financial gain, but the strong argument is, that they have all sent people home thinking and planning of some way to be of service to the government.

The government too, has been able to use the screen as a school of instruction, a sort of military text book. By following the weekly films, the mothers at home, the fathers and the younger children have been able to get a very fair idea of what the sailors and soldiers are doing in the military training camps. Every open phase of military life has been narrated in a most entertaining fashion on the screen.

England and France have not been slow to realize the value of following America by presenting their righteous cause in a pictured story. Social England devoted itself to film propaganda, under the direction of David W. Griffith—such women as Lady Diana Manners, Mrs. Buller, Elizabeth Asquith and the Duchess of Beaufort. At extreme left is Mr. Griffith.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's "Mothers of France" has probably called forth the most tears of any war film.

England and France have not been slow to realize the value of following America by presenting their righteous cause in a pictured story. An invitation was sent to David Wark Griffith to come to the fighting fronts and make a moving picture of the conflict for the English government. Mr. Griffith was asked to give a cinematic argument of why German militarism, like a cancerous growth, should be cut away before it further menaces civilization by its malignant presence.

The adventures of David Griffith on those foreign shores are like a wonder tale of Aladdin and his magic lamp. If I had not heard the story from Mr. Griffith's own lips I might have accused someone of flirting with the truth. Conservative England received him as they might have received a visiting potentate. Lloyd George personally appeared before the camera with him; Queen Alexandria expressed a desire to meet the American whose magic would bring the war home to so many indifferent hearts, and social England, devoted to the war stricken country, helped by facing the camera. Such women as Lady Diana Manners, Mrs. Buller, Elizabeth Asquith, and the Duchess of Beaufort turned moving picture actress to have a part in the British war film.

Government aid and official escort did not make the filming of this picture as simple as it sounds. To get the great panorama of battle in action, the moving picture camera had to be carried into the front line trenches. Shot and shell and gas explosions became a part of the daily Griffith menu. After the camera was blown to bits on one occasion, care was taken to make a facsimile of every battle scene filmed, so a retake could be made in the California studios if it should be necessary.

The last time I talked with Mr. Griffith, he was greatly upset at the reports that the Germans were planning to invade Ham, Amiens, Ypres and Chalnes.

"Some of those villages," he said, "are the very spots in which I established my temporary studios. The villagers were deeply interested in the moving picture which was to carry a message to the outside world. Old men, women and children left at home gave freely of their hospitality."

This eighteen months' work in France and England resulted in a combination romance and history. The bleak desolation of "No Man's Land" with the grim, smoke-stained soldiers are the "supers," who played in this picture as earnestly as they "play" "over there" in the big war drama for your freedom and for mine.

The great stretch of devastated territory, with its accoutrements of war, its trenches and barbed wire fences, are all pictured as accurately as though we were standing there, gazing at the tangible result of German kultur.

James Gerard's adventures in Germany have also been screened to visualize for us, some of the kaiser's pleasant little pastimes. It was thought this would show those of German birth why we are fighting their fatherland. I heard one woman say after she had been taken on this screen trip to German prison camps, and to the German court:

"I shall never rest now until I have joined the Red Cross or done something to stop those despicable Germans. Now I believe everything I have ever heard of Hun cruelty!"

Mr. Gerard's decision to put his book into pictures was less than a week old when I talked with him at the Ritz-Carleton in New York.

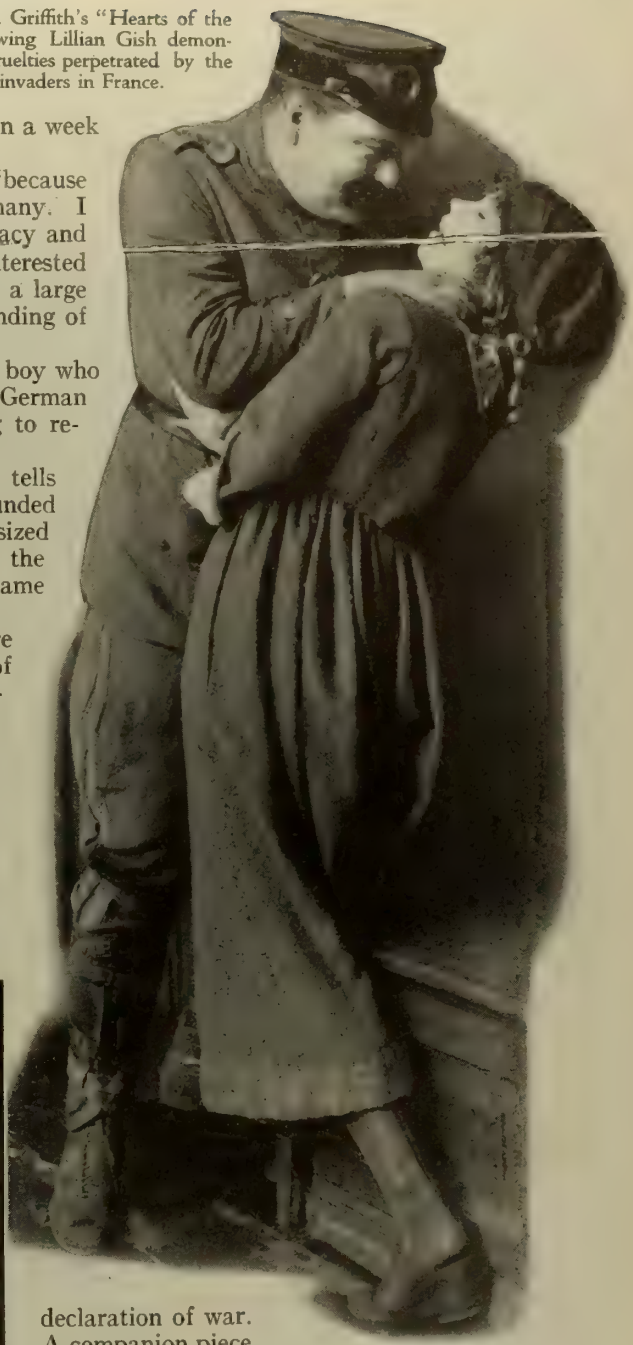
"I am permitting my book to be made into pictures," he said, "because it is an historical document revealing the true conditions in Germany. I believe many people are ignorant of the extent of German autocracy and the dastardly intrigue that led Mr. Wilson to recall me. I am interested in having my experiences filmed because I know they will reach a large number of people who have not yet been brought to an understanding of the big principle involved in our war."

Mr. Gerard cited as an example of German cruelty, a Serbian boy who was made to bleed at the ears, nose and mouth as sport for some German officers. The lad is now safely at work in this country trying to recuperate.

"The Kaiser" is an intimate character study of Wilhelm and tells a story of the man's foibles and weaknesses. It is said to be founded on fact. His insanity, arrogance, and colossal conceit are emphasized to give people an insight into the character of the man, who is the guiding hand in all the most horrible outrages committed in the name of war.

J. Stuart Blackton probably made the first patriotic picture drama. Three or four years before America had any idea of throwing her hat in the ring Commodore Blackton had an inspiration to make a picture calling for preparedness. This was accomplished with the friendly co-operation of Theodore Roosevelt, another advocate of the "Awake America" slogan, and Hudson Maxim, inventor of the Maxim silencer.

The first war film child was christened "The Battle Cry of Peace," and as we look back over the years it seems very crude and amateurish. There were no real troops present, nor any government officializing the picture, to make it a bona fide war drama. But it served its purpose in keying people up to the declaration of war. A companion piece to this was issued last year, an appeal to American manhood to fight to protect the purity of its womanhood. It has faded out of the memory of the public, and had despite its splendid theme, very little to mark it as a permanent play.



A scene from Griffith's "Hearts of the World," showing Lillian Gish demonstrating the cruelties perpetrated by the Hun invaders in France.

It is the wish of Rita Jolivet to show her Lusitania memorium, "Lest We Forget" in France, England and Italy after America has digested its message.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo reckoned on the affections of the American public for the most prominent moving picture stars when he sent them out to assist in the Third Liberty Loan Campaign. Mary Pickford's popularity succeeded in extracting millions from almost that many pocketbooks. Before little Pickford gave her time, her beauty and her personality to the cause, she made a picture founded on the sinking of the Lusitania. It was about the second patriotic effort attempted and was exceptionally successful for such a small feature.

"I determined," Little Mary told me, "to use my influence on the screen in getting recruits before conscription became a law."

But Miss Pickford had no idea she was starting a tempest in a teapot with her anti-German propa-

(Continued on page 110)

The Little Angel in the Home

WE can't Forget
The Little Angel-in-the-Home.

We have One
In every good Sob-Fillum.
Always
It has Parents
Whose Psychic Numbers
Just Can't Agree.
But Never Mind—
One needn't Worry
About one's Private Affairs:—
The Little Angel-in-the-Home
Will Attend to It.
Usually
It is Sugared in Luxury;
But Sometimes
The scenario-writer
Forgets himself,
And Makes It
A Poor-Child:—
An Orphan, or Something.
But then,
It Always
Gets Itself Adopted;
So Everything
Is Quite All Right
In the Same Old Way.
Its Intelligence
Is wonderful—
It Plays,
And Everything.
It is
Twelve years' Growth
Crowded Into
A Mis-Calculated Frock
And Six Years' Understanding.
It is Always Dressed
As if for A Party.
It Stages more Romances
Than Old Dumas ever Dreamed of—
After Fixing
Dadandmother, It
Goes After
Sister, or
Auntie, or
Anybody.
It is Always
Toddling-In,
In Its Little Night-Things.
No Fire-side Reverie
Is Complete without It.
It Climbs
Everyplace.
One never Knows
If one will Find It
In One's Pocket, or
In the Sugar-Bowl.
It Jumps Up and Down,
And Claps Its Hands.
(I Asked
The Answer-Man about It,
And he Said
That Meant
It was Registering
Joy.)
Where oh Where
Is that Estimable Man
Who Went-Around
Sticking Pins
Into Children?
I would Like
To Shake Hands
With him.
Your Last Glimpse of It
Is in the Great Reconciliation,
Where it Climbs Blithely
On the Mantel-piece,
And Pushes Mother
Into Daddy's Arms,
And Imprints Its Sticky Kiss
On each Sufferer.
We Can't Forget
The Little Angel-in-the-Home.
(Honestly, Now, — —
Isn't Nature
Wonderful?)

Do You Believe in Fairies?

The happy romance of Lila Lee indicates their presence around us

They called her "Cuddles" back in the gingham frock days and the name ought to live on.

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By
Jerome
Shorey

IF you were a little girl of five, or maybe half-past, and a man came along in an automobile and whisked you off the curbstone where you were sitting and singing "Ring Around a-Rosy," and dressed you up like a great big doll in a Christmas window, and took you to a theatre and put you right out on the stage where all the lights were shining ever so blinkety, would you believe your good fairy had something to do with it, or wouldn't you?

And if, when you had grown up to be a great big girl of fifteen or sixteen, and had seen a lot of moving pictures, and thought they were wonderful, and wished you could do it too,—if another man came along then and said, "I want to make you a star"—just like that—would you believe your good fairy was on the job again, or wouldn't you?

That is the history of Lila Lee, the romance of "Cuddles." It is such a romance as occurs hardly anywhere but in that world of romance, the realm of the theatre and the movies. Many a Cinderella has found her way to fame and fortune thus unexpectedly in the world of make-believe. Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford—girls who were never, or hardly ever, heard of became famous overnight when their good fairies led them into the magic light of the Kliegs.

So Lila Lee, whose little feet are hesitating on the brink of sixteen, is the latest wonder child to receive this fairy gift. Her story is the greatest romance in the world for it is the romance of success. Success is a curious thing. To some it comes only after long study and effort aimed constantly in a single direction. To others who study just as hard and are

just as persistent in their aim, it never comes at all. But to the favored ones, it comes no matter what they may be doing, no matter what they may be planning, no matter if they are not doing or planning anything at all.

So it was with Lila Lee. She was sitting on the curbstone, one day eight or nine years ago, when Gus Edwards happened to drive along on his way to the theatre where one of his revues was having a tryout. He had a song in the revue, "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine," and wanted a little girl to appear with the singer.

"There's the sort of girl I want," he said to a man with him in the car, pointing to Lila, humming away on the curbstone. He went to her and asked her if she would like to go on the stage. She didn't know what a stage was, but s'posed it would be all right if she asked mamma. And Mamma said Lila would be better off on the stage than in the street, for Lila's mother was not very well off, and hadn't time to watch the baby every minute.

So Lila went to the theatre, and took to it as naturally as if it had been the street out in front of her own home, and she was merely playing with the other children of the neighborhood. She never knew stage fright, she was a natural mimic, and in her face, even in those baby days, there was a haunting wistfulness, a suggestion of tragedy even in her happiest moods, almost the expression of a Madonna. Her dark hair and eyes emphasized this depth of mysticism. She was a find. Within a few weeks instead of being merely the girl that somebody had along with her when the song was sung, Lila—they called her Cuddles in those days—sang the song herself, and she has been the star of Gus Edwards' revues ever since, until last spring.

Then came another unexpected opportunity. Jesse Lasky used to be a vaudeville producer himself. Naturally he frequently saw the Edwards revues, and so he saw and noticed Cuddles. To see her was to remember her. Such a face as hers is not easily forgotten, and Mr. Lasky is a connoisseur in faces. He has made many quite well known to the great American public. Cuddles began growing up into exquisite young womanhood, and Mr. Lasky laid opportunity No. 2 at her feet. He wanted to star her in moving pictures.

"A raven, poised, shimmering, on the prow of a cloud-tinged sunbeam" is an impression evoked when gazing at the above study of Lila Lee.

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Lila Lee as she used to be—and it wasn't so very long ago, either.

Lila Lee had thought of pictures, of course. What young woman on the stage has not? But she never thought of them seriously as a career for herself. She was too busy being the biggest little girl in vaudeville. Her natural precocity had developed into an intelligent sureness of touch that made her a mature woman in art, while only a child in years and appeal. This was not accomplished without work. Mrs. Edwards herself adopted Cuddles, professionally speaking, and traveled with her, season after season. The little star's own mother was not attracted by the footlights, and made her home with relatives in Chicago when her daughter became a personage. The careful tutelage of Mrs. Edwards and the advantages of constant travel, formed the major part of Lila Lee's education. Not that the other branches were

(Continued on page 113)

The EAGLE'S EYE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service
Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.

Novelized from the photoplay serial produced by the Whartons.

CHAPTER XVII

Germany's U-Base in America

COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, the Imperial German Ambassador, had turned the raid conducted by the U-53 to his own financial advantage. As the last torpedo sped on its way of destruction of shipping just outside the three-mile limit on the sea coast of America, he was seated in the New York offices of Broker Blank.

"The market's falling steadily," chortled the broker. "Our winnings are already one hundred thousand."

"Our opportunity will be greater to-morrow," Bernstorff said. "It is generally known that the great work to-day exhausted the supplies of the submarine, and when it begins over to-morrow the falling off in stocks will be enormous at the realization that Imperial Germany is able to supply her boats here."

The men stepped out of the office and onto the balcony of the stock exchange. After watching the screeching mob on the floor, Bernstorff suddenly looked at his watch and then hurried away, leaving the exultant broker admiring the breaking down of the prices of American industries.

He was still gloating over the scene when his wife found him. She could not hide the look of disgust on her face as he turned toward her. Oblivious of this, he grasped her hand and was suddenly brought to himself when she jerked it away. He looked at her surprised and then, appreciating the reason for her intolerance, he spoke pleadingly:

"I didn't force you on Bernstorff. I thought you cared for him."

He failed to notice the look which swept over her face, a look caused by an inspiration as a means of revenge on him.

"The information you've gotten from him has made me rich," he continued, firm in the belief that money could compensate her for her outraged womanhood. "Richer than I ever dreamed." He dropped into silent, contented musings, but his wife turned on him suddenly, her eyes flashing.

"There's a great deal wrong," whispered Dixie. "There's a plot on. Gather up your men. We haven't any time to lose!"

"Yes, on money stolen from America. You traitor."

The disgust in her voice aroused an intense anger in him. He made a sudden lunge at her, but drew himself up short as the door opened to permit the entrance of von Bernstorff. The Imperial German Ambassador did not even greet the broker and hurried to the side of Mrs. Blank. In keeping with the method of revenge which had occurred to her, she greeted him effusively. The pleasure she showed at seeing von Bernstorff aroused new passions in both the men. The Ambassador felt that perhaps his plans in regard to her were possible of fulfillment, and to the husband came the dawning of a gnawing jealousy.

Neither man would have given a second thought to the woman could they have known of what was happening in another part of the city. Dixie Mason had stopped just long enough for a change of clothing after she had been landed by the destroyer which had picked her out of the ocean after her reckless dive from the submarine, before hurrying to the Criminology Club. She told Grant she intended to accompany the raiding force to the location of the submarine base which she

had brought to him. With all the men available in the club the start was made.

Their goal was a little shack on the sea coast, which on this October afternoon presented a scene of unceasing activity. Under the directions of Captain Franz von Papen, Heinric von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht a score of men were ripping open packing cases and unloading torpedoes, ammunitions, oils and other supplies which the U-53 would need to continue the campaign against shipping.

"This is bad business," remarked von Papen, "putting all our eggs into one basket. While the chance of discovery is small, it is best to be prepared. We will place sufficient supplies in the launch and let that put to sea against the arrival of our glorious submarine."

Scarcely had the launch been loaded before the periscope of the Hun raider could be seen by von Lertz, who had been scouring the ocean with a telescope. In a time so short that it attested to the speed of the craft it was at the improvised dock fully above the surface and von Papen was on board greeting Boy-Ed and Captain Rose. Von Lertz remained at the hut, still using the telescope nervously sweeping the surrounding country. Suddenly he started.

"Quick," he screamed. "To the submarine. Tell them that the devil Grant has found us."

As a man bounded away, von Lertz turned to those who remained:

"Everything into the shack. They must find no evidence. Baroness Verbecht! Take the small launch and let von Bernstorff know what has happened. Tell him the launch will supply the U-53 at Berwin lighthouse."

Already the U-53 had disappeared beneath the waves, carrying von Papen with it. The launch swung swiftly out into the stream, and Baroness Verbecht was on her way. At the shack the packing cases, torpedoes, ammunition and other excess supplies had been heaped into a great pile. Heinric von Lertz ordered the men to flee for their lives, and then touched a match to excelsior near the door and fled.

Harrison Grant had seen Heinric von Lertz at the same moment the Hun spy had discovered his presence. The president of the Criminology Club ordered his men to circle through the woods and soon all the Germans fleeing from the hut were in custody, all of them except von Lertz. The spy had fallen a victim to his own violence. The explosion of the hut had come sooner than he expected and the concussion threw him to the ground stunned.

He was prone on the ground when Dixie Mason came upon him. He raised his head and at the sight of her he staggered to his feet and toward her with a glad cry.

"Hands up," she ordered sternly, bringing into his sight a small automatic revolver.

Suddenly von Lertz leaped, struck the gun from her hand and aimed a terrific blow at her. Though his aim was bad, she was knocked over and into the underbrush, just as Harrison Grant, who had heard the shot, broke through the trees. Grant's blow was aimed truly and a few seconds later von Lertz was nursing a bruise under his eye with handcuffed hands. But he smiled at the thought that Grant could never suspect that the U-53 would receive supplies, despite the destruction of the base.

Von Lertz, however, did not know of the progress of his chief's courtship of Mrs. Blank. When the Baroness Verbecht arrived at the office of the Imperial German Ambassador she found Mrs. Blank there, and von Bernstorff elated over the supposition that she had left her husband. But the news which the Baroness carried could not wait and Mrs. Blank was in an adjoining room when the message was given Bernstorff of the arrangements which had been made for supplying the U-53 when the destruction of the base was necessary.

Risking everything, Mrs. Blank grasped the telephone in the room and called hurriedly for the office of the president of the Criminology Club.

"Launch will meet U-53 at Berwin lighthouse with sup-

"We'll attend the Hindu party," smiled Grant. "We — you and I — seldom find time for social gadding."

plies," Mrs. Blank whispered hoarsely into the telephone.

Grant summoned the same men who had been with him to the supply base, and notified the harbor police. By the time the operatives had arrived at the dock a speedy police launch was waiting.

The launch lying off the lighthouse was easily picked up, but by the time the Criminology Club members were on the boat the boat was in flames. The Germans still pursued their policy of leaving no evidence. Those on board were made captive.

The flames, lighting up the darkening sky, made a spectacular but disheartening picture on the reflector of the periscope of the U-53. Captain Rose suddenly spoke.

"That means, gentlemen, that no time must be lost in starting for Zeebrugge," he said. "We have barely oil enough to reach there."

Boy-Ed nodded, but von Papen, shaking his fist toward the American shore, muttered:

"Luck has been with you, but Imperial Germany will triumph over you and all others opposed to the Kaiser. The power is great and is now working within your boundaries in a direction you will never suspect until you are smitten."

William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. Summarized below are the revelations of German intrigue as exposed in previous installments. This installment, carrying the reader to America's entry into the war, ends "The Eagle's Eye."

SYNOPSIS

HARRISON GRANT, president of the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to help the United States Secret Service track spies of Imperial Germany who are waging secret warfare on America, has succeeded in preventing the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship, a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe, and a strike that would stagnate all eastern America.

Dixie Mason, a beautiful Southern girl, also working secretly for Flynn, aids Grant, and together they save from destruction a guncotton works and the Welland Canal.

Von-Papen and Boy-Ed, German agents, are informed by Ambassador Bernstorff that America will deport them; and they decide on a reign of terror in America upon their departure.

Fires in New York harbors, an infantile paralysis epidemic, cotton-crop ruinations—these holocausts are all traced to German spies. Grant is aided immeasurably in his work by the patriotic wife of a Bernstorff tool, Mr. Blank.

The German U-boat 53 touches at Newport for Boy-Ed, and Dixie boards it. Despite Dixie's intervention, ships are torpedoed and the U. S. S. West Point shelled. Grant learns of Germany's intention to assume the first offensive on this side of the Atlantic by torpedoing every ship from New York before it is ten miles beyond the three-mile limit. He also learns of the submarine base in Maine. Dixie obtains important papers and escapes from the U-boat. A United States destroyer picks her up.

CHAPTER XVIII

"The Great Hindu Conspiracy"

"If you ladies are ready?" Count von Bernstorff smiled. "Dr. Albert will be waiting, and we may be late for the ceremony."

Baroness Verbecht and Mrs. Blank rose from the luncheon table at the Ritz-Carlton and were soon speeding across New York to the Hohenzollern Club where Dr. Albert joined them. Then the machine carried them far into the country to turn into the yard of a large rambling farm house.

"We are just in time," remarked Dr. Albert.

From inside came the droning of a deep-toned gong striking slowly. Guided by Dr. Albert the party went through a heavily tapestried hall into an incense laden room hung on all sides with heavy velvet curtains. The room was thronged with well dressed persons of both sexes.

Suddenly the lights were extinguished and then a glow on a raised platform at one end of the room revealed three figures garbed in the conventional turban and robes of the devout Hindu.

"That is Dr. C. Chakraberty in the center," whispered the Baroness to Mrs. Blank. "On the right is Dr. E. Sekunna and at his left is H. L. Gupta."

Then followed a long ceremony of worship and a lecture by Dr. Chakraberty, all the time with the room in darkness except for the glow at the platform. Throughout it Mrs. Blank could not shake off a feeling that the affair was merely a subterfuge to cover something else in which von Bernstorff and Albert were interested. The ceremony seemed to be too futile a thing to arouse the interest of the German arch conspirators.

When the lights were again turned on, the trio which had occupied the stage had come down into the audience. Mrs. Blank found that von Bernstorff and Dr. Albert had left her and the Baroness Verbecht. This but increased her suspicions and when the Baroness Verbecht left her and disappeared behind one of the curtains her suspicions became a conviction.

A few days later when a package was delivered for the Baroness at the hotel, which contained a number of invitations to an affair at the farm-house, Mrs. Blank decided that perhaps Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason could solve the puzzle. The package contained a large number of invitations and was accompanied by a note which the Baroness carelessly left on the table.

"Am enclosing sufficient invitations to cover anyone you may deem necessary. C. Chakraberty."

Noting that the statement contained no mention of the number of invitations which the package contained, Mrs. Blank took two of them and a few moments later they were being carried by messenger to the Criminology Club.

There they caused some wonderment. Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason, with other members of the Club, were puzzling over messages which had been received from the wireless station at Sayville. Each one was the same. A word, then a meaningless jumble of letters, another legible word and then some more letters without rhyme or reason, and so on through to the end. The legible words made a coherent message, of an innocent nature, which did not fit any Imperial German code of which the experts of the club were cognizant.

Harrison Grant stated his conclusions in regard to the invitations aloud:

"If it is a decoy we may learn something by letting them spring it. It may be, however, a tip from some one interested who had no chance to enclose an explanatory note." He added, now smiling, "however, we'll attend this Hindu party. I think we—you and I—seldom find the time for social gadding."

Accordingly, Dixie Mason and Harrison Grant were among the throng who attended the next affair given by the Hindus. Grant had scarcely entered the doorway when he recognized Mrs. Blank, who was again in company of von Bernstorff, and at once the sender of the invitations was known to him.

He left the soiree hurriedly, and made but one stop on the way to the Criminology Club. This was to pick up a

Hindu college student. At the club the wireless messages which had so long puzzled Grant were turned over to the Hindu. With barely a glance he pronounced the jumble of letters, which had appeared so queer, to be Hindu words, and began immediately deciphering the messages. He worked rapidly and made copious notes while Grant, Dixie and the rest waited. As he laid down the last message which had been intercepted, he gathered up his notes, and with a grave face, spoke slowly:

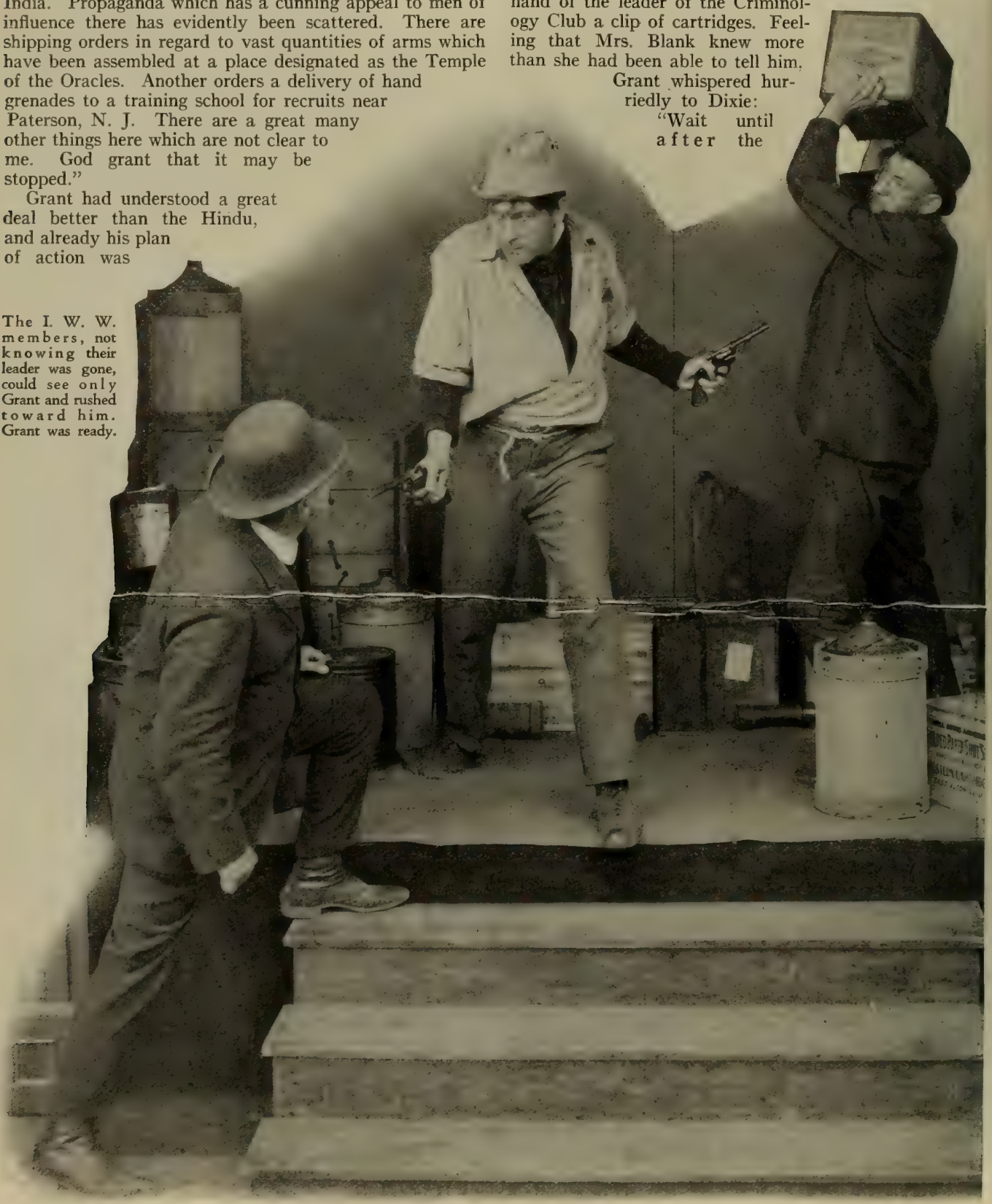
"Gentlemen, these messages are all concerning one thing —a plot to cause a rebellion among the savage tribes of India. Propaganda which has a cunning appeal to men of influence there has evidently been scattered. There are shipping orders in regard to vast quantities of arms which have been assembled at a place designated as the Temple of the Oracles. Another orders a delivery of hand grenades to a training school for recruits near Paterson, N. J. There are a great many other things here which are not clear to me. God grant that it may be stopped."

Grant had understood a great deal better than the Hindu, and already his plan of action was mapped out in his mind. Hasty raids might be harmful through warning the leaders. Before disclosing his hand he wanted to be certain that he knew all the ramifications of the conspiracy.

One thing, however, could be done. The German element would have to be removed from the Sayville wireless station before matters had progressed farther.

The following day Dixie and he were again at the farmhouse, or in the Temple of Oracles. Mrs. Blank was again present but left shortly after the arrival of Grant. In leaving she had time to press into the hand of the leader of the Criminology Club a clip of cartridges. Feeling that Mrs. Blank knew more than she had been able to tell him, Grant whispered hurriedly to Dixie:

"Wait until after the



The I. W. W. members, not knowing their leader was gone, could see only Grant and rushed toward him. Grant was ready.

ceremony for the raid. The men can get in position in the darkness. Arrest everyone who cannot show A No. 1 credentials."

Then he hurried out after Mrs. Blank. The trail led directly to the Ritz. Here the party was joined by Baroness Verbecht and hurried immediately to the apartment of the women. Grant fumed in vain for an excuse to follow. Finally he made himself known to the chief of the bellboys.

"Certainly, sir," said that individual. "You will be permitted to answer any call that comes from Mrs. Blank's room."

The call was a strange one. It was for a bottle of acetic acid. Grant hastily procured it and his ring on the door of the apartment was answered by Mrs. Blank herself. Her look of surprise changed to one of glad welcome.

"I don't know what I would have done alone," she whispered. "Those cartridges I gave you were thrown away carelessly by von Lertz this afternoon. When we got back to the hotel to-day, I was left alone while Dr. Albert, von Bernstorff and the Baroness talked in low whispers in the other room. I heard enough to know that they think a messenger to San Francisco must go at once because of the arrest of some Germans at Sayville. Dr. Albert wrote the message in some invisible fluid on the bare shoulders of the baroness, and she is packing now to start on the trip."

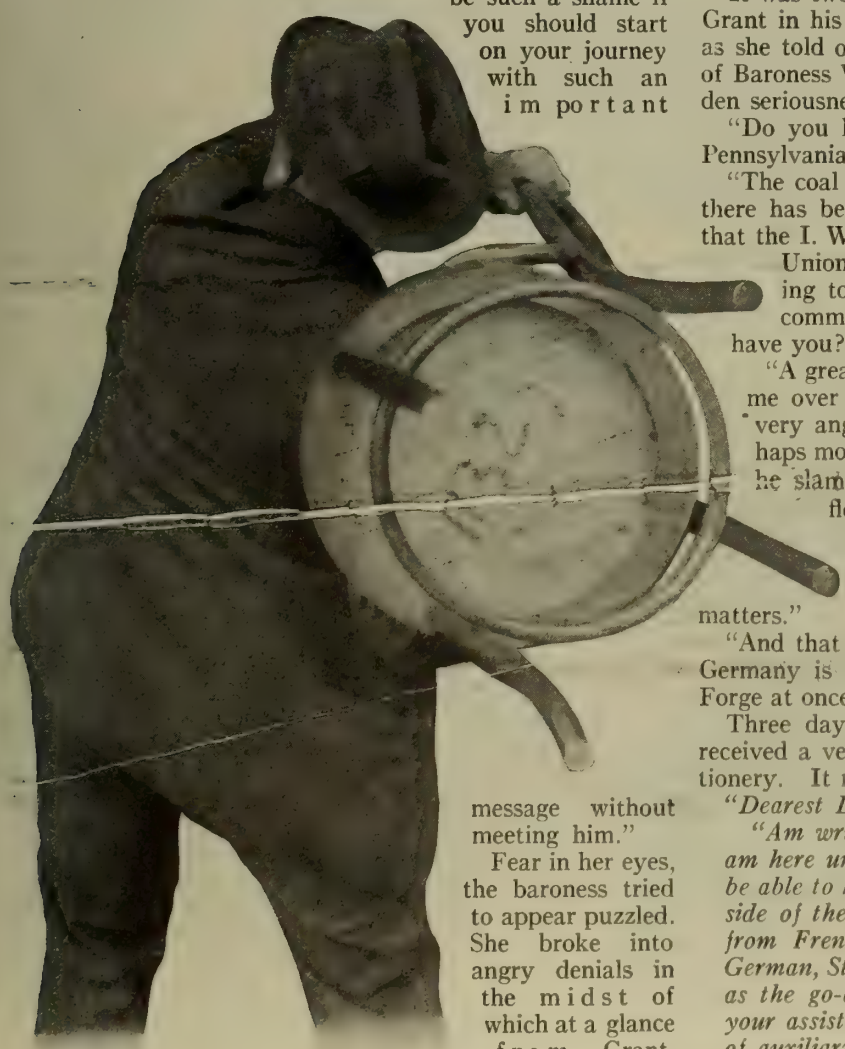
"She is now alone?" questioned Grant.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Blank.

"Get her into this room by any pretense."

Knocking on the door to the adjoining room Mrs. Blank half dragged the reluctant Baroness into Grant's presence.

"My dear baroness," she said, "I want you to meet Mr. Grant, the president of the Criminology Club. It would be such a shame if you should start on your journey with such an important message without meeting him."



Fear in her eyes, the baroness tried to appear puzzled. She broke into angry denials in the midst of which at a glance from Grant, Mrs. Blank tore her waist from her shoulders. Grant hastily grasped the German spy by the wrists and held her firmly while Mrs. Blank poured the acid upon her shoulders. Slowly in letters of angry red the following message became visible:

"Ram Chandra: Communications via Sayville have been stopped. Start mutiny at once. Delay is dangerous. Albert."

Grant placed Baroness Verbecht under arrest.

She was but one of many prisoners taken that day. Dixie Mason and her party had cleaned the Temple of Oracles of spies. Another raiding party had attended to the school for recruits near Paterson which was found to be under the tutorship of Dhiranda Kumar Sarkar. The American police attended to the nests of conspirators in California and Washington State, while the Northwest Mounted Police made a good bag in Vancouver.

Thus ended the dream of Germany for an uprising in India, and when the news reached Kaiser Wilhelm he was engaged in personally revising the answer to the United States on the U-boat question. Still raging at America he turned his attention to the note and dictated the part which made American blood boil when it was made public.

"Your highness!" his minister ejaculated. "Is not that a trifle abrupt? It may bring about war with America."

But the head of the Hohenzollerns was insane with rage at the frustration of his plan.

"War? From that idiotic nation—and its contemptible little army?"

CHAPTER XIX

"The Menace of the I. W. W."

It was two days later that Mrs. Blank sought Harrison Grant in his offices at the Criminology Club. She smiled as she told of the anger of Bernstorff at her denunciation of Baroness Verbecht. Then she bent forward with a sudden seriousness.

"Do you know anything of any trouble at Old Forge, Pennsylvania?" she asked. Grant looked up.

"The coal mining town?" he asked. "Yes. But so far there has been nothing for the Secret Service. It seems that the I. W. W. is trying to force legitimate members of Union Labor to join their organization and are trying to intimidate them by blowing up houses and committing other depredations. What information have you?"

"A great deal. When Bernstorff was quarreling with me over the arrest of Baroness Verbecht, he became very angry and drew forth a wallet, saying that perhaps money would keep me from telling secrets. Then he slammed the wallet on a table and some papers flew out. One of them was a telegram from Heinric von Lertz saying that everything was going nicely at Old Forge and that he was hurrying there to personally supervise matters."

"And that means," said Harrison Grant, "that Imperial Germany is behind the I. W. W.! I will leave for Old Forge at once!"

Three days later, Dixie Mason, of the Secret Service, received a very dirty letter, written on the poorest of stationery. It read:

"Dearest Dixie:

"Am writing this in the back room of a saloon. I am here under the name of Guiseppe Fantona. Will be able to handle everything that goes on in the men's side of the I. W. W., where Angelo Faggi, a refugee from French and Italian justice, Joseph Graber, a German, Stanley Dembriki and Frank Little are acting as the go-betweens for Imperial Germany, but need your assistance with the women, as they have a sort of auxiliary here, composed of women, whose duty is to go from door to door, trying to stir up trouble with

miners' wives while their husbands are at work in the mines. I would suggest that you get hold of all the I. W. W. literature possible and come here as an I. W. W. agitator. Be careful, however, as Heinric von Lertz is in town—and may recognize you.

"HARRISON GRANT."

Dixie obeyed the summons. Soon she had taken her place among the women agitators of the I. W. W. in Old Forge, ready to undertake any work that the leaders of the I. W. W. might set for her, that she might the better learn their plans.

One day, Dixie Mason sped forward to catch Harrison Grant, as he was leaving the I. W. W. headquarters.

"There's some trouble going on at the mines," she announced: "we've just gotten orders to hurry there and cause a demonstration."

Grant nodded.

"I just got the same sort of a tip. I think it's a blind. I heard orders given to that man just going up the street to report back as soon as the state constabulary had its hands full keeping order at the coal mines. Come on, we must shadow him."

They started forward. A moment later, from the direction of the mines, came a great sound of crashing timbers, of screams and the sight of a rising swirl of coal dust. Men and women appeared running from every direction. The clattering of hoofs and the constabulary thundered past. Grant leaped to the center of the street.

"Someone has released the brakes of a dump train," he called. "It has crashed back into the shaft of the mine. Miners have been injured. The trouble's on. Keep that man in front in view—don't lose him!"

They hurried on, still watching the form of the hurrying spy before them. They saw him rush to a corner where he might watch the milling figures at the mine dump, then stand there, his eyes roving in every direction. A fight had started at the dump between legitimate laborers and the I. W. W. agitators, who seemed to have sprung from nowhere. Then, finally, Dixie and Grant saw the spy on the corner suddenly turn and run.

"After him—quick!" ordered Grant. "He's the one who will point out the real danger!"

Down the street the spy ran, Dixie and Grant following him closely to a great warehouse-like building, where one or two other men could be seen entering. The two detectives skirted the building, approached it cautiously. Here and there were great doors from which shipping had eminated in other days—but each was carefully locked and bolted now. Grant pressed his ear against one of these—to hear the jabbering and shouting of great numbers of men. He turned and, seeking a foothold, raised himself that he might peer through a corner of a window imperfectly covered from within.

"Dixie," he whispered.

"Yes." The girl was close beside him. "Do you see anything in there?"

"Yes. A whole mob of I. W. W.'s. Heinric von Lertz is on the platform, talking to them. They're bringing out parcels of something. Laying them on the platform so that they can be reached easily. Hurry—" Grant turned, his face ashen. "Get the constabulary, quick! It's dynamite!"

Dixie Mason was pressing every muscle to the utmost as she ran through the vacant lots and back to the mines that she might summon the members of the mounted police. Grant remained a minute longer at the window, then suddenly dropped to the ground and again began to skirt the building.

Here, there, everywhere he searched, at last to come upon a back room to the building, separated from the main room. He pressed against the door. There was a rusty creaking of the lock, a slight snap, and the door groaned open. Grant entered and tiptoed down the hall.

Within the back room, he again stopped to listen. From the other side of the door that separated him from the main meeting room of the hall, he could hear the thick, heavy voice of Heinric von Lertz, apparently giving the last of a long series of orders:

"Imperial Germany expects every man of you to do his duty and to see Union Labor

Grant grasped the German spy by the wrists and held her firmly while Mrs. Blank poured the acid on her shoulders. Slowly the message became visible.

driven from Old Forge," he was saying. "By doing that, the supply of coal will be hampered, thereby depriving the Allies of necessary ships and America of the fuel necessary to run its factories, many of which are supplying goods to be shipped to the Allies. We have here enough dynamite to blow up every miner's house and every colliery in the district—and I want to see every bit of it used. As soon as we receive word that everything is all right, we will proceed—"

"Here I am, sir!" Grant opened the door ever so slightly to see the form of the spy he had trailed hurrying up the aisle. "The constabulary is at the coal dumps, and they have their hands full. If we work quickly—"

"All right. Line up, everybody. You will pass the platform, one at a time, and receive your dynamite. Then each man will cause one explosion—and the result will be that the whole city will be wrecked. Hurry, there, line up, line up!"

Grant hesitated only a second. Then as the line of destroyers formed and started forward—

A hurtling form crashed through the door from the back room. Leaping toward Stanley Dembriki, in charge of the dynamite, he felled him with one crashing blow from his fist. Heinric von Lertz took one look, and ran through the door that had been left open by the entrance of Harrison Grant! But the I. W. W. members did not know their leader was gone. They could only see Grant and rush toward him.

But he was ready for them. A heavy chair stood nearby. He seized it, and taking his place near the dynamite, felled the first man who approached. Then, a sudden rush of men.

High in the air went the chair, to descend again and to carry with it the form of a plotter. Again—and again—and again! Then Harrison Grant felt the chair wrested from his grasp and thrown far to one side. The sheer weight of men bore him down, pinioning his wrists, while fists beat upon his face and while—

The sudden clattering of hoofs! Sudden eerie shouts from the crowd that surged on the platform. Grant saw the doors surge and splinter as the trained horses of the constabulary sent kick after kick against them. Panic stricken now, the members of the I. W. W. sought escape through the windows of the great room. But that was impossible also. Beneath every window waited a member of the constabulary. And at the doors—

One after another they yielded to allow the entrance of the mounted men, who rode straight into the meeting hall that they might arrest the men who were to stand trial later in the Federal Court at Chicago. A smile came to Grant's lips as he watched it all. Then the whole hall suddenly became blank—and he sank to the platform unconscious.

"I received this morning my commission as a captain in the Army intelligence," said Grant. "My work will be abroad." "Mine will be abroad also," answered Dixie, "In the Red Cross."

When he became aware of the world again it was to feel the soft touch of a woman's hand and to hear the soft voice of sympathy. Dixie was bending over him, assuaging his wounds and bruises. Harrison Grant looked up at her happily.

"It's worth being hurt—just to have you nurse me," he said. And what could Dixie do but lean forward and kiss him?

And so was broken up the first of the great I. W. W. plots in the United States. There were more to follow—and still more to come after that, for America is far from free, even now, of this ally of Imperial Germany. And it was while the I. W. W. was doing its best to harass the United States that Kaiser Wilhelm sat in his palace dictating the note to America that formed the beginning of war. And as he dictated, he turned to one of his ministers.

"America will not even object to this," he said sarcastically, as he added another offensive sentence. "It is a thoroughly idiotic country—with an army of tin soldiers."

And one cannot help wondering how many times since then the self-appointed vice-regent of God has wished he hadn't made that remark—or sent that note!

CHAPTER XX

"The Great Decision"

But the note was sent. And while America debated upon the advisability of handing Bernstorff his passports, that personage of espionage still continued to keep on his mask of righteous indignation that America should be offended with Germany and to predict that neutrality would exist as it always had existed.

"These differences must and will be settled," he told the reporters who had gathered in the embassy to interview Albert and himself. "America is wrong in her contentions. Imperial Germany is the soul of honor!"

In answer to which the reporters whispered: "Bull!"

And while Ambassador Bernstorff engaged in his persiflage to the newspapers, Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason were busily on the trail of Heinric von Lertz. They had trailed him to Leesville, there to see him give some instructions to a German station agent, then to board a train. Following which they hurried to the arrest of the station agent where he had finally yielded:

"We were to attempt to wreck the whole Pennsylvania railroad system by tapping wires," he said. "In that way, we could mix up the signals in such a way that the whole system would be demoralized and one wreck happen di-

rectly after another."

"Get to the wire and telegraph the Criminology Club to cause arrests at once," Harrison Grant ordered of his assistants who had joined him and Dixie. "Now," and he turned again to the station agent, "where did von Lertz go from here?"

"To Charleston, South Carolina."

"What for?"

"I don't know—but I think it was something about the steamer Liebenfels."

While they pursued the Imperial German spy, the agents of Germany were making their preparations for the wreckage to follow a previously agreed upon signal that the diplomatic relations between the United States and Imperial Germany had ceased. For Imperial Germany knew well that the American Secret Service could not go beneath the decks of interned liners, and with this information, they were preparing for a scale of wreckage that would surpass anything yet accomplished. As for Bernstorff:

"Remember the signal," the Ambassador said as a servant entered to say that a representative had come from the department of state to hand him his passports. The servant bowed. Ten minutes later, when Bernstorff received his passports and the notification that relations between America and Germany were at an end, he "accidentally" dropped a handkerchief. The servant hurried away. And for eight hours the airlanes were filled with a wireless message which consisted of dots, dots, nothing but dots—the signal of destruction.

In New York. In San Francisco. In Galveston. In Boston. Everywhere throughout the ports of the United States was that wireless message of dots received on board interned German liners. And everywhere it had its effect. With sledges, with explosives, with compressed air and steam were the great engines of the interned vessels wrecked, so that America would be forced to spend months repairing them after their seizure. And on board the Liebenfels in Charleston harbor—

"Quick! The Secret Service is on deck of the vessel demanding that everyone appear at once!" The messenger shouted the warning into the engine room, where Heinric von Lertz and the Captain were opening the seacocks. The captain ran, slamming the door behind him. Von Lertz swung open the cocks, and, as the water rushed in from without, ran toward the door. But it had stuck fast, the battens having fallen into place from without. He was trapped!

Hurriedly he tried to force his way through the rapidly rising water back to the sea-cocks, that he might close them again. But impossible. The rush of water had become so great that there was no stemming it now.

Higher and higher—while the arch spy of Imperial Germany fought against his fate. Then, at last, a final, spasmodic struggle. The arch spy had paid his penalty. Heinric von Lertz was dead.

Dead, while America thrilled with the thought of war. Dead, while Ambassador Bernstorff, making ready for his departure from America, searched for him in vain. Dead, while Heinric Albert, privy counselor and financial agent of Imperial Germany's spydom in America, made his last plans for destruction in America in a ram-shackle building, giving instructions to a score of bomb throwers.

"Remember, that as soon as Ambassador Bernstorff and myself are safe on board the Frederick VIII, you are to start a bomb campaign in the harbor of New York that will eclipse anything ever attempted before," he said, and departed, smiling,—not knowing that from the shelter of a doorway Dixie Mason had watched his every movement. An hour later, in the cabin of the Frederick VIII, Bernstorff turned to smile upon his compatriot as he bowed to the shower of flowers that were being thrown from every direction by admiring pro-Germans. Just then Harrison Grant approached.

"Since everyone is giving presents, Your Excellency, I thought I'd make one myself." He handed a small package to Bernstorff. The Ambassador opened it.

"Checkers," he said wryly.

"Yes," answered the presiden of the Criminology Club, with a laugh, "it's your move, you know."

And before the Ambassador could reply, Harrison Grant had gone on, to reach the deck of the ship and to make his way to the dock. There he saw the hurrying form of Dixie Mason—and rushed to her.

"What's wrong?"

"A great deal! There's a plot on! Where are your men?"

"Scattered about the dock. I can gather them all up in five minutes."

"Hurry! We haven't any time to lose!"

A rush by Harrison Grant. A hasty summoning of the members of the Criminology Club. Then, as the Frederick VIII moved down the harbor of New York, Harrison Grant, Sisson, Stewart, Cavanaugh, Dixie Mason and other members of the Secret Service leaped into automobiles, to be rushed far into the outskirts of town and there to—

In the mangy room of the bomb maker, the captain was giving his final instructions.

"Has everyone his bombs?"

"Yes."

"Remember what Dr. Albert told you. This campaign must produce greater results even than the Black Tom explosion. There are munitions ships on the Jersey side. See that they are destroyed. See that every munitions factory receives a bomb. Remember that America soon is to be at war with Imperial Germany—and America must be crippled. Now, go!"

The men crowded forth. They hurried down the stairway—into the apparently empty hall beneath. And then—

From doorways. From beneath the stairs. From outside. From everywhere leaped members of the Secret Service, to pounce upon the bomb carriers, to take them by surprise, to carry them off their feet by the suddenness and severity of their attack. One by one they were downed. Then three men were shot up the stairs by Harrison Grant to capture the old bomb maker himself and the remainder of his supplies. Here and there about the hall the fight surged. Harrison Grant suddenly swerved from his attack upon the bomb planter as another

(Continued on page 114)

Save Coal!

AN appeal to save coal has been made by Fuel Administrator Garfield. The fuel administration says that it is absolutely necessary in order to save the country from disaster that 60,000,000 tons of coal be saved during the year. Unless such a saving is effected the fuel administration says that many plants will be closed down, many people thrown out of work, and a great reduction in industry will follow which will cause hardship and suffering and tend to restrain active war work.

The government is asking every individual householder to save coal and advises a clean furnace and careful using of coal in the furnaces, in the ranges and cooking stoves, and wherever else it is used for any purpose whatever, in order that the greatest saving possible can be accomplished. The fuel administration also asks every household to economize in the use of light, which will result in saving fuel in the manufacture of electricity and gas and in the saving of oil where oil is used for lighting purposes.

As An Engineer He Was a Darned Good Actor

Robert Gordon chose to stand in front of the electric lamps instead of behind them.

JUST when you begin to feel that the current style in leading men needs a change, and you wonder whether the cruel war will ever let us have any more leading men, and you believe that it won't, and resign yourself to memories and present incumbents—why, right then a brand new leading man is apt to appear!

Such is Robert Gordon, whose magnificent performance in "Missing" immediately ranked him with any youngster in the profession. Mr. Gordon is—as this is written—supporting Mary Pickford in her Hollywood filming of "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and it was in a Lasky dressing room that a PHOTOPLAY reporter found him.

"I got the dramatic bee in my bonnet," averred Mr. Gordon, "while I was a student at the Polytechnic high school in Los Angeles. I was studying electrical engineering and during my last year at school I became so interested in dramatic work that I produced nine one-act plays and acted in some of them myself. In my spare time I tried to keep up on my subjects in electrical engineering, but I wasn't successful and I flunked in several of them.

"One day the principal called me into his office. 'Robert, my boy,' he began, and then followed a long talk well sprinkled with advice. And the burden of his talk was that as an electrical engineer I was a fairly good actor.

"Finally I found a director, J. Farrell MacDonald, who gave me a chance. I played small parts with the old Biograph company, and finally I went to New York with that organization.

"Then things went wrong again, and once more I was out of a job. I came back to California. I dropped in to see Louis Goodstadt, casting director at the Lasky Studio. He stared at me and finally said, 'Yes, I think you're just the one.' He then gave me the part of the Tennessee Shad in Owen Johnson's story, 'The Varmint.' So I went over to the Morosco Studio and supported Jack Pickford in that picture. It was my first good part. After that came 'Tom Sawyer.' I played Huckleberry Finn in that. And in 'Huck and Tom,' I also played Huck. Then I went with William H. Hart's company, and supported him in 'Blue Blazes Rawden.'"

Haussler

To the Northeast: Robert Gordon; to the Southwest: Robert Gordon and Sylvia Breamer in "Missing."

The Four Doors

By Susie Sexton

THERE is an old Egyptian legend of a musician who could transport his audience from joy to sadness, from love to hate, by the simple device of blowing on different reeds of his pipe.

One reed was supposed to hold all the pent-up sobs and tears of the world. Another was fairly bursting with joy which could be released only by the breath of the player. Each of the others held a particular virtue, making it possible for the musician to run the entire scale of human emotions according to his own whim.

And, since man has loved to sob, laugh, fear and hate since the days when the world was in its swaddling clothes, he always has been free to reward those who could play upon his emotions. In this particular case the pipe-blower was given a wealth of honey, oxen and wives, to say nothing of a seat close to that of the king.

* * * * * *

In a certain studio on the palisades that skirt the other side of the Hudson a motion picture director studied a scenario in which was related the tale of a girl who attempted to live according to the rules of her mother. The adventures of the heroine were black indeed. Obviously the story was true to life in every detail. But that intangible something that an audience seeks in every great story was lacking.

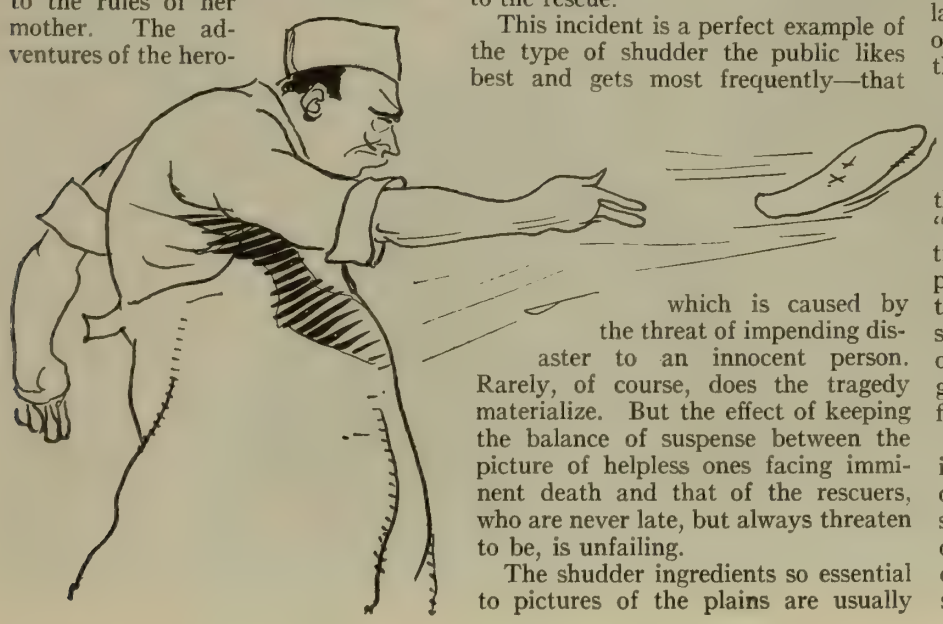
"A story without the joy of living in it—but still a true one," was the diagnosis of the director.

Whereupon he drew upon that mystery box of filmland, the property room, and injected a laugh here, a homely touch of childhood there, a thrill of menacing disaster, and the marvel of a finished picture had been produced.

For the Griffiths, Brenons, Inces and Sennetts of today have discovered the secret of that magic instrument of prehistoric times. With unerring touch they draw repeatedly upon the same formulas for tears, laughter, thought or fear. When a picture calls for meditation on the part of their audiences they play upon the reed that stirs even the most sluggish brain to action. If a thrill is required, they know just what is needed to send a shiver coursing up and down the most blase spine.

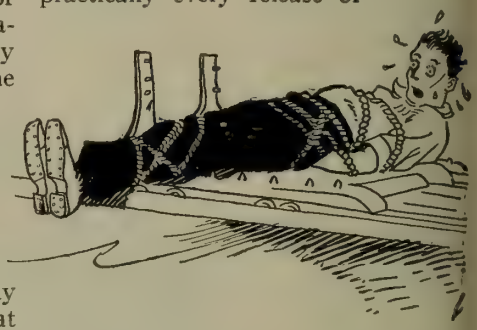
When D. W. Griffith filmed "The Birth of a Nation" he made one scene in which a helpless little family in an isolated cabin was pictured at the mercy of a lawless mob. No imaginative film fan has ever forgotten how the audience shuddered at the sight, then instinctively drew its breath at the sound of the bugle call, clear as a bell, which accompanied frequent cut-backs revealing white-clad clansmen rushing to the rescue.

This incident is a perfect example of the type of shudder the public likes best and gets most frequently—that which is caused by the threat of impending disaster to an innocent person. Rarely, of course, does the tragedy materialize. But the effect of keeping the balance of suspense between the picture of helpless ones facing imminent death and that of the rescuers, who are never late, but always threaten to be, is unfailing.



The shudder ingredients so essential to pictures of the plains are usually centered in several hundred feet of celluloid showing the hero or heroine at the villain's mercy, with cut-backs of the sheriff and his posse or soldiers from the fort riding wildly to their assistance through clouds of dust.

Roy Stewart had a typical scene of this character in his "Wolves of the Border" when he brought armed cowboys to the aid of an enemy rancher and his daughter who had been betrayed into the hands of bandits by a tricky foreman. To get the last ounce of thrill out of the situation, the arrival of the rescuers was timed, as usual, to precede by half a second the firing of the victims' last round of ammunition. This is the brand of shudder which the admirers of Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart demand and get in practically every release of those stars.



The saw-mill episode in Viola Dana's "Blue Jeans" is another sure-fire shudder-getter. One of the most sacred traditions of the ancient barnstorming days was that every self-respecting melodrama should have its final scene laid in the old saw-mill. No less than one hundred of these productions had the hero tied hand and foot before the approaching buzz-saw, then rescued at the fifty-ninth second. The situation lost none of its blood-curdling attributes when it was transferred to the shadow stage. The director of "Blue Jeans," intent upon high emotional lights, lengthened to the last pitch of grewsomeness that portion of the film showing the helpless hero slowly approaching the saw. In numerous cut-backs the little heroine struggled to free herself from prison before finally dragging her husband to safety.

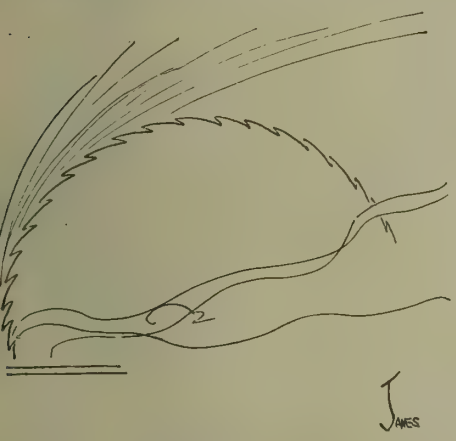
When the old Biograph was prospering, directors, who were also students of psychology, were very fond of one scene which they could always depend on to give the box-office patrons a generous nickel's worth of thrills. It had something to do with a burglar who

Certain keys that never fail to open the way to the spectators' emotions, as all good directors know—and as you'll doubtless admit, insofar as your own responsiveness is concerned

Decorations by R. F. James

forced his entrance through the conventional second story window and took the young wife by surprise. When the husband was heard approaching the hold-up man kept the wife covered with a revolver concealed in his right hand pocket and forced her to tell the husband the intruder was a cousin—or some other white lie. The audience knew that the gun was there, but the husband didn't, hence an added thrill.

Misleading evidence of guilt, reproduced effectively on the screen, will make any film enthusiast's teeth chatter, appreciatively, of course. A close-up of the dainty fan of the Marquise in Pauline Frederick's "Tosca" opened



the way to the blackest portion of the plot. The audience knew the Marquise had never been near the church, but it took a lot of pleasure trembling in uncanny anticipation of the deadly emotions the fan would unleash in Tosca when Scarpio brought it to her. The deadly dagger climax in "Tosca" has had its prototype in many a photoplay starring Theda Bara, Louise Glaum, and kindred stars who specialize in shudder-photodrama and always carry concealed weapons when appearing before the camera. Almost as popular with the discerning director who must produce a shiver is the revolver which so many screen families keep in the left hand drawer of the library table ready for use when any of the characters decide to "end it all."

Another emotional tune which strikes the shudder chords is that delightfully creepy sensation which formed the screen fabric of John Barrymore's "Raffles." When the thief has the irresistible personality of "Raffles" the audience enjoys sharing his hairbreadth escapes.

Bringing a lighted match into contact with "TNT" is no more certain in effect than some of the time-honored aids used to tickle the public's funny bone. Custard pie is foremost among these, of course. No psychologist has ever disclosed just why custard pie is funny. There are many besides Mr. Hoover, in fact, who would like to see it banished from the screen permanently.

But like various misfortunes to others, which are the most potent of laugh-makers, it retains its perennial popularity.

Any tired business man will chuckle himself into a state bordering on hysteria at the sight of a plate of hot soup overturned on an unsuspecting victim's head or a close-up of somebody else's silk hat overflowing with water or broken eggs. "Fatty" Arbuckle used both of these in "The Bell-Boy" as he has in many of his other two-reelers. They have been favorites with Chaplin and in the Sennett comedies.

Sliding or falling unexpectedly on a slippery floor or pavement is another accident which audiences like to see. Chaplin made his tobogganing on a hardwood floor a large percentage of the action in "One A. M." He did it, too, in "Shanghaied" and "The Immigrant." "Fatty" Arbuckle knows how funny he looks when he slides and had the floors well covered with soapy water when he made portions of "The Rough House" and "The Bell-Boy."

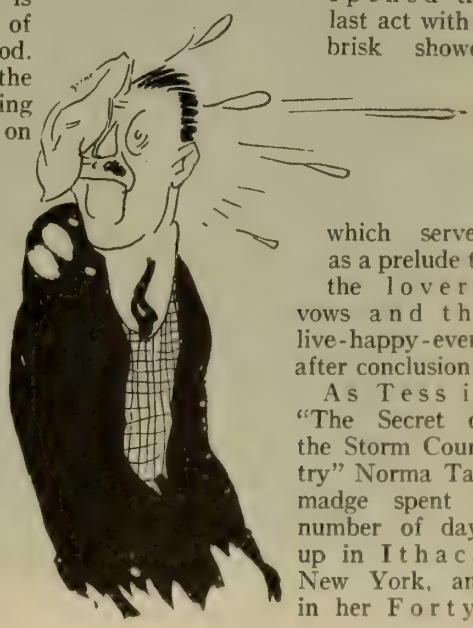
The overflowing bath-tub scene is done every so often by directors of comedy from Fort Lee to Hollywood. In the laugh index it ranks with the spectacle of helpless victims being knocked into insensibility by a blow on the head and that of the waiter who is tripped up as he carries in a tray of dishes. Some studios have their china closet replenished twice a week, because the folks who keep motion picture theatres darkened are so fond of seeing dishes smashed.

When the Keystone "cop" made his camera debut he became the founder of a screen family which can always be relied on for comedy. It is always entertaining to see enforcers of the law made ridiculous. No inveterate fans need reminders of how often they have seen the comedy police force plunge over an open bridge or drive a Ford car through a three-story brick building.

A recent Sunshine comedy related the adventures of Helen Holliday, who sought the straight and narrow trail after having done time for seven years. Not the least of Helen's grotesque experiences occurred when she was caught in a driving rain which turned her umbrella inside out, ruined her costume, and made it generally difficult for her to retain her equilibrium. You recognize this scene, of course. You have seen it done since the nickelodeon days.

And right here let us mention that a far-sighted director always keeps a rousing rainstorm or two in reserve. A storm, whether it be a gentle Spring shower or a raging downpour, inspires many different kinds of emotion other than laughter. Psychologically a rainstorm clears the emotional atmosphere. It is used in cameraland as it is employed on the speaking stage—to freshen an audience's point of view so that the happy climax may be contemplated with keener enjoyment.

If you saw "The Fortune Hunter" during its long run on the legitimate stage, you recall that the stage director opened the last act with a brisk shower



which served as a prelude to the lovers' vows and the live-happy-ever-after conclusion.

As Tess in "The Secret of the Storm Country" Norma Talmadge spent a number of days up in Ithaca, New York, and in her Forty-

eighth street studio. She rescued her enemy's child from the burning witch's hut, then battled heroically with a thunder storm to restore the little girl to her parents. With that thunder storm Miss Talmadge's director marked the turning point in the trials of Tess. She had reached the limit of suffering and the storm prepared the way in the spectator's mind for less violent emotions and the more peaceful later life of Tess.

In this connection it may be mentioned that many a property man has earned a couple of days' salary standing on top of a step-ladder, just off the set, holding the common garden variety of watering can with a rubber hose attached while faking a gentle shower to the director's entire satisfaction. This type of rainstorm is useful in light comedies. Such a one overtook Constance Talmadge in "The Studio Girl" when she ruined her wedding gown in her stolen ride to the railway station with Earle Fox. The raindrops made her look so forlorn that they heightened the audience's sympathy with her revolt at the maiden aunts' restrictions and made them condone rather than condemn her flight from the waiting bridegroom.

Sob-stuff, too, has been thoroughly pigeon-holed and card-indexed in every director's well-ordered brain. No audience weeps as naturally and unaffectedly as a motion picture crowd, because it can cry without fear of detection. Consequently a director need use only the simplest of methods to open the sympathetic tear ducts.

A good close-up of a little child registering hunger or sorrow is one of the trustiest sob-inducers. Any pictured sorrow of childhood brings a ready tear. Witness Marie Doro, who caused much quiet, if amused, sadness offering her plate for more in "Oliver Twist." Additional evidence was the sight of the little sick children in Mae Murray's "The Primrose Ring" and the plight of those delightful youngsters who could not find their father in Mary Pickford's "Hulda from Holland," also the death of Olga Petrova's little son in "The Light Within."

Another sad, sad scene which the director uses frequently to make his audience cry is that of the poor girl

alone in a big city and unable to find work. Usually her background is a shabby furnished room with one gas jet. A stern and uncompromising landlady necessarily hovers in the distance.

And now we arrive at another psychological puzzle of the screen. In the darkest moment of her life every heroine of this type makes a beef stew over her solitary gas jet thus wilfully adding to her own sorrows—and those of the occupants of orchestra seats—by enraging the landlady. It is customary for her to empty a threadbare purse to buy the ingredients. Then in her distracted state as if to heighten the effect of a generally thin time she permits the stew to burn so that the landlady has no alternative but to turn her out on the street.

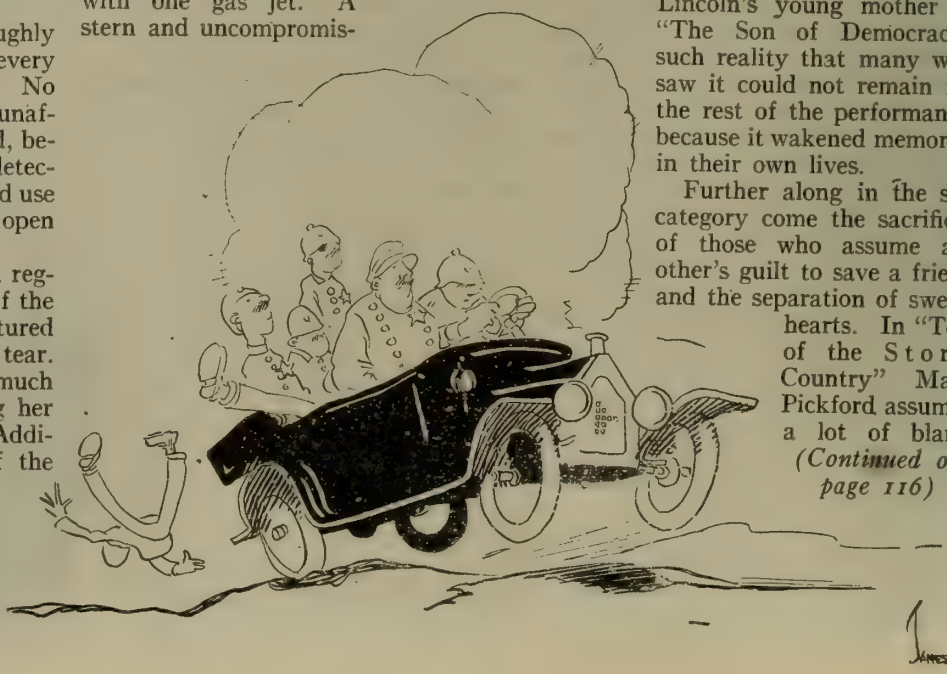
Personally it takes the edge off our sorrow somewhat to find that the lovely girl adds onions to her stew, but she nearly always does. Most directors seem to think the landlady would not find her out if she did not. You remember with what keen relish Madge Kennedy sniffed at the fragrant white vegetable in "The Fair Pretender," and how Mildred Manning in O. Henry's "The Third Ingredient" encountered all sorts of adventures because she simply insisted upon having that one onion for her evening meal. Clara Kimball Young did most of her suffering in "The Easiest Way" in a hall-bedroom.

In cold reality there are, of course, few things sadder than a hall-bedroom. But when the lights are out, the heroine is beautiful and the orchestra plays "Annie Laurie"—well, there simply is none sadder, that's all.

Death-bed scenes are always pathetic, if it is the good who die young. Norma Talmadge had a tragic death as the little seamstress in "The Ghost of Yesterday," the picturization of Rupert Hughes' "Two Women." Benjamin Chapin gave the death of Lincoln's young mother in "The Son of Democracy" such reality that many who saw it could not remain for the rest of the performance, because it wakened memories in their own lives.

Further along in the sob category come the sacrifices of those who assume another's guilt to save a friend and the separation of sweethearts. In "Tess of the Storm Country" Mary Pickford assumed a lot of blame

(Continued on page 116)



Scare 'em or Make 'em Laugh!

or, from Undertaker's Advance Agent to Comedian

"Laughter Hall," Undertaker Parsons' Hollywood home.

By
"Smiling Bill" Parsons

FOR ten years, my daily conversations consisted of telling men they should prepare against the day the grim reaper tolled off their names, or advising wives and mothers to see to it they were taken care of when their loved ones passed away.

No day in my existence but what I was warning men against death by accident, or heart failure.

I was an insurance agent.

It was my business to scare people almost to death in order to get them to fortify their families against the day when they would be left alone in the world.

The greater my ability to scare my prospectives, the better my annual showing, the better my annual income.

I was a wholesale dealer in frights, chills, scares and shocks.

That I was good at scaring is attested by the fact that the Missouri insurance records show that I secured over one million dollars worth of new clients each year, for ten years.

Thus I began figuring how much greater a man Charlie Chaplin was than I.

Chaplin made them laugh and forget their cares while I was busy on quite the reverse.

For each laugh Chaplin caused, I caused a fear.

Then I read a novel. It was "Tarzan of the Apes" and I decided right there that I was going into the motion picture business.

The story appealed to me. That it was a success, was more the fault of the di-

A few slender half-tones, suggesting "Smiling Bill's" slimness.

rector and the able artists who portrayed the difficult parts.

But while I was at the studio one day, our director suggested that I would make a good comedian.

"Come on Bill" he teased, "let's make a comedy between scenes."

And I consented.

I do not want to appear egotistical, but that comedy when it was finished, made me laugh—and then and there Smiling Bill Parsons was born to immortality.

Right there I decided that being a screen comedian had its advantages over telling people about train wrecks, skidding autos, ptomaine poisoning and other forms of shuffling off—and then the Goldwyn people insisted that I make one every two weeks.

I guess I am doing all right for I have gotten letters from some of the people I talked into an insurance policy telling me that I helped them prolong their lives by making them happier—so I am performing some good function to offset my years of morbidity.

And strange to say, I'm not so crazy about myself as a comedian but I have a wonderful time, meet lots of wonderful people and now once in a while someone points at me and smiles—and that's worth all the effort of putting on grease paint and working under a bunch of hot electric lights.

AND I AM GOING TO HAVE A NEW LEADING WOMAN IN EVERY PICTURE SO THEY CAN'T SAY I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CO-STAR.

A Dog That Pays an Income Tax

By Grace Kingsley

HE earns $50 a week and he pays $25 a year income tax.

That sounds like a regular actor, doesn't it?

Reams and reams are written about him every week, and he never reads the stuff. That doesn't sound like a regular actor at all, does it?

In fact he's a regular actor—and he isn't. He's Teddy, the Great Dane, Mack Sennett's dog actor. And besides the fifty financial bones a week, he gets six soup bones.

So whoever talked about leading a dog's life didn't mean Teddy's life a-tall.

Teddy is the only dog in the world that pays an income tax.

Of course nobody pretends, smart as Teddy is, that he went up to the Federal Building and swore to a statement about his income,—as to whether he owned income property or had a wife and children dependent on him. In fact he has no curiosity at all about his children. He did follow his master, Joe Simpkins, up to the income tax office—as a sort of "Exhibit A,"—and he did emit a loud confirmatory bark when Joe declared Teddy was an actor. Which again makes him a regular actor.

As a matter of fact, Teddy doesn't care a whoop in Jerusalem about his income,—except the bones.

Anyhow, he says, what could a dog do with fifty dollars a week?

Of course there's the beauty chase. Even a dog has to be all dolled up like a society woman at least once a week. He must be carefully examined for signs of mange, and he has to have applied to him the most expensive (and smelly) flea eradicator ever put on the market.

And on his day off, does Teddy spend money on prize fights or the opera or chickens? Of course not. If he has time and opportunity he sometimes stages a dog fight with some other studio canine, but there's no purse, for Teddy is a real sport and disdains the professional stuff. He has no taste for music,—except when his master Joe Simpkins plays the accordeon, when he loves to accompany him in an amateurish way. Simpkins has a nice little pension fixed for Teddy in case anything happens to him, Joe, or to Teddy himself. You see Teddy does stunts some times.

All Gloria Swanson's pleading, and the widest grin Teddy could achieve could not induce the baby, a studio visitor, to leave off crying.

Old Hartwell's Cub

The old man was the town drunkard, but the son lived it down

By Frances Denton

The proprietor hesitated at the threshold and his gloating face revealed all too plainly how he relished this choice bit of scandal.

(Editor's Note:—This story won third prize in the scenario contest conducted jointly by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the Triangle Film Corporation a number of months ago. It was entered and judged under its original title, "The Tree of Life." It was renamed by the producers.)

BILL HARTWELL stood in the door of his smithy, a scowl in his face, black hate in his heart. They were coming; far down the road he could see a crowd of men and boys led by lantern-jawed, self-righteous Deacon Grimes, the one most persistent in his persecution of Bill's old drunken father.

They had reached the line of poplars at the turn now, and Bill could see that they carried a motley assortment of the implements of vengeance—whips, clubs, shovels, anything that would serve to overpower his mighty strength. In the rear two men bore a bucket of smoking tar swinging from a pole. Another rail was carried on high; and several small boys clutched leaking feather pillows, as they hurried excitedly along.

So they had made up their minds to rid the town of him and his father, had they? He hadn't given 'em enough last night when he smashed in the jail door with an ax, put maudlin old Tom over his shoulder and carried him home. . . . Deacon Grimes had had the old man arrested when he was sleeping off his liquor in the sun.

Bill's father was the town drunkard, as his father had been before him. Thus the taint seemed hereditary, though Bill, himself, hated liquor with all the strength of his soul. It had made him an outcast, an embittered Ishmaelite with every man's hand against him—except, of course, as they came to have their horses shod through his skill. But from the time Bill could remember every other avenue of recognition had been closed to him because he was old Tom Hartwell's son.

But in spite of this, he loved his father. The gentle, sunny-tempered old man harmed no one but himself—Bill saw to that. How could they hound him as they did?

Bill flexed the muscles of his arms and waited grimly. Let them come; he'd show them.

The crowd halted some distance from the blacksmith shop, and engaged in consultation. It would be best to persuade Bill to go peacefully, if they could. They could eventually overpower him, of course; but it was certain that somebody would get badly mussed up in the assault. The deacon stepped forward as spokesman.

"We've made up our minds that this town ain't big enough to hold you and your father any longer. The rest of us are decent, law-abidin' people, and we don't want ye. If ye give us your word to go peaceable, well and good. If ye don't—" He made a threatening gesture toward the bucket of tar.

Bill picked up a sledge and advanced a step or two. "You get out of here and mind your own business, you old hypocrite, or I'll give you something worse than tar and feathers."

The deacon danced with rage. "Ye ungodly son of

perdition! I'll teach ye to misname your betters!" he yelled.

Bill started forward, and the deacon as suddenly retreated. Bill laughed contemptuously and stepped back. Then he saw that the mob was advancing with concerted action. They evidently meant business.

Bill considered. Single-handed he was no match for them; and he thought of his father lying helpless and asleep upstairs. He stepped quickly inside the shop.

A shower of sticks and stones came through the doorway. The space was narrow, not admitting more than two men at a time. Bill, with uplifted sledge, took his stand beside it.

There was an interruption as a tall, scholarly-looking, shabbily-dressed man made his way toward the crowd. "Hi, here comes the minister!" sounded the cry of several small boys, from their vantage points of observation.

"Stop!" cried the Reverend Lane, indignantly. "What does this mean? Have we gone back to the age of witchcraft and the stake, that you stone a fellow being?"

There was an interlude, while the deacon and his cohorts attempted to explain. The minister shook his head. "And is this your Christianity?" he cried. "Let the man alone; I will talk to him."

"He'll brain you with his sledge," cried the deacon as the minister started for the shop.

Bill stepped forward and met the newcomer half way. Then the mob circled around and almost gained the door behind him. Bill jumped back. The minister, seeing the mob's treachery, spoke bitter, scathing words. "Go home; go home, and hang your heads in shame! Have you forgotten the words of the blessed Christ?—'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' "

Some of the men looked sheepish and dropped their clubs. Others whispered together, and presently only Deacon Grimes remained to consider the bucket of tar smoking, neglected, in the street. Bill was angrily explaining to the minister why he had broken in the door of the jail. "My father is harmless; they'll let him alone or I'll know the reason why."

With a kindly hand on Bill's shoulder Lane quieted him. "It is mostly their fault," he admitted, "but something must be done. Suppose you come over to the parsonage for supper tonight, and we'll talk things over."

Bill muttered a dazed acceptance of the invitation. Eat at the minister's house? It was unbelievable! And after the minister was gone, soundly berating the still irate deacon for his lack of Christian charity, Bill's manner still indicated mystification. "*Me*, invited to eat with the preacher. Well, I'll be damned!"

That night marked the beginning of a new life for Bill Hartwell. For the first time in his history he was received as an equal in a refined, though humble, home. He sat at a decent, well-ordered table, a man with other men. Afterward the events of that evening merged into a pleasant haze in his memory, all but one: The picture of Mary Lane as she stood in the kitchen doorway, a smile of welcome on her lips, her face, above her green-checked apron, rosy with the exertion of preparing the meal, remained etched forever on his heart, as a diamond cuts a pane.

The minister and his daughter tactfully ignored Bill's natural embarrassment, and little by little self-consciousness left him and a new dignity came into his bearing. Minister Lane spoke of Bill's father, whom he advised Bill to treat exactly as if he were ill, for the craving for liquor was a disease, and sometimes curable. Bill went home with a new hope in his heart.

As he left the house he passed a dapper young man who stopped and stared at him. This was Ed Jones, who had been making his headquarters at Matherville for some time, and who had set all the girls in the place a-flutter with his sophisticated dress and manner. Ed hailed from the city, that place of enchantment to bucolic minds. Reputing to be a salesman for a religious publishing house, Ed had made a good impression upon unworldly and simple-hearted Reverend Lane; and was received in his home without question. Mary Lane was the most attractive girl in town, therefore Ed was glad to avail himself of the hospitality. He wondered now what this uncouth blacksmith had been doing there.

The next afternoon, as Ed and Mary sauntered down the shady path from the cemetery, Mary told him exultantly that the Ladies' Aid Society had at last succeeded in raising money enough to pay for painting the church. The hundred dollars was safe in her keeping as treasurer. With apparent

Mag was the business partner of the sketch. The indomitable proprietress of the Delmonico saloon was all that such an executive should be, as the saloon loungers were well aware of.

Mag, holding Ed's head in her arms, looked up as they were leading Bill away. "Stop them," she cried to the trembling girl at her side. "He ain't no thief!"

hate this place. But father—" She hesitated. "Father says his clothes are too shabby—"

"By George! Why didn't I think of it before?" Apparently Ed had had an inspiration. "I can invest that hundred dollars for you, Mary; and double the money in a week. Can't you borrow it?"

Mary shrank from him in alarm. "Oh, no! It isn't mine."

"But you won't need to use it on the church for a week or so. Nobody will be the wiser. It's a dead sure thing or I wouldn't mention it. You'll have the Ladies' Aid money back and enough extra to buy your father some good clothes. Then you could get away from Matherville."

Mary thought of the unwearying patience and faith of her father, of his many acts of unselfishness, of the ingratitude and narrowness of those who profited. And they wouldn't even see that he had whole and decent shoes!

"Do you think it would be right?" she wavered.

"Why not?" he retorted. "You're only borrowing it, and you can't lose. Think what it will mean to you."

She took a vase from the top of the parlor organ, and upturning it, poured out a roll of bills and silver, which she counted and handed over to Ed.

"I don't know," she faltered. "If anything should happen—"

"Nothing's going to happen," Ed assured her, putting the money carefully where it would be safe—to him.

A little later, as she stood on the porch bidding him good-bye, the Smith girls and their cronies passed. Wholeheartedly, Mary waved her hand at them. But with elevated noses, they ignored her greeting. Mary recognized the "cut direct." Surprised at the rebuff, Mary slowly entered the house. What had she done?

In the meantime Bill Hartwell had taken Minister Lane's advice and was making a desperate attempt to cure his father of the habit that was ruining him. He had taken away all of old Tom's pocket money and confiscated his whiskey. "I'm going to keep you in bed a while and give you just enough of this at a time to taper you off gradually, Dad," he said, measuring out a drink. "You're killin' yourself and you've got to quit."

indifference Ed congratulated her, but his sharp wits were busy. Mary was desirable in herself; plus a hundred dollars she was a windfall.

They gave scant attention to the Smith girls, two village belles passing; nor did they notice the girls' jealous-eyed chagrin at Ed's evident desire to get rid of them. Jealousy is a seed of suspicion. Said one injured Smith maiden to the other: "I don't think much of Mary Lane since she's been chasing around with that city fellow. I think we'd better be careful. Maybe we—"

Their two heads went together. Presently other girls joined them and gossip fairly buzzed.

Minister Lane came down the steps as Mary and Ed entered the parsonage gate. In the strong sunlight, the shabbiness of his worn clothes was glaringly apparent. Involuntarily Mary glanced at his feet and Ed's glance followed. The minister's shoes had been patched until there was no longer room for a patch to hold. A resentful look chased the sunshine from Mary's face, and Ed was quick to interpret it. "I don't suppose your father receives a very generous salary here," he murmured sympathetically.

"It isn't enough to call a salary," flashed Mary. "And not only that, but they're behind in their payments. I wish we could go somewhere else—I

Old Hartwell's Cub

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name, based on the story by Mabel Richards, and produced by Triangle with the following cast:

Bill Hartwell .....William Desmond
Mary Lane.....Mary Warren
Edward Jones.....Eugene Burr
Rev. David Lane.....Walt Whitman
Tom Hartwell.....Percy Challenger
Mag Jones.....Dorothy Hagar
Deacon Grimes.....Graham Pette
Steven Marvin.....Edwin J. Brady
Benton .....William J. Ellingford

In vain the old man, writing in the appetite of the confirmed alcoholic, begged and pleaded. Bill was firm.

Mary was not long kept in ignorance of what the girls' attitude indicated. In the morning's mail she received a note: a curt statement to the effect that because of her "scandalous behavior" the Ladies' Aid had decided to elect Jennie Baxter treasurer. And would Mary hand over immediately the funds she had in her charge?

Poor Mary! When she was able to think coherently, she started on a run for the hotel. Unless she could get the money back from Ed she would be accused of embezzling the church's funds!

In front of the hotel sat the usual aggregation of small-town loafers. To Mary, in her agitation, the thought of attracting attention was unbearable; it seemed as if everyone must know what she had done.

So she hurried to the rear of the hotel and climbed the stairway to the second floor, too full of her trouble to realize the hazards her reputation faced in defying the village proprieties.

She knocked on the door of Ed's room, and to the summons, "Come in," turned the knob. Ed, who was dressed to go out, started in surprise, at the sight of her.

"Oh, Ed, I must have that money back!" cried Mary, thrusting forward the girls' letter, with a trembling hand.

Ed was calm. This was just what he had wished for, and Mary's coming alone to his hotel was another card in his hand.

"I'm sorry, dear; but I've already invested it," he said. "I can't get it back now."

It was true he had "invested" most of it—but in his hotel bar bill.

Mary collapsed. "What shall I do?" she moaned. "I'm ruined. I'll be punished as a common thief!"

Ed ruminated. He wanted this girl—but there was a good reason why he couldn't have her; he had left his wife, Mag Jones, back in Arizona. But Mag didn't know where he was, and if he could keep Mary in ignorance of her—

Suddenly he opened his arms. "I love you, Mary," he whispered. "Marry me and I'll get the money in the city, and pay it back to you."

Mary Lane was in desperate straits. It would kill her father to have her arrested as an embezzler. But she knew, suddenly, that she did not love Ed. As she hesitated, steps were heard advancing. Too late to close the door, Ed saw the proprietor hesitate at the threshold, staring at Mary, and his gloating face, as he hurried on, revealing too plainly how he relished this choice bit of scandal.

Wretched, Mary gave in to the unavoidable. "That settles it," she said hopelessly. I'll have to marry you.

In vain the old man, writing in the appetite of the confirmed alcoholic, begged and pleaded. Bill was firm. "You're killing yourself Dad," he said softly. "And you've got to quit!"

He'll tell every soul in town that he saw me here."

Ed passed his arm around her with a word of encouragement, and together they left the hotel.

Driven half mad by his craving for liquor, old Tom had searched for and finally found, his son Bill's money sack. Hastily untying it he grasped a handful of silver. Then he heard Bill coming. With fumbling fingers the old man was trying to replace the string at the mouth of the sack, when Bill entered the door.

Old Tom cringed like a child caught in theft, but with the utmost gentleness Bill took the sack from him. Thinking his father had not yet got it open, he replaced the string, and put the sack in his pocket. Then, giving the old man his drink, Bill sat down beside him until he thought him asleep, after which he changed his clothes and went out in search of Reverend Lane whom he wished to have come and see his father. The money he took with him.

Bill had barely turned the key in the door, when the old man was at the window of his bedroom, watching. Presently a village loafer sauntered by. Tom picked up a chair and smashed one of the window panes; gesticulating with his arm, he caught the attention of the passer-by. There was a brief conversation, and the clink of silver; old Tom lay back exhausted but happy. He would have his fill of the poison he craved, once more.

As Bill passed the hotel he noticed, on the porch, a little crowd of men. Bill caught a name and hurried forward. "Yessir," came the voice of the proprietor, "not two hours ago I saw Mary Lane in Ed's room, and then they went away together and he's come back alone. There's somepin'—"

The speaker was interrupted as the blacksmith's mighty fist shot through the air and collided with the speaker's head.

Ed Jones, hastily packing his suitcase, glanced out of the window to ascertain the cause of the disturbance below. Bill saw him, and took the front stairs at three jumps. But as quick as he was, Ed was quicker. He

(Continued on page 115)

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Men for France! Films for Russia! The hour has struck for the Motion Picture's greatest service to Liberty and Humanity. That service is the immediate supplying of American films to Russia, and those who know declare that film in Russia is equal to men in France—film stories, film comedies, educational film, propaganda film, film of agricultural instruction—these vital sheets of celluloid may alone possess the power to wake the vast shambling Bear of the North, to turn a demoralized people toward industry, and kindle the conscience of a recreant soldiery which Prussia has made shamefully subservient.

Madame Botchkarova, Commander of the celebrated "Battalion of Death," brings the resounding picture battle-cry. She told a representative of the *Dramatic Mirror*, in New York: "American films will do more to convince my people of your people's sincerity than any other instrument. The more pictures of troops and sailors that can be circulated in Russia, the less will people believe the industrious Germans' reports of 'American bluff.' Plenty of printed matter is going around, but the Russian people are skeptical of writings — pictures are visible evidence, and they do believe them.

"The Russian film manufacturers are attempting to effect a better circulation of film, and have organized a system whereby the reels are taken to the various places on the circuit by special messengers.

"When I left Russia we were getting some film productions from the Nordisk company in Copenhagen. These were generally liked, and their principal leading man, Harrison, has become immensely popular. One of their recent successful American films was the serial, 'The Black Box.' Each episode drew a crowded house everywhere in Russia. Chaplin is enormously successful, and Max Linder has a wide vogue.

"There are other fields in which America can help Russia onward and upward, such as educational films along agricultural lines, particularly those showing methods of intensive farming, of which the peasants know little or nothing."

Here is a delicate point in Mme. Botchkarova's message: "By no means send pictures which lay stress on the democracy under which you are governed. The Russian people resent anything that has the appearance of outside influence, and they will not accept advice as to government coming from a foreign country. The Russians want to work out their own salvation."

But German propaganda is doing just that thing—very subtly. The motion picture industry is being organized on a tremendous scale in Germany. Yet the United States leads the world in film productions, and, if we will act now, with the same speed we would manifest in meeting a little commercial demand from New Jersey or Alabama or Montana, we should have small difficulty in making their celluloid drive resemble a straggler's advance.

As little things decide a battle, so-called side issues have often decided a war. American films in Russia, now, will probably have a profound bearing on the destinies of centuries to come.

It is of immeasurable significance to us that in the single vocabulary of German commerce and imperialism there is no such word as "tomorrow."

❦

Twice in the Same Place. Not long ago the middle-aged, Hebraic head of a great film manufacturing concern came from New York to visit his Los Angeles plant. Among other things assuredly needing managerial attention was the quality of the firm's comedies, which had become more funereal than funny.

On an automobile trip with two of his executives the comedy subject came up, and the department heads were loud in their derision of the trash that passed as humor. The producer endured their guffaws for awhile, and then turned on them in sharp reproof:

"Boys, our comedies are no laughing matter!"

Still less did he comprehend their shouts at this sally, and when miles had been rolled in on the speedometer, and they were still chuckling, he exclaimed, with exasperated finality:

"Say—now quit it, will you! I tell you again, our comedies are not to be laughed at!"

❦

The Fading Fight. Our lively old friend, *the fight*, is in a bad way. For more than half a dozen years he has been the pep of weak plots, the hope of half-baked actors and the refuge of hard-pressed directors. People used to gasp at Bill Farnum's fights, or Fairbanks'. Thousands of audiences have patiently endured four reels and a half of maudlin picture for one fight at the finish. But have you noticed?—it takes more than a fight to hold them now. There are several ways of looking at this. Life today is just one jolt after another. One screen fight is pretty much like any other screen fight, after all. Audiences are really rising in artistic appreciation and are demanding something more of their producers than a handy set of knuckles at the finale.

Honor awaits the director who will invent a handy and unfailing kick to take the place of the fading fight. The honor is that he will be the most copied man in the universe.

The Costly Picture. In the early days of picture-making the stage producer's answer to effects of the screen set against effects on the stage was: "Well, *you* can get that sort of thing for nothing—just go out and photograph it. If we do it, on the stage, it's going to cost a lot of money." That argument was true then, but it's most untrue now. In 1912 few five-reelers cost half as much as a very ordinary theatrical mounting. In 1918 the average five-reel picture costs as much to put on as a New York production by Klaw & Erlanger. In these six years the picture producers have called upon the customer, the builder, the furnisher and the decorator for their finest, while performers' salaries and the expectations of the public have, hand in hand, gone out of sight.

This is a fact that should be realized, and most certainly is not, by good writers. The novelist and the dramatist who begin to write for the screen today write in anything—crowds, buildings, set after set—because they feel that these things come easily, by a sort of magic, perhaps, to the maker of motion pictures. As a matter of fact the time is not coming, but is at hand, when the photoplaywright should be as careful about changing scenes, as careful of crowds and as parsimonious of mere optic effects as his brother who writes for the limited stage. Thus only will the man who produces his play be enabled to produce what the author does specify and must have in a perfect, or nearly-perfect, manner. The movies are out of their days of quantity, and well into the day of quality.

The Poison East. The compass points to North and South, and the West to Rejuvenation—on the screen. New York may be renowned as possessing a big town, Illinois is great for corn, Indiana for literature and Ohio for tires—but all of them are darned poor places for a man to come back in. Hero or villain, leading or misleading lady, if ways are to be mended, deeds atoned, or the soul's valves ground, it must be done west of the Mississippi. West of the Missouri will give even better results. While not deprecating the splendid calm of the Rockies, the imaginative repose of the great plains and the spiritual purge of the fiery desert, aren't we becoming a bit orthodox in making the American West the univeral panacea? Why, we all know that skunks grow on the range occasionally! So why can't we admit that the city has a wallop which may sometimes inspire—and acknowledge that to a lot of great folks the middle west has been a land of service or a valley of dreams? If the East is poison the scenarioist did the job.

Mr. Griffith's Personal Critic. The sun-plays of David Wark have been eulogized, or dissected, by reviewers from the Avenue de l'Opera to the local weekly on Sunset Boulevard, the street where the mahster makes 'em—yet in all this brave phalanx of reportial talent Mr. Griffith's favorite critic—his personal critic—is not to be found.

Mr. Griffith's personal critic never criticises except on demand—by Mr. Griffith. He is the Griffith chauffeur, the same who drove the huge Fiat last year, and who is this year behind the wheel of the Packard limousine.

He was among the many who were completely muddled by the ancient intricacies of that crazy-quilt, "Intolerance."

"How do you like it?" asked the producer, as they surveyed the first run of "Hearts of the World."

The chauffeur turned with an expression akin to fervent gratitude. "Boss," he said, "thank God they ain't no Romans in this one!"

Who Are Favorites In Your Town? A big group of motion picture exhibitors, representing all of the United States, convened in New York recently, and in the course of general convention business took a straw vote on stellar popularity in their respective territories. That vote found clay feet on some of the supposedly all-gold gods, and a few of those not in the alleged top-notch class showed surprising strength.

It might be presumed that the Chaplin enthusiasm would be unanimous, yet who would have predicted equal favor, in this convention, for William Farnum? Though a sterling and reliable actor, he has been cumbered with some pretty bad plays. Yet they were a unit for him.

W. S. Hart came in for a lot of harsh criticism from these men whose only reviews are the reports of their cashiers. Particularly were the Westerners against him.

While not unanimously acclaimed, Norma Talmadge and Mae Marsh were strong favorites in all sections.

The convention didn't care much about Petrova, Nazimova, Constance Talmadge or Mabel Normand.

And there were four votes against the supernal and infallible favorite, Mary Pickford!

Income-Tax Revelations. The Famous Players-Lasky organization recently sent its check to the government for $600,000, in payment of Federal taxes on its combined manufacturing and distributing organizations.

Paramount-Artcraft is now doing a business of $400,000 a week, or thereabouts. And Paramount-Artcraft has a fifth of the gross business done by the entire industry in the United States. The gross box-office income of the country hovers around $4,000,000 a week.

While this is a healthy condition, and represents an unprecedented expenditure for amusement and diversion—which is in these times even more necessary than amusement—it may be well to call the careless enthusiast's attention to the fact that in these hours of colossal expenditure other manufacturing interests account for almost unbelievable sums of money every seven days, quite without any press-agentry whatever. The gross business of the General Electric Company during a single week in May, for instance, is declared to have been $23,000,000.

"The Million Dollar Mystery," most famous of all serials, had Marguerite Snow as its heroine.

She Never Worked for Griffith

Marguerite Snow never even entered the Biograph Studio

By Randolph Bartlett

IN the course of several years' experience in collecting data concerning the lives and works of more or less famous screen personalities, a certain formula has become extremely familiar. If the person whose questionnaire one is filling out has been in pictures since they were in their now familiar infancy, the fascinating information comes something like this:

"A friend of a friend of mine was working at the old Biograph"—it is always the "old" Biograph, though there never has been a new one—"and I went out to see how they made pictures. Well, I was sitting there watching them, and the last thought in my mind was ever trying to do it myself, when a man pointed at me and said, 'Who's that little girl over there?' Well, you can imagine how surprised I was. The man wanted me to go on right away and take a part in the picture. It was Mr. Griffith."

So when I discovered that Marguerite Snow was of the picture infantry and realized that she had not pulled this line, I prompted her.

"A friend of a friend of yours was working out at the old Biograph—"

"No," she interrupted. "It was Thanhouser."

"But Griffith never directed at Thanhouser."

"I never worked for Mr. Griffith."

Here was a startling story—a girl who had been in pictures all this time and never been inside the Biograph studio, and was not discovered by Griffith. And yet they say there's nothing new under the sun!

Nor did Marguerite have to run away from home to go on the stage. If she hadn't done it voluntarily her parents would, probably, have compelled her to do it. Her father was Billy Snow, a famous minstrel man in the days when it was open season for that form of entertainment. They lived in Savannah, Georgia, and little Marguerite passed her childhood checking off the number of years before she would be permitted to become an actress. And she didn't have any discouragements to encounter. Her debut was in James O'Neill's last revival of "The Count of Monte Cristo," after which she was engaged by

A recent photographic study of Miss Snow.

White

Henry W. Savage. She was one of the many "College Widows" and enjoyed a great deal of success before she ever heard of movies.

In those pioneer days, successful actresses who engaged in film adventure, were a little ashamed of it. They regarded it as slumming, and concealed their identity, so as not to lose caste. Marguerite Snow was no exception. When she went to work for Thanhouser she didn't want her friends to know about it so she changed her name. She called herself "Margaret" Snow.

"Funny, isn't it?" she said. "But it isn't half as funny as some of the things that actors and actresses have their press agents send out to increase their popularity. Every time I pick up a moving picture tradepaper, these days, I discover that a certain star has just recovered from another automobile accident. I wonder how she ever gets time to do a picture. There's another one that seems to have a penchant for buying clothes, and there's usually a story a week to this effect. It looks to me as if she must be the buyer for a wholesale clothing house on the side.

"It isn't always the fault of the stars, though. A press agent who was supposed to be keeping my name favorably before the public very proudly one day sent me a newspaper clipping, which began, 'Miss Marguerite Snow disagrees with Daniel Frohman.' I wired him asking why he didn't have me pick on some one my size, like the President or General Joffre."

"What are your own diversions?"

"Playing with the baby," she declared.

This is Julie Cruze, Marguerite Snow's baby—and very patriotic, too, say we.

Another startling fact—a young actress who is a wife and mother, and isn't afraid that it will make the public hate her if it becomes known. Her husband is James Cruze, and a mighty fine actor too, separated at present from his fireside by the entire width of the American continent, for the Cruze-Snow home is in New York, and James is at Lasky's, in Hollywood.

Miss Snow's latest screen activity is the Wharton serial, "The Eagle's Eye," made at Ithaca, with which patriotic creation readers of PHOTOPLAY are familiar. Before that she was with George M. Cohan in "Broadway Jones," and in various Thanhouser, Metro and other productions, and of course you remember the heroine of "The Million Dollar Mystery." She had just finished the Flynn picture when I met her.

(Continued on page 112)

White

Boy, Page Booth Tarkington!

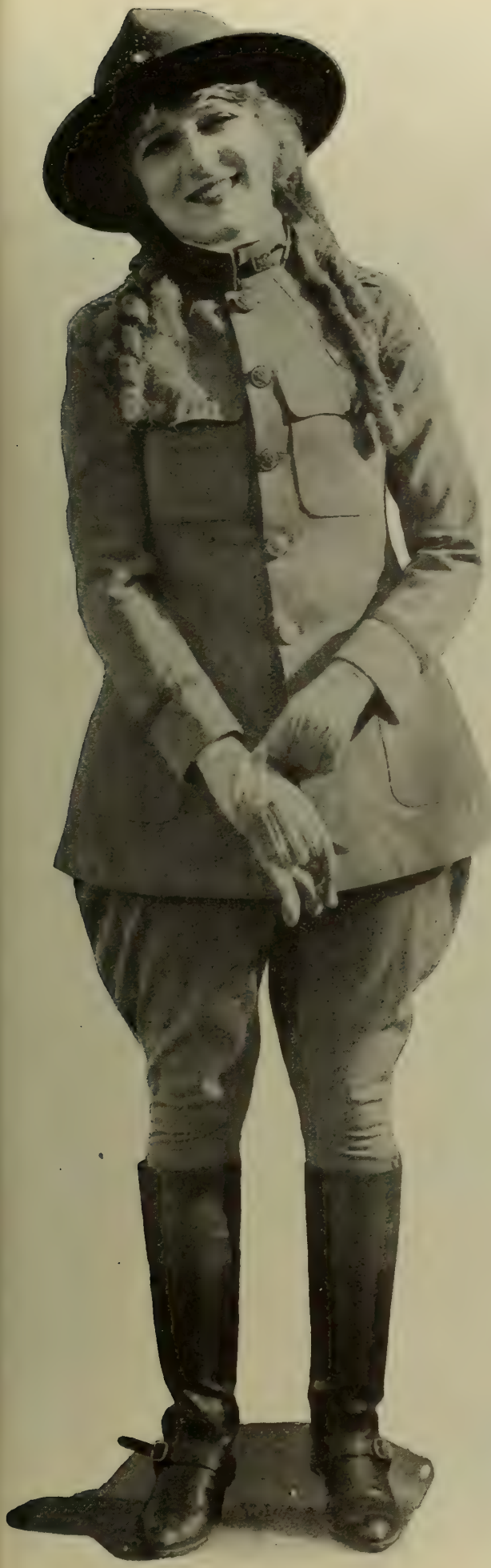
MR. TARKINGTON, we have just seen your play, "Seventeen," and we believe that we present you, herewith, the sole and original model of your young man in the momentous dress-suit—that dress-suit which was expanded for father, cut down for the son, rented by the tailor and damned by the whole family.

The soulful lad with the bee-stung upper lip, languishing in the photographer's best prop chair, is Wallace Reid, and beside him stands his mother.

At this time Geraldine Farrar's future heavy lover was an inmate of Perkiomen Seminary. The year was 1909, and eighteen summers had been made more glorious for Wallie's presence on earth. With these known dates the class in high-angle mathematics may now begin to figure out Mr. Reid's real age.

He was then everything but an actor. He was a poet, an editor, a short story writer, a violinist, a bass-singer, a football player, a member of the track team, and a debater.

After leaving school, Wallace Reid went to Newark, New Jersey, and began workaday life as a reporter on The Star. Then he went on the stage, shifted suddenly to cow-punching, went back into the newspaper game, and finally got in front of the camera.



Colonel Mary

of the 143d Field Artillery, U. S. A.

HONORARY Colonels are not exactly novelties now. But here, fellow-patriots, is the first American Honorary Colonel in the present war: Colonel Mary Pickford, 143d Field Artillery.

Recently Colonel Pickford's regiment took a long hike from its encampment and training quarters, in San Diego County, to Los Angeles. It was three days enroute, and the ranchers' wives, along the dusty way, fed it and bedded it and coddled it to the point of almost making it a pageant instead of a march. At the edge of Los Angeles thousands of cheering people met the regiment, along with a score or so of newspaper men, Eastern correspondents, and camera men from the news weeklies. But Colonel Pickford was not one of these. She had gone far out into the ranch country, and did not meet her boys, but arrived with them. Previously she had paid them a visit or so at their official home, Camp Kearney.

Their deadly rivals, the Grizzlies, of the same camp, call them "Mary's Lambs."

A Vampire Tale

The Life Story of a Russian Vampire, Told by Herself, with all the Crude Force of a Russian Novel.

I AM Black, with little sin-shames in Me. No one knows to what Blacknesses I am driven—I do not know Myself.

My earliest recollection is of a bright cold morning in Siberia. I was watching the snow-and-ice. The sun shone. Two men came—one a tall-dark man, in a bear coat. The other, a small man, in a coat of musk-rat. The tall-dark man stabbed the small man in the back. The sun shone. There was an ever-widening pool of blood on the snow. I laughed.

In all my little-girlhood I never saw a Russian wolf-hound. But I longed to play Vampires. All women are Vampires. I longed to play all vampires but Cleopatra. Somehow I could not bring myself to want to play Cleopatra when I looked out upon the snow-and-ice.

And all the time—even now, in my Career—is the memory—the cold-hot memory, that hurts me even while it makes me laugh—of the ever-widening pool of blood on the snow, back in Siberia.

At the age of sixteen I became a member of the Russian Preparatory Art Ballet at Bakst Numph. This was necessary as preparation for the Russian Secondary School of Ballet at Splokvadst-Chille. After my graduation from the Preparatory and Secondary Schools of Ballet, I was pronounced ready for the Great Russian Imperial School of Ballet at Petrograd.

There it was that the Man came into my life. He was a shoe-clerk who admired my dancing from his seat in the gallery of the Great Russian Imperial Ballet Theatre at Petrograd. Through a friend of his, who knew an usher, he met Me. He asked Me to marry him. I laughed. Always the memory of the pool of blood, widening.

"Marry me, Sophie," he had said.

"No," I shuddered brutally.

A year later I read of his death. He had died. They came to me and said he had died in the Great Russian Imperial Hospital for the Mentally Incompetent. I know better. It was because of Me.

And there was the Blackness—always. Then came the War. And I had a cable from the Gump Company of America to come across—and be their little Russian Vamp. I came. My brothers were both in the War—with the New Government, the latest new one. And as for Myself, I felt that I could do more for Free Russia in America than I ever could at home.

And from the first, this America—so like a little laughing child—has captured Me. Since taking up my work as the Russian Vamp of the Gump Company, I have thought less and less of the ever-widening pool of blood on the ice-and-snow.

Grand Crossing Impressions

By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

IT was Up to Dorothy.
She had to Do It
To Take the "sh!"
Out of Gish.
Gish Never
Stood for Pep—
You Know That.
Until Dorothy
Came Along,
As "The Little Disturber;"
Stuck Out her Tongue,
Wore a Saucy Tam
On Black Bobbed Hair,
And Did a Swing-walk
Across the Screen.
Dorothy Did It.
It was Up to her.
And she's Doing it Now.

When
I Went Up to See her, she
Was Having her Nails Done—short, so
She Couldn't Bite 'em; and
Everybody
Was Giving her Advice
About her Personal Appearance.
(She Had to Speak
At "Hearts of the World.")
"My teeth are Chattering,"
She Said Seriously:
"I Might take
My Knitting with Me;
But I'll be
So Nervous,
The Needles'll Click,
And Spoil Everything."
"Mary Pickford
Made a Grand Speech,"
Encouraged the Manicurist.
"Yes, I Know," said
Dorothy. "But
Mary's so Wonderful anyway; so
Witty, and
I'm not; I'm Sure
To Disappoint Them.
I Hate to Do It—"
"Marguerite Clark
Spoke Here; she
Made a Grand Speech."
"Yes," said Dorothy.
"I Admire Miss Clark
So Much."
"I Should Think,
Miss Gish," Said
The Manicurist, "that you
Would Have Brought
Your 'Little Disturber'
costume
With You."
"I Know," said Dorothy
sadly;
"I Know. I Should Have.
If
They'd Only Told Me.
I Know—"

Stagg

As "The Little Disturber" in "Hearts of the World."

She was Almost
In Tears,
And Biting her Nails.
But Just the Same,
At the Theatre,
When the Little Disturber
Bounced Out on the Stage.
And Told Them
How Scared she was, much
Preferring an Air Raid,
Or the Trenches
To a Personal Appearance—
Everybody Sympathized with her, so
She forgot all about it; and,
Exiting,
Did the "Little Disturber's"
Own Funny Swing-walk—
And Brought Down the House.

You can't Put
The Little Disturber
On Paper.

"I don't Ever
Want to Go
'Over There'
Again," she Says.
"I'm Glad
I'm an American.
Going Across,
General Pershing Said he
Wanted to Meet me; but I
Was So Scared, being Alone, and
Feeling Kind of Strange,
I Stuck in my State-room, until
Two Days before Landing.
When I finally Met him, he
Asked me where I'd Been; and said
He had Wanted to Meet me, ever since
Lillian and I
Had Entertained him and his Men
In Mexico,
On the Screen.
I Wish
I'd Thought
To Have my Picture Taken
With him," said Dorothy.

And there's
Mrs. Gish, mother of
The Gishes.
Her name is Mae, and
She's as young as that.
Both the Gishes
Are Unspoiled; and I Think
Mrs. Gish, mother of
The Gishes, has
A Whole Lot to Do with it.
There should be
An Interview with her.
I'd Like to Write it.

Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Warm Words, Likely

IN "The Marriage Lie," I noticed that while Carmel Myers and the villain were having an earnest discussion, strong puffs of smoke floated across the room. Maybe "Pete Props" forgot the direction of the wind when he lit his pipe off the set.

FRED HUTCHINSON, Bridgeport, Conn.

Yes—Many Actresses Should Be Stenographers

I WOULD like to contribute my plea to the many complaints that come from all sides relative to the "efficient" stenographers who appear in office scenes in pictures. It is really pathetic to see some two-fingered typists in a big office where only experts would really fit in with the air of efficiency and luxury.

M. E. J., Camden, N. J.

Perhaps Burbank Produced the Picture

IN "Broadway Bill," featuring Harold Lockwood, I noticed that in the scene where the camp boss was instructing his men to tumble a tree on Lockwood that the tree they were cutting was a silver birch. Yet, when it landed, the tree was a pine.

FRANCIS J. BIBBY, Detroit, Mich.

We're Not a Pilot, but It Seems Wrong to Us

SESSUE HAYAKAWA and Jack Holt in "The White Man's Law" head an expedition into the Hinterland of Africa for "White Gold" or Ivory. Upon their return it is Falkland's (Jack Holt's) desire to explore a certain stream. Guingis (Sessue Hayakawa) agrees to go with him so the two start out in a boat with a negro rowing *up stream*. They are to meet Guingis' father and the expedition at the second night's camp. Guingis discovers the fact that Falkland is married and since Falkland has been trifling with Guingis' sweetheart there is naturally a struggle in which the occupants of the boat are thrown into the water. During the fight the boat floats *down stream* at a fairly good pace. Falkland reaches the boat, overcomes the African and we next see him pursuing his way *down* stream at a speed that would put a motor boat to shame. Then lo and behold! he reaches Guingis' father waiting at the second night's camp and all the time I thought that they had followed their course *up stream* just as they were doing when lost to our view.

MRS. A. K. J., Portland, Ore.

Did You See the Ark Around?

IN "Rich Man, Poor Man," Marguerite Clark returns through a terrific thunderstorm to find her mother dead. According to the insert, "They find her several hours afterward." The doctor is sent for, calls, and leaves, and all the time the storm rages without. Some thunderstorm.

W. H. PRICE, New York.

The Will to Live!

IN an episode of "The Fighting Trail," "Shoestring" is driving a wagon containing a load of nitro-glycerine, when along comes the villain and takes a shot at the wagon. Instead of "Shoestring" being blown to bits, he seems to be only mildly injured. In another episode a man is shot in a running duel, but each time he got up and kept right on running. How do they do it?

ELMER A. BIERSACH, Milwaukee, Wis.

Skinner's Dress Suit Again

IN "Twenty-One," a Bryant Washburn picture, the star leaves his residence to visit a dive in the slums apparently in the evening as we see his automobile lighted on the inside when he drives away—yet when he joins Dixie, the girl he instructed his servant to ask to wait for him as he would be detained, she tells him that it is very original for him to be wearing his evening clothes in the afternoon.

MRS. R. J. N., Venice, Calif.

SOME Moonlight!

WHEN the "Night Shift" of the munition workers were toiling in the Ninth Episode of the "Eagle's Eye," the sun was shining in through the windows in all its splendor and glory.

W. P. V., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Imagine Being a Barber There!

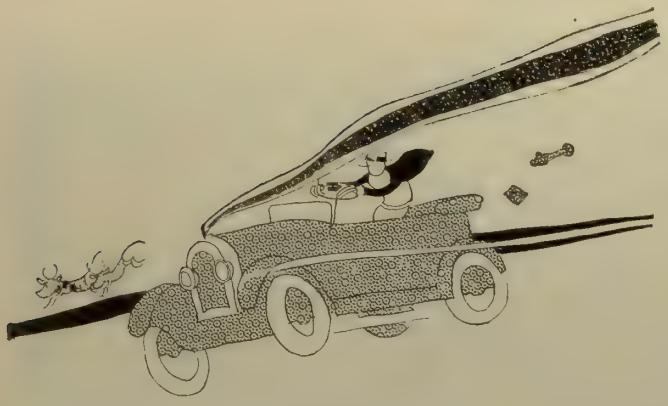
CAN you explain how Tarzan, in "Tarzan of the Apes," apparently a normal youth, could grow to maturity without any sign of a beard? Was he born with a safety razor or did he shave with that knife he found in the hut?

A. V. SEEDS, Philadelphia.

S'matter is Right

IN "Exile," featuring Mme. Petrova, the villain, Perez, was conversing with his wife. He extended his hand towards her. A "close-up" was shown of his wife and the villain's hand was also shown. It was his right hand. When the camera flashed back to the scene the villain was withdrawing his left hand. S'matter, Pop?

D. W. B., Bloomsburg, Pa.



For the Conservation of Water

IN Ann Pennington's "The Antics of Ann" I noticed one mistake.

After Ann ran away and married Tom Randall, her father starts out to find her (presumably). The car stops, he gets out and removes the radiator cap. It smokes; he has no water.

He goes to the nearest house for water which proves to be the place in which Tom and Ann are living. In his excitement he leaves the house, forgetting the water. In the next scene he is back at the hotel telling Ann's sister the news.

How did he get back to the hotel without water? Some automobile!!

FLORENCE SMITH, Dundee, Ill.

Have a Heart!

I REALIZE, of course, that France manufactures some of the finest silk stockings, and that possibly they are cheaper there than here (I paid two and a half for the last pair I bought) but still do you really think Marie (Lillian Gish) in "Hearts of the World" would be quite likely to insist on silk hosiery to wear while going through the perils of life in a town in the hands of the enemy? I wonder!

Moreover, picking potatoes and wandering in the fields is rather hard on hosiery, isn't it? She surely must have had a large supply.

B. M. L., New York.

Perhaps It Rained on Him

IN the ninth episode of "The Bull's Eye" I saw Ed Cody climb down a rope ladder and mount his horse and pursue the outlaws with his face all dirty. After riding some distance he comes to a halt and his face is clean. I didn't see him wash it nor was it likely that he would have put powder on.

C. W. YOUNGSTAFEL, Danville, Ill.

"Ain't It the Truth?"

WHY, Oh, why? Last night I sat through a Burton travelogue and a Shriner parade in Cheyenne to find that Chaplin will show tomorrow.

HILDEGARDE RUDIN.

We Wouldn't Say Bad

HERE I am again. I'm a sorta bad penny. In "The Legion of Death," the hero, Philo McCullough, appears with an army officer's overcoat, the three rows of braid on his sleeve denoting a major. Yet, when he takes off the coat, we see the captain's two silver bars on his blouse.

And neither captains, majors, nor anyone in the U. S. Army use the Boy Scout salute—the fourth and fifth fingers folded into the palm.

LAURENCE COHEN, Far Rockaway, L. I.

In Defense of the Clergy

TO me there is something disgusting in the way directors insult the ministry, making most ministers narrow-minded, hypocritical objects, always rolling their eyes heavenward and throwing up their hands in horror at the least thing. This was especially so in "Naughty, Naughty" with Enid Bennett. In all travels I have never met this type of man in any church, large or small, and it hurts me to see them portrayed in this manner. The most of them are loving, kind and though strict on certain things, do not deserve this burlesque.

MRS. L. JONES, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Flight De Luxe

DID you notice how very thoughtful "Jimmy" was in "De Luxe Annie" when he evidently packed enough shoes for Norma Talmadge so she could change from low-heeled ones, which she wore in the afternoon when she called on the "millionaire gin'ral store keeper" of Riverside Corners, to high-heeled ones in the evening? And how well she skated in high heeled shoes! I didn't see all "them" shoes going *into* that one small traveling bag when he was packing it so hurriedly. Did they sell them at the gin'ral store, I wonder?

MARIE LONGEN.
Milwaukee.

This Woman Dresses Quickly

IN the game of "hide and seek" in "The Business of Life," Jacqueline begs for twenty minutes in which to hide herself. She is found hidden in a suit of armor mounted on a horse. I can't see how she made this difficult change in the specified time. As I understand it, even in days of old the knights required aid to get into their armor.

G. C., New York City.

HAVE YOU A FRIEND ?

If you have any friends who are not acquainted with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, don't permit them to live in the darkness any longer. Throw a ray of sunshine into their lives. How? Easy! Just send their names and addresses to us, enclosing three cents in stamps, for each address, to cover postage, and we'll turn on the sunshine. How'll we do it? We'll just send them a sample copy. That's all.

The Photoplay League of America

Being a preliminary account, and a listing of the reasons which have brought about the first All-American movement for clean, intelligent, patriotic pictures.

By the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

ON numerous and sundry occasions commercial persons engaged in the manufacture of lurid, salacious, unwholesome or merely stupid and vulgar screen products have replied to interviews of protest: "We give 'em what they want!"

But do they?

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has long had its doubts that anywhere in this country is there a real demand for any except clean, diverting, human, uplifting motion pictures. It has often expressed these doubts.

And coincident with this editorial force has been a great unorganized wave of feeling among intelligent people all over the United States—for as intelligent people from Portland, Maine, to San Diego, California, have come to accept the photoplay and other motion pictures as a mighty new means of world expression—in just the degree that the potential power of the motion picture has been recognized, to that degree has there been a demand for better pictures.

That wave of feeling has taken shape. It has become a vital movement. It has crystallized into organization.

That organization is an actual fact today, and it is known as *The Photoplay League of America.*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the world's leading motion picture publication, takes pleasure in announcing that *The Photoplay League* has honored this periodical by making it its official organ.

In these pages will be found an account of the League, its organization, its officers, its world-famous patrons, executives, directors and aids, its plans, its methods of work. The League will have a regularly conducted department in this magazine—a department of service, if you please, for service, to the whole country, is just what The League has been organized for.

Now then, returning to the lingo of the cheap manufacturer, *do* they "give 'em what they want"?

In the first place, no; in the second place, if there be any who think they want that sort of stuff, convince them that they do not by showing them better things.

Lumiere

MYRA KINGMAN MILLER, President of the National Federation of College Women, who has been made executive secretary of The Photoplay League of America, in active charge of its organization work, and also chief of its editorial activitities. Mrs. Miller is one of the foremost feminists and public workers in the United States. She has established The League's organization offices at 185 Madison Avenue, New York City, and beginning next month will handle The League's regular department in these pages. Mrs. Miller has been requested to permit the publication of some very interesting data concerning her own work and career, in next month's issue.

The organization, the work and the men and women behind The Photoplay League of America make a narrative total so big, so impressive, that the editor finds it impossible to give it all to you in this September issue because of a sheer lack of time and space.

So, first of all, let us survey the field, the reasons for the necessity of such an organization, and what it can do and must do.

In the first place, understand that this is no movement of theorists, no self-advertisement of a lot of spiritual quack doctors, no "high brow" undertaking to "elevate" motion pictures as a lot of lofty foreheads have from time to time endeavored to elevate the stage.

The Photoplay League of America is, to speak figuratively, a big and permanent signboard on the road of motion picture progress. It will point in the right directions. It will be a constructive, helpful guide.

It will be the national clearing-house of clean pictures — good pictures. And by "good" we don't mean nasty-nice. We mean intelligent — artistic — inspiring, just as we use the word "clean" to define those healthy, optimistic, fresh-blooded emanations of imagination which are and must remain typically American.

Why—see here! America is today the roof over a sick earth, the big brother of a naughty little world. America *is* healthy. America *is* clean. America *is* cheerful—and therefore we resent with all the force that is in us pictures that are not clean, that are not healthy, that are not cheerful, because they lie about us and pervert our national sense as well as being immoral.

The Photoplay League of America is not engaging in the manufacture of motion pictures. It is not passing around a set of sophomoric rules to the existing manufacturers of motion pictures. It presumes to tell no man, in that spirit of insufferable interference common to all too many "movements," how to run his business. But by the Jehovah of lights and shadows, it will, day and night, in season and out of sea-

(Continued on page 117)

Feder-Shallcross Studios

Pauvre Enfant? Merci—Non!

Or, in plain, everyday U. S., Madge Evans is not a pallid chee-ild of the drama.

"LES pauvres petits enfants du theâtre!" a French writer exclaimed, going on to explain that "Those poor little children of the theatre are like pallid flowers, grown in hot-houses under artificial light, beautiful with the tragic loveliness of whatever is fragile and doomed to early death. For, while they may not die—these poor little ones—their exotic loveliness never bears fruit. For the sake of a tear or a smile they are condemned to sterility."

More or less true. Who, that knows the theatre, has not encountered the spindle-shanked youngster, wise with the uncanny sophistry of his trade, precocious to an unendurable degree, and making the fingers itch to deliver a good spanking, whether or not the "pauvre petit" happened at that particular moment to deserve castigation?

Enter Madge Evans—exit the picture of the pallid chee-ild.

Of course, Madge isn't exactly a stage "enfant." And the life of the movie youngster is much more varied and healthy than that of the child who lives in the more circumscribed surroundings of the parental footlights. And then too, Madge has traveled—traveled all the way across the Atlantic.

As already intimated, there is nothing pallid or exotic about this lively little youngster. She has a good, healthy flavoring of tomboy in her makeup.

Beginning at the very beginning, Madge was a favorite baby model at the Carlton Studios, London, before she knew or cared much about what was going on around her. Then, later on, in New York, Jack Pratt, then casting director for Augustus Thomas' picture company, realized Madge's charm and was instrumental in launching her screen career. As a result of his interest, Madge appeared in "Shore Acres," "The Garden of Lies," with Jane Cowl, then, with World and Captain Robert Warwick came "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Old Dutch," which starred Lew Fields. There followed then with Famous Players, "Za Za" with Pauline Frederick and "The Seven Sisters," with Marguerite Clark. Then William A. Brady saw the possibilities of the little lady and she became the star of her own plays, notably, "Gates of Gladness," "The Volunteer," "The Little Duchess," "Adventures of Carol," all directed by Harley Knoles. Too, she scored this winter in the stage version of "Peter Ibbetson."

Campbell

Little Madge Evans wants it particularly understood that she is all American, and was born in New York City.

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Randolph Bartlett

It would be hard to imagine anything more popular than the combination of Mary Pickford and springtime in "How Could You, Jean?"

"I WISH I were criticizing pictures, I'd tell 'em a thing or two," a snappy young person said the other day, with a toss of the head which intimated that she did not approve the manner in which criticisms in general, and certain criticisms in particular, were allowing the guilty to go unpunished. Which reminded me of a letter received a few days before, in which the writer said she didn't believe I knew much about pictures because I didn't mention the fact that a certain handsome hero, in a picture I had reviewed, came out of a two-weeks' baggageless journey through the wilderness without a sign of a stubble on his cheeks. My review of the picture was four lines long.

Well, it all depends. Criticisms are written for various purposes, depending upon the attitude of the writer toward the reader. A great many are written to please the vanity of the writer, to display his facility of phrase. These are almost always adverse criticisms, for any fool can be funny when he is finding fault. It takes a good deal of ability to make favorable criticism interesting. But Elbert Hubbard, in one of his inspired moments, remarked, "He who habitually criticizes without giving reasons, descends to the level of a common scold." Moreover, it was to relieve criticism of the necessity of pointing out when the hero should have needed a shave, or changed his coat, that PHOTOPLAY established the "Why-Do-They-Do-It?" page.

Again, criticisms are often written for the naive purpose of telling the world at large whether the writer was or was not entertained by the picture. Of what possible interest or value can such criticism be? The person who is engaged in the task of constantly viewing pictures, professionally, reaches one of two extremes, so far as his own taste is concerned. His vision becomes so numbed that he neither likes nor dislikes anything, or he develops personal likes and dislikes so intense that they possess him completely. Now if he is in the latter mood, no person, who is not constituted exactly as he is, will agree with his criticism. It will be of no value, unless that particular critic is so great an individual that his opinions are read with avidity.

Pauline Frederick is the screen's greatest mistress of the art of suffering beautifully.

The only critic who is doing his readers a real service, then, is one who is able so to cast aside his prejudices that he can see the intrinsic value of a picture, aside from its effect upon his own emotions. Anyone can be clever at the expense of a producer or an actor, but it requires real ability to tell what a production is actually like, without bringing personal taste into the matter.

"I just had the most delicious dish I ever tasted," said one man to another.

German spies in Scotland furnish the punch in "Patriotism," with Bessie Barriscale.

Louise Glaum as a magdalen in "Shackled," is beautifully gowned. The story is a bit too hectic for the high school age.

George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday" is all that could be demanded of this human dynamo.

"What was it?" the other asked.

"Tripe and onions," said the first.

"Ugh!" and the second looked disgusted.

The aim of the Shadow Stage is not to tell you whether or not the writer of these observations did or did not like the fare provided, but to let you know something of what is on the bill of fare, and steer the man who is hungry for corned beef and cabbage away from the fried chicken Maryland. And so:

HIT-THE-TRAIL-HOLLIDAY—Artcraft

George M. Cohan is the Barney Oldfield of the stage. His first two attempts to transfer this spirit to the screen were not complete successes. His third, "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," however, is all that could be demanded of this human dynamo. The fact that Marshall Neilan directed from an Emerson-Loos scenario had more than a little to do with the achievement. It is the story of a Billy Sunday type of bartender who preaches prohibition and in a small town overthrows the German brewer boss. It is the essence of Cohan throughout—Cohan of the naively questioning glance, the swift and decisive movements, the restless intelligence, the dominating personality. It leaves nothing to be said.

HER FINAL RECKONING—Paramount

Pauline Frederick is the screen's greatest mistress of the art of suffering beautifully. In "Her Final Reckoning," picturized from the novel, "Prince Zilah," she has one of her best, if not most original, roles. A woman with a past marries without telling her husband about the other man, and he leaves her on their wedding day, only to be reconciled after much unhappiness. Miss Frederick was never lovelier nor more intense. Is there no means of exploiting this talent except through the medium of messed-up women?

SOCIAL QUICKSANDS—Metro

At last a Bushman-Bayne picture in which Miss Bayne is first, instead of second violin. In "Social Quicksands" the lovely Beverly plays the part of a social butterfly who makes a wager that she will bring to her feet a bachelor who scorns the set in which she moves. It is done with charm, vivacity and humor, in beautiful scenes.

GOOD NIGHT, PAUL—Select

Not even the vivacious charm of Constance Talmadge could conceal the long, grey whiskers on the plot of "Good Night, Paul," in which a young man pretends his partner's wife is his own to get money from a name-worshiping uncle. This is the plot of about half the Keystone comedies, and the situations remain about the same, with a slight touch of the *risque*, carefully denatured. Nor could the threadbareness of the plot conceal the fact that this second of the Talmadges is one of the greatest comediennes now occupying space on the silversheet. She has won her spurs. Norman Kerry and Harrison Ford are of great assistance.

A DESERT WOOING—Paramount

A young woman marries a man for his money, with a half promise to a roué to be untrue to her husband. Not a very nice beginning, has "A Desert Wooing." The plot cleans up, later. The husband is something of a rough lover, and when the roué pursues the couple into the cactus west, there is a thrashing awaiting him. Follows then a shooting, and a final close-up for husband and wife. Enid Bennett plays the wife with much speed and prettiness, though her method of handling a gun would hardly do in France, I believe. Jack Holt is a handsome hero for a change, and takes kindly to the work. It is a lively production, slightly tinged with suggestiveness at the outset.

PATRIOTISM—Paralta

German spies in Scotland furnish the punch in "Patriotism," with Bessie Barriscale impersonating a lovely young nurse who prefers a stranded American to a hospital doctor. The jealous doctor mendaciously causes the American to be suspected of working for the Germans, but the lovely nurse discovers the secret of the plotters in a ruined abbey. There are many inconsistencies in the story, such as Germans signalling submarines from a spot in plain view from the windows of a military hospital. The fine acting of Miss Barriscale and Charles Gunn, together with the excellent Brunton production, save the situation.

SAY, YOUNG FELLOW—Artcraft

The well known Fairbanks smile and the equally well known Fairbanks athletic prowess are utilized for both comedy and thrills in his latest picture, "Say, Young Fellow." A reporter in a small town is sent to unearth a certain fraudulent factory scheme, and with the aid of a smile, acrobatics and girl he turns the trick. It is distinctly a Fairbanks story, and it was written for him by his director, Joseph Henaberry. Marjorie Daw is the love interest. Frank Campeau, Edythe Chapman and James Neill have important roles.

"HOW COULD YOU, JEAN"—Artcraft

"How Could You, Jean?" gives us Mary Pickford in an April setting. The rather slender plot winds its way cheerily through a background of babbling brooks, young lambs and apple blossoms. It tells the story of a society girl, posing as a farm cook, who falls in love with a millionaire, masquerading as a hired man. It would be hard to imagine anything more popular than this combination of Mary Pickford and springtime.

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE—Paramount

"The Firefly of France" has caught all the romantic glamour that surrounds the American aviator in France. Our hero foils a horde of German spies, rescues a French officer and is rewarded by his pretty sister. Wallace Reid makes a dashing aviator, with Anne Little as his dauntless sweetheart.

THE SOAP GIRL—Vitagraph

A delightful comedy of the *nouveau riche* with Gladys Leslie in the title role. It is written around the blunder of a well-meaning old father who uses his daughter's pictures in his advertisements to advance her socially. The really original plot has been developed with unusual skill by Martin Justice. He brings out in Gladys Leslie, unsuspected talents for spontaneous comedy.

A WOMAN OF REDEMPTION—World

"A Woman of Redemption" is a refreshing story of love and outdoor life. The hero, who has been wasting his youth in city dissipation, is reformed in the wilds. A beautiful mountain girl, played by June Elvidge, assists nature in her work of redemption.

STATION CONTENT—Triangle

"Station Content" is a sincere and human story woven about a telegrapher's station. Gloria Swanson plays the wife who seeks happiness on the stage only to find it in the home she deserted. The direction makes the most of the thrills that always accompany a railroad drama.

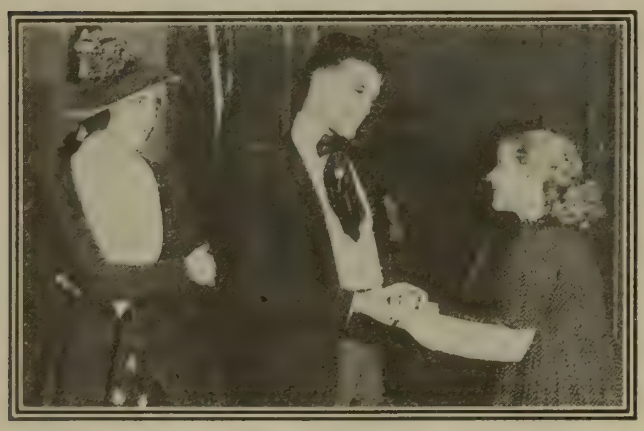
"A Woman of Redemption," with June Elvidge, is a refreshing story of love and outdoor life.

In the role of a social butterfly Beverly Bayne plays first, instead of second violin, in "Social Quicksands."

"The Last Rebel" has a background abounding in Old Kentucky Homes and dialect subtitles.

In "The Firefly of France" Wallace Reid makes a dashing aviator, foiling a horde of German spies.

"The Venus Model" exploits Mabel Normand as an inventive and energetic factory girl.



"Madame Sphinx" presents the picturesque combination of Alma Rubens and an Apache romance.

MADAME SPHINX—Triangle

"Madame Sphinx" presents the picturesque combination of Alma Rubens and an Apache romance. The lady captures a handsome French outlaw in his native haunts, only to discover that he is of her own people and decidedly not a villain. The symbolism of the fantastic "Apache Dance" is woven through the action very effectively. It is a setting perfectly adapted to the star's glowing beauty.

THE LAST REBEL—Triangle

"The Last Rebel" is a romance of the old South and modern New York. The hero in a brisk business suit devotes himself to overcoming the prejudices of the heroine, whose mind is still in crinolines. The background abounds in Old Kentucky Homes, faithful darkies and dialect subtitles.

A MAN'S WORLD—Metro

Emily Stevens returns to the screen after her customary stage season, in an adaptation of the Rachel Crothers drama, "A Man's World." When this drama was written and first played by Mary Mannering (and that isn't so long ago) very few states had woman suffrage, and conductorettes were unknown to the western world. With the almost perfect emancipation of woman that now exists, the cries of Frankie Ware that this is a man's world sound a bit hollow. Yet 'tis a pleasing fable. Frankie adopts a child, is loved by the publisher of her books, and the jealous previous enamorata of the publisher causes him to believe that the child is Frankie's own. He accuses her, and she turns the tables by proving, to her own surprise, that he himself is the father. Miss Stevens is as of old. She is no sugar-plum ingenue, but a woman of intelligence, making vivid even this rather unconvincing role.

THE WHIRLPOOL—Select

Alice Brady, one is led to hope by her latest offering, has departed from the ranks of the vamps and vamped. In "The Whirlpool," for the first time in a long while, there is no sex aberration in her heroine's history. Employed by her stepfather as a decoy in his gambling house, a young woman falls in love with a judge who is worried to the verge of nervous prostration over a case concerning a young man whom he had paroled, and who was one of the unwilling girl's victims. She sets about to right matters, and though there is a near-tragic misunderstanding, she succeeds. Miss Brady had never been so beautiful, never so much the artist. And for the wonderful mountain scenes in which a great deal of the action is staged, a public eyesore from sordid settings, will shout its thanks.

THE KAISER'S SHADOW—Paramount

If Wilhelm could get to it, he would be bringing suit for a share in the profits of the films named after him these days. "The Kaiser's Shadow" is another picture dealing with spy plots. Dorothy Dalton pretends to be a spy, and falls in love with a German, only to discover that he is a secret service man and loved her despite the fact that he thought she was a Gerwoman. Many thrills and narrow squeaks enliven the action of this melodrama, which leaves a much better taste in the mouth than most of Miss Dalton's recent efforts.

THE VENUS MODEL—Goldwyn

"The Venus Model" exploits Mabel Normand as an inventive and energetic factory girl. While designing a fetching bathing suit and making a fortune, she finds time

(Concluded on page 102)

Charles, Not Charlie

Concerning a serious-minded man whose screen personality is better known than any other being in the world.

By Julian Johnson

IN Los Angeles, I received a telegram from Chicago.

"Get a story about the *real* Charlie Chaplin."

This would not be impossible; only rather superfluous.

Charlie Chaplin is the best-known man in the world.

Charles Chaplin is perhaps the least-known man in the world.

Charlie is the quaint capering figure of the screen.

Charles is the serious, somewhat sad, somewhat shy and always pensive man who creates and controls the capering mute of the shadows.

While Charles is very little known, it's far from easy to say anything at all about him that doesn't buck against one or more of the Chaplin traditions. There are more Chaplin rumors, legends, accounts, reports and beliefs than cling to many a system of religion, even though their subject is still of draft age, and has been an international celebrity less than four years.

They cover all points of his public and private life. Groups of them are beautifully contradictory.

We learn from one school of the Chaplin reporters that he is a morose bird, venturing forth only to work, or for solitary prowls. From another, that he is a gay spark.

We are told that Chaplin is a horribly ignorant fellow. And that he is a man of profound cultivation.

That he is an ace of aces with the ladies. Also, that he hates all women.

That he is a coward subject to night sweats brought on

by fear of the draft. That he is a physically weak patriot who has hurled himself ineffectually, and again and again, upon the bayonets of the medical examiners.

That he is a low, mean little miser hoarding his hundreds of thousands like a celluloid Uriah Heep. That his unknown charities are prodigal and unbounded.

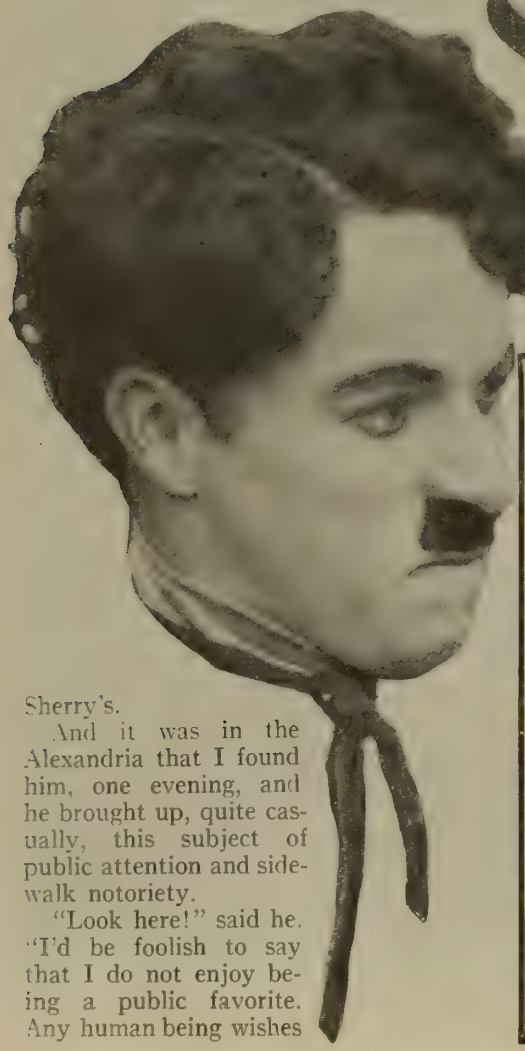
That all he knows is a set of capers which has tricked the fancy of the world. That he wants to play Hamlets, and such like.

Whether I succeed in bringing Charles Spencer Chaplin before your eyes or not, here are at least a few realities.

Charles' dislike of crowds has been the subject of more commentary nonsense since he went out on the Liberty Bond tour than any other phase of his character. The emetic drivel of amateur female reporters has really added to the ironic suggestions of case-hardened he-scribes that this is all a pose.

It is not.

Charles has only one refuge left, in the way of a city, where the curious do not molest him. That is that delightfully composite *pueblo* of Iowa, celluloid and globe-trotting millionaires known as Los Angeles. In Los Angeles screen stars of extraordinary calibre are as common soil as the Kaiser in Potsdam, and you scarcely turn to look at one even if you step on its foot. In New York, London and Paris Charles Chaplin would be mobbed. In Los Angeles he can go to the Alexandria's Indian Grill without drawing any more eyes, than—say—George Gould in Sherry's.



And it was in the Alexandria that I found him, one evening, and he brought up, quite casually, this subject of public attention and sidewalk notoriety.

"Look here!" said he. "I'd be foolish to say that I do not enjoy being a public favorite. Any human being wishes people to like him. But the staring—the whispers—the pointing—the comments I'm not supposed to hear and can't help but hear—being followed—these things are another side of it all.

"I remember the trip I made to San Francisco after my early successes in Mack Sennett's comedies. My name wasn't on the screen, but I'll never forget the thrill I got when, on Market street, I heard one man say to another: 'There's the funny fellow that you see in pictures with Mabel Normand.' I had arrived! This was fame! I didn't get over it for a whole day, and I stood around waiting to have some one else pull a recognition. I didn't get it.

"I want to be myself, that's all. Why can't people dissociate an actor from his work, and take the work as it is, and the man for what he is, as they do a business man?

I like people. But I like them only when they're perfectly natural, and when they let me be perfectly natural. As I grow older, I try to keep closer and closer to the ground, for most endeavors are so futile; so little of what any of us do really counts for anything. I like to go among people and get intimately acquainted with their loves, their hates, their politics, their religion, what they like to eat, and how they have their good times. So, when in a great bunch of human beings I see on every face only one emotion, curiosity, I want to get away as fast as I can."

On another occasion we were speaking of his various roles, and I find that his favorite bit, in all his pictures, is that episode of the tawdry little bouquet of flowers, in "The Bank." Here Purviance, if you remember, plays a beauteous stenographer, while Charles enacts a janitor of the same front name as the cashier, of whom she is really enamored. Charles mistakes her sentiments entirely, and his joy is unrefined until he finds his nosegay angrily dumped in the wastebasket, while her sneer tells him a sadder truth than mere refusal: that he doesn't, and never will belong. In the ensuing bit of almost motionless pantomime, Chaplin struck a note of tragedy which in its depth and universality was really Shakespearean.

The serious bits in all of his plays are the episodes he likes most. He worked harder upon the restaurant scene in "The Immigrant"—with its elusive fifty-cent piece, its ferocious waiter and the cordial diner who finally out-fumbled him for the check—than upon anything he has ever put across.

Chaplin as a producer on his own puts himself straight into nervous debility at the end of each picture. Here is his account of it.

"I am almost at the end of all possible effects. Everything has been done, in almost every way that it can be done. For instance: I started a new piece with a scene coming through a door. What's funny about that? I've got to get on the set, and I must get a laugh as I come on. I can't wait until the middle of a reel for a laugh. It is absolutely necessary for me to start in high and keep going every moment. The people expect it. If I don't give it to them, my dearest friends are going to be first to say I'm slipping. All the old funny tricks of entrance are out, because they no longer contain any element of

(Continued on page 117)

Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness

CLANG! Clang!

There goes an ambulance—sliding through the evening shadows along a tenement side-street. Children, playing before bedtime, fall back from the gutters to permit its passage—children who shout—

"Come on, fellers—free movies!"

The kids are right. Movies! Educational movies, projected from the roof of the ambulance, thrown fourteen feet onto an impromptu screen.

This is in Cleveland, where the health department has a more constructive way of administering to its citizens, other than by merely rushing them to the emergency wards when mangled or stricken. Cleveland is enlivening its local "Better Babies" campaign by motion pictures, reaching into the furthermost corners of poorer districts. At appointed evening hours, reels are shown, demonstrating the proper care of infants. Scores of mothers stand around these ambulances as the pictures flicker on the screen, reared up against tenement walls. Lectures are delivered in conjunction with the pictures, announcement of which is made sometime during the day when a place of showing has been decided upon.

Each of Cleveland's ambulances possesses full motion picture equipment. The unique plan is in charge of J. D. Halliday, of the Health Department.

Municipal cognizance of the educational power of the motion picture is not confined to Cleveland, however. Comes to mind a little midwestern city that has itself established a theatre; more than that, the theatre is in one of the best rooms in Wisconsin's state capitol building. The town is Madison, and the man who evolved the idea is M. F. Blumenfeld, superintendent of Public Properties.

"I designed the picture show idea originally," explains Mr. Blumenfeld, "as a place for furthering the patriotic spirit. We showed a number of patriotic reels, such as 'Paul Revere's Ride,' 'How England Prepared,' 'The Birth of the Flag,' and 'Civilian Preparedness.' Now we are adding comedies and other educational features."

And read of more Wisconsin bustle—

The University of Wisconsin has 600 reels of live educational films. They have helped the rural schools throughout the state get their projectors and now fully 50 per cent of the schools use the hundreds of college reels.

The Rev. Leonard E. Blackmer succeeded in increasing his attendance at the La Crosse, Wis., St. Paul's Universalist church, 500 per cent as a result of religious movies in conjunction with Bible class lessons.

Which brings to mind the fact that in Las Vegas, Tex., the Bible Film company is now working on Sunday school lessons and stories from the Bible. The desert lands

At Uncle Sam's suggestion, Essanay is producing a series of six short reels on domestic science. Eleanor Lee Wright, a food expert, appears (as shown at lower right) demonstrating "conservation without starvation."

Photo by Committee on Public Information

American soldiers in the trenches in France, as shown in the Government patriotic film, "Pershing's Crusaders."

around Las Vegas and the interior of the old Montezuma hotel are largely used for settings. No commercial players are employed, only those who have theology primarily at heart.

The Iowa State college is working industriously to get projectors into the rural schools through the state, in order to give the state the benefit of the many reels on agricultural and general informative topics the college has on hand.

At present by far the greatest planet in the entire cycle of educational films is the United States government motion picture propaganda. In both size and significance this new-born body eclipses all other elements.

The government has chosen the screen as one of its main methods of accounting to the nation as to what it has been doing with its time and its money in a year and more of war.

To exterminate any spirits that do not contribute to the impetus for the winning of the war, Uncle Sam is putting out his pictures, the first of which is "Pershing's Crusaders." A special division of motion pictures was created in Washington, as part of the Division on Public Information. In each of the centers in which the pictures will be shown, local co-operation by city and state officials is used to derive the greatest effectiveness of the film's showing.

At the suggestion of the United States government as a means of teaching food conservation, the Essanay Film Company has begun the production of six short films on domestic science.

Eleanor Lee Wright, an expert in foodstuffs, will illustrate best ways to conserve. The subtitles will tell how to employ various cuts of meats to the best advantage and make palatable dishes. Also the combination of wheat with various other grains will be illustrated, showing the many kinds of attractive breadstuffs that can be made from the combinations and from cereals other than wheat.

The life and works of Thomas A. Edison—the boy and the man—is now being filmed for the General Electric Company. These reels are to be distributed through the schools.

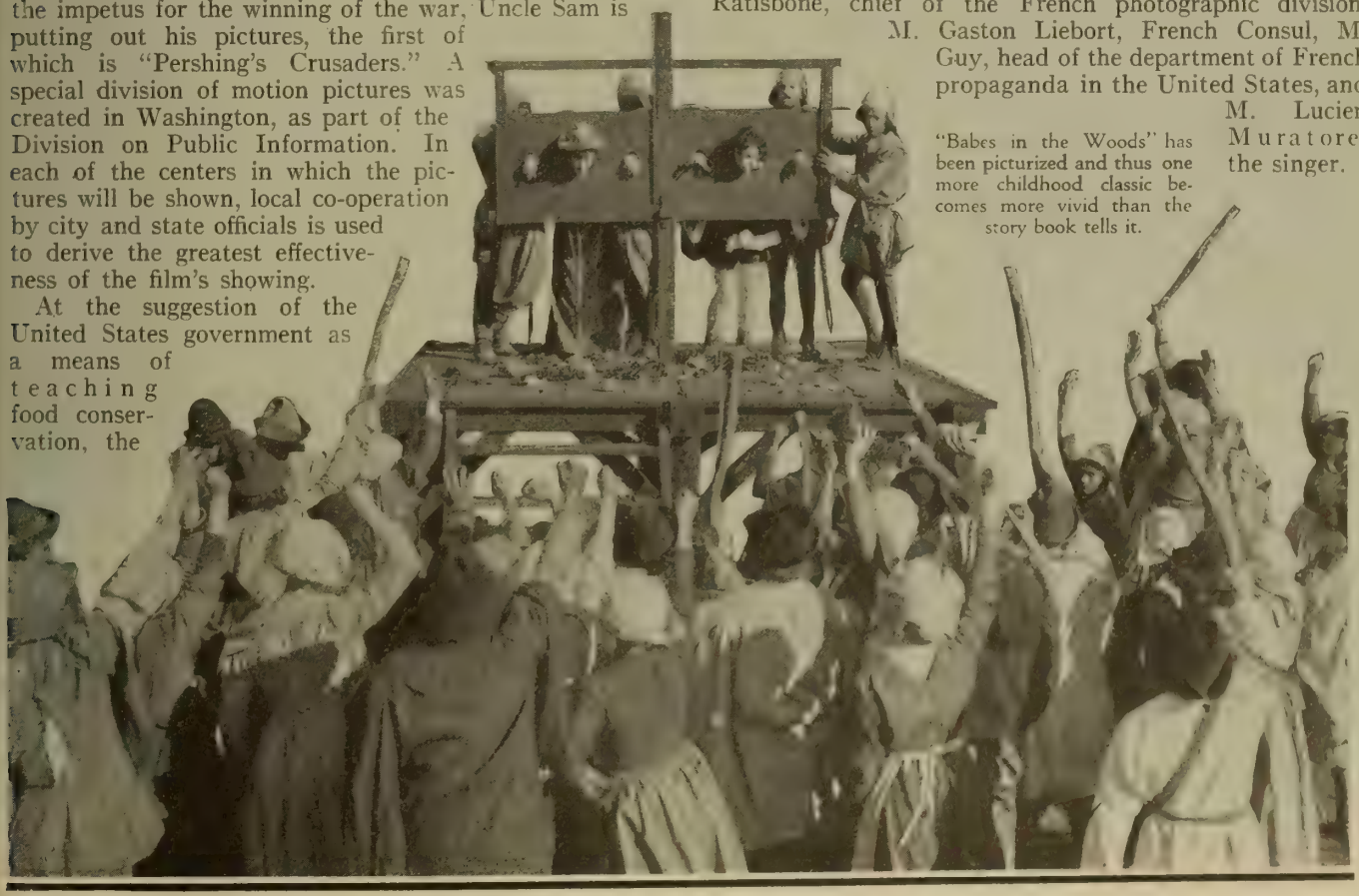
"Life Among the Lobsters" is one of the reels being produced by Walter Brind, of New York, formerly practical pisciculturist of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London. Mr. Brind is taking, in all, nine reels of aquatic life under water, showing the minor forms of sea life. These films are to be sold to schools.

The growing fraternity between France and America is pictured in a series of photoplays now being produced in France under the supervision of Leonce Perret, director of the Pathe studios in France. The picture is to be officialized by the French government. The officializing committee includes such eminent personages as M. E. Ratisbone, chief of the French photographic division, M. Gaston Liebort, French Consul, M. Guy, head of the department of French propaganda in the United States, and M. Lucien Muratore, the singer.

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department Photoplay Magazine, Chicago



"Babes in the Woods" has been picturized and thus one more childhood classic becomes more vivid than the story book tells it.

Stagg Photo

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

DOROTHY DALTON is the godmother of Company D, 115th Engineers. She is shown above presenting one of "her boys" with a sample of the ten thousand cigarettes she gave to the Engineers. All bridges which these engineers will erect in France will be known as the Dorothy Dalton bridges.

DECLARING motion pictures are essential in the present crisis for the education and amusement of the people, several United States Government officials, including Secretary McAdoo, George Creel, H. A. Garfield, and Herbert Hoover, have written letters in which they discuss the situation in connection with war-time non-essentials. Creel says: "I believe in the motion picture just as I believe in the press; the motion picture industry as a whole has put itself squarely behind the Government and at the disposal of the Government, and I cannot speak too highly of the importance and effectiveness of its service." McAdoo writes: "I should look upon it as a misfortune if moving pictures or other clean forms of amusement in America should be abolished." Hoover and Garfield express practically the same opinions—that the photoplay plays too important a part in the education of the public ever to be regarded as a non-essential.

PAULINE CURLEY, Harold Lockwood's little blonde opposite in several pictures, has left Metro for Artcraft where she will appear as leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks. Bessie Eyton, formerly of Selig, will take Miss Curley's place in the Lockwood company.

LUCIEN MURATORE, the great French tenor, appears with his wife, Lina Cavalieri, in her new Paramount picture, in which Cavalieri plays the role of a prima donna with tempestuous love-affairs. Several of the scenes introduce her singing "Carmen," and in this episode Muratore appears in the role of "Don Jose." The scenes of the opera are photographed at the Century Theatre, and the "extras" were all professional players.

FIVE other photoplays are to follow Marion Davies in "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," in accordance with her contract with Select.

LOUISE HUFF received what was probably the first box of candy ever delivered by airplane mail service. It was sent from New York to Philadelphia by United States Air Mail Service, and from Philadelphia to Overbrook, Pa., by special delivery, reaching Miss Huff just a few hours after it had been packed in an uptown candy store.

CONRAD NAGLE, one of the best known young leading men on the legitimate stage, has fallen for pictures at last. He will do "Laurie" in the William A. Brady production of "Little Women." Nagle, at the age of twenty-one, scored a remarkable success as "The Man Who Came Back," and is engaged for an important role in a next-season stage play.

MAURICE FALLET, who upon an honorable discharge from the French army after being gassed at Verdun, came to this country and appeared in World Pictures, has felt the call of war again and enlisted with the Canadian army. Not only was Mr. Fallet gassed at Verdun, but he was wounded in other battles and received the Croix de Guerre for bravery under fire. He played with Kitty Gordon on the screen, and is but seventeen years old.

TAYLOR HOLMES has signed a three-years' contract with Triangle. Mr. Holmes was to begin work at the Culver City studios at the termination of his present vaudeville contract (which has likely occurred by now). Lawrence Windom, director of Holmes' Essanay productions, will go to Triangle also. This is the most interesting announcement to come from Triangle since the reorganization of this company. There are a number of other negotiations under way; H. E. Aitken, as president, has new plans of which the Taylor Holmes contract is the first to be carried out.

Mary Miles Minter is a real kid off the screen. She isn't really running away with this outfit, of course; she just coaxed the driver to let her have a ride. Yes — it's out on a farm — a farm, says Mary, devoted to war-time production.

RUMOR has it that Eugene O'Brien, upon the completion of two more pictures with Norma Talmadge, is to have his very own company.

POLLY MORAN claims Ben Turpin did such fast riding in his new picture that the wind straightened his eyes. Now they're wondering what can be the matter with Polly's eyes if she says Ben's are straight.

The unfortunate gentleman who has contracted this *visage d'ukulele* was known, in natural life, as Charles Ray. If he breaks a string or two on the darned thing he may come back and be Charles Ray again.

HERBERT BRENON has started work on the picture he is making for the British Government. Hall Caine wrote the story and the Ministry of Information is superintending the production.

J. SEARLE DAWLEY, director for Paramount, was married recently to Miss Grace Given. Dawley has handled the megaphone for many Marguerite Clark productions.

DORIS KENYON is now a business woman as well as an actress. She has been elected treasurer of the organization for which she makes pictures and hereafter all the checks signed by the president will be countersigned by her.

THE official announcement that the British Board of Trade had issued an order prohibiting the importation to the United Kingdom of American films excepting by special permission, has created no little excitement in the industry. As a result the government officials were visited by representatives of the large film concerns to see what could be done in the matter. George Creel, Chairman of the Committee on Public Information, stated to the manufacturers that the administration was favorably disposed toward them and would take up the matter at once with the proper English authorities, in an endeavor to do everything possible to secure space on outgoing vessels for the shipment of films. Creel added that the necessity was realized of sending film to all the allied countries for the spreading broadcast of the United States' position in the war.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, erstwhile Bluebird star, has signed a contract with Goldwyn and will make his first appearance as Mabel Normand's leading man.

FRED NIBLO, husband of Enid Bennett, made his first appearance on the screen supporting his wife in her new picture. They said it was perfectly funny to watch them make the film—Miss Bennett insisted on Mr. Niblo sharing every close-up.

AL JENNINGS, ex-bandit and former evangelist, is making a picture written around his own life. His brother Frank is in it too. It will be a real western, with enough hold-ups, girl-snatchings and rescuings, and moralizings to please everybody. W. S. Van Dyke, formerly of Essanay, is directing the picture.

NEAL BURNS, Universal actor, is now at Camp Lewis in Washington, having enlisted two months prior to receiving his call for service.

Thomas H. Ince with Mrs. Ince and their oldest son, Bill, on the beach at Catalina Island, off the shore of Southern California, where the Inces recently enjoyed a few days' vacation.

Norman Kerry is up a tree. Is it concerning his reported engagement to Constance Talmadge? It must be; he is smiling! At this writing Mr. Kerry is in Hollywood. So is the palm-tree.

LIEUT. EARLE METCALFE, formerly of Lubin, who went abroad as a member of the 165th, was wounded in the right leg recently on his first trip over the top. The injury is not serious.

EDNA GOODRICH returns to the screen in "The Gadabout" (Mutual) after an absence spent in rest on her Long Island estate.

NIGEL BARRIE cheated the "Film Flying Corps" and joined the real one—he is an Air Pilot in the Royal Air Force at Camp Borden, Canada. Barrie was Marguerite Clark's leading man in the "Bab" series, the last of which was to have been "Bab's Aviation Corps," in which "Bab" marries "Carter Brooks" (Nigel Barrie), an aviator. But it was never produced, because Miss Clark had to complete the fairy-tale, "Seven Swans" before Christmas, and then Barrie left the company to go in for the big thing. Barrie tried to enlist in the United States air service, and when he was rejected he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and is soon to receive his full commission.

AT an important base hospital location in France is a theatre famous as being a replica on a small scale of the Paris opera house. It has been taken over by the American Red Cross, under a lease for the period of the war, to be used as a moving picture theatre for the entertainment of convalescents and the hospital personnel. The films are for the most part of French production and the captions are all in French. Even in American plays the subtitles have been translated. The Paris theatres charge about twenty-five to thirty-five cents for seats, generally two prices. And at that price it is said one hesitates to buy, as the show stops when the signal for an approaching air raid is given, and air raids are frequent in Paris.

Nigel Barrie cheated the film flying corps and joined the real one. Marguerite Clark's leading man in the "Bab" series, Barrie decided to be a real "Carter Brooks," so he enlisted. Now a pilot in the Royal Air Force, soon to receive his full commission.

"NAZIMOVA" is the name of a new color which an American maker of dyes has adopted as tribute to the Russian actress. The tint is of the deepest purple and gives the velvety appearance of a pansy to silk. And now girl admirers of Nazimova will insist upon wearing the new shade whether it becomes them or not.

TOM MOORE has only one idiosyncrasy, according to Goldwyn's versatile press department. He is unusually careful about his voice. Though he has not been on the stage for years, and one wouldn't suppose his voice mattered in the movies, he has lozenges specially prepared for it. He uses many of them during the course of the day, claiming he cannot act even silently unless his voice is in good condition. Well, Tom can just have his lozenges. Who could deny a popular star a mere cough-drop?

BOB WHITE, otherwise George Beban, Jr., has an expensive hobby—for the other fellow. He collects neckties; and it doesn't make any difference who's wearing it—a film star or an ice man—if Bob fancies a certain necktie he gets it.

WHEN a beautiful girl rushed up to Mary Miles Minter while she was doing Red Cross work in Los Angeles and told her how glad she was to meet her at last, Mary thanked her. There was a haunting familiarity about the stranger, however, and at the first opportunity Mary asked if they had not met before. The stranger smiled and said, "I think not, my dear; but perhaps you have seen me in pictures. I am Fannie Ward." And Mary registered consternation while Miss Ward laughed.

S. L. ROTHAPFEL, manager of the Rialto and Rivoli theatres in New York, is going to France to take motion pictures of the marine fighting there. Mr. Rothapfel is now a captain in the Marine Corps and has been placed in charge of making films to be used for recruiting purposes.

SAN FRANCISCO has long been seeking a place in the motion picture producing field. Now Carl Anderson, formerly president of Paralta, has interested S. F. capital in a new company, his plan including a new releasing and distributing organization.

WARNER OLAND, the high-brow villain of Pathe serials, is now to be seen opposite Kitty Gordon for World.

CLEO MADISON, after a year of intermittent vaudeville, comes back to the shadow stage in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes."

IRENE CASTLE has volunteered to go to France to entertain our soldiers who are serving in the trenches. E. H. Sothern heads the list of theatrical leaders who have arranged for behind-the-lines theatres in France. When Mrs. Castle heard of the plan she eagerly offered her services and insisted upon paying the expenses of herself and assistants. There remain but a few Castle pictures to be released by Pathe.

WALKER WHITESIDE is going to try it again. He will make another screen appearance as a Japanese secret service agent in a coming seven-reel picture with the war for a background.

THE Motion Picture Women's Relief Society has been organized, to be affiliated with the Stage Women's Relief in carrying on work similar to that of the Red Cross.

BURTON HOLMES has left for France with a staff of photographers to visualize for American picture audiences the social, economic, and industrial conditions among the noncombatants of the Allied nations.

A SON was born this month to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Russell. Mrs. Russell was known on the screen as Vola Vale.

THE picture version of "Kismet," which Herbert Brenon was to have produced with Otis Skinner in his original role, has been called off. The supporting company engaged has been dissolved. Skinner is said to have received $5,000 in advance royalty. Brenon is now in England, directing a photoplay for the British government.

LEAH BAIRD is now a serial star—in sixteen episodes.

HELEN HOLMES and J. P. McGowan have separated and both acknowledge a divorce suit is pending. McGowan is now directing a serial for Universal while Miss Holmes is in Sacramento working on a feature picture. They will not give further particulars.

Frank Keenan made up as "Mathias" for "The Bells," from Henry Irving's famous stage play; and Ernest Warde, his director, watching the filming of scenes for the photoplay version.

HARRY HILLIARD is May Allison's new leading man. He was, you may or may not remember, Theda Bara's "Romeo" in "Romeo and Juliet."

HELEN JEROME EDDY, our "Helpful Helen," is now obliging at Universal City, as leading woman for Monroe Salisbury. Miss Eddy's last Lasky appearance was in Cecil de Mille's "Old Wives for New."

HARRY NORTHRUP, who has the heavy role in Blanche Sweet's first new film, "The Hushed Hour," blames D. W. Griffith for his motion picture crimes. "He gave me my first bad part, eight years ago," says Northrup; "and surprising as it seems, I had not seen Mr. Griffith since that time. Then I met him upon his return from Europe and reminded him of our first meeting. I've been playing villains ever since, and he's responsible. He certainly has a lot to answer for."

DORIS KENYON has been made honorary sergeant of 122nd Company, 70th Engineers, U. S. Coast Defenses, for actual work done for the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is now a star in her own right. Metro has decided that her work in support of Bert Lytell has merited such promotion. Franklyn Farnum, formerly of Bluebird, will be Miss Nilsson's leading man. Guy Coombs, Anna's husband, has also been signed by Metro, to play opposite Viola Dana.

WALLACE MacDONALD of Triangle has left for New York, en route to Halifax, N. S., where he will enlist as a private in the Tenth Siege Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery, Fort Cambridge, N. S. He expects to be Over There some time in October.

LOUIS BULL MONTANA, actor, boxer, wrestler, has left for Camp Lewis where he will become a member of the National Army. Douglas Fairbanks, with whom Bull has played, presented him with a wrist-watch prior to his departure.

Lewis Smith

Taylor Holmes is another actor who refuses to be in the Agonized Archibald class, and who demonstrates the fact by being photographed with his family. Mrs. Holmes is well known on the stage and screen as Edna Phillips Holmes; Taylor's son and heir to cheerfulness at the right is Phillips. Then there's Madeline, at the left; and "the baby," whose name, we believe, is Bill. Mr. Holmes is soon to be seen in Triangle pictures.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, the artist, whose "Girls You Know" series was well received, will provide comedies for Famous Players-Lasky in the future. The theme of this series will be "Sweethearts and Wives," written by Mr. Flagg.

THE Children's Year Campaign Committee of the Council of National Defense invited Mabel Normand to appear in person at the Washington theatre where her picture, "Joan of Plattsburg," was shown in aid of the cause. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President, requested that Miss Normand be brought to her box, where she told the actress how much she had always liked her work. "And now, since I have seen you," said the First Lady, "I love the real Mabel Normand even more."

AT a giant mass meeting at Clune's Auditorium in L. A. for the formation of the Motion Picture War Service Association, D. W. Griffith on one side of the stage and Wm. D. Taylor on the other loudly cheered Mary Pickford, when she purchased D. W. Griffith's membership card in the Association for $2,500. Mary looked at the directors and then said to the audience, "That's going some; my first and my last director both cheering me."

FREDDIE GOODWINS is now leading man for Mildred Harris. Goodwins, by the way, is not in the service as reported, although he tried three times to get in. He has his certificate of temporary rejection to prove it, and says that it is evidence of the sole reason why the statement of his enlistment was inaccurate at all. Goodwins played in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" and "Mr. Fix-It," and was formerly a member of the Charlie Chaplin company.

(Continued on page 104)

It's a crool blow, but the Edwin Booth of the screen, when he's not working in California, is busy in his garden picking radishes. The Walthall family owns a ranch near Phoenix, at Scottsdale, Arizona, and here are shown Henry and his brother John gathering the fruits of the soil. But at that Henry doesn't look out of character.

The Five Funniest Things

A director who can produce a laugh-getter need not think he will escape the income tax. And here is revealed the secret of successful screen comedy.

A cohesion of dignity and water never fails to arouse hilarity. Sometimes you see it in the form of a bath room so flooded that the occupant uses the tub as a row-boat.

UNKNOWN to the world at large and faithfully guarded by motion picture comedy directors, is a list of five things guaranteed to make people laugh. Comedy directors have built themselves conservatories and joined yacht clubs by reason of their knowledge of this list, for in motion pictures there is nothing so commercially profitable as laughter. A director who can manage a laugh, or an actor who can inspire cachinnatory approval, need not concern himself about the sugar situation. He can go ahead and make plans for his seashore drive.

Audiences are always amused by something that is anticipated. (Lower right). The audience always feels sure that in another moment the powder will blow the victim four ways from the post office.

The funniest thing in the world is for one person to hit another with a pie. Crude as this may sound it has made more people laugh than any other situation in motion pictures. It was first discovered twelve years ago and has been a constant expedient ever since without, so far as can be discovered, any diminution of appreciation. It has made millions laugh and tonight will make a hundred thousand more voice their appreciation in laryngeal outbursts. It is the one situation that can always be depended on. Other comic situations may fail, may lapse by the way, but the picture of a person placing a pie fairly and squarely on the unsuspecting face of another never fails to arouse an audience's risibilities. But the situation has to be led up to craftily. You can not open a scene with one person seizing a pie and hurling it into the face of an unsuspecting party and expect the audience to rise to the occasion; the scene has to be prepared for. There must be a plausible explanation of why one person should find it para-

in the World

By Homer Croy

mount to hurl a pie into another's face. He must have been set on by the other—preferably by somebody larger than himself—and then suddenly the worm turns and sends the pie with unerring accuracy into the face of the astonished aggressor. To this an audience never fails to respond.

The second funniest thing in the world is for a waiter to fall down stairs with a tray of dishes. Over and over the situation has been worked and yet it never grows old. Sometimes he is craning his neck to see a pretty girl and lands at the newel post; sometimes it is because he has been out the night before and is too sleepy

A scene that can always be counted on to make an audience laugh is for a man to assume woman's clothes.

Another of the five funniest things in the world is for a waiter to fall down with a tray of dishes.

to have the necessary care; sometimes he is being pursued by his wife and in his eagerness to get away makes a misstep that ends calamitously. The pretenses and improvisations for the contretemps are legion, but the scene never fails to get a response. Sometimes a reverse twist is given by having the waiter stumble and the diners scurry to escape the threatening crockery, but with the dishes never quite falling. The reverse of the situation is just as humorous as the scene's accepted version.

In experimenting with the sense of humor it was discovered that there was something irresistibly amusing in seeing some one fall into water. Particularly amusing it was found by comedy directors to see a dignified, silk-hatted individual going along and then to have him meet with an unfortuitous catastrophe such as stopping on a bridge to lean against the banister to admire the graceful swans and then to have the banister give quickly and unexpectedly away. Knowing well that a fall of six or eight feet into water would not hurt him, audiences gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of the situation.

The funniest thing in the world is for one person to hit another with a pie. Crude as it may seem, it has made more people laugh than any other situation in pictures.

Every day of the year this scene in different guises is given to theatre audiences and it never fails to arouse a pleasant sense of anticipation. Sometimes it may be that a bathroom is so flooded that the comedy occupant finds it necessary to make of the tub a temporary rowboat with a long handled bath brush pressed into service as an oar. Sometimes Mary Pickford uses it in comedy more refined when she gathers up mud and hurls it at some person who has aroused her disapproval. Whether played as burlesque or as high comedy, a water scene rarely ever fails to arouse appreciation.

Audiences are always amused by two things: by something unexpected and by something anticipated. A waiter takes a piece of pie and, standing behind a swinging door, waits to reek revenge on a fellow waiter when the door opens and instead of the other waiter in comes the manager of the restaurant. The manager gets the pie. The scene never fails to arouse the desired laughter; it succeeds by reason of its element of surprise. On the other hand the element of anticipation is just as strong and is made use of almost wholly in situations employing explosives. A set is erected with a number of bottles labeled "nitro-glycerine" or "dynamite" and an actor comes in in comedy make-up and begins to smoke. Throwing his match aside it sets fire to a fuse. The fuse begins to splutter while he smokes on unmindful. On such an occasion an audience never fails to give vent to its sense of the incongruous. If it should stop to reason that real explosives were not being used and that in reality the labeled bottles were empty, it would see the evident pretenses of the scene; but it never does. It always feels sure that in another moment the powder will blow the innocent person four ways from the post office and as a result pounds its palms in approval.

The fifth scene that can always be counted on to make an audience laugh is for a man to assume a woman's clothes. If the man happens to be stout all the better and if he should happen to so manipulate his skirts as to show a flash of underwear still better. But strange as it may seem the placing of a woman in man's apparel is not funny. Many directors staked their pictures and their reputations on this reverse to find that an audience will not laugh at a woman in overalls. If she is the possessor of a pretty face they will think her cute, but never funny. Nor must she stay too long in overalls. If she does her appeal is gone and the scene is lost. Just a flash and then back to more conventional attire.

On these five, fortunes have been made and lost. Directors who are hired to produce laughs have tried to put out films in which none of the scenes appeared—and when their efforts were shown in the picture company's private projection room the directors have been handed their contracts and their hats with a prayer on part of the managers that the men would be employed by their competitors. The scenes have been blacklisted and yet when the directors have tried every other situation wherein a laugh might be aroused they have come thankfully back to the funny five.

Oh, Learned Judge!

SPEAKING of beauty and brains combined, have you heard of this beauteous young person, Frances Marion, who rattles the typewriter to the tune of $10,000 a year while still finding time to doll herself up in Paris plumage that stirs most of the femininity of picturedom to frenzies of envy? Earning $10,000 a year would make a frump of almost any woman. But not Frances Marion! Her clothes, as Mary Pickford, for whom Miss Marion writes scenarios, expressed it, "are simply, gorgeously—*speed!*"

Just the other day Miss Marion was summoned to appear before a stern court to explain the whys and wherefores incident to her bowling her big roadster along at a mere forty-seven miles an hour.

When she stepped up and faced him, the judge tried valiantly to mix sternness and reproof with a gaze that was inclined to be admiring.

"Young lady," he asked, "why was it necessary for you to go ripping through traffic on Hollywood Boulevard at this unholy rate?"

"Judge," answered Miss Marion with deep seriousness, "I was late for an appointment to try on a perfectly exquisite new evening gown, and—there were four flivvers and a truck and a Chinese peddler's wagon ahead of me. I just *simply had* to get around them, Your Honor."

The judge tried to hem and haw away a smile that began to flicker around his lips. The smile grew into a grin.

"You may go this time," he said. "Er—h'm—er-r—I drive a car myself, and I am afraid I understand."

A Blue-Ribbon Baby

Referring, of course, to the Roy Stewart of some years back.

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Roy Stewart is the first western star of moving pictures who is really of the West. He's been riding bronchoes and getting familiar with a six-shooter ever since he won the first western baby show down in San Diego some years ago

WHEN a man can look you calmly in the eye and tell you that the happiest moment of his life was when he saw the cactus looming up out of the desert on his return home after his first journey in far countries, you can make up your mind that man is a dyed-in-the-world Westerner. None but a Westerner loves cactus.

"I'd been taking my first look at the northern country," remarked Roy Stewart, the Triangle western star, dusting his high boots with the brim of the wide hat he had removed, "and I reckon I hadn't seen any cactus in quite a spell. When I looked out of that Pullman car window and saw a great, big, ugly old fellow reaching out his prickly arms to me, my heart swelled right up inside me, 'cause I knew I was *home*."

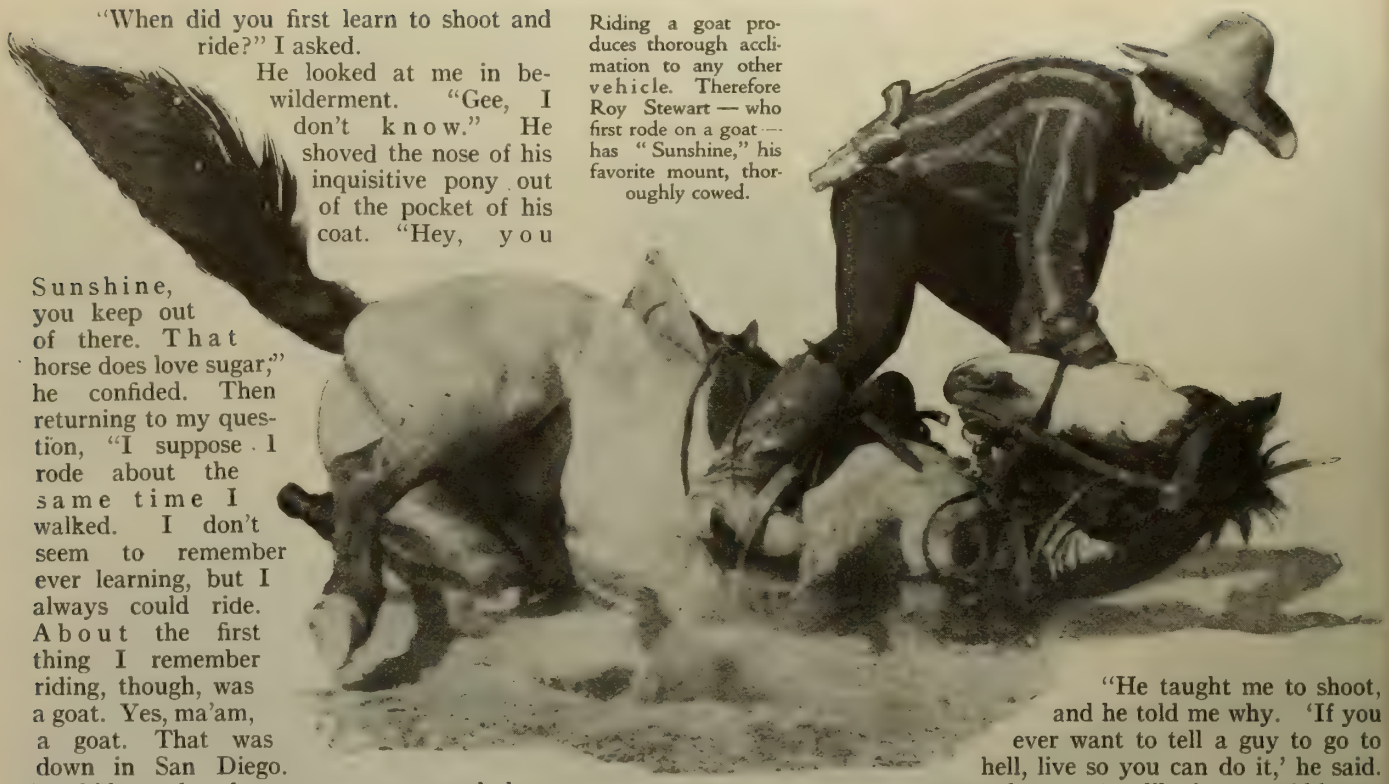
There is no camouflage about Roy Stewart's westernism. He doesn't don his character with his chaps and spurs. He doesn't have to fake atmosphere, manner, ability or knowledge.

Roy Stewart is the first western star of the moving pictures who is really of the West.

So when you see Stewart riding bronchoes, rounding up cattle, looking over five cards or getting familiar with a six-shooter, you may settle back in your seat with the comfortable assurance that he is on his native heath, doing the things he's been doing ever since he won the first western baby show down in San Diego a few—well, some—years ago, and that at last you're gazing at a real western hero.

"I've never been interviewed before," Stewart stated in that cool, impersonal way of his, "except once. That was when they had me in jail down in Mexico.

"Oh, it didn't just happen," he went on hurriedly. "They did it on purpose, all right. Just didn't know what else to do with me, I reckon. You see, ma'am" (a war correspondent who spent a week with the royal family at Windsor once told me that the Prince of Wales always addresses Her Majesty as "ma'am." After hearing Roy Stewart use the term I can imagine it very appropriate)—"I owned the El Tully ranch and a nice little bunch of cattle down in Mexico under Diaz. But when the show opened up down there and Madero came in, they did a lot of things to me. I got out with all members intact, but I didn't have even a Mexican dollar sticking to me. That's when I decided to go into moving pictures."



Riding a goat produces thorough acclimation to any other vehicle. Therefore Roy Stewart — who first rode on a goat — has "Sunshine," his favorite mount, thoroughly cowed.

"When did you first learn to shoot and ride?" I asked.

He looked at me in bewilderment. "Gee, I don't know." He shoved the nose of his inquisitive pony out of the pocket of his coat. "Hey, you Sunshine, you keep out of there. That horse does love sugar;" he confided. Then returning to my question, "I suppose I rode about the same time I walked. I don't seem to remember ever learning, but I always could ride. About the first thing I remember riding, though, was a goat. Yes, ma'am, a goat. That was down in San Diego. We kids used to have goat races round the little wooden court house and dad and the other men would come to the windows and bet on us.

"My father, you know, was the second white man in San Diego. He was the first sheriff of Hangtown, too. It took a pretty good man to be sheriff of that burg, in those days, because Hangtown sort of prided herself on making Bowdie look like a Sunday school picnic. It took a real, live, he-man to be sheriff, you know.

"Dad was a pioneer—the real thing. He came to California in '50, on shoe leather, with "Bonanza" Johnson, after fighting Indians all the way out from Kansas City. He helped to make California history. Father taught me to shoot. He could shoot some himself, father could. They tell me that he was about a sixteenth of a second faster with his gun than any other man in Hangtown. Reckon that's why they made him sheriff."

"He taught me to shoot, and he told me why. 'If you ever want to tell a guy to go to hell, live so you can do it,' he said. 'But he may not like it so you'd better learn to shoot a little, too.' "

I interrupted him to ask a question and he favored me with a cool stare. "Oh, I went to the University of California. An education's a good thing, no matter what a man means to do.

"Yes, I learned a lot on that ranch. For one thing I learned that I wasn't the best poker player in the world. That's a good thing to learn, right off. O'Neill took my clothes away from me one day—and that's no mere figure of speech, either. I had to earn 'em back hoeing corn. We're going up there to do my next picture, 'The Fighting Gringo,'—the one I wrote myself, you know.

"The pioneer blood is in me, too. I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for moving pictures. I love to be outdoors."

He's a very modest person, this Roy Stewart. Yet, somehow, I gathered the impression of a self-respecting appreciation of himself—a sort of "when you call me that, smile" expression that spoke hands off to many things.

I mentioned the Baby Show. (Some one had told on him.) The whole, supple, graceful six-feet-two of him drooped with embarrassment.

"Who told you about that?" he demanded wrathfully. "Oh, yes I won the gold cup, but I always figured it was because I had an Indian nurse maid and the contrast was so great it fooled the judges."

But then our talk was over.

From across the sunny hill of the beautiful Triangle ranch, Cliff Smith, his director, called to Roy.

And as he walked away, I noticed that the hand free of his bridle reins was busy rolling a pisano cigarette. Just as though I would have objected!

After all, east or west, a gentleman is always a man.

Roy Stewart, with Jack Gilbert in the Triangle picture, "The Devil Dodger."

May Allison Is Back!

She cherished primadonna aspirations but the war caused their postponement — and her return to the screen

By Marjorie Manners

Apeda

DRESSED in the garb of Vanity, a tall, slender girl of coltish age, with hair the color of molten gold, stood behind the scenes at the opening performance of Henry Savage's production of "Everywoman."

As the scene shifters scurried about and the other members of the cast nervously conned their lines, or listened assiduously to catch the verdict of the tense audience out in front as to whether "Everywoman" was to be a first night hit or failure, this girl stood merely at attention.

With a superb unconsciousness of the implication of egotism, she remarked calmly, but in the tone of one stating an incontestable fact—

"I shall be a star in five years or I shall leave the stage."

This was May Allison's statement of her aims. When reminded of the occurrence the other day, Miss Allison said:

"It never entered my head that I might be considered conceited. I didn't feel that way at all. I merely had a great ignorance of all the difficulties that beset the road to stardom —and a superb faith. I felt also that if I could not be a star in five years—an age to me then—I had better give up.

"Recently, I received the dearest note from a girl who stood in the wings with me that evening. She is married now, lives in Freeport, Long Island, and has a couple of babies.

"She asked me if I remembered that first evening, and said she couldn't resist writing to remind me of it and to congratulate me."

May Allison is now an individual picture star, in the Metro firmament, and I think that note pleased her more than anything she has received since the an-

May Allison holding the professional I-am-listening attitude while Director Harry Franklin describes some action for "The Winning of Beatrice." Standing, with left hand on his pocket book, is Hale Hamilton.

nouncement of her "come back" as a picture star.

Miss Allison has three sisters and two brothers who are all married and have kiddies, and none of them ever had the slightest wish for public life, but from the time she was "knee high to a duck," May, or "Sunny," was lured by the footlights—desired to be a great singer. The Allisons lived on a huge plantation in the Southern part of Georgia, miles away from the nearest house. May had never seen a show, didn't even know what a theatre was really like, but she used to skip away to the southern part of the plantation where there was a forest of age-old trees, and there she used to throw back her sunny-topped head, expand her little chest, and sing her heart out.

She grew tall so suddenly that she was what you might call skinny. At that time of her existence, May's legs were her special grievance. Her brother soon found out how he could tease her and used to delight in calling her "Spindles" and other equally appropriate names. Once May had the courage to retort. "I've got a nice ankle anyway, so there"—only to be stampeded by his reply, "Humph, yes—but who wants a leg that's *all* ankle?"

Somehow the family never realized what a strong will "Sunny" had until after the father's death and the sisters and brothers were all safely settled in homes of their own. Then she demanded that her mother cash in all their resources and take her to New York to seek an engagement on the stage. At that time, she still cherished visions of a primadonna future—a vision which has never left her lovely little head.

Nevertheless, after a few trips to the various theatrical agencies, she was perfectly willing to accept the part of Vanity in "Everywoman."

The following season, Miss Allison joined Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl" and became her understudy. Then she played the ingenue in "Miss Caprice," in which DeWolf Hopper was starred.

When there came a bad season for the stage after she had briefly starred in "Apartment 12-K" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, Miss Allison took a part in the screen production of "David Harum," made by Famous Players. Next she appeared with Edith Wynne Mathewson, in "The Governor's Lady" and became a full-fledged screen star with American-Mutual in "The House of a Thousand Candles." She then met Harold Lockwood and you all know about her co-starring with him for Metro.

We've said that May Allison is from the South — therefore it ought to go without saying that she loves to cook, can cook and does cook.

But there was still that primadonna vision in the back of Miss Allison's head, and when she had amassed a pretty little fortune, she announced to her valiant little mother, who is her constant companion, "I am going to leave the screen and go back to New York and have my voice trained in earnest!"

And so for very nearly eight months, "Sunny" was away from the land of shadows. She and her mother took a cosy little apartment in New York and she studied vocal under Oscar Sanger at a mere detail of $25 per 30 minutes—and just about the time that her ambition was about to be realized in a London musical production, the war had to spoil everything.

But not for us—

For May Allison has come back to the silver sheet. And her return is but an instance of her character — a manner of ever aiming for the topmost rung and, if anything clogs her footsteps, of kicking it aside, or finding another path.

Mrs. Mills' Many Husbands

Diversified as they are, they have one quality in common: they are all Frank

By Dorothy Scott

"HUSBAND" is a generic term which includes all sorts and conditions of men. There is the fireside husband, the wild and roving husband, the husband who is a "good provider," the husband temperamental, the husband phlegmatic, and assorted lots of just ordinary husbands who may be relied upon to remain true to type.

Frank Mills has played them all.

We were discussing his screen experiences over the teacups in his up-town apartment in New York. Mrs. Mills had stayed just long enough to say "Cream or lemon?" and then had departed, obviously amused at the turn the conversation had taken.

"It never occurred to me before that I had developed into a professional screen husband," said Mr. Mills. "But, now that I think of it, I can't remember playing anything else on the screen. Apparently the casting director places me in the domestic angle of the eternal triangle instinctively and as a matter of course."

"Do you like that sort of character?" I asked, with the certainty that he would not. That certainly comes from familiarity with ingenues who want to be sirens, juveniles who long to play heavy villains, and typical vampires who insist upon being cast as sweet young things.

To my surprise, he replied that he did. He has no yearning to play the dashing cavalier or the bachelor man-about-town. Perhaps it is because he plays his characters first as human beings without regard for any condition of servitude. He likes any role, he told me, that can be expressed with dignity and restraint. If a scene cannot be put over without exaggeration he believes that it is not worth working in at all.

"I have learned to face every variety of domestic catastrophe without wriggling my eyebrows," he assured me.

He has held to these theories ever since he was a stagestruck little boy in Kalamazoo, Michigan. From the very first, he wanted to go on the stage. His earliest recollections are of an elaborate "show" which he staged in a barn with bent pins for tickets. He was forced to close by a father with an unreasonable prejudice against the proximity of the candle foot-lights to the hay. From childhood's barnyard "stage" he soared to usherdom, and from usherdom to the "super" status. Thence, his flight up was rapid and in a surprisingly short time he found himself engaged for Belasco and Frohman productions in the old Lyceum Stock Company in New York. He married Miss Helen Macbeth, who was then in the romantic position of "the girl from home," and a non-professional who blossomed out into a talented actress.

After a season in London, Mr. Mills returned to New York and found a great change in the public's attitude toward moving pictures. They failed to interest him personally, however, until the enthusiasm of James Young persuaded him to have screen tests made.

"I have learned to face every variety of domestic catastrophe without wriggling my eyebrows," declares Mr. Mills, shown at left with Norma Talmadge in a scene from "De Luxe Annie." Below — Mrs. Mills.

Without Benefit of Custard

Juanita Hansen has proven that a beautiful face is not always to be thrown at.

Juanita has done her bit in comedy. She has done it gracefully and graciously. But she has graduated. She is now a star.

NEVER again will the Castillion-Norse features of Juanita Hansen, erstwhile baby doll and exhibit A of exotic screen atmosphere, stop a custard pie. It might—if she stumbles onto the comedy set by mistake; but not on the director's orders.

For Juanita is through with sandbag comedy. It might have been influenced by the elimination of pastry flour; we doubt it. The truth is more likely hovering around the theory that the Destiny supposed to jerk more or less of our fate-strings discovered one of them had become tangled—one belonging to Juanita. Not that she wasn't interesting in the pastric, but because she is more so in the more austere.

Juanita has done her bit in the gay comedy. She has done it graciously and gracefully. But she has graduated. The screen chorus is behind her. She is now a star.

It all came about in a rather odd way, too. One of the most serious minded men in the motion picture business who cannot be induced to laugh at Charlie Chaplin or thrill at a serial, saw Juanita on the screen in the projection room at Universal City. The production was a Lyons-Moran burlesque in which Miss Hansen took the role of a highly colored Carmen with the accent on the men.

"That tough girl can act like a house afire and she looks like a million dollars," said he. "Sign her up. I'll make a dramatic star out of her."

Miss Hansen had just come to Universal City. No one there knew much about her but she was signed up, tried out, and finally put into "The Brass Bullet," which started to shoot August 5th. With every episode interest in Juanita grew, until in the fifth Mr. Laemmle wired to the Coast to look out for several big dramatic stories in which to feature her as a star after the serial was finished. She will be added to the list of special stars and her releases will be known as Juanita Hansen Special Attractions.

Seldom has it happened that an actress' name is so indicative of character and ancestry as is that of Juanita Hansen. For this newest of Universal stars is a Spanish Viking. She can trace her forbears to the haughty senioritas of old Castile, and the fiery old Norse pirates with the same authority that her mirror reflects these strains of blood in her striking features. A futurist would describe this rare combination as "burning ice." But while Juanita is all this when she wants to be she is as yet untouched by that most fatal and unaccountable of theatrical diseases known as Staritis. When a number of lovely ladies of Universal City rushed forth to grab a cup in the annual bathing suit carnival at Los Angeles there was no dissenting voice in the awarding of the cup to her. Her unique creation with its crowning talisman of a brass bullet fastened to the cap contributed.

Miss Hansen won the cup in the annual bathing suit carnival in Los Angeles; the vote was unanimous. We do not wonder why.

The Family Name Is Blythe

Betty Blythe's determination to stop at nothing short of perfection is the most promising characteristic of the convent-bred girl who scored a hit in Empey's screen version of "Over the Top."

Perhaps Betty's name had something to do with her success—but it was mostly ambition and work.

"I CAME to New York with one hundred dollars in my purse, a heart full of ambition and fire in my eye. It didn't take me long to find out that only one of the three things were of any real help. The money and fiery eyes could have been left at home for all the real assistance they were to me."

Thus Betty Blythe tersely explains her rapid rise as a screen star. With all deference to her modesty, we must remind her that it takes more than a "heart full of ambition" to spring into success as she has. One needs an abundance of courage, perseverance and above everything common sense enough to realize that you do not need it all. Added to this, an unusual screen personality and versatile talent and her success is accounted for in more detail. Even this is only half; to understand it fully, you must see Miss Blythe yourself.

When she landed in New York from the convent, she was so awed by the crowds that she would not leave her hotel for three days. As soon as she gathered courage enough to look for a job, she found one at once as "Slander" in George Hobart's morality drama "Experience."

It was her work in this play that brought her to the attention of the Vitagraph Company. She was cast as a sweet young thing in "A Game With Fate" and a heartless cruel butterfly in "Tangled Lives" and, while the roles were not leads, she made them so distinctive that she was instantly recognized as a "find."

But it was in "Over the Top" that Betty Blythe really became universally known to film fans. Her work as "Madame Arnot" in this production stood out so vividly that she was at once established as a star.

All this, however, she considers only the beginning. The longer she stays in the work, the more she feels that there is to learn. This insatiable desire for knowledge with the determination to stop at nothing short of perfection, is the most promising characteristic about this most promising of the newer stars. Not to forget the "heart full of ambition."

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars in *the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Nativity of
Richard Barthelmess,
Born May 8th.

HERE we have a twice-born actor, as his nativity indicates that this rebirth is the carma of the past birth, which will bring him quite a deal of criticism and some scandal and if he does not deserve it now, he is supposed not to have gotten his just dues until this life. This man can play almost any part; but he would be better in two types of characters, like a lawyer and a refined crook. He is lovable, good natured when he has his own way, and is very patient and persevering to accomplish his ends. He has excellent judgment on everything but socialism and religion. He should never argue about either. He will be a good husband and be very happy in marriage. He should stay in the country of his birth, as there is danger of being held in bondage if he would even step over the border of Mexico or Canada. He should use caution when on water, especially the Great Lakes. This man has a strong constitution, but must not take intoxicating drink or it will melt the body, like fire to ice. In 1921 he will take many journeys, one of which will bring him quite a fortune, but the best good financial luck will come to him in 1927 and will last until 1950. He should never invest money in hotels or summer resorts but should always be on salary.

Witzel

Nativity of
Miss Dorothy Gish,
Born March 11th.

AT the hour of this young lady's birth, the Zodiacal sign Scorpio was rising, and with Mars the lord thereof located in the humane sign Aquarius. She has all of her planets located in signs of human form, except Pices and Scorpio, and both of these are philanthropic. Humane signs are supposed to give a nature that is sympathetic, and gentle, forgiving the worst wrongs. From my judgment of this nativity, I would say that Miss Gish would not make a good vampire, nor could she play other than where she could fight for honor and justice for others. Justice and equality is her motto. She would beggar herself for others, if she came across distress. She has great love and even veneration for little children. Miss Gish believes in freedom of speech, actions, and religions. She would be an excellent Judge of Courts. Miss Dorothy has many friends, in fact I do not think she has anything but friends. Her husband will hold some very high position on an advisory board, and he will be as gentle and humane as herself. She will make a long journey by water every 18 years, and will be traveling by land once in every two years all during her life. Therefore, I would not advise her to invest much money in a home or furnishing, other than could be put in a trunk.

FROM THE AUDIENCE

Editor PHOTOPLAY, *Chicago, Ill.*

DEAR SIR: From Boone, Iowa, comes the plaintive wail that certain screen celebrities, viz., Farnum, Hart, Ray, Fairbanks, etc., are no longer seen there in their later triumphs. In your July number of PHOTOPLAY, you call the attention of the "Motion Picture Producer" to this state of affairs; is the fault perhaps with the local managers?

We are permitted to see each month, not only the screen celebrities, but we see them in their FIRST RUN features and we hail from a town much smaller than Boone (Algona has about 3,500). Our manager, N. C. Rice, has studied the demands of the people as few other moving picture managers have done; he has been satisfied only with the best and insisted that producers and picture agencies live up to their agreements; he has been a tireless advertiser, both newspaper and bill-board and direct mail; he has constantly improved his place of amusement just as any up-to-date business is forced to in these days of competition; he has secured at great expense, the services of an exceptional pianist, who plays every inch of the films in a masterly way; in short, he has put energy and push into his business and it has won out.

In these days of rising costs, it is as unjust to blame the producers for raising the price of their product as to blame the wholesaler for the high cost of merchandise. The local manager as well as the retailer, must raise the price of his goods accordingly. And if the product is worth the money, people will pay for it. Again, it is "up to the local manager;" to get the best, advertise it as such, present it in a pleasing manner with appropriate music and the patrons will pay the price. These are my personal views on the subject; let's hear from others.

Respectfully,
T. H. CHRISCHILLES.
Algona, Iowa.

* * * *

The Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *Chicago, U. S. A.*

DEAR SIRS: Some months ago I was bold enough to send you a few lines for your "Why do they do it" page but up to the present have not seen them in print. Perhaps the effort was not worthy of publication or perhaps coming from such an insignificant place as Brisbane it was at once relegated to the W. P. B.

Well, Mr. Editor, I want to tell you that Brisbane is not such a village as some people imagine (even in Australia). The population of the city is 173,000 and the city proper has half a dozen continuous picture shows. (We call them "pictures" over here, not "movies.") In the suburbs most of the shows are in the open air and they are legion. In Brisbane you can sit and look at pictures for nine months in the year with only the stars for a roof.

Don't think from that, that Brisbane is a "Hades" of a place. We are not within the tropics although perhaps we may have a few warm days during the summer. The climate taken all round may be described as delightful. In Brisbane we have the finest theatre in the commonwealth (the Tivoli). . . . .

"Bill" Hart is a great favorite here and you can always depend on a full house day and night when he appears. As a matter of fact I don't think there is ever empty houses no matter who is starring. The people in this place I'll gamble are as enthusiastic over pictures as in any other place you can mention.

I look forward with pleasure to its coming each month. Of course I've read the others but after consideration I've decided to stick to "PHOTOPLAY." Apologizing if I have taken too much time, I am, yours faithfully,

DICK BUTLER.
Sussex St., Sth. Brisbane, Australia.

MOSQUITOES AND DIRECTORS KEEP OUT!

Bessie shunned directors and mosquitoes on her camping trip, but just the same she couldn't get away from 'em. When she opened a paper the first thing she saw was: "Director so-and-so busy planning scenes for Bessie Love's new picture while the star enjoys her vacation, etc."

Bessie caught this fish all by herself. It isn't a "property" fish. Her studio had nothing to do with it, for who ever heard of a director permitting fish to hog the camera?

A Real Vacation!

AFTER all, there is much in the life of a motion picture actress that isn't real. There are mock love affairs, mock weddings and even mock vacations. And perhaps that was why Bessie Love derived so much real pleasure out of her outing this summer. Hers was a REAL vacation. We'd hate to imagine what would have happened to any studio folk had they stumbled into camp. It was at Catalina Island where Bessie and her mother and father vacationed. And at five o'clock each morning Bessie was up—posing while Dad snapped pictures evidencing her prowess with the rod.

to reform the son of her boss and marry him. Mabel manages to carry the plot with her irresistible comedy, but whenever she leaves it, it drags interminably.

THE HEART OF A GIRL—World

"The Heart of a Girl" is the first World picture to feature Barbara Castleton and Irving Cummings. It tells a story of love and politics in which a girl first wrecks and then rescues her lover's campaign in Congress. The plot has just enough material to show the promise in these new co-stars, who look and act exactly like a couple on a magazine cover.

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING—Triangle

"You Can's Believe Everything" is a breezy summer idyl with the entire cast appearing in bathing suits most of the time. A society girl compromises herself through the rescue of her lover from drowning; they are married however, and the veranda gossip is stilled. Gloria Swanson as the heroine manages to look attractive even when dripping with water, as she is almost constantly. The bathing-suit scenes are amusing and innocent enough except for a "Neptune's banquet" in which the party gets very rough.

TO HELL WITH THE KAISER—Metro

It is impossible to say anything too bad about William of Berlin. So when the climax of the Metro picture, "To Hell With the Kaiser," shows that arch fiend in the nether regions, where His Satanic Majesty abdicates in his favor, there is no libel. The story leading to this desirable consummation, is not strikingly original, except that it shows William getting his tips direct from the devil, garbed in his well-known habiliments. It is a story of brutalities and atrocities, all too true. Olive Tell is the lovely heroine, who helps put the Kaiser where he will eventually go in truth, if hell there be.

OPPORTUNITY—Metro

Viola Dana is at her best in comedy. "Opportunity" is hers. She masquerades as a boy, encounters difficulties, and marries the principal one at the end. Her wide-eyed wonder at her adventures is delightful. Hale Hamilton, lately seen with May Allison, again proves that Richard Rowland knew what he was about when he drafted this large, genial person into films.

SANDY—Paramount

"Sandy," with Louise Huff and Jack Pickford, has caught all the spirit of adventurous youth that made the book so popular. Most of us remember the freckle-faced Scotch lad who began his career as a stowaway and later marries the girl who befriended him. The story is delightfully developed by George Melford in a series of lovely pictures. It is one of the best of the Pickford-Huff romances.

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 80)

SHARK MONROE—Artcraft

In the first reel of "Shark Monroe," William Hart appears as a skipper sailing a very rough ocean in a series of extremely beautiful sea scenes. After this the setting changes to his well known habitat in the far North. It is an excellent far North picture about a good bad man who kidnaps a young girl to protect her. But Hart fits so perfectly into the "Sea Wolf" atmosphere that it seemed a pity to take him off the ship.

TINSEL—World

In "Tinsel," Kitty Gordon is a mother with a past and Muriel Ostriche is her roguish daughter. Her attempts to teach her child the difference between a roue and a good man are so thorough that she is obliged to rescue the girl from the roue. Kitty Gordon looked particularly stunning in a series of "which-is-mother-and-which-daughter" poses.

In A Nutshell

"Shackled" (Paralta)—Louise Glaum as a magdalen, beautifully gowned. W. Lawson Butt, loving her grimly in spite of All. Intense domestic melodrama, well developed but a bit too hectic for the high school age.

"Smashing Through" (Universal)—Herbert Rawlinson smashes through five reels of desert scenery. Is assisted by express trains, motor cycles and innumerable wild bronchos.

"Find the Woman" (Vitagraph)—O. Henry's "Cherchez la Femme" amplified into screen form. Alice Joyce wistful and lovely, in the role of the persecuted primadonna. She turns hisses to applause, winning the audience and the rather negative hero. All this against the sultry, languorous background of a New Orleans summer.

"Kidder & Ko" (Pathe)—Bryant Washburn having fun with amnesia; he feigns loss of memory and wins a fortune and a girl; humorous variation of an oft-used theme.

"We Should Worry" (Fox)—Jane and Katherine Lee as mischievous youngsters who prevent their pretty aunt from marrying the villain of the play, and thwart a buglary; pretty silly stuff.

"The Only Road" (Metro)—Viola Dana as a missing heiress, saved from villainous plots by Casson Ferguson, in adventures which bring out all her pretty wistfulness and quaint comedy talent.

"The Model's Confession" (Universal)—Mary MacLaren, beautiful and dramatic, in a foul story which culminates with a father making "love" to his own daughter, while ignorant of her identity; National Board of Review please write.

"The Claw" (Select)—Clara Kimball Young decorating a story in which Jack Holt is redeemed and killed in rescuing Milton Sills from South African savages; picturesque and clean.

"Which Woman" (Bluebird)—Priscilla Dean embellishing a snappy crook story of a jewel robbery and a vanishing bride; Ella Hall as a rather awkward heroine.

"A Little Sister of Everybody" (Pathe)—Bessie Love among labor agitators, marrying the young mill owner and making everybody happy; clean and mildly thrilling.

"The Voice of Destiny" (Pathe)—A man is murdered and the identity of the thief revealed by Baby Marie Osborne playing a dictaphone record; a stupid yarn, badly acted.

"The House of Gold" (Metro)—A story in which not one character acts like a human being except Hugh Thompson as the handsome hero; too complex to tell in the brief space to which it is entitled; Emmy Wehlen starred.

"Nine-Tenths of the Law" (Independent)—Mitchell Lewis repeating his well-known fighting French trapper impersonation by means of his curiously formed lower lip; the child is saved and the bad men killed.

"Her Body in Bond" (Universal)—Mae Murray showing how long she can hold out against a seducer.

"Hell Bent" (Universal)—Harry Carey riding, shooting, fighting, and trudging across the desert; hot stuff.

"The Girl in His House" (Vitagraph)—Unscrupulous father of pretty girl swindles house from hero; happy ending in house that caused the trouble; typical summer-fiction plot, typically acted by Earle Williams and Grace Darmond.

"Closin' In" (Triangle)—William Desmond as a noble athlete suffering for another's crime; vindicated thrillingly in the last reel; enlivened by several mining-camp fights in which the hero proves that he is as muscular as he is noble.

"The Mortgaged Wife" (Universal)—Again the fable of the passionate employer who saves his embezzling clerk from jail on the grounds of the clerk's wife joining his household; only in the end he marries Dorothy Phillips, thereby showing a great deal more intelligence than the author of the story *in toto,* (not meaning that the tale is clownish, though of course—)

"The Fly God" (Triangle)—Roy Stewart in a "Red Saunders" story, where a fly decides a jury's verdict; typically "western."

"The Painted Lily" (Triangle)—Alma Rubens acting as a gambler's decoy in a mechanical melodrama; just another movie.

"Tangled Lives" (Triangle)—"Tangled" is hardly the word—"scrambled" would be more to the point; a melodrama of suicide and unfaithful wives; Harry Morey towering above circumstances.

"One Dollar Bid" (Paralta)—J. Warren Kerrigan as a slave of liquor, sold to a girl under an old southern law, reforming, and marrying his purchaser.

"The City of Tears" (Bluebird)—Carmel Myers offering to sell herself for the liberty of the man she loves, but not being required to complete the deal; suggestive melodrama, decorated with the vivid Myers personality.

"Tempered Steel" (McClure)—Petrova in another melodrama in which she thinks she killed a man and didn't; where's the producer who knows how to exploit the Petrova talent?

One cannot know of Cutex and not love to use it. Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautiful, my friends often remark it"

Ethel Clayton

How to give your nails a perfect manicure –

Without ruinous cutting of the cuticle

IT has long been known that cutting ruins the cuticle. Everywhere doctors and skin specialists tell us: "do not cut the cuticle"; "cutting is ruinous".

Some of us do not realize that the more we cut and clip, the more we have to—for every time we use scissors we are creating the very roughness and unevenness we are striving to overcome.

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Begin to have beautiful nails today

File the nails to the desired length and shape. Then wrap a little cotton around the end of the orange stick (both come with Cutex), dip into the bottle and work around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

A little Cutex Nail White applied underneath the nails removes stains. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Don't put it off. See how quickly even an abused nail can be made really lovely.

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Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in any form is only 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If you do not find what you want in your favorite store, we shall be glad to supply you direct.

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(Continued from page 89)

ACCORDING to his daily schedule for work and play, "Fatty" Arbuckle should be anything but fat. For the following is a complete outline of a day spent with Fatty: 7 a. m., Fatty rises; 7:15, a dip in the surf; 7:30, breakfast; 8, leaves for studio; 8:01, arrives; 8:02, rolls the makin's; 8:05, reads his mail; 8:15, works out with his trainers; 8:45, starts to make up; 9:30, confers with his comedy staff; 10, on the set; 10:01, rehearses; 10:30 to 1 p. m., shoots scenes; 1 p. m., lunches; 1:30, back to work until 4:29; 4:30, takes make-up off; 5, starts out in racer; 6:30, dinner; 8, goes to the theatre, for a motor boat ride, to a rival motion picture, or—to bed!

NELL BOONE, who is Mrs. Niles Welch, appears with Jack Barrymore in his first picture since his return.

LEONCE PERRET, who directed "The Million Dollar Dollies," now has his own producing company, and his first release is a patriotic picture in which E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli, formerly of Essanay, enact the leading roles.

TOM MOORE has been elevated to stardom after serving an apprenticeship as leading man to Goldwyn's trio of feminine stars, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, and Mae Marsh. Moore's first is "Just for Tonight."

FRANCES MARION has just signed a new contract to write scenarios for Artcraft and Paramount for another year. Miss Marion has written many of Mary Pickford's most successful screen-plays.

ELLIOT DEXTER has a new contract with the Paramount organization whereby he will continue as leading man in their West Coast companies.

HAROLD LLOYD is a strong War Savings Stamp man. He strolled into a grill and after dinner called for his bill. He paid his check, gathered up the change from the waiter's little hold-up tray and laid a twenty-five cent thrift stamp thereon. The waiter seemed stunned for a moment, then he smiled and pocketed the stamp. "I understand, sir," he said, "it is a very good idea, sir. Thank you, sir."

THE War Department has decided that Charles Chaplin is more valuable as a fun-maker right here at home than he would be in the trenches over there, so they have placed the comedian in the fifth classification. It is believed that he will render the United States greater service by continuing his work as a screen star, paying an income tax of $250,000, and doing such work as he has been doing for the Liberty Loan. Chaplin's income, it is said, would pay for the expenses of a whole company of soldiers for a year at the front.

BRYANT WASHBURN is now with Paramount. He was with Pathe until that organization attempted to make him play opposite Baby Marie Osborne as the kid star's leading man. He will make eight pictures a year for three years.

BLANCHE SWEET will appear in the screen version of Rupert Hughes' sensational novel of the great war, "The Unpardonable Sin." Miss Sweet has signed a long-term contract with Harry Garson.

(Concluded on page 110)

Do You Woo the Scenario Editor?

By Cal York

I DEFY you to point out to me a man, woman or child who hasn't written a scenario, doesn't intend to, or doesn't think he or she could if they ever tried. Everybody's doing it; and it's fair to say that frequently the unknown comes forward with the real live idea.

I met Mrs. Kate Corbaley on the street in Los Angeles not long ago. You remember her, of course: her "Real Folks" won the first prize in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's scenario contest, and she has been delivering salable stories ever since. One studio-manager bought five of her scenarios in a lump.

She was carrying a large packet of letters, her morning mail. "Since I won PHOTOPLAY's first prize, I've come to be one of the most popular persons in the world," she laughed. "I have received hundreds of letters, and from every civilized country on earth, asking me how to write scenarios and how to sell them. I don't know whether all this popularity is a tribute to me or to PHOTOPLAY's circulation. One letter came from Calcutta, India, another from New Zealand, and another from Buenos Aires; and I've had a dozen or so from England. And on top of it all I've just spent two hours standing on one foot and then the other at my front door listening to detailed plots delivered by the son of our plumber! Can you imagine it!"

One scenario editor's assistant found two milk bottles on her stoop — one partly filled with a scenario.

Mrs. Corbaley is not the only one with such tribulations. When H. O. Davis, general manager of Triangle, had fully made up his mind that he had discovered the best barber in Los Angeles, that gentleman began pouring plots into the defenseless Davis ear whilst he unconsciously poked lather down the Davis vocal orifice. Mr. Davis straightway bought a safety razor.

C. Gardner Sullivan was forced to discharge a negro chauffeur because the colored pusson paid more attention to plots than to the carburetor and traffic regulations. Josie Sedgwick eschews her oldtime favorite hair-washing parlor since the lady in charge has found that Josie's a motion picture actress and has begun to bombard her with melodrama of her own invention with every lemon application.

Last but not least, Mary O'Connor, assistant to Frank E. Woods, who is head of Lasky's production department, sauntered out on the back porch of her Hollywood bungalow for her morning's morning and found that her milkman had left two bottles, one filled with the usual extract of kine and the other partly filled—with a scenario!

IF your skin is not fresh, smooth and glowing, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, let Resinol Soap help to clear it.

Perhaps your complexion is unattractive simply because it is not cleansed thoroughly and regularly with the proper kind of soap.

For most skins, the soap should be free from harsh, drying alkali, and should contain just enough soothing, healing medication to relieve clogged pores, reduce the tendency to pimples, redness and oiliness, and to bring out the natural beauty of the complexion.

Resinol Soap is just that kind, an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap, to which has been added the gentle Resinol medication.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water, to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished to see how quickly your complexion becomes clearer, fresher and more velvety.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Men with tender faces find Resinol Shaving Stick most agreeable.

Resinol Soap

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MISS JACKIE SAUNDERS, the popular Balboa star, is a firm believer in good cooking. That is why she relies upon the uniform quality of Carnation Milk, which is always clean, sweet, pure and safe.

Miss Saunders likes the convenience of Carnation Milk—when she makes a pot of cocoa (for which she is famous) she is always sure of splendid milk to add to its goodness.

Miss Saunders makes desserts and everyday dishes with it, too—and we know you will enjoy spoon corn bread the way she makes it. Try the recipe given herewith. Use Carnation in your own choicest recipes and realize what a genuine help it is.

Try Carnation—it betters your cooking and helps you save in these days of thrift.

Delicate Spoon Corn Bread

¼ cup cornmeal, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup Carn tion Milk, 1 cup water Mix the cornmeal and water and bring slowly to boiling point. Add the Carnation Milk, butter, salt, sugar and egg yolks. Lastly fold in the whites of the eggs beaten very stiff. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Custard Pie

1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup cold water, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 3 eggs beaten light, grated nutmeg. Stir Carnation Milk, water, and sugar together until the sugar is dissolved. Add eggs and nutmeg, and bake without topcrust in moderate oven until solid.

CARNATION MILK is *real* milk—just cow's milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to maintain its purity and wholesomeness. Because of its rich quality it adds to the deliciousness of everything cooked with it. Use Carnation undiluted for coffee, as you would cream. For cooking, add an equal quantity of pure water and you "bring it back" to its full milk state. If you prefer skimmed milk for cooking, simply add more water. Carnation "stays sweet" until opened and for several days thereafter.

Order several cans of Carnation Milk from your grocer today and use it in your cooking, in coffee, for drinking—give it a fair test for every milk purpose in your home, and we believe you will make it your only milk supply.

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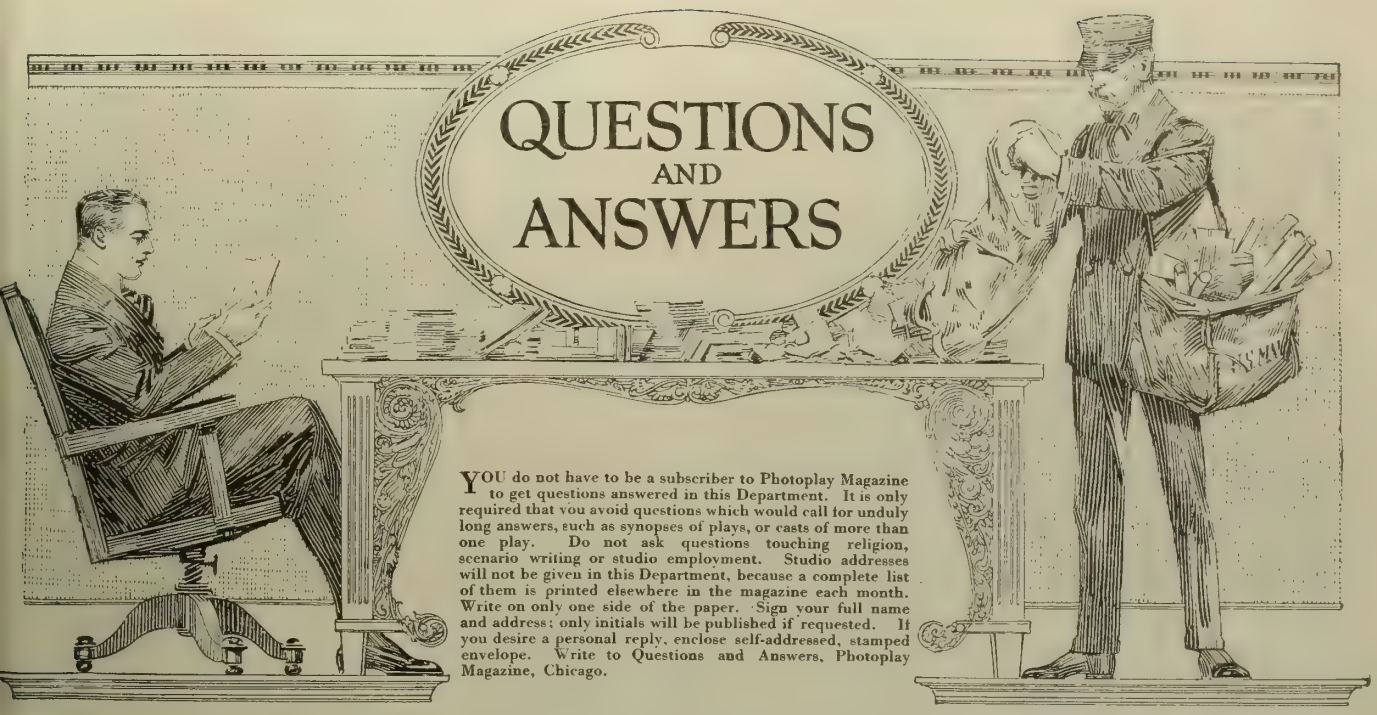


YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

OLGA, N. Y.—We can't get over that old-fashioned idea that players act just as well whether they're married or not and the public knows it. You're sorry Henry Kolker is married and glad Eugene O'Brien isn't. But dearie, what difference does it make? "I like it so much better when they're not married," sez you; "as then they seem to belong to us much more than if some women had a claim on them." Pussonally I think you're foolish, Olga. Most of us have got to take the plunge sooner or later and Eugene is young and an awfully good swimmer—oh, write him yourself.

MYRTLE, GUELPH, ONT.—Now listen, Myrtle—we'll tell you about Dick Barthelmess if you'll tell us how to pronounce that—Guelph. We have always, always wanted to know how to pronounce that—Guelph. Well, then—Richard may be reached at 126 W. 47th St., New York. And Richard is considered one of the very most promising juveniles on the screen; and he has played opposite Marguerite Clark and Madge Kennedy; and he volunteered his services for a government picture; and he was born in N. Y. C. twenty-three years ago. Indeed we never would have guessed your admiration for young Richard if you had not told us.

GLADYS F., ST. JOHN, N. B.—If Bill Farnum would send you a "lock of his glorious hair," he isn't the same Bill we used to know. Neither does he value his crop as we value ours. Willum is a brother of Dustin Farnum; Marshall, another brother, has been dead some time. William is still with Fox; Dusty now has his very own company. And whady' think? Dusty has been adopted by a regiment, and he is now its god-daddy.

ANITA JR., PHILA., PA.—So you think we are funny. Sometimes people smile to hide their tears. Well—and you want to know about Pearl White? It's her real name; we have her word for it. And she was born in Missouri; played "Little Eva" at an early date in her (Pearl's) history; first appeared in wild west pictures; starred in all the Pauline and Elaine and Pearl serials put on by Pathe. Address Sessue Hayakawa care Haworth Pictures Corp., Los Angeles. Charles Ray, Ince studios. Write Paramount about Jack Pickford pictures. Quite sure Mary Miles Minter will send you her picture—just tell her we said so. Following is the cast of "Unclaimed Goods:" *Betsy Burke,* Vivian Martin; *Danny Donegan,* Harrison Ford; *"Cocopah Kid,"* Casson Ferguson; *"Gentleman Joe" Slade,* George McDaniel; *Idaho Ina,* Carmen Phillips; *Sheriff Burke,* Dick La Reno; *Uncle Murphy,* George Kunkel. Write again, Anita, Jr.

H. J. H., WESTERN AUSTRALIA. — I would never advise any one to be a motion picture actor, much less leave a happy home in Western Australia or anywhere else and come over here to get a job. Don't do it. An American producer—or any producer for that matter, never engaged a player on the strength of a photograph; because any old photographer can make a lost hope look like a possibility. You may be either—I don't know. Did you read "I Want to be a Movie Star" in the August PHOTOPLAY? Good stuff; it may help you.

"SHORTY," MILWAUKEE. — On yellow paper, with purple ink, you write: "I think Billie West is rotten. I only saw him once but if I can't see the real thing it's outside for me." And then, Shorty, after execrating Charlie's most persistent admirer, you want to know if you'd make a hit imitating him too. Address Chaplin care Chaplin Studios, L. A.

CLAIRE, MCKANNA, DULUTH, MINN.—Address Charles Chaplin, care L. A. Athletic Club. Mary Pickford, Artcraft studios, Hollywood. Send your verses to them direct; surely they will appreciate it. All of us appreciate true appreciation. I know Miss Pickford does.

F. D. M., TORONTO.—The Chaplin-Lauder comedy has been released and the proceeds will go to charity. We do not know what it is called. You say they changed George Walsh's "Pride of New York" to "On to Berlin" in Canada. Probably thought the latter title would be more attractive in the Dominion.

"BILLIE," PORTLAND, ME.—Owen Moore and Elliott Dexter took a house at the beach for the summer. Moore has not played in pictures now for some time. He has not been in hiding exactly, Billie; but we don't know when he'll appear again on the screen. Dexter signed a contract to play for Paramount for another year. Alma Tell, sister of Olive, has never been in the movies. "You remember when" the fair Alma was playing in stock in your city? Olive's latest is for Metro; "To Hell with the Kaiser" is the zippy title. Glad you enjoyed "The Eagle's Eye" in fiction form in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. "Please call me 'Billie,' Mr. Answer Man!" Very well, Billie; we endeavor to please.

LUCILE, TUCSON, ARIZ.—Norman Kerry played *Gordon* in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley." His real name was Norman Kaiser—before the war. He is not married—yet. He lives in Los Angeles; address him care L. A. Athletic Club. We couldn't print your initials, Lucile; and you know why. Nev' mind, Lucile; mebbe when we know you better.

SARA NAOMI, NORFOLK, VA.—It may be your first, but we hope it won't be your last. What do you want to know about the players in the "Hidden Hand" serial? Mahlon Hamilton won't tell his age. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1897 They are not appearing together on the screen at present; Hamilton last supported Elsie Ferguson in "The Danger Mark," while Miss Kenyon has her own company. Her latest is "The Inn of the Blue Moon." Doris isn't married. Indeed you didn't ask too much. Most women figure it out this way: they know a man can't refuse them anything because if he did they might cry—and every man knows that the reason a woman gets what she wants when she cries is because she looks so ugly a man will do anything to escape the sight.

ROSE, L. A.—Dorothy Dalton was divorced from Lew Cody some time ago. Miss Dalton may be reached care the Thos. H. Ince studios. Speaking of nuts and pecans—what about Harold Whoosis, the famous actor and filmstar?

O. B., VANDALIA, OHIO.—Mary Fuller is not playing at present. One of her latest appearances was opposite Lou Tellegen for Lasky in "The Long Trail." Theda Bara is acting right along—oh my, yes. You'll say so when you've seen her in "Cleopatra" and "Salome." Oh, but that is a very old one about her becoming bara and bara every day. Certain people we know do opine that Cleo and Salome were things to write home about; others— But it is more than likely

Questions and Answers

(*Continued*)

you'll like "Salome." You'd like to know how Bara is fixed for cash? Is this sudden anxiety over her finances occasioned by your witnessing her meagrely caparisoned "Cleo?" Of course if you're inclined to worry about it, why not invest your excess funds in bonds or War Savings Stamps? Theda'd appreciate that much more, we know. Money is such a bore!

MOLLY WRAITH, VIC., AUS.—Charles Chaplin is not going to war. The War Department said the comedian is more valuable as a money-maker here at home, as his income would pay the expenses of a company of soldiers at the front for over a year. House Peters is playing in Blanche Sweet's new picture; Page Peters died two years ago, but the two were not related. Mary Fuller is not playing at present; John Bowers is pictorially active at the World Film Studios; and Helen Greene—where are you, Helen? We haven't any new dope on Helen Greene. With Famous Players last. We're afraid you have us wrong, Molly. We never said we were 76, drink buttermilk, or get eight dollars a week. No, Molly; and we aren't 76—our age doesn't matter, just so we are not so young that we answer questions foolishly nor so old that we answer them bitterly. It doesn't matter what we drink just so we don't drink too much of it; and we don't get eight dollars a week—but we aren't worrying, so why should you? There! We almost forgot to make our weekly payment on our bond. More anon, which means after while.

WALTER E., "TOORADIN," PICTORIA, AUS.—Very sorry, Walter, that your suggestion cannot be carried out. We think you'll find all the news, pictures, and personalities you can digest if you read PHOTOPLAY every month. Write to us any time, Walter—we will be glad to answer you personally if you'll enclose a stamped addressed envelope. But that's why they are interesting, don't you know; we know so little about them.

SALLY, SOMERVILLE. Are we sure Mr. Lockwood has a young son? We are not thinking of Wallace Reid's young son, are we? Mr. Lockwood's young son came as a great surprise to you? Well, well! Mr. Lockwood's young son is nine years old or thereabouts. Quite, quite sure, Sally. It is a blow, though; isn't it? We never try to argue with a woman. You're inconsistent, Sally, but then if you weren't you wouldn't be interesting.

IMELDA MEADOWS, LOWER HUTT, N. Z.—Well, Imelda! You ask us first to excuse thickness in writing and then you beg pardon for change of thickness in writing due to having lost the first pen you were using in change of positions. Never mind, Imedla—no, *Imelda*. Ah yes—imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but then flattery is in very poor taste. Violet pronounces it Merser-eau—accent on the last syllable, with "eau" pronounced as "owe." Miss Mersereau is still with Universal, having resumed work at their Eastern studio. You think you have filled us up with questions? Imelda, you don't know us. Here are the addresses you want: Olive Thomas, Triangle, Culver City, Cal.; Pearl White, Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.; Enid Bennett, Thos. H. Ince Studios; June Caprice, Fox, New York; Creighton Hale, Pathe; June Elvidge, World Studios, Fort Lee, N. J. Hazel Dawn was the lady you admired so much in "One of Our Girls." Maciste in "Cabiria." Thank you for wishing us the best of good business this year. In closing we would wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy, happy New Year—also would remark this is the longest letter we have written since our second wife eloped with the Italian barber.

Half-Second Satires

I WENT
Into a Photodrome.
Near Me Sat
A Dramatic-critic.
He was Reading
A Book
Of his Own.
On—"The Drama:
From the Then
To the Now."
Once in a While,
As he Turned a Page,
He Looked Up at the Screen.
He Finished
His Own Book,
And Glanced
At his Wrist-Watch.
"The Movies!" he sneered;
"Bah!"
And Passed Out.

* * *

I Went
Into a Photodrome.
They were Showing
Cleo Clux,
In her Latest Vamp.
Near Me Sat
A Little Girl—
A Pretty Girl,
With Wide-open Eyes.
As she Watched the Screen,
Where the Vamp Unreeled,
She Leaned Forward,
Breathless.
And she Passed Out
With a Slant to her Eyes,
And Drooping Shoulders.

* * *

I Went
Into a Photodrome.
Near Me Sat
Half-a-Hundred:
"The Movies
Cannot Last."
He Said.
"In Another Six Months,
All our Film Magnates
Will Be Back
In the Button Business;
All our Prominent Stars,
Behind the Ribbon-counter
And the Bank-window.
Fake Films
Failed
Just the Other Day;
Utopia
Has Gone Under;
And Pretty Soon
People will Forget
There ever Was
A Picture-show.
Why if
You Only Knew
The Way
They're Slashing Salaries—!
The Stage
Is Going Strong; but
The Poor Pictures—"
And he Passed Out,
Without Noticing
The Other Half-Hundred
Who were
Watching the Screen.

A. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Questions are never indiscreet; answers sometimes are. Robert Gordon is the young man's name; he scored a hit in "Missing," the war drama from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. Read the story about him in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Ah yes—Robert is very very cute—but he's going to grow up to be a great big man some day. Earle Foxe is back on the stage now.

L. W. HARRISON, TROY, N. Y.—Madame Sarah Bernhardt is now in vaudeville. Her last picture was "Mothers of France," which was filmed Over There. Did you know that Sarah was a pioneer screen actress? Long ago she played "Queen Elizabeth" before French cameras, and Lou Tellegen, husband of Geraldine Farrar, was her leading man. Richard Barthelmess opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." "The Million Dollar Mystery" was filmed in and around New Rochelle, N. Y. Florence La Badie, who died last year; James Cruze, now with Lasky, and Marguerite Snow, of "The Eagle's Eye," were the principal players.

C. A., U. S. NAVAL TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT, L. I.—You wish to know how to write scenarios? Were it not for the gravity of the situation, we should think you might be spoofing us. However, since you seem to be in earnest—would say—if you have an idea, put it in synopsis form and send it to the company whose needs seem best to fit your idea. Every company has continuity writers whose work it is to put the synopses into scenario form. The idea is what they want. Good luck to you.

S. J., ONTARIO, CAN.—We haven't the maiden name of Mrs. Harold Lockwood. Louise Huff is married to Edgar Jones and has a little daughter, Mary Louise. Your question about that comedienne is deferred for the present. Ethel Clayton's husband, Joseph Kaufman, died of pneumonia Feb. 1, after an illness of ten days. Carol Halloway and William Duncan are noncommittal as to their matrimonial status. Vera Sisson played opposite Harold Lockwood in "Paradise Garden." Remember Miss Sisson when she was J. Warren Kerrigan's leading woman? She retired from the screen after her marriage, but came back to play in that picture. Now she's gone again and we don't know when she'll be back.

M. B., S. WEYMOUTH, MASS.—Is George Beban an Italian by birth or merely by nationality? Neither. George was born in San Francisco, therefore he is American both by birth and nationality. You like to see an actor work? Ah, Millie, you ask too much! And you think Ernie Shields deserves better chances than he has at present! He's in the Army now. He is a married man, Millie; Mrs. Shields is Betty Schade, well known in Universal pictures. And if Ernie has a secret sorrow we don't know about it. If we were a Sammy we wouldn't have time to think about secret sorrows even if we had one—which Ernie hasn't.

O. P. R., SHANGHAI, CHINA.—Pearl White, Billie Burke, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge will doubtless appear on the screens in China, but it is extremely unlikely that they will ever appear personally, as they all have long contracts and China is a long long way from home. Pearl White is not married. Earle Foxe is not related to Norma Talmadge. Did you know Mr. Foxe is back on the speaking stage now? Glad to hear from you at any time.

(*Continued on next page*)

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

E. G., FRAZEE, MINN.—Alice Joyce and Harry Morey are married—but not to each other. William Duncan and Carol Halloway are not married—to each other. Earle Williams is not and never has been married; and Earle has been heard to say he never will be. Yes; Bill Hart is engaged to a non-professional with whom he became acquainted through correspondence. Address Duncan and Halloway care Western Vitagraph. Ben Wilson is married; he has a young son. William Duncan doesn't give his age. Bill Hart is forty-four. Earle Williams was born in 1880. Alma Hanlon appears in pictures off and on. Bigelow Cooper was not in "Where are my Children?" You're thinking of Tyrone Power.

LILA, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Herbert Rawlinson is at present writing playing opposite Mabel Normand for Goldwyn; he may be reached care that company at their Fort Lee studios. By the time this reaches you, Herbert may be out west again; he says the east cramps his style. Actors are the luckiest persons in the world. If they are clever at all they may choose their own parts, whether comedy or tragedy; while the rest of us poor mortals can only play what we can get—often extras. We are not sarcastic—that is, we do not mean to be. So it does not really matter, does it?

A. K., SAN FRANCISCO.—Here's all the dope we have about "Bull" Montana: Bull is an actor and wrestler; he acted as physical trainer for Doug Fairbanks; and now he is off to war. In the Navy the fighter will be assigned to training men at the western submarine base. Bull once aspired to the light heavyweight wrestling championship of America. Douglas Fairbanks has a brother John, who is his business manager. Wallie Reid is an only chee-ild.

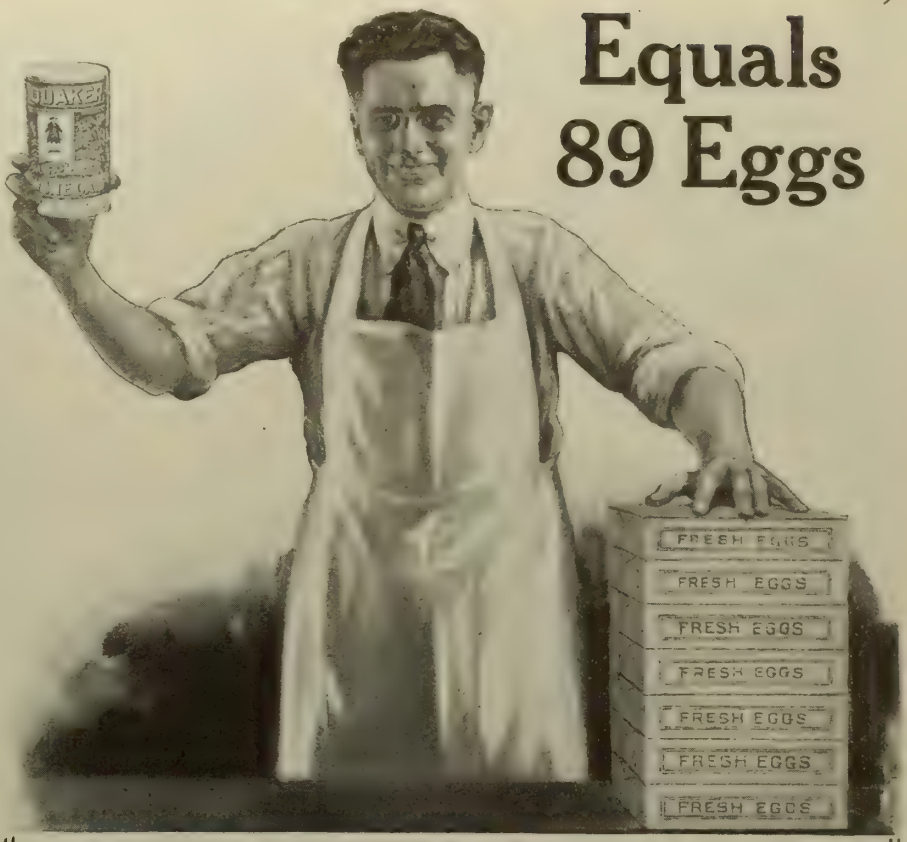
C. A. R., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—No record of Marvell Safford. Guess she's out of the game at present. Jack Pickford was married to Olive Thomas in the early fall.

A. C., GREENVILLE, S. C.—J. Warren Kerrigan was laid up with a broken leg for about eight months. He has returned to the screen now and you may be able to see him in "Toby" in a short time. Now just among us girls it is said that his engagement to ——— is about to be announced. But just among us girls, y'understand. Address Mr. Kerrigan at the Paralta studio.

R. B., LANSING, MICH.—You didn't inclose a stamp. That's the reason of the answer here. You haven't sawn Carter De Haven in pictures of late because he has been appearing on the legitimate stage and hasn't been doing any screen work. You buck up and pull down your vest and walk into a studio and look around deteckitive like and when asked what you are looking for say "work." Don't become discouraged if they give you a mop and scrub pail and tell you to "go to it." 'Tis often just such a beginning that leads to just such an ending as ours.

C. J. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Well now we'll tell you it's just like this. Sometimes actors and actresses leave the screen for the period of a year or two. During their absence undoubtedly their place in the hearts of the fans has been usurped by someone else. That probably accounts for the unpopularity of your favorite after his return to the screen. Anita Stewart has returned to Vitagraph.

(Continued on page 118)



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Official figures give eggs 70 calories each, and round steak 890 calories per pound.

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It Equals 89 Eggs	**Or 9 lbs. Veal Cutlets**
Or 7 lbs. Round Steak	**Or 11 lbs. Fresh Halibut**
Or 7 lbs. Leg of Lamb	**Or 12 lbs. Broiled Chicken**

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That is why food authorities urge the wider use of oats. Not merely for breakfast, but in bread and muffins, in cookies, in soups.

The oat stands supreme among grain foods — as energy food and as food for growth. It is the richest of all grains in iron.

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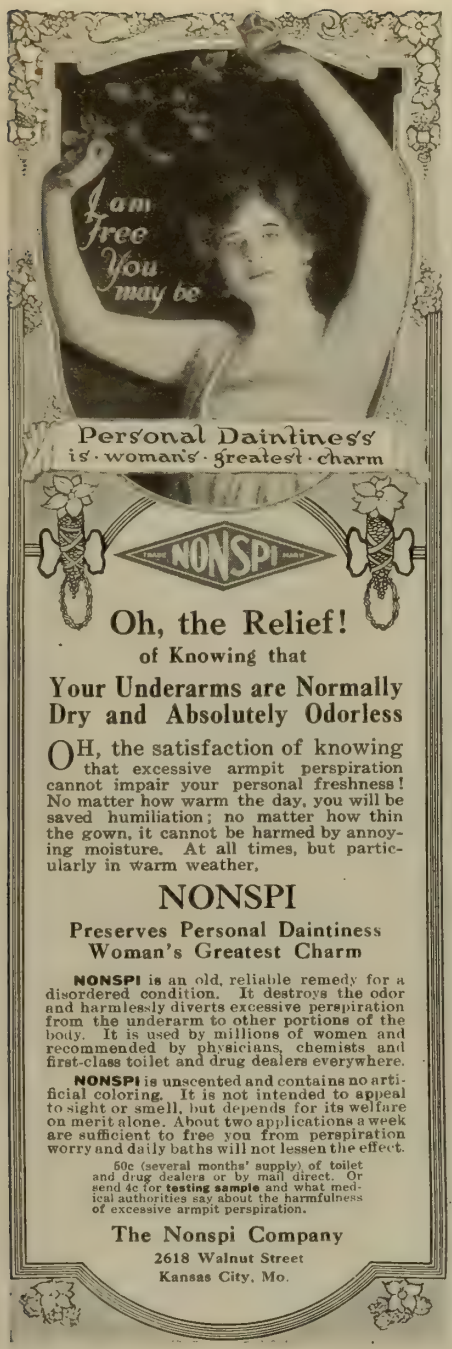
Quaker Oats is a superior grade, flaked from queen oats only. None but the richest, plumpest oats are used in its production. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is exquisite flavor, which has made Quaker Oats the leading oat food of the world. Yet it costs you no extra price.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South



Propaganda

(Concluded from page 45)

ganda. In Chicago the censor board took a notion this picture would offend our German-American citizens, and though we were openly at war with Germany, held up the picture. The courts and a patriotic judge horrified at such a censorial report, killed the order and upheld Miss Pickford.

Rita Jolivet made a cinematic memoriam to those who lost their lives on the Lusitania. It was she who stood on the deck with Charles Frohman in his last moments and carried back his now famous message, "Why Fear Death? It is Life's Most Beautiful Adventure."

Miss Jolivet was assisted in making the film by her husband, Count de Cippico. It has been sent from coast to coast, and, after America has thoroughly digested it, she tells me, it is her hope to take it into France, England and Italy.

"My best friend," said Miss Jolivet, "was in Germany at the outbreak of the war. She was soon to become a mother. During her accouchment she had every care, but after the child was born one of the delicate oculary nerves was ruptured so that the baby would be blind. This, Charles Frohman's death, the loss of so many of my kinsmen in France and the thought that if I could make every woman understand how much her services are needed if only to save a teaspoonful of flour a day inspired my picture."

It is difficult to discriminate and say which film has done the most to aid the fight. Madame Sarah Bernhardt's "Mothers of France," which should have been titled "Mothers of the World," has probably called forth the most tears. Madame Bernhardt, with a brave spark burning in her feeble body, stood knee deep in the trenches and offered herself a living sacrifice to her beloved France. The tears are not only for the bereaved mothers, but also for the pathetic old woman, lame and sick, who forgot her own discomfort to try and stir the other women of the world to action. The motive of this picture glorifies it. No one who ever saw Bernhardt and her silent plea that we give our loved ones gladly and proudly to the cause will ever forget her message.

Herbert Brenon made a stepchild to the war films in a screen play featuring Rasputin and the downfall of the Romanoff dynasty. This and his English birth brought forth an invitation from the English government for him to make an historical film record for the British archives. Mr. Brenon is now in England working on this mission.

There have been many official war films, some of them actually photographed at battles which have now gone down in history as decisive moments in the great world's war. Among those which have occupied the screen during the past year are: "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras," "The Italian Battlefronts," "The Battle of the Ancre," and "Heroic France and the German Curse in Russia." The last named is more of a pictorial discussion of the Russian situation than a moving picture of any specific battle scene.

All of these war time pictures have been received with enthusiasm with the exception of a few which had been better left unfilmed. These are hectic dramas using the war as a reason for their existing, and made with no high patriotic purpose, but with a thinly veiled camouflage to make money. They have offended both the individual patriot and the government.

The very fact that some of the producers have taken advantage of war time has induced the government to put every patriotic picture released under strict surveillance, with a trained corps of men to pass upon their fitness to serve as propaganda. Some of these features, while harmless enough, are so badly done, that even the heavy Teutonic nature must have found them amusing. But the good done by the screen has far outweighed any evil effects of these ridiculous war films.

The President has congratulated the moving picture industry on the help it has given the nation at this time, and he and the other men now at the helm in Washington have gone on record as saying these pictorial propagandas are among the most valuable war-time assets United States owns.

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 104)

AT last the unusual in a press agent's story. Mae Marsh appeared in Traffic Court recently as witness for Lela Jones, a scenario writer, charged with exceeding the speed limit. The wistful star plead that the car was unruly—but—a fine was imposed just the same.

THEY say that Alexander Clarke, son of the actor, is now private secretary to Francis X. Bushman. Although the name Bushman is somewhat familiar, we can't remember having heard of "the actor, Alexander Clarke."

CARUSO, it is reported, is to be a Paramount star at $100,000 a picture. with "I Pagliacci" as his first production. Paramount has neither denied nor confirmed, which means that the details of the contract have not been completed.

WHEN Herbert Brenon had nearly completed the film which he went to England to make for the British government under the supervision of Hall Caine, the entire negative was burned. Alien enemies were suspected, and the celluloid tragedy will result in Germans in England being subjected to much closer surveillance than ever. Mr. Brenon, by this time, has the picture well on the way to a second completion.

GLORIA HOPE has lost a vacation but she doesn't care. She has started work in Griffith's latest feature, which will be released by Artcraft. Ever since she went into the films a little over a year ago, it has been her ambition to work with Griffith and she is enjoying the experience far more than the holiday which she had intended to take.

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
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The Service Star

(Concluded from page 36)

"You know the worst now," Mrs. Marshall said, "but there is still another side that you have not heard. You will, you must listen."

So with Marilyn standing before her, a pale and immovable figure of justice, the mother told her story.

"I have always had a deadly fear of firearms," she told the girl. "But shortly before John was born, an incident occurred which gave that fear serious consequences. I woke from a sound sleep to find myself looking into the muzzle of a burglar's pistol. Two weeks later, John was born and we soon discovered that the fear that he had inherited from me amounted almost to a mania. As a little boy, the sight of a toy pistol would send him into hysterics. When the war came —and draft was declared—I couldn't have my boy branded with cowardice through no fault of his own—so I paid another to take his place."

As she finished, the look of contempt faded from Marilyn's face and in its place appeared a great pity for one so strong—and so weak. But for all that, she knew that pity was not great enough to put in the place of the old love. She kissed the broken-hearted woman gently on the forehead and softly left the room.

As she ran up the stairs to her own little living room, she heard a slight noise behind the tapestries and turned to face Blinky. He held out his hand with a laconic, "come through."

"You're too late," she answered, fearlessly. "There is nothing more to conceal. Tell all you know, and I wish you joy of it."

Blinky's incredulous scowl changed to fury as he realized that she was speaking the truth. As Marilyn tried to pass by him into the hall, he seized her by the arm and flung her back into the room. She staggered against a table and fell with a crash to the floor.

When the dazed girl raised herself to her knees, she saw John standing in the doorway facing Blinky who was advancing slowly toward him with a pistol in his hand. John's face was distorted by his first sight of the weapon, but when he glanced at the cringing figure of Marilyn, all trace of fear changed to blind anger. He sprang at the crook, tearing the pistol from him just after he had fired.

In the struggle that followed, Marilyn's only impression was of the writhing combatants on the floor and then of the dark figure of Blinky shooting past her and out of the window as if pursued by a demon. Her next conscious picture was of John, standing unsteadily in the drawing room supported by his mother and laughing hilariously over a deep wound in his arm.

"I've been shot," he announced, gleefully. "I've been shot and never knew it. So that's everything a gun can mean, after all."

The next morning, as Marilyn brought the breakfast tray in to her convalescent hero, he caught her hand and pulled her down to the chair beside him.

"It's all over," he told her eagerly. "The doctor said I'll never be afraid of a gun again. Next week I enlist under the name of the man who has brought so much honor to mine. But before I go—it would help so much if I knew you belonged to me. Do you think you could, Marilyn, after everything?"

Marilyn looked up and met his pleading eyes. In her mind's eye she could see him — within a few days — reporting proudly for service. Then she slipped to her knees before the bed in an adorable gesture of self-surrender.

"For all my fears," she said whimsically, "my dream came true. I'll be a real war-bride this time, with no pretending."

* * *

Two women stood before the broad windows of Hillcrest, watching the long line of khaki-clad boys as they swung gaily down the avenue. As the last company vanished in the distance and the music of the last band grew fainter, the younger woman drew closer to the older with a movement of utter confidence and sympathy. Above them both hung the invincible symbol of their joint devotion—a single service star.

"She Never Worked For Griffith"

(Concluded from page 70)

"What are you going to do next?" I asked.

"Well you see, it's like this," she replied, with a twinkle. "Mr. Zukor has been coaxing me to accept a contract to star with Paramount pictures, and Metro is anxious to have me come back there, and some very big capitalists want to organize my own company for me, so I don't know just which to accept."

"In other words, you know the Broadway patter, even if you don't use it in your business," I said.

"You can't get away from it if you have ears to hear," she answered. "It's old stuff now, but a lot of the girls don't seem to know it yet. Perhaps you didn't know, though, that I did have one of those things once—a company of my own. We had awfully nice offices."

"How were your pictures?"

"I didn't say we made pictures—I said we had nice offices. We didn't get as far as making pictures."

I can't think of anyone but Marguerite Snow who would not have added, "But of course you mustn't say anything about that in print."

A remarkable girl, and that's the truth.

AFTER DIVORCING his sixth wife, Nat Goodwin will appear in "Married Again," on the screen. Write your own comment.

HARRY HOUDINI, the handcuff king, is under a contract to appear in a movie serial of mystery. What's a contract to an eel like Harry?

Do You Believe In Fairies

(Concluded from page 48)

neglected, but with this groundwork, education is worth more than mere learning to be had from books.

Among her other admirers was no less a personage than David Belasco. This acquaintance was formed in Rochester. Mr. Belasco was there, trying out a new show. Cuddles was there appearing, as usual, in a Gus Edwards revue. Somebody had a brainstorm, and just because someone had mislaid the particular papers which proved that Lila Lee was authorized by the school board of Hoboken or somewhere, to appear on the stage, the child labor law officials refused to permit her to appear. Children half her age, and not half so strong, probably were working in Rochester sweatshops at the time, but to interfere with them was not spectacular.

So Cuddles was making considerable fuss around the hotel where Mr. Belasco happened to be staying. They were introduced, and Cuddles poured out her woeful tale.

"I wouldn't cry about it," said the famous David, "I will make you a star in 1919."

It isn't 1919 yet, but Mr. Belasco will not be able to make good his promise, as the Lasky contract will interfere.

Another individual, not unknown to fame, who looked upon this damozel and found her delightful, was Harrison Fisher. In a moment of enthusiasm he declared, it is said, that she was the most beautiful child in the world.

That is the way things happen to this little Lila Lee, the girl whose name is a melody, and whose smile is a caress, and whose life is romance. Romance it is to be right to the end of the chapter, too, for guess what is the name of the first picture she is going to make for Mr. Lasky—"The Cruise of the Make-Believe." And if Lila Lee's whole life doesn't sometimes seem to her to be just that, then she is even more wonderful than her best friends already understand.

Aren't You Glad?

THAT we can have musical comedy in the movies—without the music?

That we can have sex stuff in the movies—if we have to have sex stuff in the movies—without the heroine's twelve-side speech on why she is so and why she, yearning for self-expression in the manner peculiar to sex stuff heroines, cannot make the hero understand that she is so because she is so?

That we can have domestic drama in the movies—without the curly-haired child who has a cat and a dog and sometimes a canary and who sings, and sings?

That we can have deep tragedy in the movies—without the half-muffled shriek of the leading-woman as she finds him lying there,—"Dead, dead, dead"?

That we can have grand opera in the movies—if we have to have grand opera in the movies—without the—oh, well, aren't you GLAD?

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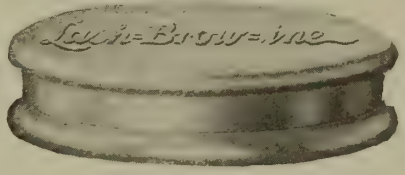

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The Eagle's Eye

(Concluded from page 56)

leaped upon him from the rear and clutching his hands tight about the detective's throat sought to choke the life from him. Grant gagged; his eyes bulged. The world began to grow dark. He heaved—he stumbled—then suddenly felt the hands loosen their grip as there came the cracking sound of a blow. Two arms closed about him. Harrison Grant opened his eyes—to look into those of Dixie Mason. —to slowly revive under the magic influence of this wonderful girl. He rose slowly to his feet.

"I got him," was Dixie's simple announcement. "Hit him on the head with the butt of my gun."

"Good little Dixie!" Grant pressed her hand, then with his old-time eagerness, hurried to the fight again. But it was all over. Outside there sounded the clanging of a patrol wagon. Imperial Germany's last great plot against America had failed.

* * * * *

Months later, Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason stood on the balcony of the Criminology Club looking down into the street below. Here, there, everywhere, newsboys were shouting the news of the declaration of war. From far away came the sound of a military band. Then, marching down the street, their files straight and clean, their arms shining brightly in the sun, their strong, sturdy forms showing the sleek-muscled strength that only American fighters possess, marched the crack Seventh Regiment of New York on its spring parade. Harrison Grant watched, his eyes gleaming happily.

"Dixie," he said at last. "I never saw anything to give me so much happiness—and yet so much sorrow."

"And why the sorrow?" She looked up at him quickly.

"Sorrow—because, now that we have finished our work for the safety of America at home, we must part. I received this morning my commission as a captain in the Army intelligence. My work will be abroad!"

"And mine will be abroad, also," said Dixie quietly.

"Abroad? You—"

"In the Red Cross."

Harrison Grant laughed happily. They had stepped into the club rooms now, the heavy curtains at the window falling behind them. Grant took the hands of the girl he loved into his—and held them tight.

"Do you know," and there was a strange little halting in his voice—"I believe I could make a record for myself if I only knew that—"

"What, Harry?"

"That—well, that there was a Mrs. Harrison Grant watching my progress and—"

"Well?" Dixie was smiling. Harrison Grant slowly drew her toward him. "Well?" she asked again.

Grant stammered.

"And—and—oh, you know what I mean!" And, his words failing, he looked quickly over his shoulder, saw that no one was watching, drew the little secret service girl tight into his embrace—and kissed her.

THE END.

Old Hartwell's Cub

(Continued from page 66)

reached the bottom of the back staircase as Bill, a raging animal, burst into his empty room.

Nervously Ed waited at the station. The train was due; why didn't Mary hurry? She had gone home to say a final goodbye to her father, after the magistrate at the neighboring county seat had made them man and wife.

Bill stood in Ed's room, wondering which way to go. The whistle of an incoming train drew his attention; that was it: the station! He was down the stairs again and running. Ed saw him coming and waited, trembling, for the train had whistled at the crossing.

In five minutes a big, angry blacksmith can inflict considerable punishment upon a smaller man. When Bill, taking Ed by the collar, threw him on the train, his suitcase after him, Mag Jones, proprietress of the Delmonico Saloon in Chico, Arizona, wouldn't have known her recreant husband if she had met him face to face.

Bill, his rage somewhat assuaged, turned back to resume his quest of the minister, and met Mary Lane.

Mary looked at him in horror. "Why did you do that?" she cried. "He's my *husband!*"

Bill's jaw dropped; he was stunned. This put an entirely different face on the matter. "I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I didn't know."

Angrily Mary turned on him. "You are a meddlesome boob and I hate you!"

Sadly Bill turned away. On the ground lay a letter. He picked it up; it was addressed to Ed. It must have dropped out of his pocket in the struggle. Silently he handed it to Mary. "Is—is your father home," he inquired.

Tears came to her eyes. "No, and I've got to go without bidding him goodbye."

Mary turned the letter over. It was addressed to Mr. Ed. Jones, Chico, Arizona, and in the upper left-hand corner was the address of a firm in Milwaukee, Wis. Hesitatingly she removed the inside sheet, and her eyes, wide and startled, took in the contents—

"Mr. Ed. Jones, Chico, Ariz. Dear Sir:— We are shipping you the case of Old Time whiskey by express, as ordered. The balance of the order will come by freight as usual. Yours very truly,
Scholberg & Company.

Mary sat down in the station to think. So Ed had deceived her! He was a dealer in whiskey, not in bibles. Finally she came to a decision. She was his wife. She had no choice but to follow him. She could not face certain disgrace. She would board the next freight.

Seated in the caboose of the freight, Mary's thought turned achingly backward. What a mess she had made of everything! But she would write to her father as soon as she found Ed. In the note she had left him she had told him of her marriage; he would know that she was safe.

She might have been more disturbed if she had seen the Reverend Lane pale under the accusations of a delegation from the Ladies' Aid Society, demanding the money which had been in Mary's trust; if she had heard his frantic reiteration of his belief that there was some mistake. And her heart might have received a new wrench had she seen Bill Hartwell come to the rescue of her father with a hundred dollars of his own savings which he informed the irate Ladies' Aiders, Mary had intrusted to him at the last minute.

But Mary couldn't know these things; nor could she know that Bill found death had been before him, when he at last, with the minister, entered his humble home. Poor old Tom's raging thirst was quenched forever. He lay quiet and still, a quart whiskey bottle lying empty on the floor.

In a little mid-Western town there was great rejoicing. Ed Jones had come back to his own—meaning his wife, Mag, and the Delmonico saloon.

Back in Matherville, two lonely hearts were growing more troubled day by day. There had been no word from Mary, and, worn with anxiety, deprived of his daughter's cheery smile and her tender care, the Reverend Lane had become but a morose shadow of himself. As Bill Hartwell, smoking his lonesome pipe of an evening, thought of him and the agony of his waiting, he came to a decision. He would go to the town that he remembered as the address on the face of the letter which Ed had dropped.

A week later Bill dropped off the train at a junction point and was informed that as his train had been late, the stage had just left for Chico. A man, leading a handsome horse, walked up to him and queried: "Did I hear ye say ye wanted to get to Chico?"

At Bill's nod, he continued, "You're in luck, stranger. I promised to send this hoss back by the noon stage, but I missed her, too. You can ride him to Chico. Turn him over to Ma—" he stopped. He would play a joke on the tenderfoot. "Turn him over to the sheriff."

Steve Marvin was an expert horse thief, as well as a joker. He had stolen the horse a few days before, and had given him to Mag Jones in payment for a gambling debt, the night before. He had even given the unsuspecting Mag a paper to show that the horse was hers, but had asked permission to ride him to the train.

The outraged owner of the horse, whose name was Benton, the wealthy owner of a cattle ranch, had taken a couple of his cow punchers and was already on the trail of the thief. Bill never got to the sheriff's office. In three hours he found himself on the main street of Chico, facing the business ends of several revolvers, backed by a crowd of determined men.

"Come on boys," cried one. "Let's get the job over before the sheriff gets back to town. Put him on the hoss he stole."

Then there was pandemonium, as the blacksmith, fighting for his life, laid about him with arms like flails. Men toppled over like nine pins, but others closed in. The commotion reached the ears of the loungers at the Delmonico saloon, and of its proprietors. Ed ran to the scene of the fracas. Mag, with the new waitress whom she had hired recently, stepped out on the porch of the saloon.

Struggling desperately, but overpowered, Bill recognized through the dust and dirt,

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Old Hartwell's Cub

(Concluded)

the face of Ed Jones. With a superhuman effort he broke through the arms that held him and landed a powerful blow on Ed's face. Then Bill's mighty arms were pinioned with ropes and he stood helpless.

"Bring the hoss he stole," was the cry.

Mag, who was used to western ways, held Ed's head in her arms, dabbing his face with water. She looked up as they were leading Bill away. "Is that the horse they say he stole?" she cried excitedly to the trembling girl beside her. "Stop them; he ain't no thief. Steve Marvin lost a hundred dollars to me last night in a poker game and he give me that horse; there's the paper to prove it." She pulled Steve's written receipt from her bosom. "Can you ride? Go after them!"

The new waitress—Mary Lane—needed no urging. She had recognized Bill. Snatching the paper she ran toward a saddled horse that stood hitched at a post.

Mary Lane had finally trailed Ed to Chico; and a few weeks before had caused his knees to falter by appearing abruptly before him and demanding her money; also her husband. When found out that Ed was already married, so that her union with him was void, her relief was so great that she lost all desire to punish him. She told him, however, that she had no intention of returning to Matherville without her money. Ed had replied that he couldn't give it to her, a vivid picture of Mag in his mind as he spoke. For Mag was the business woman of the sketch and had a thorough understanding of his little weaknesses. The indomitable proprietress of the Delmonico saloon was all that such an executive should be as all the saloon loungers were well aware of. So Ed shook his head at Mary's ultimatum.

"I must have that money before I go back," Mary impressed on him, "or I will go to Mag with the story."

Ed, in a panic, had agreed to have her hired as a waitress, and pay her wages until she could earn her return fare home; and in the meantime he would make an effort to get the hundred dollars for her. To this Mary was forced to consent.

Now, all thought save that of Bill's rescue, left her. She remembered his strength and gentleness with a remorseful thrill; she knew that it must have been in search of her that he had placed his life in jeopardy.

Desperately she rode, but the men kept well ahead of her. If it had not been for Benton's delaying efforts to force a confession of guilt from Bill, she would have been too late, after all.

As it was she dashed up to them, the paper clutched high in her hand, just as Benton, angered by Bill's fourth refusal to confess, had raised his whip to strike. Bill sat on a horse, a rope knotted around his neck, the other end of which swung over the branch of a tree above him. When the whip descended upon the horse's glossy flank, Bill would die.

"Stop!" screamed Mary. "He is not the thief! Stop, I say!"

Benton lowered his whip. "Here is what Steve Marvin gave Mag last night," gasped the girl, thrusting forward the paper. "Mag saw the horse; she says it's the same. Oh, Bill!"

The men dropped the rope and crowded around Benton, who, with a puzzled frown, was spelling out the words. Bill, with the rope still dangling from his shoulders, had clasped Mary in his arms. In broken, breathless sentences, she was explaining.

"Well, this looks regular," said Benton, at last. "Boys, guess we've made a mistake. Young lady, you was just in time."

Neither Mary nor Bill seemed to hear him. Mary's slender fingers were tugging at the knots. "Here, we'll undo that," and Benton stepped forward. Then, quizzically, to Mary, "You've saved his life, Miss. Accordin' to custom you ought to marry him."

Bill paid attention, then.

"Is there a preacher handy?" he asked earnestly. "Because we want to get married before the next train home."

The Four Doors

(Concluded from page 60)

that did not belong to her and so did Norma Talmadge in "Martha's Vindication."

Coming down to making an audience think a director usually has his stories divided into two general classes. They may present the divorce problem or that of the eternal triangle or any one of the other big situations which the average individual may be confronted with in his own life. Such stories run along continually. Their effectiveness as thought-producers depend on the art of the director, for their presentation has rung all the changes from cheap sensationalism to the pinnacle of camera genius.

The other type of story is that which submits a problem which is of paramount interest at a particular time. The world war has produced many of these such as "Hearts of the World" and Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany." Their value lies in their timeliness primarily. People rush to see them because they deal with a subject which is uppermost in the public mind. Such was "Lest We Forget," and "Over the Top."

The exception proves the rule again. A great director of course knows no limitations, either in inspiring thought or any of the other emotions. Griffith, who holds all of the master keys to the emotions of the screen, took a problem which was settled for all time and made it the theme of the greatest picture in the world, "The Birth of a Nation." The slavery question had been a closed book for years. There was no reason for reviving it.

Griffith, of course, holds some passkeys to the heart of the public which have never been duplicated. But many directors possess others which always fit the lock in opening the gates of laughter and tears, thought and fear.

And, just as the men of early days rewarded the player of the magic reeds in wives, honey and oxen, those of modern times have repaid these wizards of the screen in the neatly engraved currency of the times.

Charles, Not Charlie

(Concluded from page 83)

surprise. I laid awake nights thinking out how to come through that door. I jumped out of bed at two and three in the morning, jotting down ideas. I took long walks at midnight, thinking, thinking, thinking. I shunned my friends because they broke up my concentration. And did I finally get it? I did not! After three weeks, and ten actual takes, I cut out the whole episode because the problem simply couldn't be solved."

I know this, too: Charles threw away five weeks' work on "A Dog's Life" because none of it satisfied him.

He wants to produce serious photoplays —sometime. He wants to put himself into other, and real, characters—sometime. He says so. He says he is in no hurry about either undertaking.

Chaplin is not an educated man, in the collegiate sense, nor is he illiterate. He talks with the clean, well-bred speech of an Englishman, and his new Hollywood studio, perhaps the daintiest, most artistic filmery yet built, reflects the innate taste and refinement of a man slowly rising to self-won culture after early vicissitudes and almost no schooling.

He wears the unostentatious attire of good breeding, always. He is not a fashion plate, but sport shirts, puttees and queer hats are unknown to him.

If he has love affairs they do not muss up the morality of the community nor permeate his workshop. He is a great favorite among men in Los Angeles, and most of his men friends are sincerely wondering whether he really has "a girl." He is not married. I don't think he will ever marry.

The most fun he had this year was on location, in Central California, during one of the winter months. He was for three days barracked with an elderly couple of kindly disposition, an adoration for motion pictures, and no knowledge that their visitor—whom they called "Sonny" and to whom they gave solemn advice about saving his small wages—was Charles Chaplin. He still corresponds with the old man.

He is a very good business man. His money is well invested. His charities are carefully chosen, but they are tender and absolutely under cover. An actor died suddenly in Los Angeles last winter, leaving—fortunately—no debts, cash in the bank to pay all immediate expenses, and property enough to take care of his family until his children reached maturity. Or so it seemed. I am one of three people who know that the poor fellow had squandered all he made, had $2.67 in cash, no insurance, and owed half the tradesmen in town. Charles Chaplin righted all this, and not even the widow knows!

Charles Chaplin's one bitterness is that covert, sneering accusation that he is a draft-dodger. As a matter of fact, he stands ready for any service, but has never been called and is of such physical frailty that he would probably be rejected by the first board that looked him over. His purchases of British and American war bonds are considered bits of important money even by governments now trained to think only in billions.

Chaplin and I were quite pals until, one evening, I told him that I was returning East, and, at some convenient time, would like to have a little talk for publication.

I haven't seen him since. He seemed to avoid me after that.

The Photoplay League of America

(Concluded from page 75)

son, in print and in conversation, give the united, organized, powerful boost to every picture that is clean, intelligent, progressive and all-American, and it will eternally chase the other kind with a big stick, a trench bomb and the editorial bayonet.

While the great tide of motion picture commercialism has been sweeping over the United States these half dozen years the "Better Film" workers, toiling independently in many cities and towns, have realized that the film is here to stay, and have begun a course of substitution—constructive work.

The Photoplay League of America is, at last, the national organization of these staunch and far-seeing pioneers. Its demand in pictures is a triangle—cleanliness, artistic intelligence, Americanism. Local chapters of the League are being organized today, from Coast to Coast. And these chapters, united, are the real voice, the true voice of these American United States going down to the great city of New York and demanding clean truth and patriotism and more inspiration and less factory product.

There is a spirit behind this big movement which makes it as portentous a thing artistically as America's unanimous concert for free democracy is politically. Get in the band-wagon for clean pictures, intelligent pictures, pro-American pictures —or stay out with the gross and grasping artistic Huns who have long enough defiled the screen. This is no personal boost, no commercial scheme, no covertly endowed propaganda for any manufacturer. It is a crusade for your own future happiness, for the mental health of your children, for the glorious artistic Tomorrow of the greatest country on earth.

Next month we will give you news of the League's rapid progress, tell you of the great personalities behind it, list its officers, disclose its immediate plans.

BILL HART recently shipped 6,000 sacks of tobacco to the 159th California Regiment. At the customs house he asked about great piles of tobacco lying in an obscure corner. "A local firm received the immense order from Russia," was the explanation, "but on the day of shipment Russian affairs became muddled. Now they're holding the order, as there are so many governments that the whole shipment would only give one sack to each government."

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Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 109*)

M. M. M., DETROIT, MICH.—We're always saying things about Mary Miles Minter that her admirers should like. You watch PHOTOPLAY.

A. C., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—William Jefferson, the son of Joseph Jefferson, is the husband of Vivian Martin. Louise Huff was born in 1895. Mr. Louise Huff is Edgar Jones, the director. Tom Forman enlisted. You're all wrong about Mary Pickford. She's married and has never been divorced. No new developments in "The Return of Blanche Sweet." Mae Marsh is single. So is Mary Miles Minter. Bobby Harron was born in 1894. Charlie Ray a woman hater? For why?

S. P., ONTONAGON, MICH.—Eugene O'Brien can be reached at the Royalton, New York City. What shape is ontonagon?

SIMON, DENISON, TEXAS.—"Just a Woman" is a very new picture in which Charlotte Walker is the featured player. It should reach your state shortly. Ask your local theater manager about it. Ruby de Remer is on the legitimate stage.

ETHELYN, OAKWOOD, MO.—Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. We'll speak to Mr. Pompeian about the mistake of having her eyes blue in the advertisement for his cream. Kathlyn Williams is Mrs. Charles Eyton in private life. Earle Williams, Beverly Bayne and Naomi Childers are single. The wives of the people you mention are non-professionals.

R. E., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.—Try your luck at securing the photo of Jack Holt. Communications reach him at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

DOLLY DIMPLES, WEST FORT WILLIAM, CANADA.—Address Mae Marsh at Goldwyn; Jackie Saunders, Balboa; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph; May Allison, Metro (west); and Viola Dana, Metro (east); Shirley Mason, Lasky (east); Madge Evans, World; Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Artcraft. Better send them each a quarter so that they will be sure and send you the photos. Address Baby Marie Osborne at the Pathe studio, Los Angeles; Mary McAlister, last known address Essanay, Chicago. Bobby Connelly, Metro (east). Margery Wilson doesn't tell her age, but she's not very old.

WILBUR, AMARILLO, TEXAS.—It's nawfully nice of you to want to know all about us, but, old top, there ain't nothing to it. To us, rather. Yes, we love fudge. Your intuition is remarkable.

SIGNOR, SILVER CREEK, N. Y.—Harry Beaumont is directing pictures for the Selig Polyscope Co. The Bushman divorce hasn't been granted as this is written. John Bowers played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eternal Grind."

A. P. D. I., MERIDIAN, MISS.—The Paralta Corp. was organized in 1917. Frederick Chapin is the author of "The Turn of the Card." Impossible to name all of the Vivian Martin pictures, but some in which she has appeared are: "A Modern Thelma," "Her Father's Son," "The Right Direction," "The Wax Model," "Forbidden Paths," "Little Miss Optimist," "A Kiss for Susie," etc.

J. W., SUPERIOR, WIS.—"Patience Sparhawk," the picture, is adapted from a well known novel. Mighty glad you like our and ours so much.

MARIE, CARROLL, IOWA.—You will have to send direct to the stars for their photographs. We deal only in answers.

H. K., KOKOMO, IND.—Just as soon as there is a vacancy in a studio wanting a leading lady with no experience we'll let you know. But don't watch every post too carefully for that contract.

S. R., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Absolutely no connection between us and any film company, so your letter asking for a position would be of no avail here. Try some studio if you've made up your mind that you are destined to be the very largest and brightest planet in the bevy of flickering stars.

GERALDINE C., HASTINGS, MICH.—So far as we know Olive Thomas has no relatives in your city. Mary Miles Minter was about thirteen when she played in "Barbara Fritchie." We can't help you about those photos but suggest that you write again to Miss Farrar, at the Goldwyn studios in Fort Lee, N. J. We think she'll send you one. Try the others again, too. We're sorry, little girl, that your first letter didn't reach us, and we're glad that you wrote again. Was it worth the trouble? Address Vivian Martin, Lasky studios, Hollywood. Fannie Ward, Pathe; Louise Huff, World Film.

E. I., OAKLAND, CAL.—Eileen Percy played with Doug in "Down to Earth." Eileen is now with Bluebird, and may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Yes, and that's just what we're going to say—don't believe all you hear. Don't and you won't have to ask us such questions. The actors don't use green paint—it's just the studio lights that make it look that way. If everybody wrote as clearly as you, the Answer Man wouldn't have to work nights. Sure, write again.

E. E., CANADA.—Your letter was somehow mislaid, which does not, however, excuse the loss of time in answering it. We can only say we're sorry, and hope you spent your honeymoon in some equally attractive part of the country. That picture was, we believe, "shot" in New York and Florida; the scenes which pleased you so much doubtless in the latter place. Again, we are sorry; and hope you will write to us again. Our best wishes to you.

AURORA BOREALIS, LACHINE, P. I.—Greetings, Aurora. Gettin' used to this hour earlier business? Pedro de Cordoba was *Escamillo* in the Lasky "Carmen"; Dorothy Kelly and Harry Morey in "The Law Decides." Lionel Barrymore not in that production. Lillian Walker, Don Cameron and Jewel Hunt in "Kitty Mackay" and Lillian Walker, Don Cameron, Thomas Mills and Eulalie Jenson in "Sally in a Hurry."

PONCE, SHREVEPORT, LA.—Well, of course, you never can tell, but we don't believe Charlie Chaplin would deliberately "pinch" your bucks worth of stamps. Yes, 'tis true that he built a new studio and that it cost a lot of money, and a dollar is a lot of money, but before claiming ownership on account of said dollar you better write Charlie and ask about the picture you sent for.

E. J., HANFORD, CAL.—Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas were married in the fall of 1917. Mary Miles Minter will answer your letter. She's with American company at Santa Barbara, Cal. No we haven't any freckles and haven't a remedy for removing same. Edgar Jones is married to Louise Huff. Jack Pickford is twenty-one and Olive Thomas Pickford, twenty.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARY JANE, MADISON, WIS.—Hail! Harold Lockwood has a wife who is a non-professional. Theda Bara is five feet, six inches tall, or as high as you measure it. George Walsh is the husband of Seena Owen.

A CORNSTALK, WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Whyfore the silence? Tom Forman was divorced a year ago. Arthur Ashley and his wife are separated. John Junior appeared in Essanay pictures for quite some time. George LeGuere doesn't give his age. Remember, we do not tell the religious beliefs of the players.

E. P. F., OAKLAND, CAL.—The addresses for which you asked follow: Olive Thomas, Triangle; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players; Richard Barthlemess, Goldwyn; Ethel Clayton, Lasky (western); Eugene O'Brien, Norma Talmadge Company; Pauline Curley, Metro (western); Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Artcraft (western). Marguerite Marsh is a sister of Mae Marsh. She was known in the Biograph days as Marguerite Loveridge and later as Lovey Marsh.

P. B., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—We send your letter on to Dorothy Dalton at the Ince studios, Hollywood, Cal. Paramount is merely an exchange through which a number of companies release their pictures. The Artcraft, Famous Players, Lasky, Morosco, Select, are all Paramount companies.

POLLY ANN, NEW YORK CITY.—Nell Craig was born on the 13th of June, 1893. She is no longer living in Chicago, but at the Astor Hotel in New York City. Louise Huff was born on the 14th of November, 1895. Francelia Billington on the 1st of February, 1896, and Ora Carew, April 13, 1895. The others you mention do not give their birth dates.

MISS CAREY, PORTLAND, ORE.—Mary Pickford is the highest salaried motion picture actress in the world. Charlie Chaplin receives more than any other male star. Beverly Bayne is not married. She's twenty-three. Constance Talmadge is twenty; Norma twenty-three. You're quite right, they are not twins. Elsie Ferguson is married to Joseph Clark, Jr. Bill Hart has been in pictures since the first day of May, 1914. Charles Chaplin since January, 1914.

VIRGINIA S., DETROIT, MICH.—Wallace Reid is twenty-eight. Kitty Gordon was born in 1881. She is married to the Hon. H. H. Beresford. Marguerite Clark is thirty-two and is unmarried.

DOT, HOLYOKE, MASS.—Sombudda didn't know. The picture you inclosed is of Vivian Martin, not Mary Pickford. George Stuart Christie played with Emmy Wehlen in "Sowers and Reapers." Harry Benham opposite Alma Hanlon in "When You and I Were Young."

OLIVE THOMAS ADMIRER, SONORA, CAL.—Olive Thomas has blue eyes and brown hair. She's the wife of Jack Pickford, is five feet, three inches tall, and we are sure she would be very glad to hear from you.

M. J. GREENE, INDIANAPOLIS.—The Fairbanks Twins are sixteen or seventeen; now in the Follies. They used to play for Thanhouser. Elsie Janis is Over There now, entertaining the soldiers, so there is little possibility of her making more pictures for some time to come. Hazel Dawn is to be featured next season in a new talkie. Ina Claire is "Polly with a Past" in New York; and Irene Castle has followed Elsie Janis abroad to dance in the behind-the-lines theatres. Mrs. Castle's pictures are still being released by Pathe. "The Mysterious Client" is one of them. Margaret Mower has never appeared on the screen so far as we know. There will be no more "Bab" stories until Nigel Barrie, who played "Carter Brooks," and who is now with the Royal Air Force, comes home from war. You will see an item in Plays and Players about him. Louise Huff has signed a contract to appear in World Pictures. Anita Stewart is acting again for Vitagraph. Marilynn Miller and Rosie Quinn have never been screened. Marion Davies is making photoplays for Select and has left the stage for a year at least. Violet Zell, the dancer, is not the wife of Fred Stone. Mrs. Stone was Aileen Crater. The Stones have several children. The family has gone west, where Stone is making pictures for Paramount. Marquerite Clark has an apartment in Manhattan and a country place on Long Island. The latest Clark interview was "Grand Crossing Impressions" in the July issue. Whew! Wr-write again, M. J.

(Continued on page 120)

Winners in July Puzzle Contest

First Prize, $10.00—Private Gregory A. Eckholm, Paris Island, S. C., U. S. Marine Band. Second Prize, $5.00—Miss Mary Mix, Bowling Green, Mo. Third Prize, $3.00—1st. Lieut. George L. Maxwell Jr., U. S. Marine Corps, Quantico, Va., 11th Regiment, Headquarters 1st Battalion, Marine Barracks. Fourth Prize, $2.00—Edith L. Ritter, 1419 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Winners of the $1.00 Prizes—Miss Katherine Gibbons, 113 St. Clair Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Wirt Johnson Carrington, 203 Solar St., Bristol, Va.; Miss Ethel Kloenne, 966 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City; Harriet Morris, 111 Chauncey Street, Boston, Mass.; Miss Cora B. Earnest, 26 Magdalen Street, San Angelo, Texas; Miss Ruth Kleine, 3804 Garfield Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Ethel Camp, Belmar, New Jersey, R. F. D. No. 1, Box No. 10; J. H. McMullen, 616 Franklin Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Thomas F. Burns, 1050 Davis Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada; Miss Anna Wohlforth, 47 Nichols Street, Seymour, Conn.

Correct Answers

1—Zoe Ray	4—Anita Stewart	7—King Baggot
2—Bebe Daniels	5—Anna Little	8—Eileen Percy
3—Doris Pawn	6—Wheeler Oakman	9—Violet Heming

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For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and $1.00 at druggists

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 119*)

H. M. G., Iowa.—Charlie Chaplin is still in the movies. The Fairbanks Twins are now in Ziegfeld's Follies. Cast of "Framing Framers" (Triangle) follows: *Gordon Travis,* Charles Gunn; *Ruth Westphal,* Laura Sears; *Herman Westphal,* George Pearce; *Sylvester Brandon,* Edwin Martin; *Grace Garwood,* Mildred Delfino; *Lonnie Gorman,* Lee Phelps; *John Cameron,* Arthur Millet; *Westphal's Thugs,* Leo Willis, Verne Peterson.

M. B., Kankakee, Ill.—We disremember whether or not Marguerite Clark sends her pictures free; but advise you to write again—you know Miss Clark has been very busy working for the government in the Loan campaigns and your letter may have arrived while she was absent. It is always better to send twenty-five cents when asking for pictures; but May Allison, we believe, sends hers gratis. They do say that May was born on a Southern plantation, being a member of the F. F. S. (First Families of the South.) Miss Clark has one sister, Miss Cora Clark. She was born in Cincinnati. If you're waiting anxiously for the next issue of Photoplay, I'll have to let this suffice. In other words, magagines have to go to press and this is all for you, Margaret.

Lou Messing, N. Y. C.—Glad you've decided to come on in. We are "witty, but not at the expense of facts?" Oh Lou! But we try to tell the truth, and it isn't so hard. Try it sometime. George Walsh is twenty-six; he used to play football in his college days. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-four; six feet tall; weight one hundred and sixty. Yes, he's wonderful—aren't you 'Gene? He was born in Denver and he speaks pure Dublin Irish. Have I crowned your initial attempt with success, Lou? There is nothing so wonderful as the knowledge that you have done your best; that you have perhaps, lessened a little the burden of a fellowman. Gee—it's twelve-thirty!

M. D., Barry Ave., Chicago.—Lou Tellegan was born in Athens, Greece, in 1881. Carlyle Blackwell was Mary's leading man in "Such a Little Queen," but Harold Lockwood had a part in it too. Lockwood is married. Marguerite Clark is thirty-three.

Admirer, Mitchell, S. D.—You had your pictures of Doris Lee, with a story about her, in the August issue. Hope you liked it. It's mighty nice of you to admire the style in which we arrange our magazine. We are never bored—and we hope therefore never to bore anyone. As Julian Johnson remarks, "girls—like flowers and sunsets and things—have needed no added charms for centuries." Or, as John Keats said, a thing of beauty is a joy forever. But did you know that that poem of his ended with something about—"or we die?" It's awfully sad.

M. Henderson.—Yours is the kind of a letter we like. Somebody said once that you are least yourself when you talk in your own person; with a mask you tell the truth. Maybe that's why the Answer Man ventures an opinion occasionally. Our private stenographer does not grin when we dictate these answers; but often she weeps. We refuse to become involved in a controversy as to Bara's birthplace, merely reiterating from our mask that Bara was born in Cincinnati. F. X. B. has indeed five lovely children. Ethel Barrymore Colt has three. Blanche Sweet is back, and House Peters is her leading man in her first picture. Myrtle Stedman is on the stage now. Please write again.

Irene F., 14; the Bronx—No; we can't tell you about ourself. "Know thyself" is the first lesson in life; but we have never learned it. Nazimova was born in Russia; she is in the early thirties. She has dark hair and eyes. Elsie Ferguson has blue eyes and light hair, not red. Write to them for pictures—Miss Ferguson care Artcraft; Nazimova care Metro., N. Y. Geraldine Farrar, we believe, always sends pictures on request. Milton Sills doesn't tell his age. The he-stars are as bad as the actresses on ages, if not worse. It is unwise for a woman to tell her exact age—it always looks so calculating. Nazimova at this writing is doing "L'Occident," from the Belgian masterpiece; but the name will probably be changed for public comsumption. Her second Metro was called "Toys of Fate." Elsie Ferguson has not confided to us the figures on her weekly checks; perhaps if you wrote to her—

M. B., Macoglochе, Tex.—John Bowers doesn't give his age, but we should say it was about thirty-three. He married a non-professional. His first wife was Beulah Poynter. He is not going to war so far as we know. He is six feet tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed. Douglas McLean played opposite Vivian Martin in "A Fair Barbarian," and Gail Kane in "The Upper Crust" for Mutual. He will be seen in Dorothy Gish's first Paramount. Mary McAlister is not with any company at the present time. Photoplay will announce her new affiliation. She is eight years old. Following is the cast of "The Blue Bird": *Tyltyl,* Robin MacDougall; *Mytyl,* Tula Belle; *Daddy Tyl,* Edwin E. Reed; *Mummy Tyl,* Emma Lowry; *Gaffer Tyl,* Wm. J. Gross; *Granny Tyl,* Florence Anderson; *Berlingot,* Edwin Elkas; *Berlingot's daughter,* Katherine Bianchi; *Fairy Berylune,* Lillian Cook; *Light,* Gertrude McCoy; *Night,* Lyn Donelson; *Dog,* Chas. Ascot; *Cat,* Tom Corless; *Fire,* S. E. Popavitch; *Water,* Mary Kennedy; *Milk,* Eleanor Masters; *Sugar,* Chas. Craig; *Bread,* Sam Blum.

E. K., St. Paul, Minn.—There is nothing at all mysterious about us, except perhaps that we admit it. But thirty-five is a very attractive age; we intend to remain thirty-five for years and years, once we have attained it. We are always afraid to let anything go for fear someone else may pick it up. Elsie Ferguson's hair is light. It must be quite dreadful to fight over the color of an actress' hair. Sessue Hayakawa now has his own company. We have not printed your alias for obvious reasons. No, the Answer Man didn't fall over when he read the list you wanted; merely stifled a sigh and thought and thought. We think for ourselves always; if we didn't nobody would. Here you are: David Powell, Select; Edna Goodrich, Mutual; Gail Kane, Ivan; Fatty Arbuckle, Balboa Studios, Long Beach, Cal.; Robert Warwick, now Capt. Warwick, Over There; Lenore Ulrich, Belasco theatre, N. Y.; Hazel Dawn, Amityville, L. I.; Anne Little, Lasky; Jackie Saunders, Balboa; Conway Tearle, Vitagraph; Charles Ray, Ince; Eugene O'Brien, Select. Jean Sothern is not playing now.

Margaret, Watertown, Wis.—If Marguerite Clark were as old as she looks she would be about twenty. Miss Clark is really thirty-three. Write to her care Famous Players, N. Y. Yes, I think I know her secret—it's very simple to say, but not so easy to put into practice. Marguerite Clark never worries. No situation or circumstance is too difficult for her to smooth it over with a smile. And Marguerite, at thirty-three, looks twenty. Think it over.

H. W., Murphysboro, Ill.—Kenneth Harlan played opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon." Mr. Harlan is unmarried. Montague Love hasn't a wife. Send your letter to him in care of the World Film Corp., Fort Lee, N. J. Jack Holt is with the western Lasky company. That was Elliott Dexter with Mary Pickford in "A Romance of the Redwoods." Subscription rate for Photoplay in the U. S. is two dollars a year.

McDonald's Admirer, Mobridge, South Dak.—Francis McDonald is married, but don't let that interfere with your liking him. Practically all of the film stars are married, you know. Mr. McDonald has been in pictures for a little over two years.

E. M. B., San Antonio, Texas.—Haven't the name of the last picture in which Harry Gwynn appeared. Art sorrowful about his enlisting?

Billy Blue Gum, Sydney, Australia.—If you are a bad penny we're welcoming you just the same. Thanks a great deal for the flannel daisy. We don't grow them here and we've never seen one before. We Americans are just as strong for you Australians as you are for us, so it's a fifty-fifty proposition.

Pearl's Pal, Plainfield, N. J.—Oh girl, you are fickle! Mollie King's hair has remained the same color—reddish blonde—ever since we've known her. That color hair often photographs dark, so that undoubtedly accounts for your thinking that she had changed the color of her top piece since the taking of the picture you possess. Warner Oland was born in 1880. He is five feet, eleven inches tall. Henry Gsell was born in 1889. He's five feet, three and one-half inches tall. By all means send Pearl White the poem you have written about her.

R. M., South Glen Falls, N. Y.—The entire cast of "Intolerance" is a long one: *The Woman Who Rocks the Cradle,* Lillian Gish; *Miss Mary Jenkins,* Vera Lewis; *Jenkins,* Sam De Grasse; *The Girl of the Modern Story,* Mae Marsh; *The Girl's Father,* Fred Turner; *The Boy of the Modern Story,* Robert Harron; *Mary Magdalene,* Olga Grey; *Catherine de Medici,* Josephine Crowell; *Charles IX,* Frank Bennett; *Henry of Navarre,* W. E. Lawrence; *Duc d'Anjou,* Maxfield Stanley; *Admiral Coligny,* Joseph Henaberry; *Brown Eyes,* Marjorie Wilson; *The Father of Brown Eyes,* Spottiswoode Aitken; *The Lover of Brown Eyes,* Eugene Palette; *The Foreign Mercenary Soldier,* A. D. Sears; *The High Priest of Bel,* Tully Marshall; *The Mountain Girl,* Constance Talmadge; *The Rhapsode,* Elmer Clifton; *Prince Belshazzar,* Alfred Paget; *Nabonidus,* Carl Stockdale; *Attarea,* Seena Owen; *A Friendless One,* Miriam Cooper; *The Musketeer,* Walter Long; *The Bride of Cana,* Bessie Love; *The Policeman,* Tom Wilson; *The Governor,* Ralph Lewis; *Cyrus,* George Siegmann; *The Mighty Man of Valor,* Elmo Lincoln; *Second Priest,* George Beranger; *Bridegroom of Cana,* George Walsh.

Babe, Braddock, N. D.—Geraldine Farrar is thirty-five. Norma Talmadge, twenty-three; Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. Norma Talmadge's eyes are brown. Alan Forrest played with Mary Miles Minter in "Charity Castle." The pictures you speak of are tinted. Aw gwan, sure we forgive you. "A Bit of Jade" was released a number of months ago. We live in Chicago.

Questions and Answers

(*Concluded*)

ALICE C., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Henry Gsell was with Pathe. He is 29 years old. Mahlon Hamilton wont tell whether he's married or not or how old he is. Some of the players you mention answer letters; others don't. Try them and see. But I would never attempt to tell you what you should read. Your education depends on what you shouldn't read.

MARY THURMAN ADMIRER.—Mary Thurman is 24 years old. She is five feet three inches tall and tips the scales at one hundred and twenty-three. She has chestnut hair and gray eyes. She is a wonderful girl; yes. We have never met Miss Thurman, but while there is life and the Santa Fe is in high we hope to meet Miss Thurman.

GRACE, WAPAKONETA, OHIO. — Address Harold Lockwood care Metro, Hollywood; Wallie Reid care Lasky, Hollywood; Charles Ray care Ince; Bryant Washburn care Paramount. Cullen Landis played *Tommy Hale* in Kathleen Clifford's Balboa serial, "Who is Number One?" Landis is now Billie Rhode's leading man. Glad you like us; write again.

A. J. BRAUER, CHICAGO.—The players you mention are all American, with the single exception of Antonio Moreno, who is a native Spaniard, but who is somewhat Americanized now. Some players send their pictures free upon request; others ask twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing, etc. Seems to me you folks should know that by this time; we have said it over and over again. Mary Pickford, Pearl White, the Gish sisters, Douglas Fairbanks, and Bill Hart are a few who ask no charge for photos. Yes, August—it is usually hot in Chicago.

EVA G., AUS.—If you are aching to have your questions answered, we have just been aching to answer them. The fact that you have refrained from writing out of compassion for our age, and thinking if you were patient you might find the answers in the magazine, touched me to the heart. They say the only difference between journalism and literature is that journalism is unreadable, and literature is unread. But I never could understand women—or wouldn't if I could. William Collier, Sr., is on the speaking stage in "Nothing but the Truth." Next season Collier will play in "Nothing but Lies." I should say the first play was the more interesting. Willie, Jr., whom you liked in "The Bugle Call," an old Ince feature, has not been on the screen since he made that memorable film. The Collier kid and Anna Lehr did great work in it, didn't they? Miss Lehr's latest is "Men," with Charlotte Walker; and a new problem picture with House Peters. Lack of space forbids the entire cast of "Intolerance," but here are the leading characters: Babylonian period: *The Mountain Girl,* Constance Talmadge; *The Rhapsode,* Elmer Clifton; *Belshazzar,* Alfred Paget; *Princess Beloved,* Seena Owen; *Cyrus,* George Siegmann; French period: *Brown Eyes,* Margery Wilson; *Her lover,* Eugene Palette; *Chas. IX,* Frank Bennett; *Catherine de Medici,* Josephine Crowell; *Father of Brown Eyes,* Spottiswoode Aitken; Biblical: *Mary Magdalene,* Olga Gray; *Mary the mother,* Lillian Langdon; *The Bride of Cana,* Bessie Love; Modern Episode: *The Girl,* Mae Marsh; *The Boy,* Bobby Harron; *A Friendless One,* Miriam Cooper; *The Musketeer of the Slums,* Walter Long; *Jenkins,* Sam de Grasse; *His sister,* Vera Lewis; *The Kindly Policeman,* Tom Wilson; *The Woman who Rocks the Cradle,* Lillian Gish.

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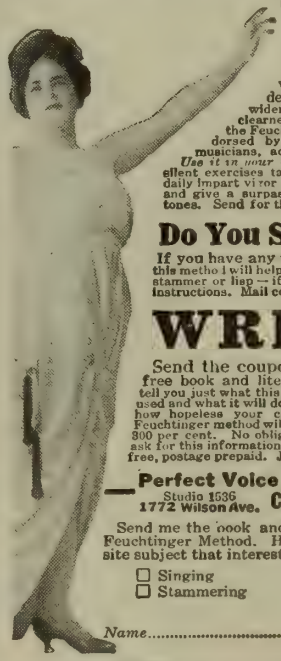

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. XIV No. 5

Contents

OCTOBER, 1918

Cover Design — *Marguerite Clayton*
From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

Art Section Portraits: Mae Marsh, Elsie Ferguson, Rubye de Remer, Enrico Caruso, John Barrymore, Raymond Hatton, E. K. Lincoln, Fay Tincher, Edith Johnson, Anne Luther, and Constance Talmadge

Bond Your Appreciation! Editorial 21

The Photoplay League of America Myra Kingman Miller 22
A Great New Movement To Promote the Best in Pictures.

"Cousin Carus'" in the Land of Lights 25
Another Songbird Who Has Packed His Voice in Mothballs.

"If You Have No Farm, Borrow One" Edward Earle 26
Mr. Earle Borrowed a Typewriter to Tell This Story.

Friends Everywhere Dorothy Scott 27
Marguerite Clayton Wasn't a Bit Afraid in Strange New York.

The New American Face 29
Captain Bob Warwick on the Yankee Youth of Tomorrow.

Behind the Lines (Pictures) 30
The Gigantic Task of Keeping an Army in Fighting Shape.

An Estate in Sunny Calif—No! No! (Pictures) 32
Glimpses of Pearl White's Beautiful Estate.

Raymond Hitchcock to Return to Pictures? 34
"Hitchy Koo," While Amusing His Parrot, Says He Might.

"Let's Get Together—*Everybody!*" Lt. Samuel Rothapfel 35
Some Forceful Beliefs of New York's Biggest Film Theatre Man.

The Road to France (Fiction) Jerome Shorey 37
Told from the Photoplay.

The Essential Ingredient Elizabeth Peltret 41
Bert Lytell, An Important Part of Any Excitement around Metro.

(Contents continued on next page)

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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Entered as second-class matter Apr. 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Next Month

Eltinge's Castle in Spain

Julian Eltinge has just completed a home for himself in Los Angeles that has already become one of the show places of a city of beautiful homes. He designed it himself, and has filled it with wonderful furnishings, tapestries and antiques, picked up in his travels all over the world. PHOTOPLAY will take you on a little visit to Julian Eltinge's new place in the November issue.

Face to Face

Next month you will meet face to face, so to speak, Eugene O'Brien, Shirley Mason, Ella Hall, Alice Lake, Katherine MacDonald, Bebe Daniels, Fred Stone, Sylvia Bremer, Ben Turpin, Norman Kerry, Barney Sherry, Florence Deshon, Ernest Truax, Priscilla Dean, The Dolly Sisters, and Josephine Crowell.

You will also be introduced to Ricord Gradwell, the man behind the World Film Corporation. He doesn't permit his publicity agents to talk about him. That in itself makes him a unique figure.

Personalities

The November issue will be replete with articles and exclusive photographs of your screen favorites. Several of them will be written as only Julian Johnson can write them. PHOTOPLAY has always avoided the ordinary, mushy, superlative "chat" sort of material, written as though the author had sat spellbound, open-mouthed, and awe-stricken while the great one poured forth words of platitudinous wisdom. This sort of a so-called interview is unfair to the personality whom the writer is attempting to depict, and an insult to the intelligence of the reader. PHOTOPLAY'S theory of personality stories is that the subject is one whom the reader would like to meet, and its writers make an effort to transmit their real personality into words and pictures.

Superlatives never carry a message.

"Stage Experience? None!" 43
So Mildred Harris Answered the Big Question.
Here Are "Henry and Polly" (Pictures) 44
Scenes from the Drews' Stage Play.
A Screen Inspired Genius 46
His Models for War Figures Pose on the Shadow Stage.
Cap'n Hart of the Horse Marines! (Pictures) 47
"Shark Monroe" Shows an Interesting New Hart Character.
The Dominant Race Johnstone Craig 48
Referring to the Irish, Who Seem to Rule Picture Production.
What About Screen Comedy—Tomorrow? Harry Carr 49
A Consideration of the Future of Laugh-Getters.
Out of a Clear Sky (Fiction) Dale Carroll 52
Written from Marguerite Clark's Interesting Photoplay.
Known Here as Mrs. Schenck (Pictures) 56
Norma Talmadge at Home.
Grand Crossings Impressions Delight Evans 58
Olive Thomas—and Madge Kennedy.
The Personality Test Randolph Bartlett 59
An Uncommon Test—but Gladys Hulette Passed Easily.
Cheating the Animals 61
Marie Walcamp, a Regular "Kathlyn," is Through With Thrillers.
Riddle Gawne (Fiction) Gerald C. Duffy 62
Told from William S. Hart's Picture.
Early to Breakfast Dorothy Allison 66
Revealing Why Taylor Holmes is Never Caught Napping.
Farrar "Doubling" in the Movies (Pictures) 68
Not in the Vernacular of the Screen, but—
Why-Do-They-Do-It? 69
More Screen Incongruities Noticed by Readers.
A Refugee from Russia 71
Hedda Nova is Her Name, and She's "In Hiding."
An American from Tokio 72
Tsuru Aoki, a Charming Little Nipponese.
Close-Ups Editorial Expression and Timely Comment 73
The Shadow Stage Julian Johnson 75
Reviews of the Newest Pictures.
Irene Castle Will "Carry On" Dorothy Allison 79
About the Widow of the Air Hero, Soon to Go to France.
A Dramatist Who Came Back 81
Charles T. Dazey, Once Retired but Lured Again to His Typewriter.
Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky Ellen Woods 82
This Time—Maurice Tourneur and Pauline Frederick.
Anita's War Garden Frances Denton 83
Miss Stewart Hopes to Reap a Banner Patriotic Crop.
Has Mary Pickford Retired? 85
The Favorite Star Doesn't Seem to Know Herself.
Odds and Ends 86
This and That of Interest to Photoplay Followers.
Plays and Players Cal York 88
News and Interesting Comment from the Studios.
Sons of the Sun in Arms! Julian Johnson 92
How the Photoplay Actorate is Doing Its Fighting Bit.
Educational Films 95
Interesting and Helpful News About "Visual Instruction."
Questions and Answers The Answer Man 99

Next Month

Julian Johnson

In the November PHOTOPLAY Julian Johnson presents his third annual review of the year's accomplishments in acting, directing, and photoplay writing. As in the past, it will be a frank catalogue of progression or retrogression, measured by results.

Triangle Pictures

You're wrong! This has nothing to do with Culver City. This triangle is red—the red of sacrifice and service—and the pictures filter into the eyes of tired men who are saving the world for us. A vivid story, full of amazing fact, on the stupendous service of the motion picture to our army in France, by Janet M. Cummings, Overseas Secretary, Y. M. C. A. The author is not in the film business. She is an impartial war-worker, and her great tribute to the PHOTOPLAY is quite impersonal.

The League Results

Last month we announced the big new movement for clean pictures, The Photoplay League of America. This month we are describing its organization, its methods, its intent. Next month—some results. Watch for the first fruits of this purely constructive reform.

An All-Star Fiction Number

That is just what November PHOTOPLAY will be, for it has skimmed the cream of the month's narratives. Can you beat this trio—?

"The Turn of the Wheel," Geraldine Farrar's first Goldwyn.

"The Sierra Sixties," a Pathe modernization of that old masterpiece of melodrama, "The Lyons Mail."

"Johanna Enlists," Mary Pickford's new romantic comedy of the war.

The Grand March

The biggest art-movement in history will take place as the days grow short and cold: the grand march of the film business to California. Fuel conservation is back of it, and the already huge PHOTOPLAY colonies around Los Angeles will be enlarged until that pueblo becomes a veritable modern Athens. An interesting account of problems, methods, personalities and probable results in this mighty trek.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

Page 76
All Man.....Vitagraph
For Husbands Only.....Jewel
Page 77
We Can't Have Everything.....Arteraft
Toton.....Triangle
Page 78
The Danger Mark.....Arteraft
A Pair of Cupids.....Metro
Uncle Tom's Cabin.....Paramount
The Vamp.....Ince-Paramount
Page 102
Back to the Woods.....Goldwyn
The Glorious Adventure.....Goldwyn
Fedora.....Paramount
Waifs.....Pathe
Cupid by Proxy.....Diando-Pathe
The Dream Lady.....Bluebird
A Pair of Silk Stockings.....Select
The Safety Curtain.....Select
Page 103
Up Romance Road.....Mutual
The Ghost of Rosy Taylor.....Mutual
A Good Loser.....Triangle
By Proxy.....Triangle
Everywoman's Husband.....Triangle
Page 104
Bound in Morocco.....Arteraft
A Nine O'Clock Town.....Ince-Paramount
Wedlock.....Peralta
The Golden Wall.....World
Heredity.....World
Neighbors.....World
Hell's End.....Triangle
Beyond the Shadow.....Triangle
False Ambitions.....Triangle
Marked Cards.....Triangle
Cactus Crandall.....Triangle
The City of Dim Faces.....Paramount
Scandal Mongers.....Universal
Joan of the Woods.....World
The Claws of the Hun.....Ince-Paramount
The Death Dance.....Select
Page 105
Love Watches.....Vitagraph
One Thousand Dollars.....Vitagraph
Her Moment.....General Film
The Demon.....Metro
No Man's Land.....Metro
As the Sun Went Down.....Metro
Less Than Kin.....Paramount
Riddle Gawne.....Arteraft
The Empty Cab.....Bluebird
The Deciding Kiss.....Bluebird
Winner Takes All.....Bluebird
The Girl from Bohemia.....Pathe
A Romance of the Underworld.....Keeney

Constance Talmadge
in a tense scene in
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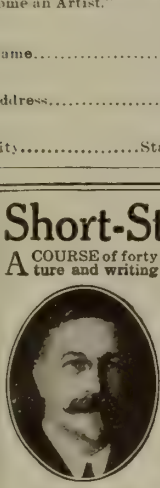

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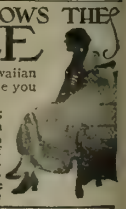

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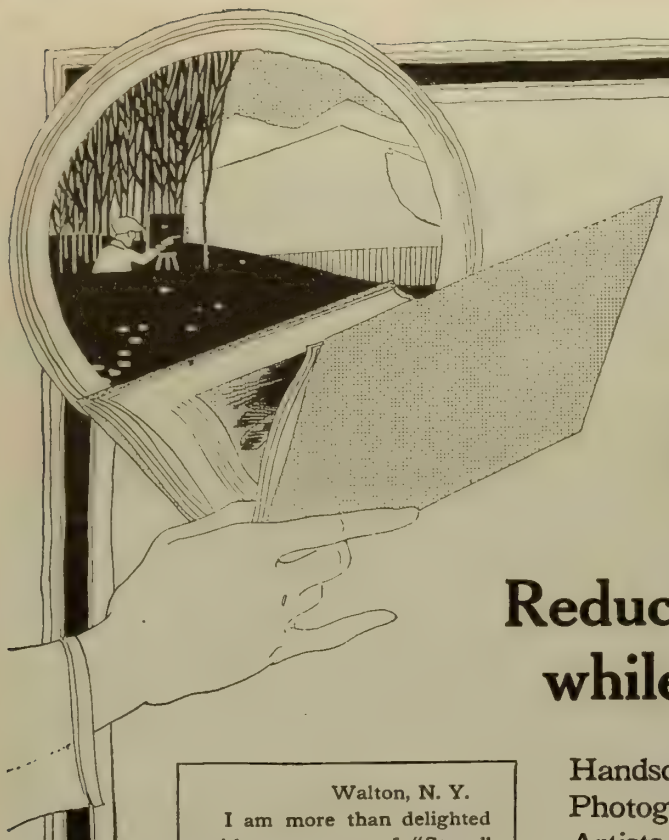

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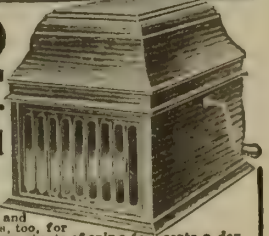

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV OCTOBER, 1918 NO. 5

THE Fourth Liberty Loan is due.

To subscribe to that Loan is not only the duty of every earning man and woman in the United States, but the plainest form of common-sense, for the individual who refuses to protect his possessions or his home deserves to have neither home nor possessions.

Only a few weeks ago the Government of the United States saved the Motion Picture—for you. By classing it as an essential industry the Government preserved for the country a stupendous factor of recreation and instruction, though that preservation diverted from its own enormous needs thousands of strong men and millions of dollars. It is true that the act was an official tribute to the social power of the newest and most human art, but the fact remains that Washington was absolute in its right to do either thing. It chose to preserve, to cherish, to encourage the Motion Picture through the greatest crisis in man-and-money power that we shall ever experience, and history alone will shed a true light on the impartial wisdom of that choice.

You are, of course, going to fulfill your natural obligation to yourself, your country and your family in the Fourth Liberty Loan, but when you have done that, go one step further:

Bond your appreciation!

Buy at least one extra bond to express your thanks to the Government for a personal service to you—a service apart from its salvation of your freedom, your women's honor and your children's future.

This month the Motion Picture industry will make the biggest patriotic endeavor of its career. Every first-magnate star will contribute a film of his or her own, based on a contributed scenario by an author of established reputation. Every producer has volunteered for any necessary service. Every exhibitor has pledged his theatre.

This is not a "Victory" loan nor a "Peace" loan. This is a "Fight!" loan, and that Government which is fighting furiously for you with its right hand, is, with its left, holding inviolate your great constructive diversion of peace times. Remembering this—

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The Photo of Am

By Myra

LAST month PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE made the first announcement of the formation of the Photoplay League of America—a co-operative, practical association of the patrons of the country's photoplay theatres, on behalf of cleaner, better pictures.

A month ago the Photoplay League of America was a happy thought—a big, fortunate idea.

Today it is an actual, existing force in screen affairs with *more than three hundred* branches making its benign influence felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is growing at an unheard of rate—comparable only to the advance of the motion picture itself.

This league is the national clearing house for any and all the better film movements, cinema and photoplay clubs, or organizations. It is a big, broad inclusive organization pregnant with the spirit of the age—democracy.

While the league welcomes the reports of any and all better film movements, it is composed directly of our local branches, chapters or clubs in individual communities. These are given advice, suggestions, and information by the national organization which also furnishes them with a constitution, by-laws, a charter, a plan of study, and outline of work.

After carefully reviewing the field of magazines, and examining their methods of procedure and contents, the league decided that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE was the publication for its purposes. After consultation with the publisher, whom they found heartily in sympathy with their purposes, PHOTOPLAY was made the offcial organ of the Photoplay League of America.

For years this publication has been the leader in the fight for better pictures, and its publisher has directed all the influence and power of its pages toward the practical uplifting of the screen.

The present officers of the league are: James R. Quirk, publisher of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, of Chicago, President; Mrs. Harriet H. Barry, of Monrovia, California, Chairman of the Better Film Committee of the National Federation of College Women, Vice President; Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller, of New York City, Chairman of the Better Film Committee of the National Council of Women, Executive Secretary. The list of honorary and advisory patrons is given elsewhere in these pages.

A glance over these names demonstrates the fact that some of the greatest leaders of thought in America are now concerned with the motion picture as a great and popular moulder of thought.

These names prove that the great leaders of thought in America are cognizant of the tremendous influence of the screen. They realize the motion picture now ranks with the newspaper as a moulder of thought, and just as it holds great potentialities for good, in direct ratio it can be harmful if neglected or harassed with unconstructive criticism. A great river, if neglected, may rise at flood times and leave destruction

Start a Photoplay League in Your Town

ORGANIZE a branch of the Photoplay League of America. Take the matter up with your friends who are devotees of the motion picture, and if other organizations in your city have Better Film Committees, co-operate with them. Send to the Editor of this Department for a sample Constitution and By-Laws, and after you are organized you will receive an engraved charter which will give you official standing. The news of your league and hundreds of others will be found monthly in Photoplay. Reviews of the best plays will be given. Address Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller, 185 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. Harriet H. Barry, chairman Better Film Committee, National Federation of College Women.

Charlotte Fairchild

IN her new environment Mae Marsh has been finding opportunity to display the beauty Mr. Griffith always subdued to accentuate her rare abilities in forlorn pathos. Here is a new picture of the girl, not the actress.

Victor Georg

ELSIE FERGUSON, equally successful before camera and footlights, is another human proof of the once-disputed fact that the finest subtleties of spoken lines can be put into complete photographic translation by a woman with brains.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

PAUL HELLEU, dry-point etcher, called Rubye de Remer "the most beautiful woman since Venus." Discounting gallantry, we still behold a lovely creature. She went from "The Follies" to the leading role in the pictured "Auction Block."

Mishkin

ENRICO CARUSO'S spirit of fun, imprisoned in opera, is as big as his voice. The camera will find this, for his first scenario was built that way.

Lewis Smith

JOHN BARRYMORE, beneath his up-to-date humor, has the spiritual as well as physical fibre of the great classic actors. There are few like him.

ONE frequently uses pages calling a man a fair actor. To call a man a great actor takes three words. Raymond Hatton is a great actor.

Lumiere

E. K. LINCOLN is a talented photoplayer—but did you know that he is wealthy? The small noise he makes about his possessions is remarkable.

ANNE LUTHER, often called a Western girl, was born in New Jersey, went West early, and recently came East. She is as rich in genuine Titian hair as Croesus was in gold. "Her Moment" is her latest photoplay.

Evans

EDITH JOHNSON is a dark-eyed blonde, and they say they're as dangerous as a submarine artlessly wearing a barrel over its periscope. She worked at Vassar, and has received degrees from Lubin, Selig, Bison and Bluebird.

Lumiere

FAY TINCHER is a rare comedienne. She has ornamented a few good photo-plays, and saved scores of mediocrities. Her Dulcinea, in De Wolf Hopper's ill-starred "Don Quixote," put the very spirit of Cervantes into a poor scenario.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

THIS, as the nearest-sighted among you has probably guessed, is a sunlight replica of Constance Talmadge. Most everything has been said that can be said about the Talmadge team. Now go ahead—write your own caption.

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play League
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Kingman Miller

and waste in its path. But by the application of public interest and skillful engineering it can make the wheels of industry move, can transport great cargoes, and make deserts bloom.

The mission of the camera is almost identical with that of the printing press. The Motion Picture is the Fifth Estate.

These men and women are representative leaders in all the big constructive movements and activities of the American People. The fact that they associate their names with the organization gives it a stability, and a standing with the greatest movements of the day. The league is not a figment of the imagination but it is a big live organization with a definite purpose which it has set out to accomplish with typical vigorous American methods, and the results thus far obtained are highly gratifying.

It is purely ethical. There are no dues. Its policy is constructive and up-building, at any and all times, rather than destructive and critical. The mathematical adage that where "there is elimination there must be substitution" in order to keep up the value of a given quantity proves true in all better film work. In other words, the best way to decrease the showing of the undesirable films is by increasing the attendance to and the output of the desirable ones.

It has long since been self-evident that the ultimate answer to the better film problem is patronage. The exhibitor does not exist who would not gladly show continually the best films made if they brought him in an equal or larger amount of box office receipts.

The League does not intend to advertise objectionable films by wasting time or space on them.

Some two years ago, in literature issued by the National Federation of College Women, they made the following announcement: "We recognize that the Motion Picture screen is the greatest factor in the world today in the education of the masses, and as such it demands our attention and influence." This recognition on the part of an organization of thinking women of the United States was a forward step for the industry especially as it was followed by the statement that the Committee was to be headed "by a woman of power, influence and great executive ability." She would not read at their next biennial an insipid account of "findings" but would give an account of real established facts and perhaps accomplishments. How this organization decided to proceed will be told in these columns for the benefit of others in another issue but suffice to say that their contribution to the League's information bureau has been most gratefully received. The many and various divisions of the better film workers in the General Federation of Women's Clubs who have made surveys and have done practical work in bulletining have also been very encouraging.

The correspondence of the first Committee of the National Council of Women adds largely also, while the fund of information on the good methods coming from the Community Motion Picture Bureau and the

THE Photoplay League of America is an organization of intelligent people who, realizing the tremendous influence that the screen now exerts and the great force that it is to be in the future, have interested themselves in an effort to aid in a constructive manner in the development of the new art and industry.

IT is not enough to criticise and discourage your exhibitor when he shows inferior pictures. You must prove to him that good pictures will increase his attendance. You must give him organized encouragement, real encouragement, in the shape of increased attendance. If you do not do this, you have failed.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Pres.
Photoplay League of America.

Cardinal Gibbons, head of the Catholic Church in America.

Better Film Committee of the National Board of Review, have also given most excellent and varied lights on the subject, and so the League presents itself to you a force to be welcomed and thoroughly respected. It wishes it to be distinctly understood that it is no iconoclastic movement but a practical forward-looking organization, all American, thoroughly patriotic, loyal, sincere, uplifting, enthusiastic, conscientious, and we hope inspiring.

If your exhibitor at present is not disposed to show some certain new picture in which you are interested, you will find that he will be more than glad to do so when he is confronted by an organized body of enthusiasts. Make your plans to attend the show in a group or body, and afterwards discuss its merits and deficiencies. Study the art of the actors and you will soon find that your interest is growing, your knowledge is broadening, your pleasure increasing, your influence extending to such a degree that once a month will seem too seldom to meet and your plans will include a weekly or fortnightly meeting.

Myra Kingman Miller,

Executive Secretary of The Photoplay League of America, and editor of this department, is one of the pioneers of the better film movement. She built and operated the first photoplay theatre for children; is president of the National Federation of College Women, and chairman of the Better Films Committee of the National Council of Women (representing 7,000,000 members); is a member of the Woman's Committee of the National Council of Defence.

Through PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the League is able to reach over 1,000,000 readers and will be able to send its monthly message to its own members without the expense of postage on individual bulletins. Personal letters of inquiry addressed to the Executive Secretary, who is also Editor of this Department, will be promptly answered if an addressed, stamped envelope is inclosed. She will be glad to help you in any way possible in your efforts to organize and conduct a Branch League. Be the first to get this movement started in your city, and report your experiences for the benefit of others.

Uncle Sam Wants Screen Stories

UNCLE SAM is very anxious to obtain motion picture stories. They must be written around themes that will be helpful to the United States and her Allies in various forms of war work.

Suitable subjects would be such as would have the effect of speeding up labor in shipyards, munition plants and other forms of Government work, stories that would be of material assistance in Liberty Loans, War Savings Stamps and other drives and stories that could be utilized to advantage in the foreign work of the Division of Films—especially good stories that fit present day conditions in Russia, Italy, Mexico and Central and South America.

Not only will these pictures be shown in the United States but also in every Allied country and every neutral country.

Bare plots in brief synopsis form are all that is required. Submit all stories to James Vincent, Secretary, Advisory Board, Division of Films, Times Building, New York City.

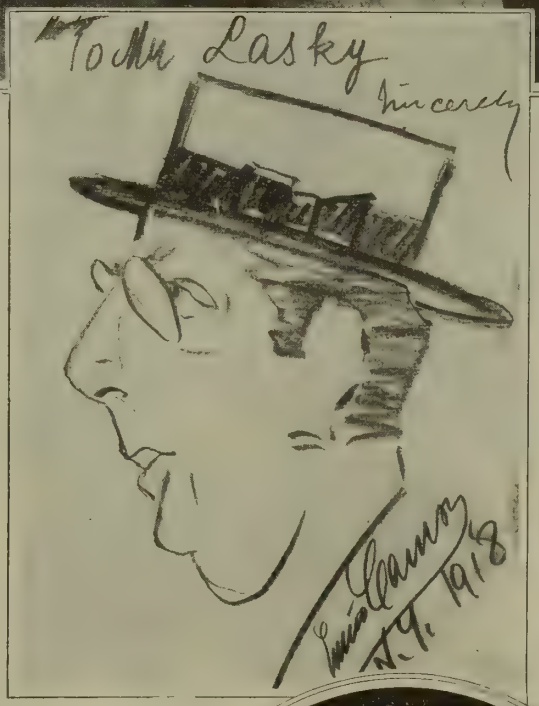
Roses for Charlie

ONE high light of Madame Olga Petrova's cross country tour on behalf of the War Savings Stamp drive was the visit paid to the Chaplin Studios in Hollywood, where she watched Charlie make a scene for his second comedy "Shoulder Arms."

The tireless energy of the little comedian opened the eyes of Madame Petrova. "Mr. Chaplin is not only the greatest artist of the screen, but he is one of the greatest artists of the dramatic world," said Madame, "and it was he who converted me from a feeling of hostility toward the films, to a realization of their great possibilities. A Chaplin comedy that I saw by chance aroused my enthusiasm for motion pictures." And Madame Petrova approached him and placed a rose on his coat.

A few years ago, Madame Petrova was a performer under the management of Fred Karno, the well known English producer, who also was the one who first featured Charlie Chaplin, in the classic "Night in an English Music Hall."

Many a railroad president has driven the last spike, but Caruso pulled a new twist on an old thing by driving the last nail in his first set at the Famous Players Studio on 56th Street, in New York City. Caruso at left, Jesse Lasky at right.



"Cousin Carus'" In The Land Of Lights

THE thing which Geraldine Farrar began has been finished by Enrico Caruso. The young American prima-donna was the first operatic star of premier magnitude to really appreciate the motion picture as a profoundly valuable medium not only for re-creating, but perpetuating expression; Caruso, the greatest operatic star of modern times, has now enthusiastically tumbled into the optic fold, and the conquest is complete.

When these lines reach PHOTOPLAY'S readers Caruso will—if he keeps his schedule—have practically finished his first Zukor-Lasky play. He commenced work in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 17th. The first picture is a comedy-drama of New York called "Cousin Carus.' "

Jesse Lasky is responsible for "Cousin Carus' " —title, idea and all save its mechanical working-out. Lasky realized, with a shrewd showman's instinct, that if people go to see Caruso on the screen they will go to *see Caruso*. To millions of people Caruso has been a voice and a name, but never a personality. Bringing the actual personality of Caruso before the American public was the task to which Lasky devoted himself. A French-speaking company will support Caruso, and Edward Jose will be his director.

Above — Caruso's sketch of his sunshine padrone, made with a pencil on the back of an envelope without the subject's knowledge, while Mr. Lasky was showing him about the studio.

"If You Have No Farm, Borrow One" Says Edward Earle

One cannot be proper nowadays unless he can acquire some rural acreage, says Edward

Mr. Earle, feeding (borrowed) corn to his (borrowed) hens. — Insert above: Notice the little (borrowed) dog and the (borrowed) egg? The little dog is a terrible egg thief. You can see a wicked yolk-lust in his eyes right now.

Mr. Earle counts out (borrowed) eggs to his (borrowed) hired man.

I HAVE been a little bit unfortunate in my acquirement of property. I have an automobile and a flat in New York and some Liberty Bonds—but I have no farm. I might just as well have nothing to wear; that is to say, this season. Everyone has a farm. All the actors I know have been photographed at work raising vegetables and things to help Mr. Hoover. All the actresses I know raise onions and wear trouserettes. To be shot by a photographer among the radishes and lettuce is their idea of a happy finish. The still more ambitious show how they're raising fowls and dairy cattle. I know a woman who last year lifted nothing heavier than a cigarette—and this year she's making pounds of butter a week. Or at least she was photographed that way.

But there's a way around every difficulty, and I've walked around mine if I couldn't walk through and over it.

I've *borrowed* a farm.

It belongs to a friend of mine near Farmingdale, Long Island. Since I was borrowing, I thought I might as well borrow a whiz—and I did. It has hundreds of acres. Chickens and Belgian hares are its specialty. It has a huge series-incubator that accommodates 75,000 eggs at a time. Some hen! Its rabbits are worth $500 apiece.

I wish to announce that I am now ready to be photographed as (A) farmer; (B) chicken raiser; (C) Belgian hare expert; (D) dairyman; (E) dog fancier; (F) assortments and combinations of foregoing. Special attention paid to lot and job orders.

My (borrowed) incubator is in full blast now. I've had an awful thought about that incubator: what a terrible weapon it would be for a man to trundle to a bad show—or any show where he didn't like the actors!

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Miss Clayton looks as though she had just stepped off a magazine cover.

Friends Everywhere

Marguerite Clayton did not find New York heartless as pictured. The bus conductor called her sis, even.

By Dorothy Scott

"WHEN I was in California," confided Marguerite Clayton, "do you know, I was almost afraid to leave for New York. Out there, they told me that Eastern people were heartless and cold to strangers and that the climate was awful and that anyway it was no place for a girl alone. Now here I am, perfectly safe and happy and in the very heart of New York and in an artist's studio at that."

Here she was, indeed. Nothing could be more typical of the heart of New York than the Beaux Arts apartments and the studio belongs to Haskell Coffin and looks exactly like an illustration from a Robert Chambers novel. Miss Clayton was perched on a high stool with a torn straw hat on her head and her hair over her shoulders posing for the cover of the October number of PHOTOPLAY. There was a gay little blaze in the huge fire-place, a bowl of field-flowers on the table and a canary singing somewhere in another room. In the midst of all this, sat Mr. Coffin, sketching sedately and trying not to look like Miss Clayton's idea of an artist-villain. It would be impossible to imagine anything more correct and friendly and less like a scene from "The Terrors of New York."

Miss Clayton looks as if she had just stepped off a magazine cover even when she is not posing for one. You almost expected to see "April Number. 20 Cents" printed somewhere above her head. She is all pink and white and sky-blue and yellow—exactly the combination of colors to gladden a newsstand. And her expression radiates cheerfulness especially when she is talking about New York.

Her work in New York has been a far cry from the wild and woolly rolls of the desert country. Above—in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." At right— the Marguerite Clayton of the old days.

"My first idea of the City was all wrong," she went on. "You know the sort of thing you read in novels and sometimes see on the screen. They always call the City 'the vortex' or 'Babylon', and picture people like me lost in its whirl. When I got off the pullman at the Pennsylvania station for the first time, my teeth were chattering and I felt like the heroine in Reel One who is barely saved from an awful fate in Reel Five. Fortunately, a girl friend was there to meet me and when I told her I was frightened, she laughed. We took a bus up-town and the conductor found a seat for us and called me 'sis' and told me to watch my step. And the minute I saw Fifth Avenue, all smiling and friendly in the sunshine, I knew that I was going to love New York always."

"As soon as you know a person well enough," she said, "they will tell you about the time they were broke in New York. Someone has always helped them and then when they arrive they remember that time and help the next one. It's like the line in the 'Twelve Pound Look' where 'you think "poor soul" of them and they think "poor soul" of you and that keeps you human.' But you don't stay a poor soul long," Miss Clayton added gravely. "If you really want to, sooner or later you are bound to succeed. That is what I felt in the air from the top of that bus."

Her own success has more than justified that feeling. Most of her training came from the West which accounts for her fresh viewpoint. She was born in Salt Lake City where she began her work on the stage almost before she can remember.

"I used to sing in the big Tabernacle there," she told me, "when I was so little that I didn't know enough to be scared. Then I went into musical comedy and one day I saw an ad in a Los Angeles paper asking for moving picture actresses. I didn't tell anyone about it, but I went over to the studio (it was really a barn in those days) and applied for the job. Mr. Anderson accepted me in spite of my lack of experience and that began my work in the Broncho Billy pictures. It was entirely new work and lots of fun. For a while I thought I would never get tired of being rescued from Indians and things. But, while I am glad of the experience, I wouldn't go back to Western stuff for the world."

There is a picturesque contrast between the chaps and sombrero of the Broncho Billy days and the little manicure girl in the Artcraft production of "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday," with George M. Cohan. Miss Clayton adores such contrasts. She is determined not to be identified with one type of character that will prevent her from playing any other type that has ever been invented.

On the way back to the office I moralized to myself like the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland." It was a neat sermon to the effect that we get out of a specific place exactly what we take there and that the City is really a mirror which reflects the face you bring to it. The sincere worker who intends to do her very best and to help others besides will find —exactly what Miss Clayton found. As soon as you meet her you understand why she thinks New York such a friendly place.

A scene from one of her early western Essanay short reelers.

The New American Face

Captain Robert Warwick calls attention to a new romantic type, being evolved by the War

"WAR," said Captain Robert Warwick, recently visiting New York after a visit to the theatre of war, "is making a new type of human face —or rather remaking the features of men, building upon the old foundations a new superstructure of character.

"I think we do not talk enough about the good which comes out of war. Of course, at best, war is a blight which none of us would seek and yet there are advantages which spring from it. Not the least of these is the moulding of young manhood.

"Unquestionably, when the war is over the men who come back will be better men. They will take a new interest in all the calls of citizenship, they will understand as never before the blessings of a democratic form of government. They will make better husbands and better fathers for what they have been called to go through on the battlefield. The domestic side of their natures are being developed and home will mean everything to them when they come back.

"There is in New York a photographer who has always specialized in making portraits of men. Being a man of considerable wealth, he was in a position to select his own subjects, and he often refused to photograph men whose faces did not interest him. Particularly was this true with younger men.

" 'The young American,' he said once, 'especially of the better class, or at least of the wealthier class, is not an interesting subject for the artist. His features are fine enough, regular, strong, and all that sort of conventional thing, but they lack character. They betray the entire absence of any policy toward life. They suggest a lack of governing motive.'

"Then came the war. Many young men in uniform wanted to have portraits to leave with their families before sailing for France. It is, perhaps, understood, that none but the wealthiest could afford to patronize the photographer of whom I speak. At first he simply refused without discussing the matter. Then, he says, he began to notice a change in the faces of these young tango stars.

" 'The young man in uniform,' said he, 'is no longer the stage hero of musical comedy. The American drafted soldier is more of a man than either the soldier we have known, or the man we have known. He is thinking. He knows the world is aflame, and that he is going into that fire. We are evolving a new type of American face, and behind that face a new type of American brain.'

"One unique incident at this studio concerned a young officer who was accompanied by an adoring mother and sister, very gushing. They told the artist that they wanted a photograph that would make 'Dear Richard' look just as handsome as possible. The photographer had consented to the sitting previously, and there was no way out. So when he finished the negatives, in one of them he retouched out all the lines of character, and produced a proof as beautiful as a picture in the latest catalogue of hand-me-down clothes.

" 'Oh, that's darling!' Mamma and Sis exclaimed. 'That's the one we want.'

"The artist calmly ripped the proof into a dozen bits. 'I don't make that kind of picture.' "

Captain Bob is back in France now. His knowledge of French has made him a valuable aide at the American headquarters.

Lumiere

Right — a very recent portrait of Captain Warwick in the "make up" of his new profession. Below — "Bob" in a Scene from "The Silent Master", with Ann Little.

Behind the Guns

Uncle Sam's second great instructive film, "America's Answer", reveals a fighting unit of amazing proportions

Photos by Division of Films, Committee on Public Information.

BEHIND the front line trenches—what? A vast army of construction and reconstruction—thousands of men, and even women, from all professions, applying their knowledge to the service of the fighting divisions. Whether a new bridge is needed, or a button to be sewed on, the great army of non-combatants is ever at hand to serve. The pictures on these pages are from the second government film, "America's Answer."

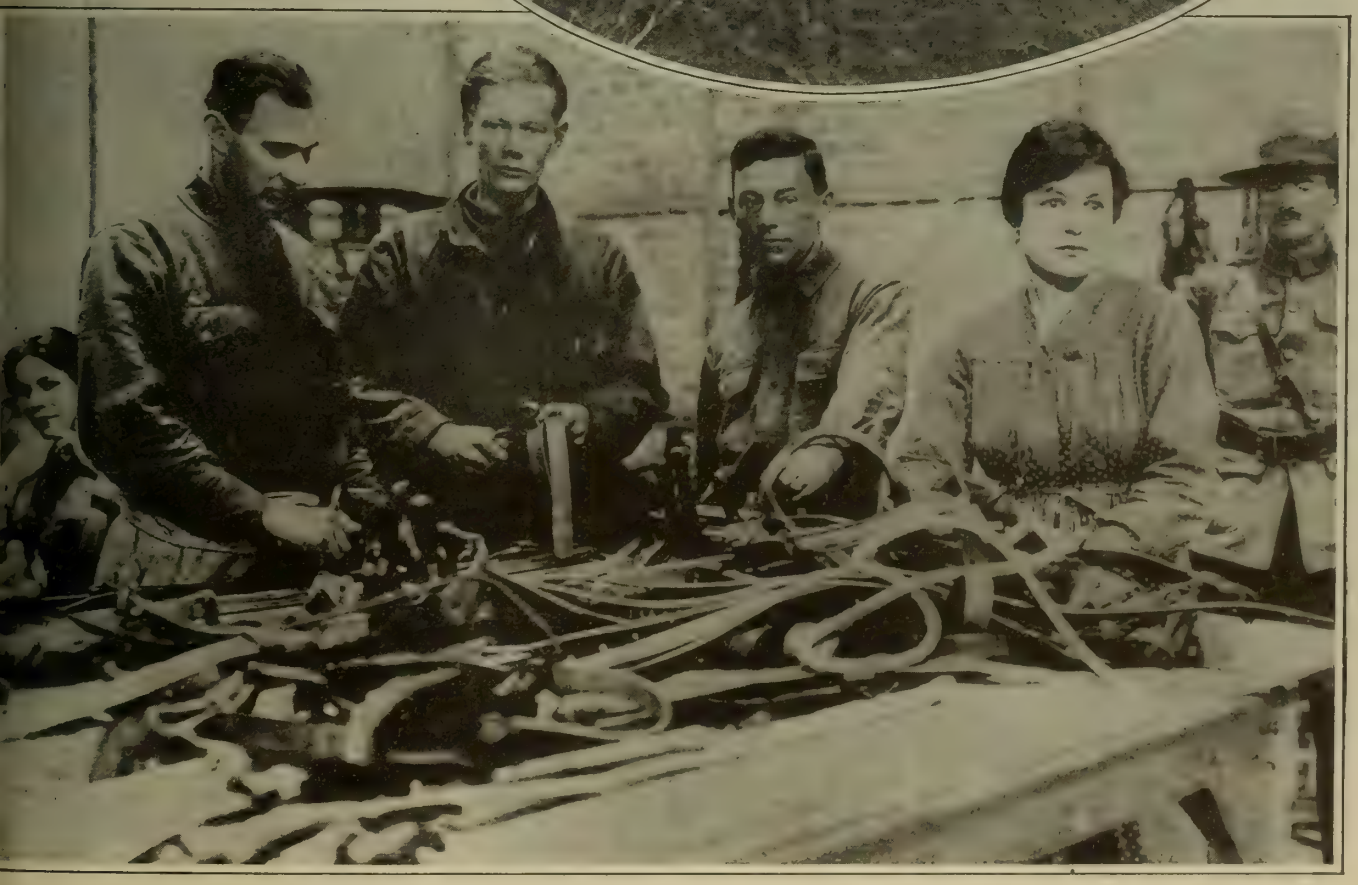
Not so very long ago an appeal went out from our War Department for telephone operators with a speaking knowledge of French. The girls you see in the circle are six of those who responded — now in actual service in France

The American salvage department in France is an unrealized phaze of our war machinery. Shown at the upper left is a heap of thousands upon thousands of worn-out shoes—discarded by Sammies in France. As they utilize everything but the squeak in Chicago pork packing plants, so everything but the holes is turned to account in these shoes. Bottoms are removed and new bottoms sewed to old uppers, and when the uppers have gone they are run through a cutting machine, and the remnant leather is made into laces and things, while every nail and wooden peg is extracted from the soles to be used over again. And so with worn-out clothing. Above is shown a section of one of the vast sorting rooms in France where eager French women help in the work of reviving soldiers' shirts and undergarments

The interesting thing about this railway freight depot is that the floor-level concrete-and-dirt loading way is hundreds of yards long and was built in a short time by American engineers at a rail head.

A tremendous amount of actual construction is necessary in handling even the lightest field artillery in France. The embrasure and the bush-camouflaged wall seen here are a fragment of literally scores of miles of such construction by American Engineers.

We think of this as an age of gasoline — but a large department of leather experts went overseas to look after the valuable harness leather of the hundreds of thousands of our horses and mules.



An Estate in Sunny Calif— *No! No!*

NEW YORK actors live in apartments; California actors live on estates. That's accepted as a truism. But it isn't true. For instance: Pearl White has just leased a picturesque old place at Bayside, Long Island. It comprises seventeen acres with a grand old house of twenty great rooms, dating back to the middle of the last century.

Photography by White, N. Y.

A great hedge of flowering trees and shrubs near the stables. The vine-covered patriarchs of the forest in the background are, at a distance, reminiscent of the palm-trunks of the Pacific Coast. The visitor? Major Wallace McCutcheon, one of the most renowned American heroes of the British Army, home on furlough to completely recover from shrapnel and gas.

On one side of the old mansion the eye falls upon rolling field and woodland; on the other the only thing to see is the splendid expanse of Long Island Sound, for Miss White's private bathing beach lies directly below the four straight little trees in the right background.

The lawn is so all-fired big that takes a horse-drawn clipper to trim it. This is one of the duties of the estate that Miss White rigidly reserves for herself. Yes—Miss White in the overalls.

Pearl White is a perennial in pictures. She goes on year from year, with the same fire, force and magnetism. Whenever you see a picture of Pearl White in athletic attire it's real. The press-agent may have taken advantage of her outdoor prowess, but he is not the cause of it. This picture is real. It was taken at 11 o'clock on the morning of June 28th, 1918, as Miss White was returning from the Bayside golf grounds.

Raymond Hitchcock to Return to Pictures?

"Hitchy Koo" is indignant that anyone would dare to say he'll not.

Oval at right — Mrs. Hitchcock, in the tennis-court on the grounds of their Long Island home. Before her marriage Mrs. Hitchcock was a renowned comedienne, Flora Zabelle, the daughter of M. Mangasarian, an Armenian clergyman, of international reputation.

Everything this parrot says sounds like "Hitchy Koo." There is more than a suspicion that the name of the show came out of this very cage. Oval below—Mr. Hitchcock in an old Sennett comedy.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is, as you read these lines, the pet comedian of New York City. "Hitchy Koo," the conglomeration which took most of its name from his moniker, has gone into its second edition and second year.

Some years ago Mr. Hitchcock had a more or less mild experience in screen comedy of the (then) Keystone brand, and since that time the common report has been that he, in common with DeWolf Hopper, Willie Collier, and some other gentlemen of equal lustre, considered the photoplay, serious or comic, an eternal monstrosity.

We asked Mr. Hitchcock, at lunch the other day, if he thought he might . . . . under certain conditions. . .

"Who said I'd left pictures?" rumbled the comedian. "There's hardly a day of my life that I don't think of pictures, and myself in them, in some way that I can *really* get across. I've never stopped believing in the screen for a moment, and I have never considered my screen career closed. I hate to be beaten by anything, and when I find what seems to me the right vehicle no Broadway engagement—no amount of stage work—is going to stop me from making more photoplays."

Photos by White

"Let's Get Together—*Everybody!*"

Rothapfel, who is the biggest individual among the exhibitors, declares that a lack of co-operation is bringing the Photoplay to a standstill.

By Lieutenant Samuel Rothapfel
(Reserve Corps, U. S. Marines.)

Campbell

(Editor's Note: Sam Rothapfel is not a universally popular fellow, in spite of the fact that he is New York's foremost exhibitor, and probably the most spectacular success of his kind in the world. Other exhibitors — to put it in their words — think Rothapfel is a nut. The producers used to think him a crazy egotist who criticized their films and tore them to pieces to satisfy his own vanity. Rothapfel's accomplishments have justified most of his stunts. In his two theatres, the Rivoli and the Rialto, he has the finest playhouses of the screen. Rothapfel came out of Pennsylvania to be a hired man for Mitchell Mark, who inaugurated the New York Strand, the first of the really big picture playhouses. Rothapfel created the Strand's policy and afterwards went on his own with the Rialto. While we differ with some of his opinions, there is a straight-to-the-nose hit to this stuff which brings out a few truths which may be unpleasant but are not unwholesome to hear.)

I HAVE been in the motion picture business ten years, and from a beginning in the smallest sort of way I have attained a most peculiar position, in that I have directed five houses in New York City in the past five years, and have thus been brought into constant, intimate contact with producer, star and public alike. This is not possible in any other place in the world, so you see I am to a degree an opportunist; and I think that any opinion of mine should be prefaced by that explanation, for my opinions are not theories, or the result of one-sided observations, but are founded on the facts of all sides as I have observed them.

As I look upon the net results today I am somewhat discouraged, to say the least, because of the fact that in the past year there has been no progress. The business today is at a standstill and will be unless heroic measures are taken. The manufacturer is not making any money; the cost of distribution for the exchanges is rising every day; few theatres are really making any money and the critics of the motion picture are condemning it right and left and sometimes not without reason. In my opinion, the fault lies mostly with the exhibitor himself because he will not advance, he will not make the most of his opportunity, he will not try to step out in another direction but has stayed in his little rut and grown there, still exhibiting his pictures as he did years ago. He has made no effort to individualize, or if he has it has not been apparent except in a few cases. Unless he gets a star or a feature attraction he hardly makes his expenses.

There has not been proper co-operation between the newspapers and the exhibitor, nor between the exhibitor and producer, and as far as this is concerned the producer is just as much at fault as the exhibitor is. Instead of their relations being absolutely harmonious they have been strained. The producer has been and is making pictures purely from a commercial standpoint. Idealism has gone to the winds. He has been giving the exhibitor what the exhibitor thought he wanted and the exhibitor, like the public, has not known what he wanted.

I have said many times that it is a great mistake to try to give the public what it wants. It is a mistake for two very good reasons, first because you don't know what it wants, and second, because the public itself doesn't know what it wants.

I think the greatest fault of the whole industry just now is that it is bound hand and foot by precedent. There is no idealism, no initiative, no daring, and not enough artistry.

There is too much of the "movie" idea and not enough appeal to the imagination.

Exhibitor and producer today must give the public credit for knowing as much about the industry as they themselves do. There must be a decided change for the better, or else backward we go. The day of the advertised star is past, the day of the cheap theatre is past, tomorrow the exhibitor will have to be

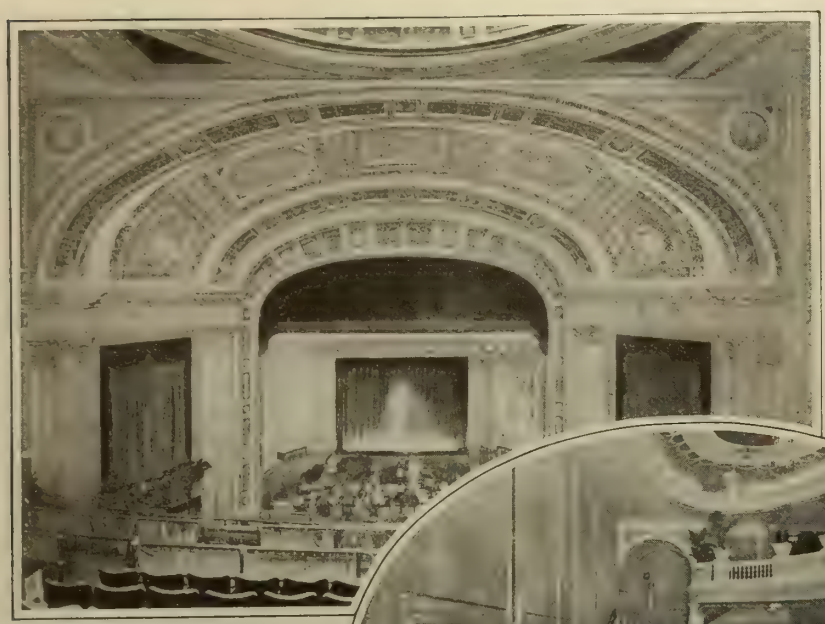
LIEUT. ROTHAPFEL will have a lot of dissenters on this remark—yet it has a grain of bitter exhibitorial philosophy:

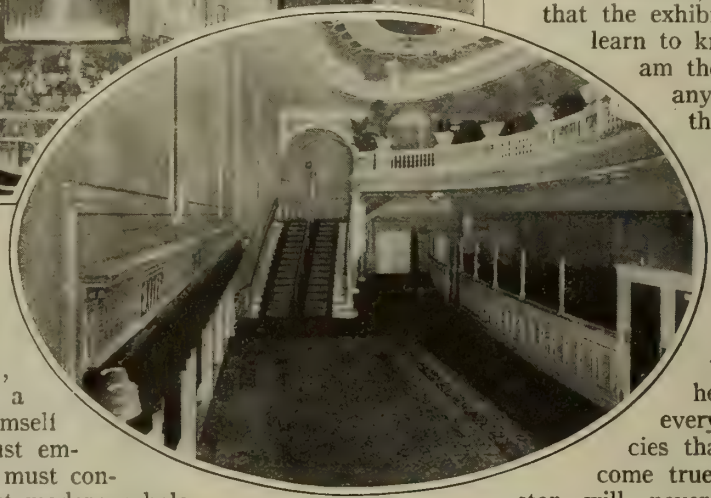
"It is a great mistake to try to give the public what it wants, for two very good reasons: First because *you* don't know what it wants, and second, because the public *itself* doesn't know what it wants."

On the other hand, David Wark Griffith recently advised a rising young director: "The public knows what it wants. Give it to them. If you don't you will surely fail."

Both Mr. Griffith and Mr. Rothapfel are successes.

Isn't life the darndest riddle!





Above—proscenium and stage of the Rivoli. At right, foyer of the Rialto. Both are Rothapfel houses, in New York.

an intelligent, clean cut, snappy business man with a touch of artistry. If he himself hasn't those qualities he must employ someone who has. He must conduct his theatres on the most modern, wholesome and artistic basis. If he does that he will reap many rewards.

The producer must step forward at once and stop playing up the silly little ingenue and the matinee hero type of male star.

He must become more serious. He must employ people who can portray characters and really act and he must not twist scenarios and stories around to fit these so-called stars. If they are really stars they will portray the character! We must have good stories, and we must photograph *behind the eye,*—not in front of it. We must have personality and common sense and we must give the moving picture public credit for having imagination and lots of it. We must be more subtle and less obvious. We must, above all things, strive for a certain idealism. We must stop deceiving ourselves, grit our teeth, look the situation squarely in the face, dig our toes in the ground and GO FORWARD. When we do, the motion picture will take its rightful place as the greatest art of the new century—and unless we do these things, it won't.

I have exhibited pictures that did not belong in my theatres, but I have always done so with the sincere feeling that I was doing the best for my institution. When a picture plays in the Rialto or Rivoli Theatre it plays there because I believe in the picture.

I am an optimist first, last and all the time. I believe in the motion picture as I believe in nothing else on earth. I love it, I have devoted my whole life to it and will devote my whole life to it. Some day, perhaps in the near future I may try my hand at producing. Whether or not I will make a success remains to be seen. I honestly believe that I can make a success because I will employ the same fundamental principles in producing as I do in the presentation of motion pictures. I oftentimes wish that the exhibitors and producers could learn to know me a little better. I am their friend and I would do anything in my power to help them if I thought the request was sincere and without any ulterior motive. I have proved in the past that I would go out of my way to help a deserving exhibitor. I have made tours about the country, I have talked to them and those who have heard me know that I meant every word I said and prophecies that I made years ago have come true with a vengeance. The star will never die because if he or she is a real star and has personality he—or she—will be in demand. That of course does not mean that all pictures must have stars. I earnestly believe that a good story well told will succeed whether it has a star or not.

I believe in higher prices, I believe in better presentation, better music, better atmosphere and better environment. I believe in publicity, but it must be dignified and truthful.

Let me say, in conclusion, that this is not a pessimist's article. It's an optimist's war-cry! The motion picture, it seems to me, is the most wonderful child in the world—bubbling with energy, vibrant with promise of the future, alive at every pore, and through that life mischievous, erratic and susceptible to evil. Our wonderful child is naughty—but it is still a wonderful—the *most* wonderful—child.

I have refrained from any mention of the war in these paragraphs because, had our grand old Uncle Sam a sentient personality, he would long since have been driven out of his mind by getting full blame for every misfit, misfire, or misguiding in every industry. He and the war are certainly not to blame for the petty evils of the screen.

A Half-Second Satire

I Went
Into a Photodrome.
Near Me
Someone was Saying,
"Ah—
These Films!
These Awful Films of—
Actually—
Mothers Playing
With their Children;
Girls Going to School;
Skiing in Norway;
Plant-life in the Honduras—
These Terrible Films,—
Let Us Hope
That the Censors
Will Soon Cut them Out
Altogether.
As for me,
I have Only Come Here
To Write my Report
For the Society,
Of Which I am Vice-President."
"Why," I asked;
"Why don't You
Register your Pet Peeve
At the Box-office?"
But before
I had finished, he
Had Passed Out.

Before the next ship was launched, Tom and Helen stood on a little bridge one evening and looked over the busy scene, where the men worked at record-breaking speed to win the Government's honor flag for their plant.

The Road to France

Tom Whitney had been somewhat of a moral derelict until he realized that America needed his greatest efforts

By Jerome Shorey

"NEW man?" the guard at the entrance to the Bemis Shipbuilding Company's plant asked.

Tom admitted that he was.

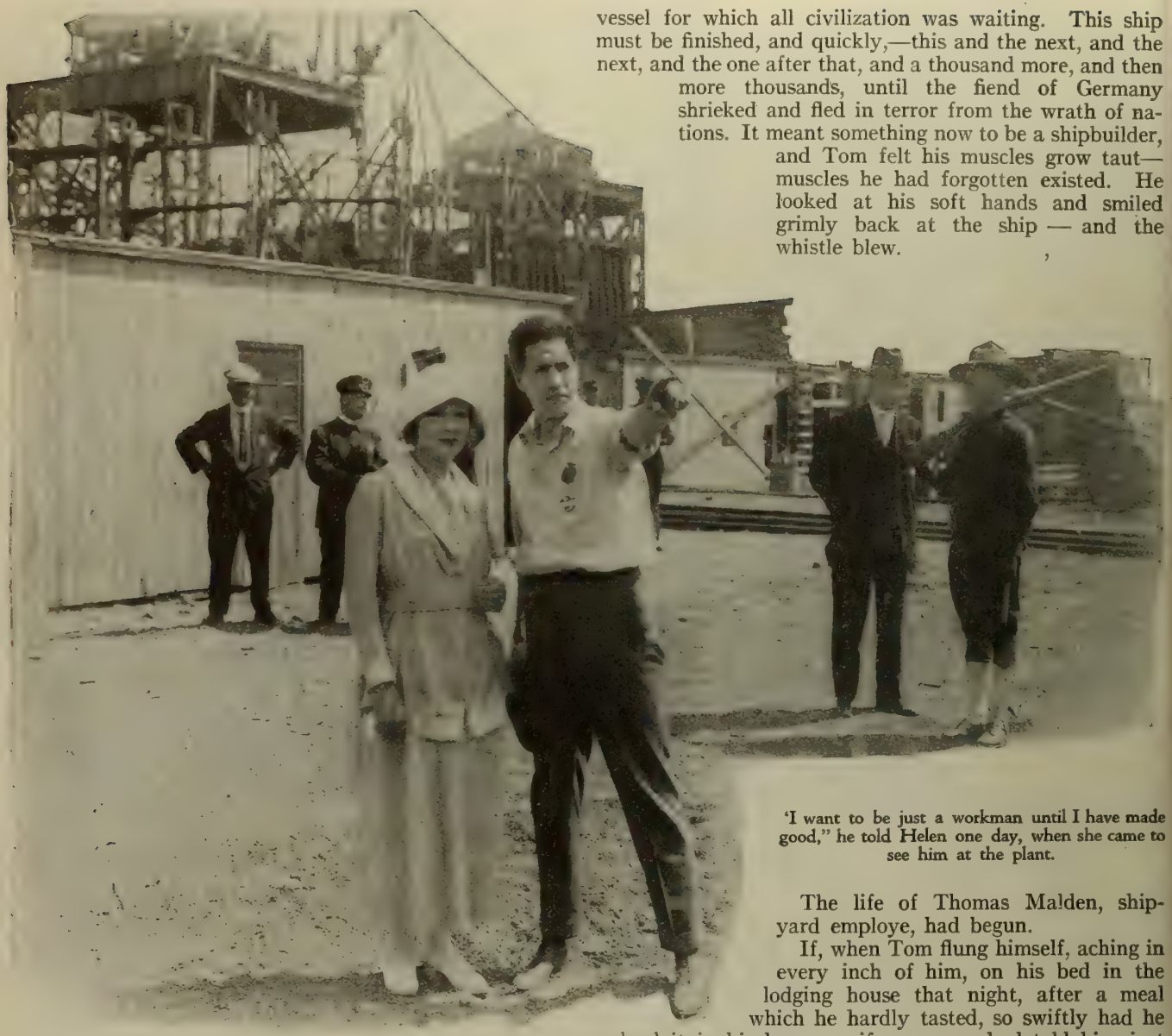
"Le' see y'r card."

A document was produced proving that the bearer, Thomas Malden, was an employe of this branch of the Federal Shipbuilding Corporation's activities.

"Gwan in."

Tom gwaned in as bidden. It is, perhaps, no credit to him that he was away ahead of time, for such is the habit of a man with a new job. And the novelty of working for a living aroused such a variety of emotions in Tom that it required no special effort to get to the scene of his labors before the hour set. Besides, he wanted to look around a bit, wanted to adjust himself to the idea of working with his muscles as a day laborer in the shipyard owned by his father's closest rival, owned by the father of the girl he loved and now could never marry—such a shipyard as he himself would one day have owned if he had not been a fool. It was such a birthright he had squandered in a single night of dissipation—a reckless night upon which he had embarked deliberately—a final fling, as he had assured his father and his sweetheart, Helen Bemis, who had protested against his idleness and insisted that he justify his existence.

Final was right. Though he had been, doubtless, more sinned against than sinning, the fact remained. He had awakened from that night of dissipation, his head splitting with pain, himself fully clothed, flung across the bed of a room in a cheap hotel,—and Mollie sitting there like a harpy, waiting for him to wake up and be told he was her husband. He was married to a girl he had met in a cabaret, whose name he did not even know, further than that she was Mollie. He would not believe it until she showed him the marriage certificate, and suggested that they break the news to his dear papa. Out of that interview, painful as it was, one good thing had come—when Mollie learned that her husband was disinherited, kicked into the street



'I want to be just a workman until I have made good," he told Helen one day, when she came to see him at the plant.

with barely the clothes he wore, she abandoned him, with voluble and quite unprintable reproaches. That much was gained.

The thing that cut, though, was the thought of what Helen must think of him. He had written to her and told her, without trying to shield himself, the facts of his disgrace. And he had given her no address to which to send a reply, if indeed she had desired to reply. Then he had wandered about the city until sheer starvation made it necessary for him to get work. The government was pleading for men to help build ships. He knew as much about ships as he did about anything, and not unnaturally found himself assigned to the Bemis plant. There the story of Thomas Whitney ended. He adopted the name of Thomas Malden, beginning a new career, a new life, without any great ambition, without any high hope—and yet within him there was something that made for achievement, something of the driving force that was in his father, old Robert Whitney, master of men and ships.

So as he sat there on a pile of timbers waiting for the whistle to call him to labor, something of a thrill went through Tom Malden, despite the remorse he could not escape. The blood of the shipbuilder leaped at the sight of the half-finished vessel on the ways, the vessel that meant so much more today than any vessel had meant before in the history of man, the vessel that was to take men and guns to France to hunt the wild beast of Europe, the vessel for which all civilization was waiting. This ship must be finished, and quickly,—this and the next, and the next, and the one after that, and a thousand more, and then more thousands, until the fiend of Germany shrieked and fled in terror from the wrath of nations. It meant something now to be a shipbuilder, and Tom felt his muscles grow taut—muscles he had forgotten existed. He looked at his soft hands and smiled grimly back at the ship — and the whistle blew.

The life of Thomas Malden, shipyard employe, had begun.

If, when Tom flung himself, aching in every inch of him, on his bed in the lodging house that night, after a meal which he hardly tasted, so swiftly had he gulped it in his hunger,—if some one had told him just then that two persons in the little town were thinking about him, he would have been hardly interested. But could he have known what they were thinking, tired as he was, he would have been alert.

One of them, of course, was Helen Bemis. She had not been able to understand Tom's letter. One day he had promised her to stop idling, had said jokingly, that he had a "wild party" on for that night, but next day would buckle down. Then came his note, just saying, in half a dozen lines, that he was married and disgraced, offering no excuses, and saying goodbye. Helen loved Tom, almost in spite of herself, or perhaps because she saw the man behind the idler. Even now, she could not think of him as altogether lost to her. Her father had all but ordered her to give him up, when he learned of Tom's escapade. But now Tom was gone, Helen decided she too must do something to justify her existence. So Bemis smilingly appointed her his "very private secretary."

The other person who was thinking about Tom was thinking in no such kindly terms. Hector Winter was an agent of the German government, in the guise of a friend of the working man. The man who had given him his credentials, forgeries which would admit him to the Bemis works, had warned him not to be guilty of such a blunder as he had made concerning the Whitney plant. In vain Winter pleaded that it was not his fault that the fool girl tried to grab the whole Whitney fortune by marrying the son. He was given his instructions—

stop work at the Bemis plant, or suffer dire consequences.

The days went on, and the paths of these three converged, and, at last, met. Tom's constitution soon asserted itself. He no longer ached at night. Callouses on his hands soon protected them against the chafing of wood and steel. He began to feel a glow of new manhood, and he actually loved his work. Because he loved it he put his mind to it, and little by little his education, and his inherited ship wisdom, bore fruit. He was promoted from labor in the foundry, and made a foreman. Still, in that vast city of workers, he did not meet Bemis, and he was putting off that moment as long as he could. He wanted first to prove himself.

But Winter he did see, and too often. He was busily spreading the seeds of discontent among the men. Tom soon learned of his operations, and had him barred from the yards. Winter's identity puzzled him. Through a haze he seemed to remember Winter's face, but not definitely. Winter knew him, however, and held him in no higher regard for this last act of banishing him from the Bemis plant.

The clash came one day when Winter was haranguing a crowd of the workmen on a street corner. He was feeding them anarchy undiluted, when Helen Bemis passed along the street. Winter pointed to her with a snarl.

"There's the daughter of your master," he shouted. "There she goes, wearing the jewels, the silks and the furs that you buy for her with your sweat."

Helen tried to hurry past, but the crowd was dense. Tom had just arrived from the opposite direction. It was the first time he had seen Helen since he arrived at the plant. He ploughed his way through the crowd that surrounded Winter, grabbed the spellbinder by the collar, yanked him from his soap box, and with a blow sent him reeling. Then he turned back to Helen.

"I'm working here," he said, simply. "May I see you on your way?"

The surprise and excitement had disturbed Helen. If she had been herself, or if it had not been in so public a place, she might have acted differently. But encountering the man she loved so suddenly, she involuntarily stiffened herself, and with a glance of scorn that she did not feel, passed on.

Meanwhile Winter, infuriated, scrambled to his feet.

"I know you, Tom Whitney," he yelled. "There's another of the d—d rich men's spawn," he shouted to the men. "And you can bet he's up to no good, pretending he's an honest workman."

In a flash Winter's identity came back to Tom. He remembered that this was the man who had been with Mollie the night of that fatal "final fling." He recalled, mistily, that Winter had said something that night about wanting admission to the Whitney yards. But it was all vague and indefinitely outlined. Now the struggle between them was on in dead earnest, Winter to persuade the men, in spite of their high wages and good treatment, that they were imposed upon, and Tom to counteract his arguments which, in truth, had little weight. For the unions were with the government, and Winter was a free-lance agitator, and had no influence except with the unskilled men, who had no trade. But there was a sufficient number of these to give him a certain leverage.

However, Winter was not satisfied with the progress he was making, and as the time approached for the launching of the Victory, the first of the Bemis ships to be contributed to the cause, he received messages from his German master demanding action. In the conviction that he was not going to be able to deliver the goods, he decided to try the favorite game of the spy, double-crossing his employer. So he went to Bemis, and told him bluntly that he was in a position to cause trouble in the yards, but offered to sell peace for a price.

Bemis first ordered him from the house. Then it occurred to him, it might be well to use diplomacy with this disturber, and learn, if possible, the source of his activities. So the next time Winter called, Bemis consented to discuss things. Helen was present, as her father's "very private secretary." Winter apologized for

Tom could not leave without seeing Helen again. He waited in the garden where she came to him, and where he told her his plans.

his insult, the day of the street meeting, and, coached by her father, Helen pretended to forgive the affront.

Having given a little more thought to Tom and his sudden appearance in workman's garb, Helen regretted her action in repulsing him. And Tom, knowing that his identity was no longer a secret, was anxious to tell her the truth before Winter reached her ears with some distorted story. So he managed to see her one evening, and told the true story of his marriage. Helen respected him for the manner in which he was rehabilitating himself, and several times called at the yards to see him. He was now one of the principal foremen in the plant, and wondered how long it would be before he could no longer avoid meeting Bemis.

"I want to be just a workman until I have made good," he told Helen one day, when she came to see him at the plant.

"You have made good, Tom," she replied, simply.

The time for the launching of the big ship approached, and Winter, baffled by the friendly reception he was given at the Bemis home, and likewise by the refusal of the better class of the men at the yards to listen to his proposals, grew desperate. There was one small outbreak of discontent among a few of the men one day, but Tom soon quelled it by shaming them back to their jobs. He told of the men in the trenches who were making the supreme sacrifice, and receiving a mere pittance in pay, while the workmen in the yards were paid the highest wages they had ever known, took no risks, and yet were discontented.

The one or two men who refused to be convinced by Tom's oratory, he convinced with his fists, and the near-strike was over. So the ship was finished, and the day of the launching came. There were scores of visitors, officials, and what not. Tom kept well out of the way until the christening and the launching were over, and the Victory had been drawn back to the dock, where she would receive her finishing touches, and her machinery would be installed. Then, when the crowd had gone, he stood and looked at the splendid vessel, another span in "The Bridge to Pershing." It was here that Helen found him.

"I'm proud of you, Tom—proud!" she said.

"Why couldn't I have known what all this meant, before?" he asked, sadly.

"Never mind—it may all come out right yet."

Bemis had missed his daughter, and came hunting her. They did not notice him approach, and their first warning was his angry exclamation.

"What are you doing here, Whitney?" he demanded.

"I'm one of your foremen," Tom replied, with an ingratiating smile. "Dad kicked me out and I'm working for a living."

"You're not working for me any longer," Bemis shouted. "My daughter may have forgiven you, but I shan't. Go."

In this mood there was no opportunity for argument. In vain Helen looked up at her father with an unspoken plea. There was no swerving the stubborn old man from his decision. Tom turned, and left the yards. But no longer was he hopeless. He now felt himself equal to any situation life might offer, and he believed he could win his way back to his father's respect. So he packed his few belongings, and prepared to leave for the city.

He could not leave, however,

(Continued on page 114)

The Road to France

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay of the same name by Harry Hoyt, produced by World Film, with the following cast:

Tom Whitney .....Carlyle Blackwell
John Bemis.....Jack Drumier
Helen Bemis.....Evelyn Greeley
Hector Winter.....Richard Neill
Mollie .....Muriel Ostriche
Burns .....Henry West
Robert Whitney....George De Carlton
Mrs. Whitney.....Jane Sterling
Mrs. O'Leary.....Inex Shannon

Helen had always regarded Winter as a sinister figure and while she did not believe him capable of murder, she believed that the death of her father was some development of his plotting. Together she and Tom worked out the plan of campaign

that Lytell was all dolled up like a convict, but he was behaving like a director.

The first thing one is likely to notice about Bert Lytell is his habit of making things around him move quickly. And yet he himself is not ostentatiously quick. On the contrary, he talks rather slowly and walks with something of a stroll. He has a quick temper, but the more angry he is, the more slowly he talks and, instead of flashing, his eyes grow cold.

Melodrama, he says, has an almost irresistible attraction for him. This, according to M. Maeterlinck, who said that nothing befalls us which is not of the nature of ourselves, must be the reason that melodrama is constantly taking place all around him. In fact "they" say that if anything exciting is going to happen anywhere around, it waits until Lytell arrives on the scene before it ever comes to pass. However this may be, he has had plenty of excitement in

It took three shots to get this young shark. Bert saw it in the ocean while he was registering melodrama with a pistol.

The Essential Ingredient

Bert Lytell, a creature of excitement, is usually around the studio when any of it occurs.

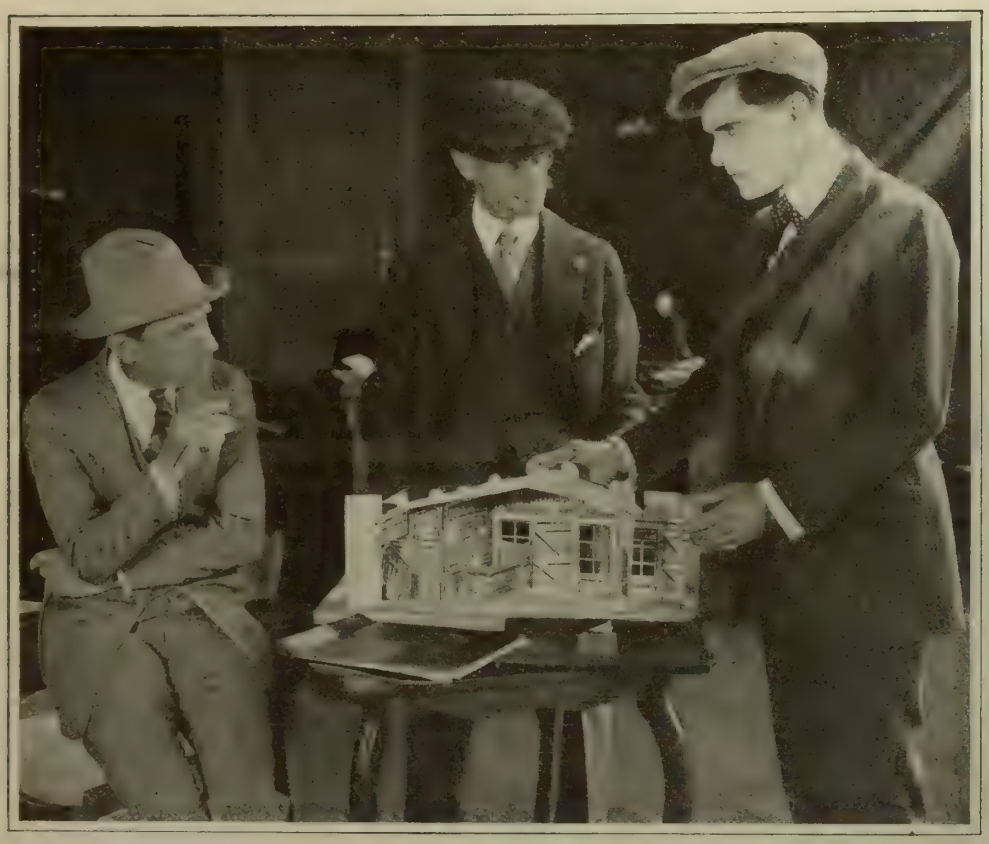
By Elizabeth Peltret

BERT LYTELL, recently of Broadway, New York, but now "a film," was late to an appointment, and Albert Shelby LeVino, Metro's scenario editor, took his share of the blame. This was only fair because the two Berts—Albert LeVino is called Bert, too—are almost inseparable. On this occasion they had been very busy collaborating on the scenario for "No-Man's Land" from the novel by Louis Joseph Vance and, because stories are very scarce and it looked as though they might be late on a release, it was necessary to start shooting scenes before the scenario was finished; so it happened

his life. He even got his start as an actor because the juvenile lead of their stock company ran off with another man's wife. Bert Lytell told the story:

"I was practically born on the stage," he said. "My father, W. H. Lytell, was Kiralfy's principal comedian—the star of 'Around the World in Eighty Days'—and my mother's father, J. K. Mortimer, was with the Daly stock company, but I did not become an actor until I was sixteen years old.

"I had been going to school in Toronto, Canada, and left there to go to Newark, New Jersey, where I got a job



The three leading figures in the film production of Louis Joseph Vance's "No Man's Land". Left to right: Will S. Davis who directed it; Albert Shelby Le Vino who scenarioized it, and Bert Lytell.

—it was a job, too, not an engagement—as assistant property man at the Columbia theater. My salary was $12.00 a week—($12.00 looks pretty big to a sixteen-year-old boy)—and my duties consisted of everything from sweeping the stage to prompting the actors and, having a very retentive memory, I soon had the entire 'rep' by heart.

"Then came my opportunity. About five o'clock one afternoon, the actor who was to play 'Ned Seabury' in the evening performance of De Mille's play 'Men and Women' left town suddenly, taking with him the wife of a neighboring theatrical manager because the lady's husband was on their trail with a gun.

" 'Only three hours before the overture and no "Ned Seabury" ', raved the manager of the Columbia. 'What am I going to do?'

" 'I know the lines,' I said.

" 'All right!' came the orders, 'you're going on!' "

Of course, Bert made a hit. Otherwise, what happened would have been a tragedy instead of a melodrama.

"It was a 'wonderful' moment, so to speak. As soon as I could afford it, I bought an extra suit of clothes and a cane and was happy.

"Speaking of melodrama," reminiscently, "when I was nineteen I became leading man in a stock company at the Bowdoin Square theater in Boston and we put on such things as 'The Bowery After Dark' and 'The Angel of the Alley.' Those old plays certainly did move!"

In regard to the hunger-for-an-audience, he said:

"It is just a case of getting homesick; that is all; but, then, that is enough. I think that an ideal arrangement is one which allows the actor to work in pictures and remain on the stage or, at least, lets him go back to the stage at regular intervals. That is in my contract with Metro so I don't waste any time getting homesick for the stage, as I would if I felt that I had left it forever."

Bert Lytell was born in New York City, Feb. 24, 1885. When he was twenty-two he became leading man at the Alcazar theater in San Francisco. Bessie Barriscale was leading woman and Fred Butler, now with Oliver Morosco, was the stage manager.

There was an organization—an Empire Theater of California—from which came Marjorie Rambeau, Laurette Taylor, Bessie Barriscale, Earnest Glendinning, Howard Hickman, Charlie Ruggles, Louis Bennison, and Walter Catlett!

"I was leading man at the Alcazar for three years, and for five summer seasons following was visiting star. It was at that time I met my wife, Evelyn Vaughn."

He refused to describe the romance.

"But I'll tell you this much," he said in conclusion, "I'm married to a mighty nice girl and I hope that I'll never disappoint her!"

I'M TIRED

Of the story of the prodigal son of the rich railroad president who was disowned because he was expelled from college, and then went out and beat the old man at his own game, and saved his governor from the rival crowd that tried to gobble control while he was vacationing on a yacht—and married the gal.

Of the story of the thoroughbred but wild young club-man who went west because the girl would have naught to do with a "waster," and fought the villainous Mexicans, and struck oil, and returned to New York in chaps and sombrero and Arizona stride, and licked a lounge-lizard that laughed at him, and arrived at the gal's house in the nick of time to save her from the ferret-eyed heavy—the lounge-lizard, for it was none other—whom she was to marry to save her father's honor,

and pulled out his check book, and said, "How much?"—and married the gal.

Of the story of the black-silk-clinging-gowned vampire with a record of an even dozen victims, who lured the young millionaire away from his flapper fiancée, and burned incense under his nose, and lolled, decollette, on a regulation vampire couch in the middle of a room big enough for a political convention, and made him gaze into crystal balls, and plied him with champagne and cigarettes, and was foiled by the pure girl, who started to outvamp the vamp, and lost her victim because his better nature returned, and he didn't think so much of the Cleopatra stuff after all, and stood by the window, and cried bitter tears because she had learned to love him, and watched the poor boob walk off and fade out—and marry the gal.

"Stage Experience? None!"

Said Mildred Harris, just to be original, as well as truthful.

CAN you imagine it?

Girl—young, pretty—though her future as a picture star depended upon her answer, yet she said "None!" when the arbitrater of her dramatic destinies asked, "What stage experience have you had?"

We don't expect you to believe it. Most any young girl, if her job depended upon it, would answer that question glibly enough—"Oh—stock in St. Louis; child parts with Hilliard; Shakespeare—" It would have been so much easier for Mildred Harris to lie about it. But she didn't.

They had finished "The Price of a Good Time," which was to justify Lois Weber's judgment in picking Mildred Harris to star in it. Then one day Miss Weber asked, "What have you done on the stage, my dear?" Mildred says she was sure she was going to lose her job. But she told the truth.

"None!" she cried. "D-does it make any d-difference?" Miss Weber smiled. "Not the slightest," she said reassuringly. "No one would ever suspect that you had not played both Juliet and Katherine the Shrew."

Such originality is its own reward; but Lois Weber, to reiterate her confidence in the ability of her bantam leading lady, immediately cast her in other star parts, in "The Doctor and the Woman," and "For Husbands Only."

Why, Mildred never even appeared in private theatricals in her home town—which is Cheyenne, Wyoming. Miss Harris was sixteen, with some picture experience with Vitagraph, Reliance, N. Y. M. P., and Fine Arts, when Miss Weber discovered her—just a year ago. Now Mildred is of that younger set in the Hollywood film colony which every other evening congregates at the Gish home on South Serrano Street, plays tennis, and occasionally "takes in" a picture-show.

It seems just the other day that PHOTOPLAY was running a picture of Mildred in short frocks and long hair and a great big hair-ribbon, playing with her dolls and wishing they'd give her grown-up parts to play. One look at these pictures will assure the most skeptical that it was really just the other day.

An opportunity to exhibit her dancing was given her in "For Husbands Only"

Here Are "Henry and Polly"

Scenes from "Keep Her Smiling", the stage play upon which Mr. and Mrs. Drew worked all summer.

Photos by White, N. Y.

SO many people thought that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew were leaving the screen permanently after the completion of "Pay Day." But—not so, it seems. For we have Mr. Drew's own written word for it that he and Mrs. Drew are contemplating producing twelve two-reel comedies as soon as their stage play is well established.

"Keep Her Smiling" is to go onto a New York stage this fall. It was born in Boston and shows the same *Henry* and *Polly,* husband and wife, who delighted so many thousands of screen audiences. This time, plodding Henry is wed to an extravagant wife. If moral there be in the piece, it is that a wife's extravagance may quite as well lead to her husband's success as to his ruin. To "keep her smiling" Henry must "keep on paying."

Henry is only cashier in a large firm, yet to please Polly they are living far beyond their means in a Renaissance villa on the Sound. One day, when the firm decides to incorporate, they make Henry "dummy" treasurer, and Henry, the gleam of fortune in his eyes, informs Polly of his new position, only to learn later that he is still to receive the same old salary. Plans, however, have instantly hatched in Polly's socially ambitious head, for a larger way of living, financially. And

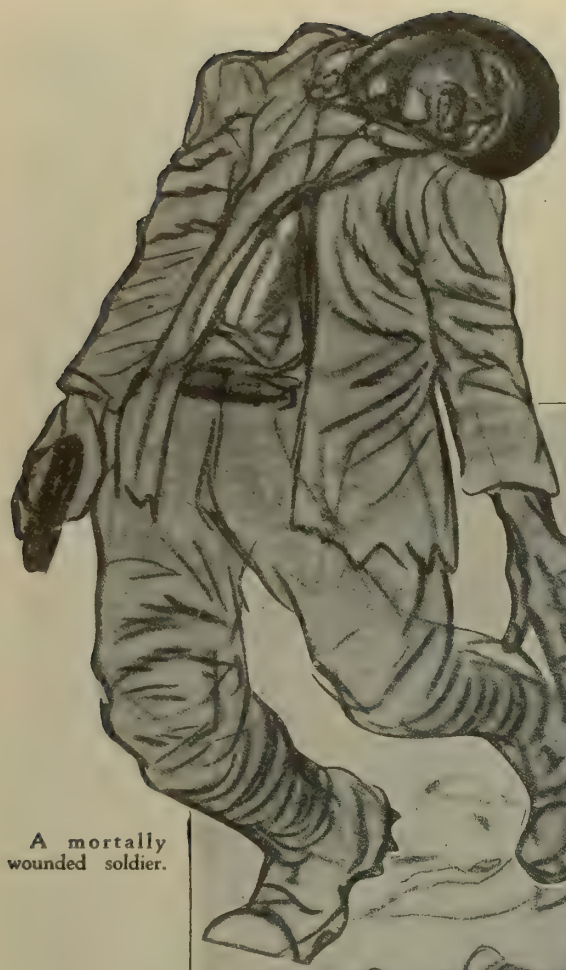
because Henry is a victim to her adorable smile, he cannot muster courage to tell her the truth, and lets her go ahead. Polly's first idea is for a big party to get them in with the "right" people. Her plans gather impetus as they go, and finally climax with the engagement of expensive artists whose bill for entertainment is to total six thousand dollars.

Distracted Henry, however, happens to be the only one around in the office when a big business man calls to close a deal, and when Henry confesses to being "one of the firm," he gets the man's signature to a desirable contract. He does it with the aid of a fine cigar, an important air and a manner of indifference. With the same nonchalance, he also becomes responsible for the consolidation of his firm with their chief rivals. Then it is that Henry's employers no longer think of him as a "shrimp," but take him into the firm, award him a bonus and triple his salary. With his pockets bulging cash, Henry has the time of his life at Polly's party.

A Screen-Inspired Genius

Romano Dazzi, thirteen-year-old Italian lad, and the dreams he conceived in a motion picture theatre.

Drawings and portrait from L'Illustrazione.



A mortally wounded soldier.

An attack by Italian troops, as observed by the child, sitting in the film theatre.

Once he was asked why he did not draw from life. His answer was to the point: "Life doesn't repeat in the same way, and the 'cinematografo' does—just as long as I want to stay and see it."

MOTION pictures have found various uses—they have assisted the surgeon, reported the work of the engineer, brought the battlefield to the home land, depicted the news and carried enthusiasm to the class-room—but they have found a brand-new utility in Italy.

In this land of glorious memories and an equally glorious present they have served at once as tutor and inspiration to a prodigious young genius of thirteen, who draws pictures of men at war that have the anatomical exactness of a Rodin statue and the demoniac fury of a French battle-painting.

Walter Littlefield writes, in The New York Sunday Times:

The story first came from Carrara, where they quarry the marble; it found credence in Rome, where they have long been on the watch for something new in the plastic arts; then it traveled half over Italy. Yet there was little tangible about it—about a theme whose prime proof of verity demanded tangibility, visuality. The story was that the little son of the Carrara sculptor, Arturo Dazzi, was drawing the most remarkable pictures of Italian soldiers ever seen—remarkable not for technique, not for imagination, but for movement and motion, not suggested or cunningly implied, but actually expressed.

Specimens of his work were asked for by Roman friends, but always the same answer came back from the elder Dazzi at Carrara: "The boy destroys everything he does."

So they waited, expectant, until by some means, as yet unrevealed, a friend of the father, Ugo Ojetti, obtained a dozen or so of Romano's pencil drawings and had them reproduced in the Illustrazione of Milan.

Anybody can see that the boy's drawings are most remarkable, that they visualize motion in a most convincing manner. . . .

He does not find his models on the battlefield, nor are they the result of his imaginings. He looks for them and finds them at the moving-picture theatres of Carrara, particularly those in which are reeled off the films taken by the photographer of the Supreme Command at the front. It is said that he will see the same picture a dozen times before he puts pencil to paper, and will then sit up in bed all night, drawing lines which reveal in their last expression of coherence the completed story.

Cap'n Hart *of the* Horse Marines!

CAN you imagine Willum riding anything but a horse? And yet he saddled the waves off the Californian coast like a character out of Jack London. Hart has been riding Fritz for so long that it was a considerable jolt to his admirers to see him woven picturesquely in the rigging of "Shark Monroe." It's full of conflict and of hard glances and of love and a leetle scant on guns and haciendas and such.

"Shark Monroe" (Wm. S. Hart). Followers of the Two-Gun Man will not recognize in this rugged mariner their favorite good-bad Western hero. (Extract from Ince Publicity.)

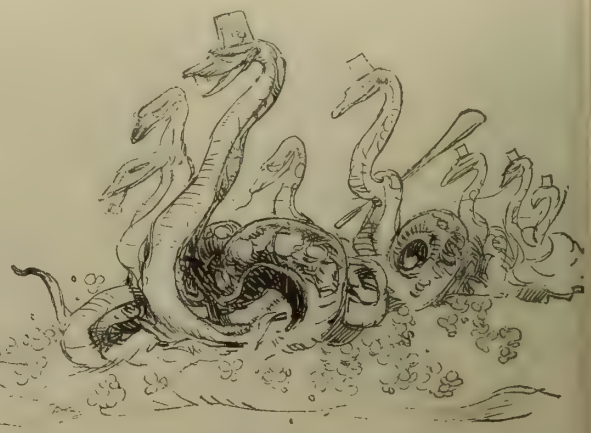
Bill's habit of dominating the dance-hall in Hell's Gulch simply will not leave him. Hart without a gun is still our stern-faced William.

The Dominant Race

The Irish—who propel the production side of the photoplay business even as Wilsonian Democracy propels the civilized world

By

Johnstone Craig



—just to set you wondering if, after all, St. Patrick didn't shoot those original Irish snakes with a picture camera.

THE Turks may own the rug trade, Connecticut may have a monopoly on wooden nutmegs, the Scotch probably invented kilts and whiskey, doubtless the Germans own Hell—but by the Lakes of Killarney and the Holy St. Patrick, the Irish dominate the production side of the motion picture business!

I don't know just why this should be so, but it is so.

There's a reason for Celtic supremacy in politics. Your Irishman is by nature a quick-witted, garrulous, warm-hearted, mixer in everything going, ever ready with suggestion, generally optimistic, unfailingly sympathetic, and always more enthusiastic for other men's matters than for his own. These traits are the very genius of politics.

If the Irishman dominated the stage you could call it a matter of inheritance. But if the stage has a national complexion—which is extremely doubtful—that complexion would be English.

Of three supremely great actors of the past twenty years one was Italian, one English to the core, and one a thorough-going American who, nevertheless, had a German mother and should have borne a German name. The greatest living stage actress is French, and the supreme actress of the operatic stage is Scotch.

Of course there have been great Irish actors. Perhaps our stage had a real Irish visage in its palmy days—the days of Forrest and Booth and McCulloch and Barrett and Wallach. But the great actor of the American stage, today, is a Jew!

There have been, and are, great Irish dramatists. That tragic combination of mud and magnificence, the at-once glorious and unspeakable Oscar Wilde, was an Irishman. Than his, no finer mind has honored the theatre in a hundred years. The constant theatric lash at British obstinacy, before the war, was the Irish George Bernard Shaw. In America, J. Hartley Manners, Irish to the core, is one of the dominant factors of the footlights.

Now to facts which tint the screen emerald beneath its white:

First of all the regnant queen of the movies, that combination of beauty and brains who stays at the top, year after year, because she deserves to stay there: Mary Pickford. She is so Irish that she *went back to Ireland* for the name she has made famous through the whole world. Smith—Gladys Smith—is her real name. Pickford was a not-far-distant patronymic when her folks lived among the green hills of Erin, and in fealty to an ancestral land for which she unconsciously yearned the timid little girl took the name for always when she made her inconspicuous public beginning.

Quite a while ago, as picture time goes, she married an Irishman, Owen Moore. His brother Tom, now a star in his own right, is in nomenclature a reincarnation of an immortal Irishman.

Let us turn to the one family of true stage royalty in America, a dramatically ennobled line whose descendants are equally fine on stage and screen—the Barrymores. Irish. The great stage Maurice has a son as typically an Irish genius as he was in his own day: John. John Barrymore's Irish uncle, Sidney Drew, is one of the hopes of silversheet comedy. John's brother Lionel, long a screen actor, has just recently made a stupendous stage hit, in "The Copperhead." His sister Ethel has been called the subtlest of American actresses. His uncle, John Drew, has for more than two generations been our premier theatric gentleman.

Are you thinking of the screen's matinee idols? Among the Irish are J. Warren Kerrigan, Francis Xavier Bushman, Eugene O'Brien, William Desmond, Thomas Meighan, Roy Stewart, William and Dustin Farnum, Franklyn Farnum and Crane Wilbur.

There are a lot of pretty aliases on the screen that go back to sound ould sod family names. Creighton Hale's real name is Patrick Fitzgerald. Handsome Julian Eltinge is—shades of a straight-front corset!—Bill Dalton. "J. Barney Sherry" covers up a good Harp monicker that I've forgotten. Mae Murray had to put her name to a legal paper as Maria O'Brien. Olive Thomas was christened Olive Duffy.

Were you speaking of screen dramatists who are as Irish as a white potato? Then look to George M. Cohan and Willard Mack.

(Continued on page 112)

What About Screen Comedy—*Tomorrow?*

By Harry Carr

A hurtling pie may be funny now, but where will such buffoonery stand after the Big Shuffle?

The real pull of the screen "girl show" lies in the spectacle of free and glorious youth. A wistful sort of humor. It is only a flavor and a perfume.

Ten little funny gags
Sitting all in line,
Vaudeville exhausted one,
Then there were nine.

Nine sure-fire laughs
Basking in the sun,
Along came the movies
And now there ain't none.

IT is getting to be hard ploughing in motion picture comedy. Every day the game becomes more difficult.

Comedies that were howled at six months ago couldn't be sold for a plugged nickel to a hick town exhibitor today. The producers are in frantic pursuit of laughter and the sound of the laughter is growing fainter every minute.

This is very curious when you come to think about it.

People want to laugh; they don't want to cry. They want to laugh but they won't do it. They don't want to cry, but they cry at the slightest provocation.

You can give the same old cry over and over again. The public has cried for more than fifty years at Uncle Tom's Cabin.

But with comedies; well, that's different.

Weep and the world weeps with you; laugh and the world says, "My gawd, but that's an old joke!"

Personally, I can only figure it from this angle:

Laughter is purely intellectual. Tears are emotional. Your heart is evidently less particular than your thinker. You can see the United States flag pass by a million times and still get that same queer feeling. But you can only hear a joke about a fat man once.

The horrib'e truth is that the movie producers of comedy have been scraping the box for some time. They are in a panic for fear all the funny ideas in the world have been exhausted. Of course all the funny ideas haven't been exhausted. But the particular pay streak upon which comedy directors have been working is worn thin.

Motion picture comedy has had an interesting evolution.

No doubt there was somewhere in the world a transcendent genius who could have foreseen it all and eliminated most of the stumbling steps. But motion pictures did not find him. So the directors had to feel their way along.

In the beginning, nearly all motion picture people came from the stage; so it was quite natural that the comedians of the stage tried to bring along the old reliable laugh teasers of variety and vaudeville.

The truth is the difficulties were very great. The bald idea of trying to tell a joke without words was rather an appalling problem.

Pantomime, as Europe knows it, was not to be thought of for a moment. Americans won't stand for pantomime of the Pierrot variety. It was obvious from the first that motion picture comedy had to be built from the foundation up for the American laughs.

When the comedians went over the top to storm the pictures they brought with them their trusty minnenwerfers and howitzers. In vaudeville and variety, these had been their trusty laugh makers.

There was the knock-about team who kicked each other in the stomach and said: "Who's that lady you were with?" "That wasn't no lady; that was my wife."

There was the comedy hobo; and the comedy cop.

There was the blacked-up "nigger" and the burlesque melodrama villain.

Let us eliminate the comedy hobo at the very jump-off. The comic hobo never thrived in the new atmosphere. For a reason difficult to explain, the hobo isn't funny in pictures. Somehow he inspires pity instead of laughter. In Puck and Judge, he was an amiable wanderer with a tomato can and big feet and a weakness for chicken coops. For years he was the meal ticket of the comic artists. But in the movies, except in the hands of a few rare artists like Charlie Chaplin, the hobo became a pitiful industrial failure who was hungry. I think the real reason is the change in the sociological position of the real tramp. Of late years we have come to think of him in I. W. W. terms. He has become vicious and dangerous, a symbol of the cancer eating at the very heart of all that we hold most dear.

The Comedy Cops in their prime. These young men were the martyrs of art. No one lasted long without broken limbs.

Possibly another reason is, that on the stage, the hobo was funny chiefly on account of what he said. It was Nat Wills' funny little voice rather than his make-up that made us laugh. For a similar reason, not much could be made of the "nigger" of vaudeville and variety. He was another plant, that couldn't be re-rooted.

In burlesquing melodrama the comedy producers fairly outdid the real meller.

Of course the reason for this was plain. The stage "nigger" was funny because of his dialect and there is no dialect on the screen.

That let out two of the chief fun makers.

The knock-about comedians, the comic cop and the burlesque melodrama villain prospered hugely.

The artistic device of one gentleman kicking another gentleman in the stomach was found capable of multiplication to the Nth degree.

Thus was jass born into the awed midst of a waiting world. This gave the knock-about comedians a new lease of life in a certain sense.

The comedy cop and the burlesque melodramatic villain travelled much the same course.

In the movies the comic cop found possibilities that never were dreamed of on the stage. Directors multiplied the cop into regiments of cops. They brought in flying patrol wagons that tipped over and spilled the cops out into the water.

In fact, I may remark parenthetically that water was the greatest "find" of picture comedy. Give him a mud puddle and something to fall off of and the picture comedian had a plaything that his stage predecessor never dreamed of.

Just so with the melodrama burlesque. Motion picture meller was so good that it killed off the stage meller. In place of a wobbly cardboard locomotive to come jerking its snail-like way across the stage, the picture meller had real limited trains. In place of seven people squealing, "Now they come," into the wings at a stage hand in overalls with a climax by way of two tired and very sleepy nags clumping solemnly across the resounding boards, they had

Ford Sterling and Marvel Rae in "Her Screen Idol." This comedy, which is a satire on the Bill Hart-Bill Farnum western hero, is a rather new and pleasant departure in comedy.

Mack Sennett has, in effect, transferred "The Follies" to the screen. The advantage the movie chorus has over the stage "merries" is that they can do so many more athletic stunts.

real race horses and real jockeys. They had real rescues from real steamships. There were real saw mills; real dynamite and real explosions. In fact the stage meller was so ashamed of itself that it ran away and died of mortification.

In burlesquing the meller on the screen, the thrill was carried to the wildest extremes. They carried thrills just as far as they could be stretched. Then somebody discovered that you could do funny tricks with a camera and make super-thrills. This brought in a new era of screen comedy.

The producers simply went wild. They showed men riding on cannon balls; sitting on the moon; chasing shooting stars. Dashing horsemen leaped over a hundred horses into the saddle. There is no use going into this phase.

There is a certain streak of childishness in the American public that delights for a while in impossibilities; then grows tired of them.

At first this type of comedy was wildly popular because of its very impossibility. Just as children shriek with delight over a toy monkey in a baby's bonnet; just so we screamed with delight to see a man jump over a brick block. But a close observer will always notice that these fantastic things happen when children are growing tired of a game. They play dolly in good earnest at first; then grow tired and stick a shoe on dolly's head. They laugh, but it's the end of the game.

Just so, this wild jazz came very quickly to an end. The possibilities of the impossible were very limited after all. As a matter of fact it is a cardinal principle of fun making that an impossibility isn't funny. But I am coming to that later.

I think Mack Sennett can fairly claim to have made one of the most important and vital advances yet accomplished in screen comedy.

One day it occurred to him that a comic policeman wasn't as funny as a very serious and solemn policeman.

(Continued on page 116)

Mack Sennett's Teddy and other animals are among the latter developments of comedy.

Out

BOB LAWRENCE cantered lazily through the grove of striplings into the deeper gloom of the pine forest. It was a perfect autumn day with just enough frost in the air to make the day ideal for a gallop. He had been trying to urge his horse into swifter motion but the faithful Roger, usually in perfect unison with his moods, was acting strangely. Something in a clump of bushes near a fallen tree-trunk had frightened the beast for he reared and whinnied plaintively in a manner which said plainly, "You don't expect me to pass *that,* do you?"

It occurred to Bob that the bushes might be sheltering some wild little creature of the woods which had been trapped or wounded. He alighted and was striding toward the bushes when they parted and a "wild little creature" emerged. It was a young girl, a child, Bob thought, until his second glance caught a dignity that added a quaint charm to her diminutive size. She was obviously struggling for self-control, but Bob saw in the wide, dark eyes a fear which held a hint of tragedy. Because of this, he made his own greeting as casual as he could.

"Hello, little girl," he said genially. "Lost? Want somebody to find you?"

Her own answer came in a rush of words which showed how great a relief his arrival had brought her.

"Oh no, Monsieur," she stammered. "It is that nobody must find me now. Hide me, if it please you. I am in great fear!"

Bob caught at once the foreign accent and a certain European touch to her rich though simple little costume that stamped her as an arrival from overseas. No ordinary adventure, this, he reflected sagely and one to be handled with all the tact he possessed. With the same matter-of-fact manner and yet with a touch of chivalrous concern for her fright, he answered.

"I will protect you with my life, Madame," he said gravely. "And hide you, if necessary, as best I can."

At the ring of sincerity in his tones, the girl's face brightened and then broke into a smile. She held out a frank little hand scratched and bruised by her battle with the briars and Bob grasped it firmly as man to man. But the sudden whistle of a train

"I will protect you with my life, Madame," he said gravely, "and hide you, if necessary."

# of a Clear Sky

Celeste, a countess, was far happier in being just an American "Nobody."

By Dale Carroll

in the distance brought the terror back again into her face.

"A man will come from that train and make search for me," she said hurriedly. "He must not find me—he must not!"

Bob thought it best to end this scene which had brought the girl dangerously near hysteria. "Of course they won't," he soothed her laughingly. "You haven't a thing in the world to fear. Now hop on the horse and we'll be off to Steve's cabin where his wife Mamie is."

"Is it that this Steve and this Mamie are retainers of your house?" she asked gravely.

Bob broke into a roar of laughter that startled Roger from his grazing. "Well, you might call them that if they didn't hear you," he agreed, dryly. "Now give me your hand and off we go."

For miles and miles they rode through the lovely fragrant forest, climbing over hills and as evening quietly came the girl's dusky head began to droop with weariness and finally fell against the encircling arm of her protector. Her next impression was of being lifted in those same strong arms and deposited on a grassy knoll before a blazing camp fire. Over the bacon and coffee which Bob had miraculously produced from his saddlebag, the little stranger grew far more friendly and less frightened though still uncommunicative. Her name was Celeste she told him simply when he asked what he should call her, but she gave no hint of her other name or history. Bob saw that her reserve must be broken down by his own direct appeal. He abruptly broke into the reverie that crossed her lovely little face like the shadow of a cloud.

"See here, child," he said bluntly. "Don't you want to tell me all about it? Wouldn't it help?"

Celeste raised her eyes and met his frank gaze with a searching look that was almost tragic in its intensity. Evidently she was satisfied with what she found there for she held out both her hands in a gesture of complete confidence.

"It will help, Monsieur," she told him, "more than you can know. If you have the patience to listen, I will tell you everything.

"My name is really Celeste but I am also a Countess of Belgium—the Countess of Bersek and Krymn. Before this cruel war swept over Europe I lived so happily on our estate in the country with my father and my two brothers. They have both fallen at Liege before the great guns." Her lips quivered suddenly but she went bravely on.

Together they sat before the dying fire, in a silence of perfect understanding.

"When the German army swooped down on our brave little country, I soon discovered that my uncle, Dyrek, whom I trusted, was in full sympathy with the enemy. I bore his upbraiding because of my loyalty as long as I could, but when he insisted that I should be married to a German prince, I could endure it no longer. You see, a princess, Monsieur, is a pawn of State. It is different, I have heard, in this country."

"Believe me, it is," Bob answered grimly, his jaw set sternly at the thought of her tormentors.

"My governess was an American woman," she went on. "And together we managed to escape from Belgium and board a vessel for this country. We landed unobserved as we supposed and were on the train, when I looked up to find Dyrek sneering at me from the other car. A few minutes later, the train began to go slower and before it had stopped, I threw myself off and hid in the bushes. And there you found me. And here I am." She threw out her hands in a gesture of complete surrender.

Bob received her story without a word. Together they sat before the dying fire in a silence of perfect understanding. This silence was abruptly broken, however, by the sound of shouting and horses' hoofs which brought Celeste to her feet with a startled little cry. She was calmed at once by Bob's quiet voice.

"They have come back for you," he said coolly. "Are you sure that you want to run away?"

Celeste snatched from her dress a wicked looking little knife and held it out to him.

"I will use this," she said, unfalteringly, "before they shall use me for my country's dishonor."

"Good! But you won't need it," Bob told her. "Now wait here quietly behind this rock while I go and meet them." He made her crouch down behind a great boulder and covered her with a bough from a fallen tree. As he strode off in the direction of the sounds, she peeped out from behind the rock and blew a kiss after him which was lost on the forest wind.

The minutes lengthened into hours and then longer hours as it seemed to Celeste, imprisoned in her bower of leaves. Finally she could bear the silence and suspense no longer; she emerged cautiously and then as the solitude gave her confidence, she advanced slowly along the path strewn with leaves. The path ended at a small stream and across this she could see a cottage, half buried in vines. When she knocked and received no answer, she opened the door and stood at the threshold, half-frightened, half-amused at what met her gaze. A small boy, grumbling and muttering to himself, sat tied hand and foot on a chair. When he looked up and saw Celeste, he was attacked by a wave of self-pity and began to pour his woes into the ears of this charming stranger. He had been bad —he admitted it—and Maw had tied him up to keep him away from the fire and the dynamite that Paw used for blasting stumps. Maw had gone to Granny White's and his name was Bill and he was awful tired and hungry.

Celeste threw discipline to the winds and untied the urchin who grunted his thanks. By way of reciprocity, he informed her that her dress was torn "somethin' awful" down the back and that there was another frock hanging behind the door which she was welcome to. Celeste gratefully slipped out of the dress which the brambles had torn to tatters and put on a rude frock of blue homespun which was oddly becoming. Billy, who had stood decorously with his back turned through this process, now offered to conduct her back to the rock to meet Bob and the two set off together.

They had just reached the top of the hill when rain began to fall in heavy drops. A vivid tongue of lightning shot out of the sky followed by a blast that was not all thunder. As the two explorers turned to face the sound, they saw the little cottage blasted before their eyes, a mute testimony to the power of "paw's dynamite."

Celeste's first thought was for Billy. She held him close

With the document in his hand Dyrek passed out of the door so close to Celeste that his spurs touched her dress. For she had come in to listen the more closely.

ıs if he were still in danger. "If I had ıot come," she cried, you would have ɔeen there—you would have gone with :he cottage!"

Bill, still frightened but even more ɜmbarrassed at her emotion, struggled ıut of her embrace. "Come on, girl," ıe said with manly roughness. "We ɜot to get to Granny White's before lark."

Meanwhile, Bob had met Dyrek and ıis companion in the forest, had set :hem off the girl's track with a few ɜasual words and had ridden back to the rock where his little charge was ıidden. Alarmed at not finding ıer, his first impulse was to hasten o Granny White's for counsel. As ıe paused before the cottage, he ıeard a woman's voice crooning a ullaby and the unmistakable wail of ı very new baby. He gently opened he door and then stopped in amazeıent at the domestic picture before ıim. Celeste sat before the fire with he tiny bundle that was Mamie's baby n her arms while Granny White was ɔending over the smiling face of the ittle mother in the big bed nearby. When Celeste saw him, she uttered a ry of joy and surprise and then hecked herself and held up her finger or silence. Bob advanced with the wkwardness of the male in the presence of its young and stood looking lown on the little Madonna with a aze of quizzical tenderness.

"He isn't as ornamental as Mouser's kittens, is he?" he teased.

Celeste flamed with indignation. 'This is a child of great beauty," she old him, haughtily. "Is it that you lo not love the little human?"

Bob still laughed but his expression changed. "Don't confuse race approval with love, honey," he told ıer, lightly. "The one belongs by the fireside, but love is what pipes from the woods in the full of the moon."

"And so" Celeste cried with a merry gesture, "departs the last possession of the Countess of Bersek and Krymn."

Celeste shook her head. "It is a difference too difficult for me," she said. "I do not understand. I think I lo not want to—" and further argument was lost in the loud protests of the infant who resented being under discussion.

That evening, Bob and Celeste sat on the porch under the honeysuckles, and talked of her future.

"I have a plan that I think will send your uncle away forever," Bob told her. "But you must consider it very carefully before you agree."

"Tell me about it," Celeste said dreamily and only half interested. In the soft dusk, with the scent of the flowers heavy on her senses and Bob's powerful figure so close to hers, the future seemed oddly distant and inconsequential.

"I shall lead them into the ruins of Steve's house," Bob went on, "and show them in the debris the scraps of a silk dress which would have broken my heart had I not known that you were safe. But you must remember this; in that ruined cottage if I put Celeste, Countess de Krymn forever out of her world, it will be well-nigh impossible ever to prove that she is still alive."

When she did not answer, he continued. "You will be only a nameless young girl down in Tennessee. As it is yours is a great destiny of power, wealth, name. You must decide entirely for yourself. I must not advise you."

His determination not to influence her judgment had put a cold, almost a harsh note into Bob's tones. To Betty's sensitive ears it seemed like stating a pretext to get rid of her. Silent, she rose and hurried back into the house, leaving Bob alone with the night and the honeysuckle.

On the next afternoon, the peace of the cottage was abruptly broken by a heavy knock at the door. Before Granny could answer it, the door was rudely thrust open and Dyrek strode haughtily into the room followed by Bob and Steve. With a contemptuous glance at Granny, the nobleman loudly demanded pen and paper. "It is necessary

(Continued on page 112)

Out of a Clear Sky

NARRATED by permission, from the Paramount photoplay, written by Maria Thompson Daviess, produced by Paramount, with the following cast:

Celeste.....Marguerite Clark
Bob.....Thomas Meighan
Bill.....Bobby Connelly
Mamie.....Irene Freeman
Granny.....Marjorie Holloway Fisher
Steve.....Robert Vivian
Dyrek.....Edw. J. Ratcliffe

Known Here As Mrs. Schenck

Where Norma Talmadge and her husband "keep house"—as well as get their recreation.

Here is the summer home of Miss Talmadge and her husband, Joseph M. Schenck, magnate of the theatre, and producer of his wife's pictures. The little dog bears a simple, easy-to-say, and most appropriate name—"Dinky".

A real tree on a real sea-beach is a rarity. Yet the long boughs of this old patriarch overhang the surf at high tide.

THE home of Norma Talmadge at Bayside, Long Island, by motor twenty-five minutes from the heart of New York City. The whole grounds comprise several acres, of which a very timely vegetable garden forms a good part. The house is at the back of a deep lawn, which terminates in a wooded and rather secluded private beach. The view from the house is magnificent, and across hundreds of square miles of ocean thoroughfare one gets a gray glimpse of the Connecticut shore.

Photography by White, N. Y.

Miss Talmadge at a corner of her lawn. In the distance the quiet waters of Great South Bay, an inlet of Long Island Sound.

Here is a most incredible situation. This fellow is petted by Norma Talmadge—and still he's a crab.

Miss Talmadge's golf practice court, in which the actress is making a careful study of driving.

Grand Crossing Impressions

By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

SHE wasn't
Olive Thomas;
She was Mrs. Jack Pickford.
"It's
Rather Awful," she Said.
"My Two Brothers
Are in it, too.
And Jack—"
She Paused; then
She Lifted her head, and
Those Rather Wonderful
Light Blue Eyes of Hers
Tried to Smile.

Witzel

"I'm Glad
He—They
Are Fighting in it."
She's
Too Matter-of-fact
Even to Try to
Impress you.
She Told Me
She Hoped to Have
Some Real Parts
To Play; something
More Than
Simp Ingenues.
"I Might Just
As Well
Go Back on the Stage, if
They Won't Give Me
Bigger Things to Do
In the Movies.
It's All
Work-work-work
Out in California; and
One Likes to Feel
One's Done Something
To Show for it."
She Showed me
Some Stills for her
New Picture; she
Was Taking them with her—
"To Show Jack, in N. Y."
"Toton"
Is Seven Reels, and
Olive Plays a Boy
In Some of it.
"This is the First Real Thing
I've Ever Done, I Think.
I Hope
They'll Like it."
(This Means You.)
"I Want them
To Take my Work in it
Seriously, critically—"
Yes, she's the Same Olive
Who was in the Follies,
Where Every Girl Knows
That she May Fill her Role Indifferently,
But Not her Stockings.
Olive, you see,
Is Making Pictures
To Show 'Em
That she can *Act*, too.
"At Least," she Concluded,
"It Gives me a Chance
To Show What I Can Do; maybe
That Won't be Much, but
I Can Try."
You Get So, after a while,
You don't Know
What she's Saying.
"I don't Care," you Think.
"We can Talk about Pictures
Any Old Time.
Are they Really Blue—?"
Meaning Olive's Eyes.

I SAW Madge Kennedy.
She wasn't
A Film Star, and
I Wasn't
An Interviewer.
It
Was this Way.
I Was With
Dorothy Gish, and
In the Lobby
Of the Hotel, we
Saw Madge Kennedy.
I Hadn't
Met her Before; and
Neither Had the Gishes.
She was Dressed
In a Suit
Of Silver Silk, and
She Wore
That little Hat
With the Pink Flowers
That you Saw
In "The Fair Pretender."
She has
The Whitest Skin, and
Very Dark Thoughtful Eyes,
And
Her Quiet Dark Hair
Shines—like Jet.
Her Husband,
Harold Bolster,
Was There; and
Even if I'd Wanted
To Interview her, he
Wouldn't Have Stood for it.
She
Was Vacationing, she Said.
Pretty Soon, we all
Shook Hands, and she
Smiled her Little Crooked Smile
At me. And then
Mr. Bolster
Took Mrs. Bolster
In to Lunch.
When
We Went In too, there
They Sat. They
Looked Happy, and
They Weren't Bored.
And
Here's Some Things
I Found Out about her—
But she Didn't Tell Me.
She
Likes Nessolrode Pudding;
It's her Favorite Dessert.
She Loves
Blue Violets; and she Can
Sing, and Paint,
And Draw Cartoons.
Madge Kennedy
Started Out
To Be an Art Student; but
She was Sidetracked
By Someone
Who Saw her
In Amateur Theatricals—
And Told her
She should Go on the Stage.
And Now
She's in Love with the Movies.

Miss Kennedy
Is One of these People
You'd Like to Meet Again,
And Know.
I Thought
I'd Like
To See her Again,
Myself.
So the Next Day
I Called her
At her Hotel.
"Is
Miss Kennedy
In?" I asked.
"Miss Kennedy?
No," they Reproved.
"Mrs. Harold Bolster
Left this Morning."

Sarony

The Personality Test

With special reference to the experience of Gladys Hulette

By Randolph Bartlett

WHEN a film company discovers that a young woman has screen "possibilities," the next step is to make a test. The aspirant is taken to the studio, advised in the mysteries of make-up for the camera, and coached through several scenes. The resulting film is examined by the powers of yea and nay. If the aspirant photographs well, if her eyes do not look faded and the lines of her face are pleasing, if she carries herself well and has a modicum of dramatic ability, she is engaged.

Immediately she is classified. She is the vampire type, the ingenue type, the leading woman type, the comedy type, or one of not more than half a dozen other arbitrary classifications. That's all the kinds of women there are, in the mind of the average casting director. She looks like an ingenue, therefore she is an ingenue.

Nobody ever heard of such a thing as a personality test. Appearance is everything—character nothing.

Thus it transpires that because a young woman has curls like Mary Pickford's, or eyes like Norma Talmadge's or a nose like Pauline Frederick's, she is sentenced for the remainder of her unnatural screen existence to appear in plays approximating those in which those stars have made thir successes. Perhaps the girl with the Talmadge eyes has all the instincts required of a leading woman for Charlie Chaplin, but those instincts have to be suppressed in the interest of precedent.

So for the benefit of producers, I offer this suggestion, without fee—that a new functionary be installed to make personality tests of players. It is a position of the highest responsibility, calling for unusual intelligence and understanding of character, sympathy with ambition, insight into motives. He would have to be a person who never even heard of the tradition that a man with a black moustache is a villain and a girl with a pout is an ingenue. He would have to possess, in a great measure, the qualities of a professor of applied psychology. But his report and recommendations would be of vastly greater importance in the building of the career of a star than the mere screen test of the young woman's physiology. For, little by little, we are beginning to understand that not what a player looks like, but what he or she is in his own mind, is what determines the effect of his acting for the screen. The shadow on the screen is no more surface thing, but a living entity, which is why so many pictures are bad, because they compel players to enact roles which they

Campbell

The piquant Hulette face in quiet moments, is of a seriousness that approaches a frown. Her dark gray eyes are intent, questioning.

cannot feel, and with which they have no sympathy.

Take it or leave it.

What I started to do was write something of the personality of Miss Gladys Hulette. A brief chat with that small person revealed an individuality so entirely different from that which I had encountered in contemplating the productions in which she appeared, that I could not resist offering this gratuitous piece of advice—a harmless pastime.

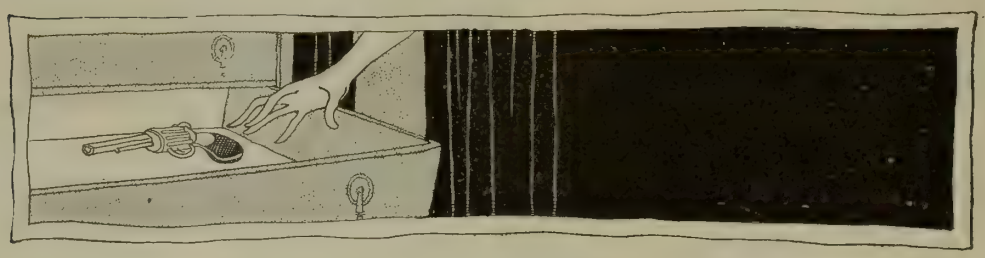
The Hulette of the Pathé and Thanhouser pictures is, ordinarily, a Blighted Being. It is easy to understand how this came about. The piquant Hulette face, in quiet moments, is of a seriousness that approaches a frown. Her dark grey eyes are intent, questioning.

"Dramatic ingenue!" exclaims the casting director, and the matter is decided for all time. But even so casual a student of personality as myself could see that there was no real gravity in that half frown. It is the gravity of the young fox terrier, about to hurl himself into a spasm of joyous frolic. And they wouldn't let little Miss Hulette frolic. They wanted her to be tragic—they wanted to capitalize that frown, which wasn't a frown at all, but a quizzical attitude toward the world at large. It is not yet too late for Miss Hulette to be developed into one of the greatest play-girls of pictures.

Miss Hulette when she played with De Wolf Hopper in "Wang."

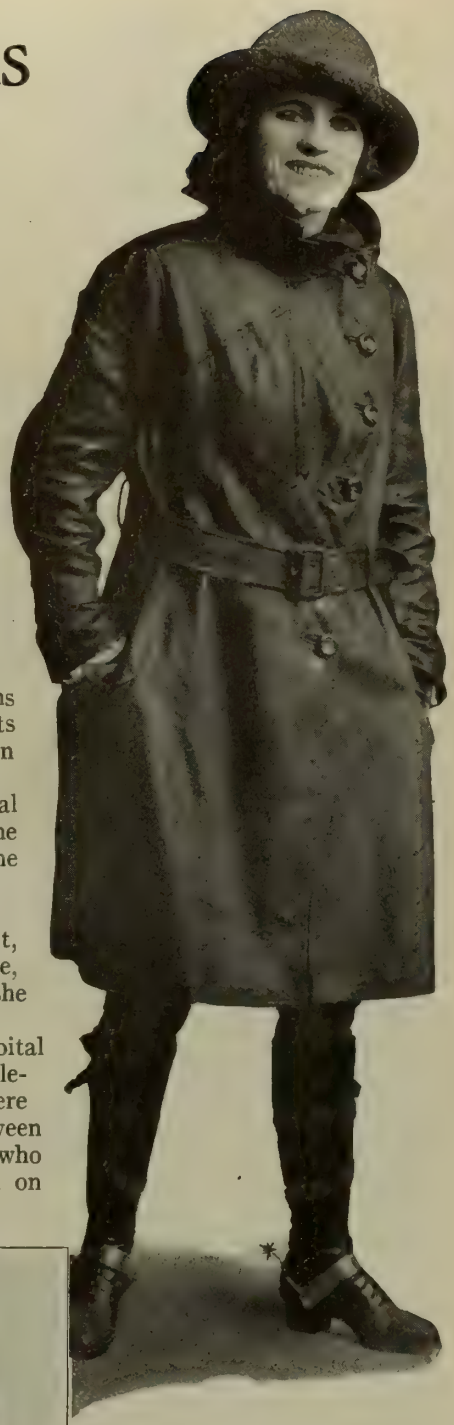
Not too late by any means—for although this five feet, four inches of slender girl has been before the public for quite a while, that is about all the time there has been any such person. She was the original Tyltyl in the New Theatre production of Maeterlinck's fantasy, "The Blue Bird," recently done into pictures by Maurice Tourneur. She was with De Wolf Hopper in his 'steenth revival of "Wang." She was in the companies that supported Nazimova and Kalich. Four years ago she joined Edison, went thence to Thanhouser, and concluded with Pathé. It is quite a career for a little girl, and yet she is quite grown up after all, for is she not the wife of William Parke, Jr., erstwhile a member of her company, but now an aviator in the American forces somewhere in United States of Europe?

I Am THE GUN IN THE DRAWER



I AM The Gun in the Drawer.
I am the Defaulter's back door, the Hero's loud
moment, little Willie's accident, the lock
on the Ingenue's honor, the playwright's
stupid solution, the Director's easy way out,
the sure cure for Over-Footage.
I was in the first Motion Picture, and now
I am liable to appear anywhere.
I am the goldarndest excuse for real drama on the screen—
—but they need me in France,
and if someone will only send me across
I may get a Hun or two
and then the sore world may forget that I ever was
The Gun in the Drawer.

Cheating the Animals



Marie Walcamp is not at the present time in the market for wild animal serials, because—

IT was Fourth of July out in the little town of Dennison, Ohio, and the citizens were preparing for a grand and glorious time. One of the principal events scheduled for the day was a children's cake walking contest, to be held in "The Park," the largest entertainment hall in the little town.

Some of the youngsters were stricken with stage fright and set up a dismal howling when their numbers were hung up. But among the throng was one little golden-haired creature of five years of age who was in her element. She meant to have that cake and enjoy every minute of the earning of it.

She did!

The winner was none other than Marie Walcamp, known to fame, at present, as the Universal daredevil of the films. That was her first public appearance, and it was distinguished by the same sang froid in the face of a crisis that she has since shown in countless situations fraught with real, red danger.

Again it was Fourth of July. And this day was celebrated in every capital of the Allied world for the forces of liberty, the triumph of which the day celebrates, were arranged against oppression. It was the year 1918. Again there was a contest. But this time it was no child's work. It was a contest between girl and beast. The girl was Marie Walcamp and the beast, Kaiser Leo, who was playing the villain role in a little private Vendetta of his own founded on "The Lion's Claws."

Kaiser Leo had become unmanageably wild the day before the Fourth, when cheated out of a nice juicy human meal. Marie and a child of four had been rescued just in time. Thus Leo was blind mad.

The Fourth of July was celebrated by "The Lion's Claws" company in working overtime. All hands were tired and Kaiser Leo, smarting under hunger and restriction, saw the chance he had been waiting for when he and three other lions were supposed to run over a log behind which Miss Walcamp was hiding out in terror. Kaiser was the last of the four and he saw Marie as he jumped over her. Turning like lightning he pounced on the now really terrified girl and before the guard, who always has his gun trained on the wild animal cage, could fire, he had dug his claws deep into Miss Walcamp's left shoulder.

Marie Walcamp has lost her taste for animal adventure since Kaiser Leo ripped open her shoulder—in ferocious earnest. And who could blame Marie?

Fortunately for the serial the scenes showing the birthmarks of the lion's claws called for in the script had already been taken. Miss Walcamp's shoulder will not bear exposure to the camera for some time. Incidentally Miss Walcamp has lost her taste for animal adventure. She countermanded the next serial, and Elliott J. Clawson was called in to write a serial around a woman secret service operative. And there are no animals in it.

RIDDLE GAWNE

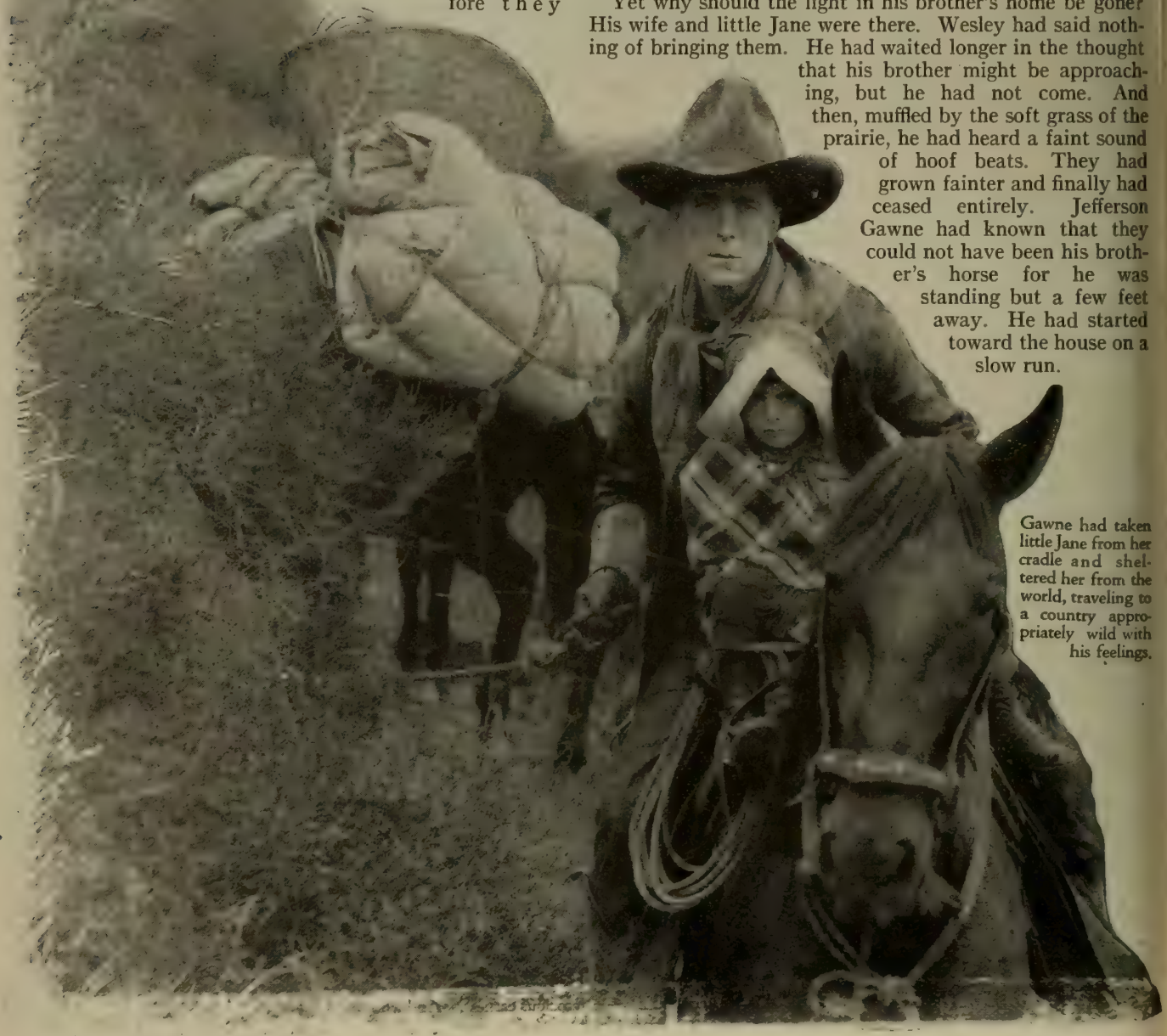
His was a soul of Hatred, with all mankind his enemy. But—in the shape of a woman—came faith reborn.

By Gerald C. Duffy

JEFFERSON GAWNE opened the door slowly, silently, and stepped into the blackness of the unlighted room. Almost instinctively his hand slipped down to his holster and he stood motionless. Not the slightest sound disturbed the heavy silence—nothing to indicate that he was not alone.

And yet Gawne knew that he was not alone. He knew, as though he could see, that somewhere within those same four walls there was another person. At least, his brother must be there. Less than fifteen minutes before they had parted in front of the bunkhouse and Wesley had told him to wait while he ran to the house; that he would be right back. There had been a light in the house then; they had seen it from where they stood. The bunkhouse was situated a fairly good distance from the ranch-house, but there was nothing between the two to obstruct the vision. Gawne had watched and seen the flood of light silhouette his brother's form against the blackness of the night as he had entered through the door. He had waited. For a moment he had turned away to knock the ashes from his pipe against the bunkhouse wall. And, when he had turned back, the house was in darkness. He had heard nothing, although it was possible that, with the distance and the sound of his pipe rapping against the wall, he would not have heard a noise had there been one.

Yet why should the light in his brother's home be gone? His wife and little Jane were there. Wesley had said nothing of bringing them. He had waited longer in the thought that his brother might be approaching, but he had not come. And then, muffled by the soft grass of the prairie, he had heard a faint sound of hoof beats. They had grown fainter and finally had ceased entirely. Jefferson Gawne had known that they could not have been his brother's horse for he was standing but a few feet away. He had started toward the house on a slow run.



Gawne had taken little Jane from her cradle and sheltered her from the world, traveling to a country appropriately wild with his feelings.

With a lightning-like lunge Kathleen sprang forward between the two men. Her hand fell on the gun on the table, simultaneously with Riddle Gawne's draw. "There isn't going to be any shooting," she said.

And so now, as he stood alert, listening, with his hand ready on his gun, he knew that he was not alone.

He lit a match. It was a foolhardy thing to do in the face of danger, but nevertheless Gawne thought it was better than the tenseness of standing in the mysterious darkness. Then, too, if he was revealing himself, he trusted the quickness of his finger and the keenness of his eye to bring him out of the situation. But the matchlight revealed nothing. He walked to the table and took his hand from his gun sufficiently long to light the lamp. The chimney, he noted as he raised it, was still warm. When he lifted his eyes from the lamp Gawne saw what the table had hidden from him before. Stretched out before him on the floor, his hair soggy with blood, lay the form of a man—his brother. He ran to him and lifted his head. Wesley opened his eyes slightly and shuddered at the sight of his own blood. His lips parted with an effort and he spoke softly.

"It's Watt Hyat from Cheyenne—You never saw him, Jeff, but he's got my wife—and now he's got me—he's—"

But it seemed as though Providence had granted life to Wesley Gawne only long enough to let him tell his story. As he spoke he fell over quietly into his brother's arms and his body grew limp. Jefferson Gawne lowered him to the floor and raised his eyes. As he did so they fell directly upon a cradle, roughly cut from a barrel, that stood but a few feet away. In it was little Jane, his brother's baby, lying peacefully upon a bed of tattered rags, a victim of whatever destiny might be chosen for her by Fate.

Gawne's eyes narrowed to two thin slits of fire. His features hardened like sculptured bronze, his fists, which had clenched involuntarily, loosened and fell to the butts of his revolvers. It was at that moment, peering upon the ruined debris of two shattered lives, that the Spirit of Vengeance invaded the soul of the man, driving from it most that was human, all that was tender. It was then that, raising his eyes to the sky, Jefferson Gawne vowed his hatred and promised his God that he would hold the world to task, to the punishment of Hyat.

* * * * * * * *

The fifteen years that followed the murder might just as well have been omitted from the life of Jefferson Gawne. To him they were an existence entirely apart from life; fifteen long, lean years which stood in the path of his progress and had to be traversed before he could go on with life, the life he had devoted to search and revenge for the murderer of his brother. They held no interest for him; their fruitlessness had no place in his life of glowing wrath. He tried to slumber through them, but the relentless fangs of his hate stung impatiently and poisoned his soul more with every passing hour. Jane, the only living being who could catch an occasional glimpse into his human side, was his only companion. She was the reason, the only reason, that he waited through those fifteen years, dreading as he waited that death would call Hyat from the world before he could make him pay. When her father had been killed and her mother had absconded with his murderer, Gawne had taken little Jane from her cradle and sheltered her from the world. He had searched the country nearby for the scoundrel who had thrown her life to the winds of fortune, and, when his search had been fruitless, he knew that it would take years to carry out his vengeance. And, in the meantime, there was little Jane, who had to be reared to a woman. Gawne had resolved to wait, for her sake. He settled on the Diamond Bar ranch, in a country appropriately wild with his feelings, and waited. To her he was a father—a man with some big purpose in life which was a secret to the world. To the others about him, who saw

but could not understand his grudge against mankind, he was "Riddle" Gawne, a mystery, living apart like some saturnine spirit of the sage.

At last the fifteen years dragged by. Gawne saw Jane transform from childhood to a girl—a girl who was more woman than her years permitted her appearance to admit. And then, after the lagging years, things happened quickly to "Riddle Gawne." Certain incidents—important incidents—in his future were to be governed even by a woman. A woman! And "Riddle" Gawne himself had, for what seemed his entire life, cursed them as the root of every evil that was perpetrated by mankind. This, certainly, he would never have believed could happen. But now—

"Riddle" Gawne stood cynically watching the group of men gathered at the end of the Kiowa bar. They were passing a photograph from hand to hand and fingering it covetously, as though it were the living form of the girl it pictured. He gathered from their conversation the story of the girl and the likely future that the men were planning for her—planning each in his own malicious mind, not collectively, but every one secretly, scheming for himself. They were all members of Hame Bozzam's gang of rustlers and their lives were governed only by three things—lust, gold and the lead of a "forty-five."

The girl whose picture they were scrutinizing was Kathleen Harkless, the daughter of Colonel Harkless, a Southern gentleman, who, when he had come West had fallen a victim of environment and was now one of Bozzam's rustlers. She was expected that afternoon, any moment now, on the stage. She had just come from the East and was to live with her father. From the remarks passed it was evident that the photograph showed her to be beautiful. Harkless had given the picture to one of his punchers so that he could recognize her when he met the stage and bring her home. The puncher had gotten to the Kiowa too long before the stage and had succumbed to whiskey. The Bozzam men had taken the picture and were trying to decide which one would take the drunken puncher's place. Gawne thought he should help her. But he hated women—all women—all mankind. Yet he was not a brute. He made no move toward the men, but stood, with stolid, uninterested expression, regarding them and thinking.

The stage came in. Bozzam's men clustered to meet it, or rather to meet the beautiful new resident that it was bringing to Bozzam City. But when they clambered to assist her to the ground they discovered that somehow the first man to grasp her arm was "Riddle" Gawne. They looked at him and looked at each other. It was Gawne who spoke first:

Riddle Gawne

NARRATED, by permission, from the Artcraft Photoplay; which, in turn, was adapted for the screen from a novel by Charles Alden Seltzer.

Riddle Gawne.....William S. Hart
Kathleen Harkless.....Katherine MacDonald
Hame Bozzam.....Lon Chaney
Blanche Dillon.....Gretchen Lederer
Jane Gawne.....Gertrude Short
Colonel Harkless.....E. B. Tilton
Reb Butler.....Milton Ross
Nigger Paisley.....George Field
Jess Cass.....Leon Kent

"There's five Bozzam men here," he snapped, "who figure on shootin' when I turn my back. I've spotted 'em. They're to hit the breeze to the edge of the town. I bore the last man past that hitchin' rack." He designated the point by a wave of his hand. The Bozzam men stared at him—and at his hand by his belt—and they started to run. As the last man straggled past the hitching rack there was a shot. He reeled and fell. Kathleen Harkless glared at Gawne in horror.

"That was murder!" she gasped.

"No ma'am," retorted Gawne quietly, as he lifted her bags from the road. "His shoulder's scratched a bit. He'll live to cause any amount o' trouble."

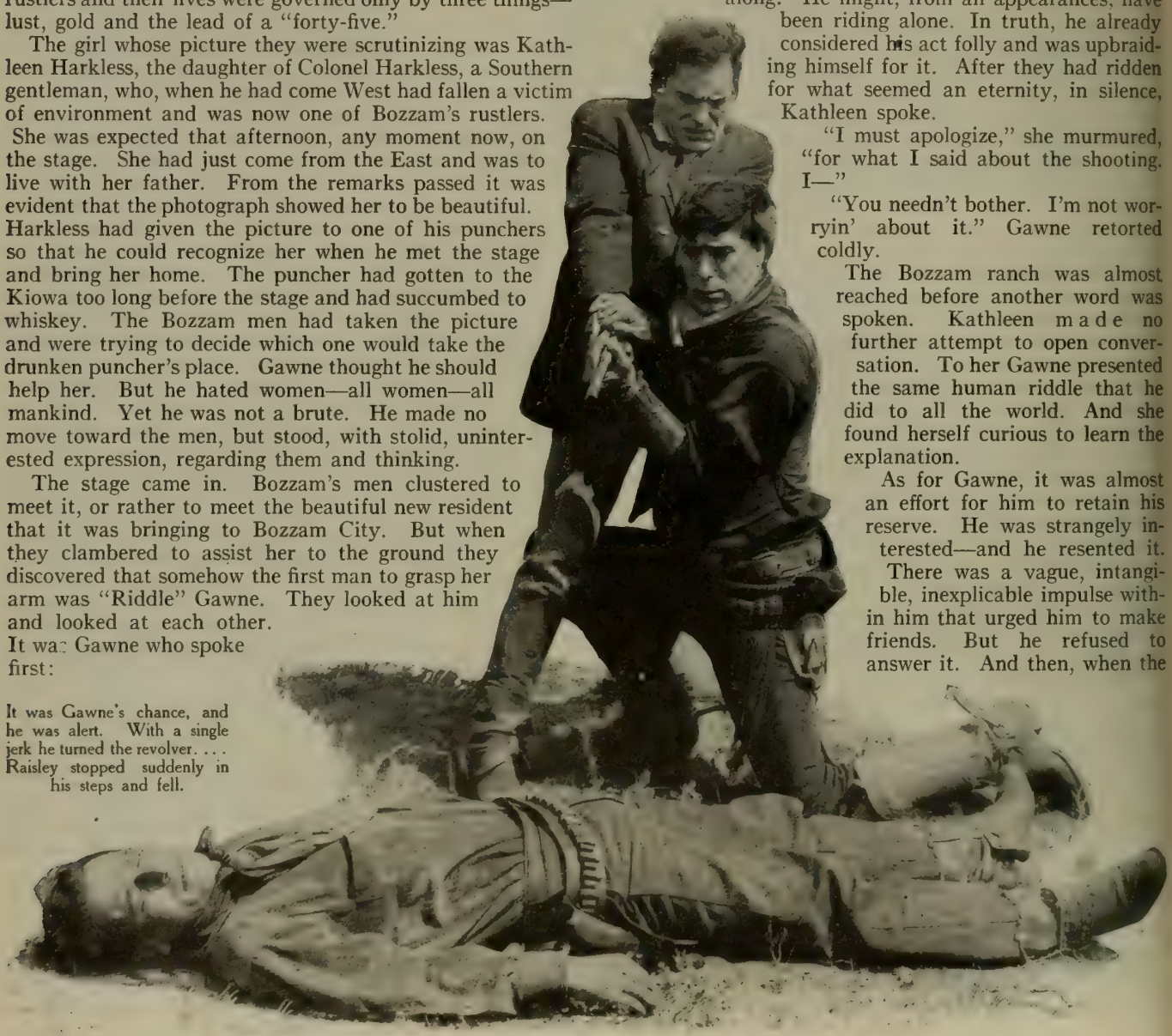
These were the last words that passed between the two for the next five miles of the journey to the Harkless ranch. As they passed through the town Kathleen heard the natives who had seen the fight commenting on it and lauding Gawne as the only man in the territory who held no fear of Bozzam. It was evident that, in the consensus of opinion, Gawne was in the right. She had plenty of time to think this all over and to study her companion, for he paid no attention whatever to her as they rode along. He might, from all appearances, have been riding alone. In truth, he already considered his act folly and was upbraiding himself for it. After they had ridden for what seemed an eternity, in silence, Kathleen spoke.

"I must apologize," she murmured, "for what I said about the shooting. I—"

"You needn't bother. I'm not worryin' about it." Gawne retorted coldly.

The Bozzam ranch was almost reached before another word was spoken. Kathleen made no further attempt to open conversation. To her Gawne presented the same human riddle that he did to all the world. And she found herself curious to learn the explanation.

As for Gawne, it was almost an effort for him to retain his reserve. He was strangely interested—and he resented it. There was a vague, intangible, inexplicable impulse within him that urged him to make friends. But he refused to answer it. And then, when the



It was Gawne's chance, and he was alert. With a single jerk he turned the revolver. . . . Raisley stopped suddenly in his steps and fell.

Harkless home loomed into view, the suspense broke. It happened that they both looked toward each other at the same moment. Their eyes met. Kathleen laughed. And Gawne, without knowing what he was doing, and astonishing himself by it, broke into a laugh also. That was the beginning.

The next thing of importance in Gawne's career occurred a week later. "Riddle" Gawne was standing in front of the bunkhouse brushing his clothes with an old broom, when he heard a horse approaching at a gallop, and, looking up, was surprised to see Kathleen Harkless. She drew up beside him and dismounted. "I came to see—Jane?" she announced.

"I reckon she'll be glad to know you," Gawne replied. "She don't see much of women, an' I guess she misses 'em a bit. It aint her fault she was born to wear dresses; it's more like her hard luck. Yes ma'am, I reckon she'll shake your hand aplenty."

But if Kathleen came to see Jane, she accomplished something further—something that no one else had been able to do in all of the fifteen years of his changed life. She met, for the first time, Jefferson Gawne. She solved the riddle. And Gawne himself, it was, who unravelled the mystery. Perhaps it was something in her expression when she asked him innocently why it was he seemed so hard. Whatever the cause, he told. He related the story from beginning to end, and finished with the words: "And now, by God, the world is goin' to pay. If God don't right the devil's wrongs I'm goin' to do the job for him."

There was a heavy silence when he stopped talking. Gawne watched Kathleen and he saw that she understood. But then, when she apparently had thought it over carefully, she glared into his eyes unwaveringly and, with a note of accusation in her voice, she said:

"Jefferson Gawne, you admit that you have lived to hate two people, but because of the sins of one man and one woman—why hate the world? Tell me, is that fair? . . . Is it?"

"I aint arguin' ma'am; I'm listenin'" was his only answer.

And Kathleen continued. But she could get no further comment from Gawne. He knew that her words were having their effect upon him, but he dared not to admit it, even to himself. So, when she left, she did not know the turmoil that she had started in his soul.

It was this moment, when Kathleen turned her back and put her foot in her stirrup to leave, that Gawne experienced an emotion which his heart had never felt. It was so new, so strange, that he knew not what it meant; but it was at that moment that the barristered doors of his soul first sagged to the leaning weight of love. And, as Kathleen's horse disappeared along the trail to the Harkless ranch, one of the punchers, ceasing in surprise for a moment from his chores, murmured to no one in particular: "Doggone, if the boss aint larnin' to whistle purty good!"

But the mist that clouded the unjust hatred in the heart of "Riddle" Gawne, did not in any way veil the impetuous character of the virile man, or hide to the slightest degree the spirit of revenge that raged within him.

Proof of this was evidenced the following morning when Reb Butler, the Sheriff, who administered the law for the benefit of Hame Bozzam, paid Gawne a "business" call.

"I come to jail you for last week's shootin'," he announced bluntly, but with the tone of one tottering beneath the weight of the duty assigned him to perform. "You shot up Cass an' Paisley an' you're wanted. Bozzam has entered complaint against you."

"This law an' order craze is kinda sudden, aint it?" Gawne questioned half-smiling.

"It may be sudden," retorted Butler, "but I'm takin' you dead or livin'—whichever you prefer."

And Gawne rode back to Bozzam City with the sheriff, but the sight, as Bozzam saw it from his porch, was just a little different from the one he had expected. For the two drove up before his ranch-house and drew their horses—and the man who should have been the prisoner dismounted first and helped the sheriff, whose hands were bound securely behind his back, from the saddle. He sat him heavily on the steps while Bozzam and his henchmen gazed on in amazement, their anger flashing in their eyes but their hands stilled in fear. When Gawne had mounted again he looked to Bozzam and spoke curtly:

"You can cut down the overhead o' runnin' your peace-lovin' town if you do your own killin', Bozzam!"

The leader of the rustlers and his men frowned sourly but made no move. But in the door stood another who had been loyal to the Bozzam outfit for many years—so many, in fact, that she was beginning to tire of the life—and her expression was different. She was Blanche Dillon, a former dance-hall girl, whose charms had so attracted Bozzam that he had caused her to abandon the dance-hall in favor of a position as his "housekeeper." As Gawne spoke, and she regarded with a sneer the manner in which his fearless words cowed Bozzam and the others, a look of admiration crept into her eyes and she smiled a little as she saw him ride triumphantly away.

But Gawne did not ride far. When he was starting along the trail back to the Diamond Bar, and his form was silhouetted sharp against the sky, there were eyes that followed carefully his course. They were the eyes of Nigger Paisley, the victim of the shoot-

(Continued on page 109

With Kathleen and Jane to aid him, Gawne struggled to his feet and stood smiling from one to the other.

Early to Breakfast

I WAS sure I had mistaken the time for my appointment. It was the hour when early typists are hanging up their hats in the office and late parties are rolling home in taxis and most leading men are sleeping the sleep of the just entertainer. But Taylor Holmes met me before the breakfast room of his hotel without the suspicion of a yawn and with the brisk manner of one who has been up for hours. I said something apologetic about getting there at dawn.

"What do you mean, dawn?" he asked in evident amazement. "I wouldn't know how to get through the day if I began it any later. There is little enough time as it is."

"Do you always have interviews before breakfast?" I inquired, admiringly.

He fixed me with a quizzical gaze. "My dear young lady," he began paternally. "My breakfast is a dim memory of the past. It's obvious that you haven't had yours. Come right in and have a grape-fruit."

"But I've had a grape-fruit," I protested.

"You haven't had one of these," he insisted. "They are from Florida and like nothing else in the world." And in the midst of a discussion of Florida versus California citrus fruits, we compromised on coffee and interesting little rolls.

He has always had the early rising habit, he confided to me. He must have been the sort of baby that woke the household with gleeful carols at five a. m. For him the world is so full of a number of things that the earliest hour of the day hardly gives one time to get the work done. As soon as we began to talk about his work, I understood why this was. Among other things, he was helping the Lambs with their gambol, rehearsing for a vaudeville skit, and practising intensive gardening in his summer home on Long Island, to say nothing of browsing through the library desk for a pen with which to sign his interesting Triangle contract.

Through his earlier years on the stage Mr. Holmes succeeded in evading the motion picture — and then along came some characters that he found irresistible. Above, as Lord Dawlish, in "Uneasy Money." At right, as T. Boggs Johns, in "A Pair of Sixes."

Lewis-Smith

This would occupy an ordinary person for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four and yet Mr. Holmes has an air of looking about for the next thing to do. He skimmed over his schedule with an all-in-the-day's-work sort of manner that would make the proverbial busy bee blush.

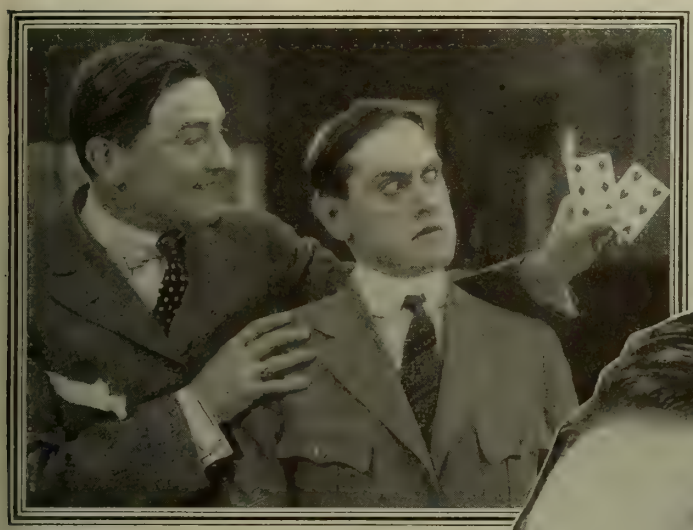
As far as I could gather, his life has always been one three-ring circus of activity. He gave me a typical instance of his experiences in Chicago which he evidently considered in the light of a summer's vacation.

"I was working out at the Essanay plant," he told me, "when the opportunity came along to play the leading role in 'Seven Chances.' I would take a few scenes on the lot in the morning, tear into town for the matinee, and sometimes rush back for an extra scene between that and the evening performance. I used to snatch food and sleep between the theater and the stage. I learned to sleep standing up," he told me proudly and illustrated with one eye open like a benevolent stork.

All this action he has put himself into his own career which began very calmly. Without this determination to "start something" he might today be a placid young attorney in a New Jersey law office. He belonged to a deeply conservative family which had Presbyterian prejudices against the stage. The one exception

Discovered: "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" was not so important in being Taylor Holmes' first picture as it was a genial satire on his own self.

By Dorothy Allison



Taylor Holmes' life has always been a three-ring circus of activity. The world is so full of a number of things that it doesn't pay one, he believes, to oversleep. Above—in "A Pair of Sixes"

they made to this general disapproval was Shakespeare, so the young aspiring actor went in strong for Shakespeare societies, playing everything from Falstaff to Romeo. The temptation for real experience was too great however, and he seized the first opportunity that offered itself,—a chance to give imitation in vaudeville!

It was the real cameo of his life—his inception into the real limelight. Like your father brags about the first shipment of corrugated whatnots shipped from his factory, Mr. Holmes boasts of his advent into Gotham.

"I was hungry that first day I landed there," says Mr. Holmes. "Oh, I guess I had funds enough for a snack, all right. But I landed there in a hurry and hadn't shaved, nor eaten. Yet I faced a prominent Broadway producer. He dared me to make him laugh. He said if I could he would give me a try-out in vaudeville.

"'I'm too hungry and tired right now to make you bust right out,' I told him, 'but I can produce a first rate snicker.'"

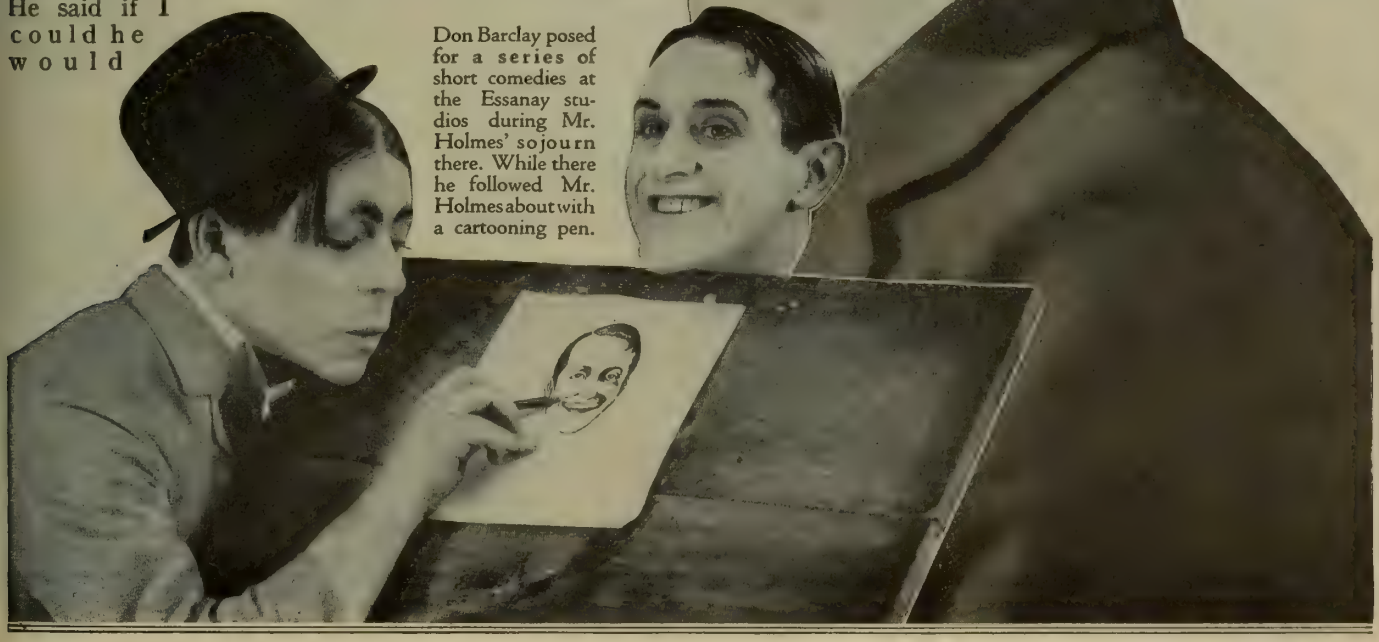
And he did.

I have never seen any of Mr. Holmes' imitations but I should like to. He has a rare gift of mimicry which he uses unconsciously in his conversation. "I met Brown on the street today and he said—" he will begin and instantly he is Brown with all Brown's tricks of voice and manner.

The vaudeville experience brought him to his career on the legitimate stage which culminated in the wildly popular "Bunker Bean." Through these years he had successfully evaded the films because of a prejudice as deep as that of his parents before him. This was a relic of the days when theatrical managers would have in their contracts a clause forbidding their actors to work for the screen for fear of losing prestige. These dark ages were cleared for Mr. Holmes by the Essanay Company.

"They came after me with scenarios that I couldn't resist," he told me. "All my life I have wanted to play characters like 'Efficiency Edgar' and 'A Small Town Guy'. After my first experience I liked the work for its own sake. And now, whatever else I may be doing, my screen work will come first."

He is thrilled by all forms of comedy from custard pie to George Bernard Shaw and he has a really scholarly knowledge of the history of the drama on which he bases his very interesting theories. He's to do a number of pictures for Triangle—under a three-year contract.



Don Barclay posed for a series of short comedies at the Essanay studios during Mr. Holmes' sojourn there. While there he followed Mr. Holmes about with a cartooning pen.

Farrar "Doubling" In the Movies!

That is, she will make two pictures grow where one grew before.

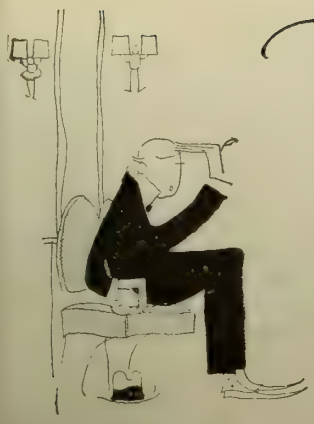
Geraldine Farrar and husband Lou Tellegen find a moment to chat between scenes.

Above—smiling at the operator of the "still camera" while director Reginald Barker pretends to be working. Below—entering her car at the Goldwyn Studios.

GERALDINE FARRAR has never made more than three pictures in a season, so far, but this year she will do six for Goldwyn; all, according to present plans, laid interiorly in the Eastern studios. But not exteriorly. Miss Farrar went to Wyoming in mid-July to get exteriors for her second picture, "The Hellcat," a Western drama by Willard Mack, in which the Metropolitan prima donna plays a dance-hall girl in a cow camp.

She plans to complete four Goldwyn pictures this autumn, before the opening of the opera season; and two next Spring.

The personnel of her company will probably change, to a certain extent, with each picture.



Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

An Eye for a Pie

IN "Lend me Your Name," Harold Lockwood, as the Bogus Earl, was shown at a distance of about two blocks from a mansion, upon a windowsill of which rested two freshly baked pies.

It was either a case of mental telepathy or double sense of smell which enabled Harold to ascertain the exact location of aforesaid pies. Anyone must have *some* eyesight to see such small objects at such a distance, eh what?

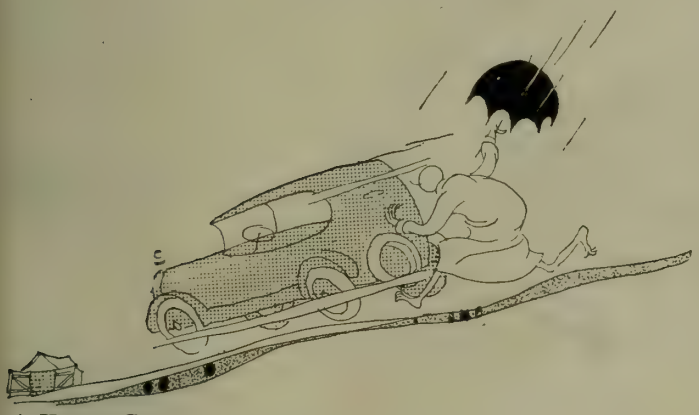
JACK HUEPPER, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ho! Boy—Bring a Level!

IN "Come Through," didn't I spy a LEVEL street in a Montana mining town? And did a Montana mining town ever have a level street?

Yes, Clara, it does in Hollywood.

"O. L.," Seattle, Wash.



A Heavy Car

IN "Up the Road with Sally" an auto is driven swiftly down a grade towards a garage. Just in front of its destination the car stops so suddenly that everyone is beginning to wonder if someone has been run down. But no, the driver (in nightie and slippers) jumps out in the mud and rain and takes a look at his gasoline gauge, which shows "no gas" as the reason for the car being "stalled." The driver bravely pushed the car to the garage. At the rate of speed the car was going it could easily have coasted ten feet more into the garage—but perhaps that wouldn't have been to the director's taste.

Same picture. Time, about nine o'clock in the morning!

Sallie (Constance Talmadge) drives to her aunt's mansion, goes directly to the latter's bedroom, where Sallie's uncle had died late the day before, and as she enters the door registers surprise, and exclaims (as per sub-title), "Oh, Auntie, you have had your room all done over in pink." Think of it, all done over in pink while auntie was snoozing. Besides being a record job on the part of the trimmers, wasn't it somewhat callous of Auntie to begin alterations almost the minute hubby had departed "for regions unknown."

A. P., New Bedford, Mass.

Scientists, Attention!

I HAVE made a most wonderful discovery that will astonish all the world. You have, no doubt, heard of the rightly famous jumping bean, but it remains for me to announce to you that I have discovered jumping—books!!

Prove it to you? Well, you just go to see "The Seal of Silence" when it comes to your home town and you will be convinced, for in the different stages of a closeup in the Doctor's living-room some books on the library-table are seen to change their position three distinct times in about thirty seconds! Before the closeup they are lying with the back (the title back) uppermost in a soldierly row, shoulder to shoulder. Then when the closeup is shot some of them have jumped to a different position, and then when the camera is brought back to its normal position they have changed again.

Some books! Maybe they were books on St. Vitus' dance, eh?

R. E. LARSON, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Maybe It was a Borrowed Church

I SAW Wm. S. Hart in "Dakota Dan" the other night, and I noticed Walt Whitman, who played the part of the parson, was dressed as a Catholic priest. Later on, there was shown a close-up of the church and, behold, the bulletin-board had written on it, "M. E. Church." Get the idea?

H. C. P., San Antonio, Texas.

Mixed Drinks

IN "The Lesson" I noticed that the soda clerk made two sodas, one dark as though of chocolate or strawberry, and one light as though it was pineapple or lemon. The clerk passed them over the counter, the dark to the man and the light to Norma Talmadge. Next flash it showed a front view of them and they both had light sodas. How queer!

Another incident in the same play was in the wedding scene. After the marriage had taken place the bride threw her bouquet down-stairs to the people. After the scramble was over you can imagine how the bouquet looked. Just a few flowers left. When the bride and groom came downstairs, again we could see the same bouquet, but, my goodness, where did all the flowers come from? S. funny, how they got there, isn't it?

H. S., Chicago.

A Dust Bath, Perhaps!

I SAW something that struck me as rather foolish in "The Painted Madonna." Raden, the villain of the piece, comes in out of a downpour of rain, takes his coat off in front of the fire-place and shakes it,—and although the coat is thoroughly drenched, or supposed to be, clouds of dust issue from the garment. Many people noticed it besides myself and joked about it.

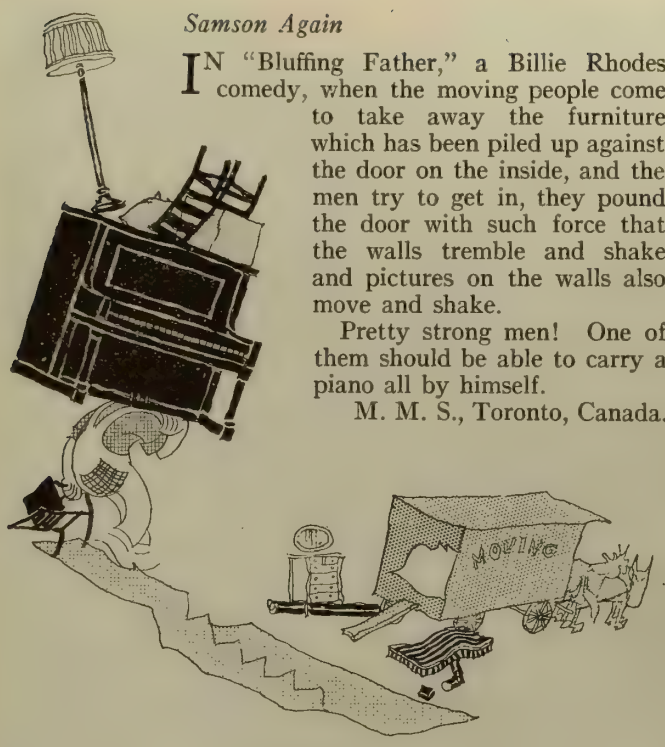
ROSE COX, Tucson, Ariz.

Samson Again

IN "Bluffing Father," a Billie Rhodes comedy, when the moving people come to take away the furniture which has been piled up against the door on the inside, and the men try to get in, they pound the door with such force that the walls tremble and shake and pictures on the walls also move and shake.

Pretty strong men! One of them should be able to carry a piano all by himself.

M. M. S., Toronto, Canada.



This and That

JUST recently I saw Douglas Fairbanks in "The Half-breed." Very good show, indeed! But why, may I ask, did Doug wear a big thick fur cap when everything else indicated that it was midsummer? Also, Jewel Carmen enters the house, from a peaceful, sunny outdoors, and standing still a minute, her hair is wildly agitated as if a terrific gale were blowing!

Why, oh, why, in a good many pictures, just as the hero is about to clasp the heroine to his manly bosom in the kiss of betrothal, the lady's hand will creep up around the manly one's shoulder, and if it be her left hand we see, nine cases out of ten, a big diamond solitaire will be planted on her fourth finger. Pretty quick work, that! Also do young men who are about to pop the question usually carry engagement rings around with them? Just 'sposing they weren't accepted, what *would* happen?

"PUZZLED," Devon, Penna.

Century Plants, Perhaps

RECENTLY I saw Earle Williams in "The Seal of Silence."

One of the men who admires the doctor's assistant brings her a bouquet of flowers.

Three years elapse and the same bouquet remains in the same place.

Are they supposed to be real flowers or is it the style to bring artificial flowers to the girl?

I wonder what they put in the water to make flowers last three years.

M. L. L., St. Louis, Mo.

Light on Auto Lights

IN "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," featuring Jack Pickford and Louise Huff and produced by the Paramount, there was an "old time" automobile. It represented an old fashioned car excepted for the fact that it carried the latest model of the Ford side lamps. In the early days of the automobile no sidelights were carried and when side lamps first came into style they were not fitted with the latest style of "none glimmer" lens and were not so nicely shaped as they are now.

SEPH WARD, Paris, Ontario.

Ever Been on a Modern Farm?

WE have to pardon a good many things in comedies but sometimes directors do go to the limit. In "A Rural Riot," a L-KO two reeler, the city "vamp" emerges from an auto wreck resembling Eve without her Adam. After accepting the hospitality of a farmhouse she kidnaps Hughie Mack and returns to the city wearing a smart, tailored suit. Where, ye Christian director, oh, where came that suit which was certainly the product of some fashionable modiste? Surely not from the rustic community pictured.

LLEWELLYN LOTMAN, Duluth, Minn.

Say—You Doug!

IN "Say, Young Fellow," where did the "Young Fellow" obtain the cap and two suitcases and get away with it, when he saw him arrive on the train, hatless and empty-handed, so that he could do some acrobatic stunts on the high shoulders of the Pullman seats?

When did "Jane" change from her pretty white party dress to her pretty black taffeta dress, when we are told and shown that "Clay and the girl were missing last night," and the inference is that they were nabbed when going from the party?

Who censors the spelling of the subtitles, and permits an extra *e* in "judgment," *and*

Why should a man with a Yale diploma whistle the melody of "Fair Harvard," otherwise known (but not to Yale men) as "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms?" Of course we admit, that if he had whistled the Yale song, "Bright College Years," which has the misfortune to be known to the rest of the world as "Die Wacht Am Rhein," which certainly could not have gained the confidence of even "Miss Matilda," he would have been jailed for a German spy, and the story have a different ending.

Yours truly,

A. B. ROBERTS, Milwaukee.

IN Mary Pickford's "Stella Maris" the first time that she took a step she had on French-heeled slippers. When a person is an invalid do they put on high-heeled slippers as soon as they can walk?

MRS. R. F. LUSSIER, Birmingham, Ala.

Oh, Boy!

IN the "Biggest Show on Earth," Enid Bennett is entertained in a home where even the mention of a circus shocked the "lady of the house" and caused her 'most nervous prostration. But—Oh, Boy! A close-up of Enid (taken during discussion) showed her reading one of those shocking popular magazines.

JANUS, New Castle, Penna.

An Apt Student

IN "A Turn of the Card," Jack Kerrigan, as the "green" westerner, attempts to drive an auto although he knows nothing about driving one, with the result that he and his fair companion are both thrown into the ditch. So far, very good. Not fifteen minutes later, as per scenario, we see the hero swinging the massive car up the driveway of the heroine's mansion, quite as though he were a close relative of Barney Oldfield.

C. B. W., Somerville, Mass.

A Refugee From Russia

Hedda Nova is the daughter of a revolutionist. And she's hiding—before the camera.

HEDDA NOVA ran her long white fingers through the fur of her long white wolfhound.

"Ah, the poor Russia!" she sighed esoterically. "So torn-up now, it is pitiable. Some day I'm going back to Russia.

"That is why I do not want my identity known," she pursued; "if they found out I was Hedawiga M——, the news might get to Russia and enemies of my family would recognize me and—well—things might not go so well for me and others I know."

If you can remember the name of the first Revolutionary Cabinet of Russia, and can pronounce his name—but you couldn't pronounce it. Thus the identity of Hedda Nova's father and Hedda Nova must remain a mystery for the duration of the war at least.

She was born in Odessa, Russia, almost twenty-one years ago. Her father was a manufacturer of pianos and had homes in Odessa, Moscow, and Petrograd—so quite naturally little Hedawiga developed dramatic talent at a very early age. She was educated in a German convent; she lived in Paris for a while; then in St. Petersburg, finally making her way home to Odessa. Then came—the war. The inevitable disruption of home ties: her brother, fighting for Russia, was killed in battle; her father began to have mysterious affiliations. . . .

Then it was that Hedda left her home to go to London; and from London to New York, where she became associated with motion pictures. Miss Nova appeared in Lubin photoplays; for Edgar Lewis in "The Bar Sinister"; and finally, she joined forces with Vitagraph.

She is now the star of a serial, "The Woman in the Web."

Miss Nova has not yet mastered the English tongue, but she is trying very hard. It is to be hoped that she will retain always her delightful accent, although it doesn't help her on the screen. But so long as she continues her silver-sheet appearances, there will be interviewers sent to interview her and—well, the accent is lovely!

"Hedawiga M—" is the way she whispers her real name. The title of the wolfhound is unpronounceable.

Evans photo

Little Miss Aoki is all the more charming in her Japanese dress since she has become thoroughly Americanized.

An American From Tokio

Whatever her name may sound like, we pronounce her to be thoroughly charming

WE were sure it was *Su-ru O-key,* pronounced with the accent on the two first syllables. And we went on calling her that, never dreaming that it was all wrong. Until we heard that Sessue Hayakawa wasn't that at all, but *Su-sie*—oh, something. And that discouraged us for the other. That's why we argue that Tsuru is a popular personality in pictures. Hard on the ears, but easy on the eyes. Despite the fact that we can't pronounce her name, regardless of all our mispronunciations and tongue-twistings, we go to see her.

Little Miss Aoki is all the more charming in her Japanese dress since she has become thoroughly Americanized. Just as her familiarity with the American dances has enabled her to do the popular dances of the Occident gracefully.

Born in Tokio, she came to America with her uncle, Otto Kawakami, a Japanese actor of reputation, who placed her in a convent at Pasadena, Cal. She began her stage career with the Scoveli Juvenile Stock Company of California in "A Daughter of Isis." Later she starred in a Majestic picture, "The Oath of O'Tsuru San," and soon after joined the New York Motion Picture forces under Tom Ince. Miss Aoki played in many of the Hayakawa Lasky pictures, and when the talented Jap formed his own company she left to continue in his support.

The Answer Man tells curious film followers every month that Tsuru Aoki is in private life Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa.

In private life she is Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Starting Something. For a long time Photoplay Magazine has called attention to the frailty, the mortality—so to speak—of the best of our film plays. A great spoken drama lives from generation to generation; so does a book; yet works of genius on the screen — and there have been a few of these — have lived a life of months, instead of years.

There have been announced for the coming year a number of reissues. One of the biggest producing firms has listed a large group of these among its most important subjects. The biggest single exhibitor in New York City has dipped back for his comedies into the favorites of several seasons ago.

These fellows are starting something — and that "something" is a determination to give enduring live to photoplays that ought to endure.

We cannot exaggerate the importance of this movement, nor give it, in a careful manner, too much encouragement. The only incentive that an artist ever has for the expenditure of his utmost effort, his vitality — his very soul — is the thought that his work will live on, and on. Here, after ages of quick extinguishment, is possible immortality for the actor. Financial reward, however great, has never been sole fuel for the fires of genius. Were photoplays always to be as transient as they have been, a director with the heavenly fire of Shakespeare would be as mortal as the voice of Edwin Booth. Reissues are the first chapter in the book of permanent and master photoplays.

A Thought For Today. Germany, which has made a specialty of stealing other men's ideas and perfecting them, is going to fight the battle of peace with the photoplay — among other things.

Her propaganda of commerce and ingratiation is going to be even more insidious than her propaganda of spy-raising and money-gathering. These films are not going to bear German labels — oh, no!

After the war the screen is one of the doors through which beaten Prussia will endeavor to sneak piously and greedily upon an abhorring world.

We can make peace films, and trade films, too.

It is a thought for today. We may have to put it to work tomorrow.

"It's an Ill Wind—" The photoplay in its earliest years gave the cheap travelling theatrical attraction a very hard punch in the pantry. A season or two ago it sent it down for the final count, and removed the No. 3, 4 and 5 road company from the country forever.

The new railroad rates give the photoplay still another advantage over the spoken drama. Quite justly, the railroad administration has refused to discriminate with reduced rates in favor of traveling theatrical troupes this year. Indeed it could pursue no other course.

For most of the shows, railroad fares are now absolutely prohibitive. In some Eastern states, where fair-sized "stands" are close together, travelling will be done by automobile except in the severest weather. But of course this is practicable only in a comparatively small corner of the country. For the rest, there will be the visits of distinguished stars—and motion pictures.

In 1918-19, and we dare say in the years to come, the screen must be the bread-and-butter, the backbone and mainstay of drama, to the American people.

Let us not be pinheaded enough to "crow" over this exigency of the theatre, which once considered the photoplay its poor relation. Rather, let us realize our real duty as well as our opportunity: the duty of constantly providing cheerful, healthy, artistic relaxation for the mighty nation on whose shoulders the burden of the world has been laid.

In that spirit, let's go to it!

An Optic O. K. From Dr. Bahn. If motion pictures hurt your eyes, see an oculist.

It means that you need spectacles or eye-treatment, says Dr. A. C. Bahn of New Orleans, in *The Chicago Tribune* — not that the movies are hurting you. Dr. Bahn, continuing, avers that a combination of proper projection, well-ventilated theatre and average good music is not only entirely harmless to any eyes in proper focus, but is actually beneficial to the general health.

Quoting the doctor: "If moving pictures in moderation cause ocular discomfort, it is because the eyes are not right. A person with normal vision should be able to enjoy at least four sittings of one and one-half hours each week, with no eye discomfort whatever.

"In looking at motion pictures one should not stare at any one object, but should try to look at the screen as a whole, or from point to point on it."

The Great Trek. A season or two ago the abandonment of Los Angeles as a film producing center was seriously considered by various film manufacturers who

had suffered there at the hands of certain unappreciative private citizens and public officials.

In all probability the coming winter will see Los Angeles the absolute and complete capital of film production.

A matter of coal.

Coal must be reserved exclusively — this winter, in the East — for warming homes and supplying energy to necessary productions that are essentially resident. In Los Angeles there are sunshine and water-power electricity.

The Great Trek — the biggest in the history of the industry — is now on.

By the first of December almost every concern will have concentrated all of its studio activities in Southern California; and, as the executive offices must per necessity remain in New York, the film magnates will be in for a winter of transcontinental commuting.

Here Was A Quiet One! A few years ago any man reporting the secret making and the secret exhibition of a really big motion picture, under the highest auspices, would have been ordered to "tell it to the Marines."

Nowadays anybody who said "tell it to the Marines," in any derisive fashion whatever, would be kicked off the front stoop. The Marines have come out of their oblivion and stand in the first rank of the glorious.

And motion pictures have become so mighty that a really big one can be made and put across — in the fashion intended — without the help or even the knowledge of any press agent.

Such a picture has been made — was made, more than a year ago.

It was called "Liberty," and was the first screen product of The Committee on Public Information. David Wark Griffith is said to have been the director.

This film was sent to Russia to be generally shown, in the custody of a theatrical agent colloquially known as "Whispering" Smith. Its subject-matter was the career of an immigrant, and showed him arriving at Ellis Island, in New York harbor, and his eventual winning of economic freedom and a competence in the American West — in a word, the rise of a slave of autocracy to manhood under the benign sun of democracy.

"The Finger of Justice." Commissioner of Licenses Gilchrist, of the City of New York, banned "The Finger of Justice," Rev. Dr. Smith's exhibition of the social evil in the guise of a moral crusade.

Good work.

The pre-eminent requisite of an American film is health. We do not wish it to be namby-pamby, or nasty-nice. We wish it to be factful, strong — and healthy.

Any parade of vice, morbidity, criminology or pessimism is not healthy, whatever the purpose of the exhibition.

Preachers as well as producers ought to learn this lesson.

And they will.

"Walk Funny!" The shoemaker must stick to his last, even though he is selling liberty bonds.

One of the Great Trio who went east from Cellufornia to assist the government in its mighty campaign for freedom funds was the most famous comedian in the world. But as those who know him know, his antic fit is donned and doffed with his grease-paint; in other whiles he is a pensive, rather sombre young man of artistic instinct and serious viewpoint. So, the person who soberly harangued a great crowd in New York was not Charlie Chaplin, but Charles Spencer Chaplin. And the harangue, while sincere and forceful, was no more electric than the speech of a capable four-minute-man. Suddenly a hoarse voice in the distance yelled "walk-funny!" Charles Spencer paused one agonizing moment — then died on the altar of liberty. Charlie "walked funny," and after the laughter the subscriptions came in thousands and tens of thousands.

Lila Lee—and Truthful Publicity. Paramount heralds the approach of an astound- new star, one Lila Lee, a young girl whose extraordinary antecedents promise an art as rare as it is exotic. No living woman has emerged from such strange circumstances of life and parentage. Her father, a follower of Rasputin and an adherent of the old Russian regime, was sent with the Czar into exile. Her mother, a Princess who was also a revolutionist, died a heroine of the Battalion of Death on the Western front. The child herself was captured and taken to Germany, and after appalling adventures escaped to Sweden and made her way to America as a stowaway. Her Russian name is unpronounceable, so—

Now there is the regulation scheme to get Lila across with the boobs in good snappy fashion.

But alas! Mr. Zukor and his voice-in-the-wilderness, John Flynn, are not the least bit Foxy. They have no imagination. They are simply telling the truth about Lila Lee — that she was a fascinating little vaudeville personage called "Cuddles," that Mr. Lasky saw her, and recognized latent dramatic talent, as well as beauty, and gave her a contract; and now they feel sure she will come through.

What a sad, dull pass the movies are coming to when managers and press-agents spring a new star on nothing but the truth!

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

As Charity Cheever, in "We Can't Have Everything," Kathlyn Williams is the veritable woman of Mr. Hughes' novel.

"THE Screen needs Stories!"

This is the favorite observance of the critic on an inspirationless day, the small-talk of ignoramuses who would uplift the movies, the routine advice to amateur photoplayrights, the assertion of the producer when invited to give down great truths, the heaviest hammer of the knocker, the actor's excuse for poor work, and the director's eternal shout. The remark was first made, probably, about 1910; it has been repeated continually, with small variation or expansion, ever since.

But let's lift the foot from the throttle, step on the brake, come to a quick though gentle stop and ask ourselves an abrupt and honest question: *"Is the greatest need of the screen more stories?"*

In one sense of the word, no.

You see, it all depends upon just what you mean by "story." The common, popular acceptance of it is a good plot; novel if possible, but anyway well-knit, glued together with the mucilage of suspense and arriving at what will be at least a satisfactory conclusion. In that sense of the word, the screen *does not* need stories.

Our screens today are —too many of them— deserts devoid of life. What the screen does need, and must have, is *real human character.*

A plot without character is an empty shell, and a plot is the first consideration today. The literature of the world is not a matter of plot, but of the lives of men and women. Almost every great master of fiction and drama has been very weak in plot, very strong in his understandings of the well-springs of human nature. Thackeray, the greatest English novelist of the Nineteenth Century, had almost no sense of plot at all. Dickens' plots were immeasurably better—and as an immortalizer of human life he was immeasurably inferior. Shakespeare was so numb in the plot-faculty that almost all of his dramatic schemes were stolen. The corner-stone of Goethe's fame is his reincarnation of an old folk-legend, "Faust."

The charm of Elsie Ferguson is both physical and spiritual, and each finds scope in "The Danger Mark."

There is nothing so narrow, so conventional, so lifeless, as plot in itself. Consider the love-story, which is the substance of nine-tenths of all dramatic or narrative fiction. There is only one of two endings possible: he gets her, or he doesn't get her, and in any consideration of the prevailing type of pleasant plays, we may assume that he does. It sometimes takes a whole reel to introduce him, and her. They will clinch in the last two hundred feet of reel five. Only the children, and the simple-minded, are going to be alarmed for a moment by the tangle of complications in reels two, three and four. We know they will come out straight. They always have.

Now for goodness sake, why waste film, and an immeasurable

In "The Death Dance," a well-constructed melodrama, Alice Brady and Robert Cain do especially fine work.

Morocco was the one remaining spot Doug Fairbanks hadn't visited — dramatically. But he got there.

Jesse Lasky is responsible for Miss Clark's performance of both Eva and Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

amount of time, in reels two, three and four at all?

There is only one answer; there never can be but one answer: to recreate, in shine and shade, the processes and courses of that creature who is bigger than the world, greater than the cold stars, supreme by intellect and soul in the visible universe—the human being. Accident and incident are only momentarily interesting; the little vagaries of human hearts; the fear and tenderness and passion and resolve of woman; the pettiness and greatness, the brutality and spirituality, the weakness and the strength of man—these things, and these alone, are the eternal enchantment of art.

The appeal of humanity on the screen is instant and universal. The average Chinaman never saw any of the surroundings of Charlie Chaplin—yet in his bamboo movie huts on the banks of his yellow rivers he howls with understanding laughter.

Art which is art is nothing more than a selection from life. And life has no plot. It just happens, and as we make the best or the worst of our conditions it is fine or sordid or merely a long mediocrity. The great stories of the world are not the annals of heroes downing villains, or young ladies protecting their virtue, but of men and women rising above or falling victims to the seeds of spiritual decay which are implanted in every one of us. Will Hugo's "Les Miserables" be remembered as a long and rambling chronicle of events connected with the Napoleonic era—or as the stupendous epic of a self-reclaimed criminal, Jean Valjean? The highest type of comedy is never plot, but the reflexes of one or more regular human beings in difficult situations.

The very best example of man and woman vs. plot that I've found this month is a play called

ALL MAN—Vitagraph

It was written by Donn Byrne, and appeared in a weekly under another name. It is screen-directed by Paul Scardon, and stars Harry Morey and Betty Blythe. It is the story of a weary, powerful toiler in a steel-mill, tempted to an easy life of criminal adventure by one we might term a "practical socialist." Morey in a gambling house meets a woman of great beauty, super-sex, considerable brain, a heart not wholly calloused, and a convict husband. Played by Miss Blythe. What happens is all wrong from the conventional plot standpoint. His leg broken in a safe-blowing accident, Morey is nursed back to health by Blythe, in secret, and then goes to jail to save her. When he comes out he has had enough. She has stood by, and, with a comfortable fortune that she has saved for him, he implores her to marry him and go straight, since her husband has long since died in prison. But does she? She does not. "Why should I kid myself about loving the cows and chickens?" she murmurs—and Morey takes a little country wife to his bosom. A small, sharp, narrow wife of positively venomous virtue. The police officer who put Morey away visits him, and, in some pride, boasts that he, through correction, made him. The wife hears, and the copper realizes that he has spilled enough beans to make a famine in Boston. There is a quick divorce, and a general yoo-hooing on the part of the ultra-sanctimonious community. Then the girl of the world, informed of facts by the thoroughly repentant policeman, realizes that her heart and duty lie together. This is a finely titled story of real life, a morality without mush, a delightful combination of eternal truths and commonplace realities. My one criticism is that the toiler's turn to criminality is too abrupt.

FOR HUSBANDS ONLY—Jewel

Lois Weber has an insight keener than most of her contemporaries, and it is that insight which makes her take the popular yarn of the chased and chaste young wife and burlesque it. Mildred Harris plays an angel-faced in-

nocent, as devoid of heart and real morale as many a real-life doll, selected by a roue—enacted with some considerable charm by Lew Cody—as his current or series adventure. The purpose of Miss Weber's finely photographed and elegantly mounted tableaux is to show this child eternally on the verge of the precipice, but never falling over. Her feet begin to slip at last, and when the unsatisfied Don Juan devises a little amateur show in which the characters are too plainly himself, the lady and her husband, and the action the complete consummation of the deviltry he planned but fell down on, we feel quite sure that the balked villain will get his revenge: a murder at home or a scandal in court. In fact the heartless but scared little girl thinks so, too—until the husband, in the final footage, confesses that he went to sleep and missed the whole pantomime! It must be admitted that Channing Pollock will like this a lot better than Susie Siwash, who's just gotta have a little love at the end; nevertheless, here is a fillip for your brains, on the screen. As devised, the trick finish seems a bit light to carry all that went before.

WE CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—Artcraft

The finest cast of the year; intelligent detail at once evincing humanity and good breeding; splendid mounting and fine direction; a story which is real and characterful. It is certainly all of these, although the photodrama is by no means the equal of Rupert Hughes' novel. It couldn't be, for that novel, more than anything else of Hughes, was didactic and analytical rather than dramatic. The theatric lapses in Mr. Hughes' long and patient character studies have been supplied with a bit of mechanical plot here and there, and, strange to say, two or three of the author's very few sharp spots have been left out altogether in the transplanting. New York scenes, it seems to me, have never been so wonderfully reproduced. DeMille's vision of the Biltmore Cascades is more than scenery—it might be that great salon of the dance itself. Kathlyn Williams is the very Charity Cheever of the author's imagination—a fine and brainy piece of acting; Elliott Dexter, heavily impressive as Jim Dyckman; Sylvia Breamer, sensuous and exquisite as Zada L'Etoile; Wanda Hawley, blondly pretty as the light-headed Kitty. Theodore Roberts, Thurston Hall and Raymond Hatton figure in the play, too. Here the Lasky firm Hooverized its own fire; you'll see it acting in these scenes.

TOTON—Triangle

Olive Thomas' new picture, "Toton," is the best thing she has ever done. It is the story of a little French girl who becomes the more or less conventional model for an American artist. She marries him, and has a child—but there the story has only started. The artist is called home by the death of his mother, and his father, taking advantage of circumstances, persuades the young man to stay with him, and has lawyers annul the marriage in Paris. The model eventually dies, but not until her baby, Toton, has been born, and is entrusted to a friend who is an Apache. So Toton grows up to impersonate a boy, and be an Apache; and Toton's father, growing to middle age alone, does not marry, but adopts a son. When the war breaks out that son comes to France with American troops, and, on leave, searches out his father's old acquaintances. He meets Toton the gamin under untoward circumstances—and the romantic end is in sight. A story well told, with Miss Thomas in the dual character exhibiting real faculties of pathos, characterization and emotion. Norman Kerry, as the artist and then the father, is correspondingly effective. The direction is Frank Borzage's, and the story was written by Catherine Carr. The photography is so good that it is absolute poetry of vision.

Carmel Myers is both an Oriental and an old-fashioned beauty in "The Dream Lady," which starts better than it finishes.

"The Girl from Bohemia" has an especial interest in that it marks the conclusion of Irene Castle's present photoplay acting.

In "Cactus Crandall" Roy Stewart turns author as well as actor. The play is his first.

Lois Weber has an insight keener than most of her contemporaries. Her latest is "For Husbands Only."

"Back to the Woods," with Mabel Normand, is an account of a society girl determined not to have a society husband thrust upon her.

The very best example of man and woman vs. plot to be found this month is a play called "All Man," featuring Harry Morey.

THE DANGER MARK—Artcraft.

The beauty of Elsie Ferguson is a thing both spiritual and physical, and that combination has been known to upset thrones more surely then revolution. It dominates the Robert Chambers' story named above, even through an uncertain sort of scenario and certainly uninspired direction. This is the story of the disasters attendant upon an inherited taste for liquor, and a plot in which the villain is villainous and the hero more or less heroic. Miss Ferguson makes the best possible use of her situations, and, as we have said, is at once spiritual and physical in her loveliness. Crauford Kent, Mahlon Hamilton, Gertrude McCoy and W. T. Carleton are in the cast.

A PAIR OF CUPIDS—Metro

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in a corking story! I don't say the best they have ever had, for I haven't seen all their plays, but this is certainly the best that has come to my eyes. The problem is the bringing together of a human cash register and an animated doll, who should marry, but won't. Finally the Uncle of one—at the same time guardian of the other—rents a pair of twins from an impecunious family, and surreptitiously slips a twin apiece to the young parties to make them human. He succeeds, but the success is a personal disaster for Uncle, since the twins are kidnapped. The rest of the story shows how an author who knows his business can keep the excitement going after she has said yes. Luther Reed, by this time in all probability an army officer, is responsible for the tale.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Paramount

To put this fulsome old story—a piece of nationally decisive literature—upon the screen required something of the talent and patience of the artisan who can engrave the Lord's Prayer on a sea-shell. And J. Searle Dawley, who scenarioized and directed here, is certainly no shell-worker. He missed the scope of the work almost entirely, principally, I think, by giving literal transcriptions of the stagey old main incidents instead of making any attempt to humanize the realities of a great subject. Jesse Lasky was touched by genius when he ordered Marguerite Clark to play *both* Eva and Topsy. Miss Clark is satisfactory in both parts, but nothing more. Dawley's grouping and handling of his scenes is poor work indeed. I still think that the laboratory dropped in a reception scene from "The Great Love" under the sub-title "The death of little Eva." It certainly has large, social qualities. Frank Losee gave a good acting performance of Uncle Tom, but he was never the real Uncle Tom, for he was utterly devoid of pathos. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" hasn't been spoiled. It will be done again some day.

THE VAMP—Ince-Paramount

I am not going to speak about a conventional sort of story, but about the recent transfiguration of Enid Bennett. When Miss Bennett first came into pictures she brought cow-eyes, a trembling lip and such outrageous innocence that one longed instinctively for a Keystone pie. But Enid Bennett has quit being a cold plaster saint, and has become a nice warm girl. Her eyes are still wide, but there is a bit of the devil in them now and then; she is still innocent, but she makes her characters appear to know a thing or two; her lips still tremble—but only at the proper time, and at other times they are firm or roguishly smiling. "The Vamp" is just the triumph of Enid Bennett as a human being.

(Continued on page 102)

Irene Castle Will "Carry On"

After completing the biography of her heroic husband, the dancer will go to France

By Dorothy Allison

In her determination to go into war work the talented dancer-actress has caught the rigid fervor of the French meaning of "Carry On." Below—Mrs. Castle with her husband during their dancing days.

They had met in New Rochelle when she was Irene Foote without the slightest dream of the stage or of anything beyond the sedately regulated life of a debutante. They had always known that they danced well together but they had never thought of taking it seriously until an incident in Paris opened up new and unexpected possibilities. They were dancing together in a quaint little French cafe when they suddenly realized that everyone else on the floor had stopped and was watching them. As the music ended, the fat little manager rushed out and begged for an encore. "We both felt rather foolish," she

Ira Hill photo

WHEN the romances of the great war are written, there will be one among them stranger and more picturesque than fiction. It began with the throb of violins in the tango and ended with the beat of drums in a military funeral. It was made up of youth and rhythm and frivolity and sacrifice and the tragedy of the stiff upper lip. Yet the word is not tragedy for its sum total holds something that is far beyond either triumph or disaster.

I met Mrs. Castle in her sunny little study where she was sitting at a huge desk several sizes too big for her. She held out one slim hand in greeting and pushed aside a pile of manuscript with the other. This was the collected data, she told me, on the life of Vernon Castle which she is writing and which she intends to finish before leaving for France. It is to be more of a portrait than a biography, she added earnestly, . . . an intimate impression of the man himself rather than a record of names and dates and places.

After her first greeting, there was none of the restraint that often comes in the presence of bereavement. She speaks of her husband simply and naturally as if it were a relief to put into words the memories with which she has lived for months. Her work with the biography has brought her back to the very beginning of their life together. She told me something about that beginning.

Above—Scene from Irene Castle's Pathe serial "Patria." At right—Vernon in his uniform of the Royal Flying Corps.

told me, "but he was so very polite and fat and excited that we didn't know how to refuse. We danced there all evening and when he offered us a permanent engagement we took it—for one week. Gradually we began to realize that a profession had been thrust upon us. And soon after we returned home, we found our own country gone mad over dancing and our profession assuming an importance all out of proportion to its frivolous beginning."

Thus they danced their way into the center of the wildest whirl that this country has ever known. It was a brilliant and colorful career ended only by Vernon Castle's enlistment in the Royal Air Force of Canada and his sudden death through a fall from his aeroplane in a Texas camp. Yet, in a sense, it is not ended because of Mrs. Castle's determination to gather up the broken threads and go on bravely alone.

When her book is finished, she starts for France to become a part of one of the "Overseas" divisions that are bringing cheer to the recreation halls in camp.

I took for granted that she would dance for them.

"I am not so sure about the dancing," she answered. "Elsie Janis, who has given such delight over there, writes me that nearly all the stages are about the size of an ordinary table and quite too small for dancing. I may simply devote myself to canteen work or to anything else that turns up. The boys are not critical—I know that from those I have met on this side. Whenever the chaps from Vernon's squadron are in town, they always come to call on me and it helps us both to talk to each other."

You can readily understand how it helps "the boys." She is a joy just to look at in her soft shimmering gray with the grace about her that continually suggests the little bronze by Troubetzkoy. You think of her as the symbol of thousands of devoted and courageous wives whose minds are set in an invincible determination to "carry on" the work which their husbands gave their lives to preserve. She is giving up a whole lot to "carry on." In her slim indifferent way she has won wide recognition on the silver-sheet — and greater fortune than was hers as a dancer of international popularity.

Through the medium of the movie, she has become a personality to thousands who had never watched her dance. Her career with Pathe began auspiciously with the patriotic serial, "Patria," and she carried on in longer-length Pathe-plays such as "The First Law" and "The Girl from Bohemia," "The Mysterious Client," and "The Hillcrest Mystery."

Mrs. Castle's serials of adventure and movies of mystery will be tame work for her when she comes back from over there. She once said, you know, that if Pathe didn't pay her for doing it, she'd play in their pictures for nothing, she's so crazy about it. The studio work enabled her to live at home; to spend much of her time in her garden or romping with any one of her ten or twelve dogs. And Irene Castle, a celebrity for her quaint costumes and her clipped hair and her slim grace and her little half-quizzical, half-serious half-smile, may not appear before any audience but "the boys" till it's all over, over there.

The English have coined a number of great expressions since August, 1914. Among them is that fierce, fine, tender-strong determination to go on to the end no matter what griefs or deprivations have blocked the way —in the exact phrase, to "carry on." So, Irene Castle will "carry on."

Transfiguration

FOR two weeks, with the assistance of the Location Man, the Director had been looking for a Type. He wanted a Derelict. No half-starved extra, willing to make up to represent anything for $5.00. He must have an out-of-the-ordinary piece of real human wreckage with a "tragic something" in his face. He had looked vainly at hundreds of unshaven, evil smelling hobos about the city.

Then—they had roused him out early in the morning to go and look at a prospect. The bullet head, unkempt hair, scarred, unshaven features, and dirt, dirt, dirt, besides that "tragic something" proclaimed his Type.

He had given the man a dollar and extracted from him a promise to be at the studio at one o'clock that afternoon.

That afternoon—in high spirits—the Director entered the studio lobby and looked around.

Someone detached himself suddenly from a bench and came forward. The Director looked at him. It was his precious Type. But the "tragic something" was missing from his face. His features radiated contentment.

With the dollar, he had achieved a bath, shave, hair-cut, and was even wearing a clean collar!

A Dramatist Who Came Back

Charles T. Dazey, successful retired playwright, turned to the screen at middle age and found new triumphs.

White

THIS is the romance of a middle-aged man who had quit.

What is more tragic than the success who has nothing more to succeed at—the man to whom the fruits of triumph are only ashes?

There are a number of dramatists in that condition in America. Their names are household words; some of them have homes in California and some of them have homes in Long Island, and none of them really has to work. But they are not very inspired, now. Their new "successes" have something of an echo about them. They must be very unhappy—really.

A little over three years ago one of the head members of the set of weary successes was Charles T. Dazey, who, when he dies, will probably have "In Old Kentucky" engraved on his granite because he is the author of the one supremely human drama about a horse-race. Dazey was what Dr. Osler would call an old man—not an old man physically, for he was and is about as lively as they make them: but his hair was gray, he no longer had to earn Tuesday's war-bread on Monday, and theatrical history had gathered him for her own. He was so old that he had a son (now Lieut. Frank M. Dazey, U. S. E. F., France) about to graduate from Harvard. Frank was a pretty bright boy, and all of his father's fellow-dramatists on the stage Olympus thought it was an awful thing that a smart man like C. T. should let his son — college-bred, too — fool around a cheap trade like the motion picture business. For Frank went straight to the scenario department of the Vitagraph company. And he was a success!

Mr. Dazey, at work on a new photoplay with the trusty little typewriter on which he has personally "ground out" every 'script. Below—a scene from his "Wolf Lowry."

Old Dr. Faust, according to the immortal and quite un-Prussian Goethe, got hold of a beverage that turned his clock back to 9 a. m. or thereabouts. Frank's entry into the Vitagraph works had exactly that effect on his father. Here was something new to do in the world!

Frank asked his father about some tricky dramatic points in one or two scenarios; he helped him through the ruts—and all of a sudden the young fellow found that father was hiding out on him, writing a film play of his own!

That was the day of the short subject, and the elder Dazey's first few essays, anonymously put out, were two-reelers.

Then came a five-reeler that bore his name. His colleagues of the stage thought he was broke, and lamented his reduction to such a dreadful extremity. But he went right on, the "movie" became the photoplay in just a little while, and then—

For two years Charles T. Dazey, absolutely renewing his youth in the fervor of a new and fascinating creation, has written exclusively, continuously and successfully for the screen.

You know his photoplays. Among them are that heroic Hart vehicle, "Wolf Lowry;" "The Sea-Master;" "The Redemption of Dave Darcy;" "The Mysterious Client;" "Behind the Mask;" "The Midnight Trail;" "Peggy Leads the Way," and "New York Luck."

"Manhattan Madness," which will be reissued as long as there is a demand for the great original successes of Douglas Fairbanks, was written by father and son, together.

Nearly half a dozen of his latest writings, made by various concerns, have not yet been released.

It was no easy thing for the conservative, dyed-in-the-wool veteran of the theatre to turn to the new medium.

Charles T. Dazey wrote his first stage success, a play called "Rustication," more than thirty years ago, while he himself was a Harvard student.

After his graduation, with a degree, he wrote a play called "An American King," successfully produced by James O'Neill at the old Hooley's theatre, in Chicago.

Katie Putnam was a popular star in 1890-91, and Charles T. Dazey a rising young dramatist. She went to him for a play, and he wrote "In Old Kentucky," with what he considered the stellar role of Madge. The manuscript was promptly sent back, with the notation that it was a star play, all right—for a horse. Then began the time-honored premier hard luck of every drama of destiny —*nobody* wanted it. Finally one Jacob Litt, whose ambitions were his largest asset at that time, took a chance. It made Litt a millionaire, its author independent for life, fortunes for many others, and in ensuing years premier reputations for over twenty young women—among them a hopeful little ingenue named Bessie Barriscale. "In Old Kentucky" ended its twenty-fifth consecutive season last June. It played forty uninterrupted weeks last year.

Mr. Dazey had other successful stage pieces, but space is short, and mention will be made of but one which is more recently familiar: "The Sign of the Rose," in which he collaborated with George Beban.

Mr. Dazey speaks very seriously of what he considers the great evil of the motion picture industry today: the willingness of managers to spend fortunes on salaries and productions, and their unwillingness to pay proportionate prices for the foundation underneath, *the story*. He says:

"It simply does not pay to put one's best work into photoplays under present conditions. Any good five reel screen play contains the stuff for a stage play or a novel. It is far better to write it in either of these forms, and then, even if a failure on Broadway, picture companies will bid ten times what they would have been willing to pay for an original synopsis, constructed and especially adapted for the screen. At least two of my screen plays I am credibly informed have made for the companies producing them over a quarter of a million each. Whenever a play attains such success as this a fair percentage can and should be paid instead of the few hundred dollars usually given reluctantly and grudgingly.

"One after the other, well known writers like Channing Pollock and others have been driven from the field, or have determined, as in my own case, to write only big special features or serials for which a fair percentage of gross receipts can be secured."

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars in *the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Nativity of Maurice Tourneur, Born February 2nd, in France

MR. TOURNEUR has the Zodiacal sign Scorpio on the Eastern horizon at birth, with the Lord (Mars) in his exaltation in Aries, which all indicates that he is and always will be master of the situation, either by might or mind. He is capable in many directions of effort: the mind is penetrating, sharp, and clear; the imagination prolific. He is a philosopher, and is fond of mental battles, in which he is generally victorious. Mr. Tourneur has excellent executive ability; he can govern and lead well. There is a great taste for the military; and if he could stay in one place long enough, he would make a good politician, as he is a "good mixer." I would astrologically advise Mr. Tourneur to look upon the bright side of life. Too much solitude is not good for him, as his mind has a tendency to revert to the past. He must not gamble, take chances in any way, own real estate, nor preach, teach or argue on science, religion, or wife's relations. He should never go into business for himself, but should not be in a subordinate position. He should direct others and be in command. Money has come slow to this native, but by his own making, and he must not expect any legacy on this earth. While Mr. Tourneur is quick tempered, he is also tender hearted and generous.

Nativity of Miss Pauline Frederick, Born August 12th

IF the hour 3:30 p. m. as given to me is correct, I would say that Miss Frederick's health has not been of the best, since birth. Her constitution is very weak, partially due to too much study. Her brain is active all the time —if she is not studying while awake, she is dreaming while asleep. In short she is a bunch of intellectuality. To quote a French astrologer of the Fifteenth Century, one Nostradamus, "She is Christian, philosopher, poet, physician, all in one." Miss Frederick was born with the Sun and Venus in the Royal sign Leo, with the sign Sagittarius rising at birth, indicating that she came from a long line of kings, her mother being a queen, her father not of the royal line, but a man of letters (this all means in past incarnation). She should never marry nor go into partnership with any one, for there are likely to be separations, which will be unpleasant. She should guard her health, especially her lungs and throat. She should not attempt to keep house, but should live in hotels. Miss Frederick should let her inspirations have full play. In 1918 and 1919 she will, if birth time is given correctly, take many long journeys by land, one of which in the employ of the government on secret matters. Miss Frederick will also have much money and property left to her.

Anita's War Garden

Not for the lowly potato or string-bean does she labor, but for a bumper crop of fearless soldiers.

By Frances Denton

GARDENING in the souls of soldiers, to reap a crop of strong patriotic purpose, is the chief occupation of a band of devoted American women and girls these days—and one of the most active of these workers is Anita Stewart, dainty screen star.

Anita is heart and soul, and hands and feet—and purse—in this labor and has been for more than a year. You will understand why when I tell you what she is doing—as I shall presently.

About a year ago, when Miss Stewart was resting and regaining the strength an attack of typhoid had stolen from her, she spent a great deal of time—and money—travelling, but ultimately returned to her home at Bayshore, Long Island, where she found her closest friend, Virginia Norden, about as busy as a McAdoo. She was, and is, holding down the job of chairman of the "Patriotic Gardeners."

Started originally to encourage, nay, to insist upon, the raising of potatoes and things, this particular organization has expanded its field of operations until now it "mothers" all of the selective service boys in the Bayshore district—and tills their souls while it provides them comforts.

Well, it didn't take Anita long to join in this work, and she has been doing her bit ever since. It's the finest experience of her life, she says.

"Our boys are the happiest lot in khaki," she declared, "because they know that everything is all right at home. Whenever a boy is drafted and gets notice to be ready to start for Camp Upton or some other training place, we know of the notice as soon as he does—and we immediately adopt him, as it were. We first see that he is properly outfitted with all clothing and comforts that he can take to camp. We help him to get his affairs straightened out, and, if he has relatives who may need aid, we see that this worry is removed from his mind. Then, when the time comes for him to go, we give him a happy farewell—and he is off to camp, light-hearted and ready for what may come."

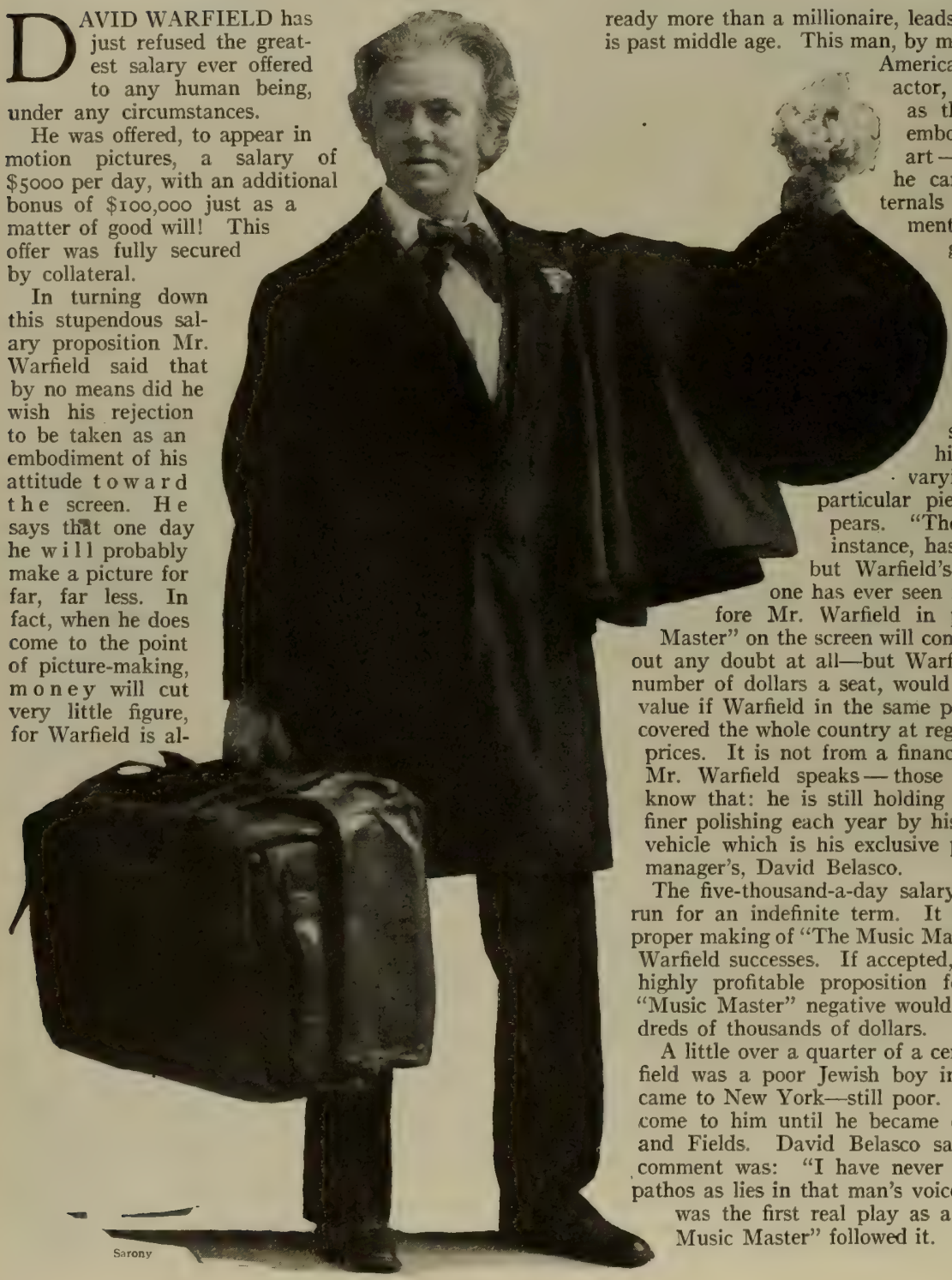
Miss Stewart's place on Long Island, where she started plans for her "War Garden," while recovering from a long illness.

Now begins the soul gardening. The seed of contentment has been planted in the soldier-to-be, and Miss Stewart and the other "Patriotic Gardeners" nurture it by keeping up a steady correspondence with the boy. They not only inspire him to big deeds and a realization of the gigantic task that is before him, but they keep in touch with the folks at home and from these go only letters of cheer. So that "the boy" has no worry and nothing to distract his attention from the big job, and in a few

months, when he has sailed away and gone over the top, rifle in hand and naught but fearlessness in his heart—another crop has ripened for the "patriotic gardeners."

Such is the work that Anita and the other young women are doing. And you may realize that this girl has little time for play. She is steadily engaged at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn by day, working on big productions like "The 'Mind-The-Paint' Girl," plays in which you will see her this fall, but her evenings are devoted to gardening in the souls of soldiers. Once in awhile she manages to slip away for a Sunday swim, but not often. And it's pretty tough, because Anita has several very fetching bathing costumes and she looks great in them, too. Besides, she's an A1 swimmer. But war is war, and while there's patriotic gardening to be done, even Anita's fetching beach toggery must remain just toggery.

He Refused Five Thousand A Day


Sarony

DAVID WARFIELD has just refused the greatest salary ever offered to any human being, under any circumstances.

He was offered, to appear in motion pictures, a salary of $5000 per day, with an additional bonus of $100,000 just as a matter of good will! This offer was fully secured by collateral.

In turning down this stupendous salary proposition Mr. Warfield said that by no means did he wish his rejection to be taken as an embodiment of his attitude toward the screen. He says that one day he will probably make a picture for far, far less. In fact, when he does come to the point of picture-making, money will cut very little figure, for Warfield is already more than a millionaire, leads a very quiet life, and is past middle age. This man, by many a critic considered America's greatest living actor, regards the photoplay as the eventual and final embodiment of his acting art — a material in which he can pass along the externals of his accomplishments, at least, to another generation. He says, and evinces therein a shrewd knowledge of the universality and power of the motion picture, that his screen appearance would probably set a definite end to his widespread and unvarying success in the particular pieces in which he appears. "The Music Master," for instance, has never been anything but Warfield's personal vehicle; no one has ever seen it who has not sat before Mr. Warfield in person. "The Music Master" on the screen will come to us one day, without any doubt at all—but Warfield in the flesh, at a number of dollars a seat, would be a very diminished value if Warfield in the same play on the screen had covered the whole country at regulation motion picture prices. It is not from a financial point of view that Mr. Warfield speaks — those who know the man know that: he is still holding back, for a finer and finer polishing each year by his own talents, a great vehicle which is his exclusive property—his and his manager's, David Belasco.

The five-thousand-a-day salary of course would not run for an indefinite term. It would cover only the proper making of "The Music Master" and certain other Warfield successes. If accepted, it would have been a highly profitable proposition for its makers, for a "Music Master" negative would be worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A little over a quarter of a century ago David Warfield was a poor Jewish boy in San Francisco. He came to New York—still poor. His triumphs did not come to him until he became comedian with Weber and Fields. David Belasco saw him, and his only comment was: "I have never heard such a note of pathos as lies in that man's voice." "The Auctioneer" was the first real play as a result of this. "The Music Master" followed it.

Has Mary Pickford Retired?

MARY PICKFORD is in a quandary. To her thousands of friends in the audience all over the world, who are eager for news about her and her future plans, she can only say, "You know as much about it as I do!" For the little queen of the movies, whose throne for almost ten years has never even tottered, doesn't know what she is going to do next. Mary hasn't worked for over two months now; she is resting at Santa Monica, Cal., trying to make up her mind to do any one of a number of things. The most important consideration is, perhaps, the offer made her by the First National Exhibitors' League. If she signs their contract, she will make eight pictures a year and receive a quarter of a million dollars for each picture. These pictures would not cost her more than $50,000 a piece, so she would have a profit of $200,000 on each one. But nothing definite has been done. She has shown no inclination to renew her contract with Adolph Zukor, which expired upon the completion of her Artcraft picture, "The Mobilization of Johanna;" or to sign any of the numerous contracts offered her by other big concerns. Miss Pickford fully realizes the difficulties of obtaining suitable screen material—good stories, competent direction; and she knows what a few poor pictures might mean to the enviable artistic reputation she has builded in her years of screen endeavor. Then too, Mary has thought of going to France for war relief work. And she has even considered permanent retirement. We cannot comment, for we know as much about it as Mary does today.

Bushman-Bayne

THE electric sign over the Boston Theater, Chicago, bore the following legend a few weeks ago:

F. X. BUSHMAN
AND WIFE
IN "A PAIR OF CUPIDS"

In this way a clever theater manager made capital of the news in the papers that day. For Mr. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were married in New York a few days after the courts handed the former Mrs. Bushman her divorce and alimony in another state.

They spent their honeymoon at Bushmanor, Riderwood, Md. The ceremony was said to have taken place in New York. Bushman and Bayne have been screen sweethearts for years, dating back to their engagement with Essanay in Chicago. When Mr. Bushman signed with Metro, Miss Bayne had a contract also, as his leading woman, which role she has played through a long series of screen successes, including "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Bayne is ten years Mr. Bushman's junior.

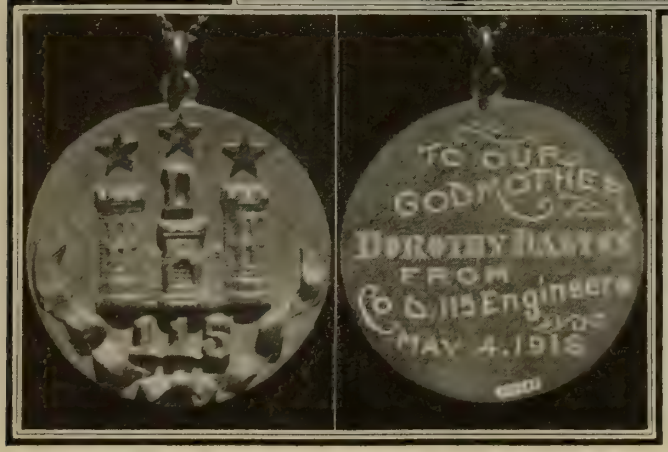
Mrs. Bushman, by the court order, was given custody of the five children, and liberal alimony.

Meet Nenette and Rintintin

OVER in Paris it is believed that they will bring protection to anyone who wears them—Nenette and Rintintin, the quaint little twin amulet. They are exercising a really remarkable influence over the imaginations of the French people just now, and indeed one story goes that two soldiers alone escaped from a terrible encounter with the enemy because they were protected by their amulets. A poilu—one who had lived in the United States—sent "Nenette and Rintintin" to Corinne Griffith, the Vitagraph star. Hers is one of the few in this country. Will the fair Corinne inaugurate its use over here? Are the Americans as imaginative as the French? At any rate, in Paris they solemnly believe that the amulet is a charm to protect its wearer.

The Earnestness Of Being Funny

IT'S all very well to talk about an actor's merry life, but it's not a laughing matter behind the screen—when the funny movie is in the process of manufacture. Even Teddy, lugubriously present in the foreground, is apprehensive. From L. to R.: Earle C. Kenton, Lloyd Campbell (assistant), Hampton Del Ruth, Walter Wright (standing), director; Judge Boyer, John Grey, assistant editor; Wayland Trask, Mary Thurman, Ben Turpin (standing), Charles Murray, Laura LaVarnie, Harry Booker, and Teddy.

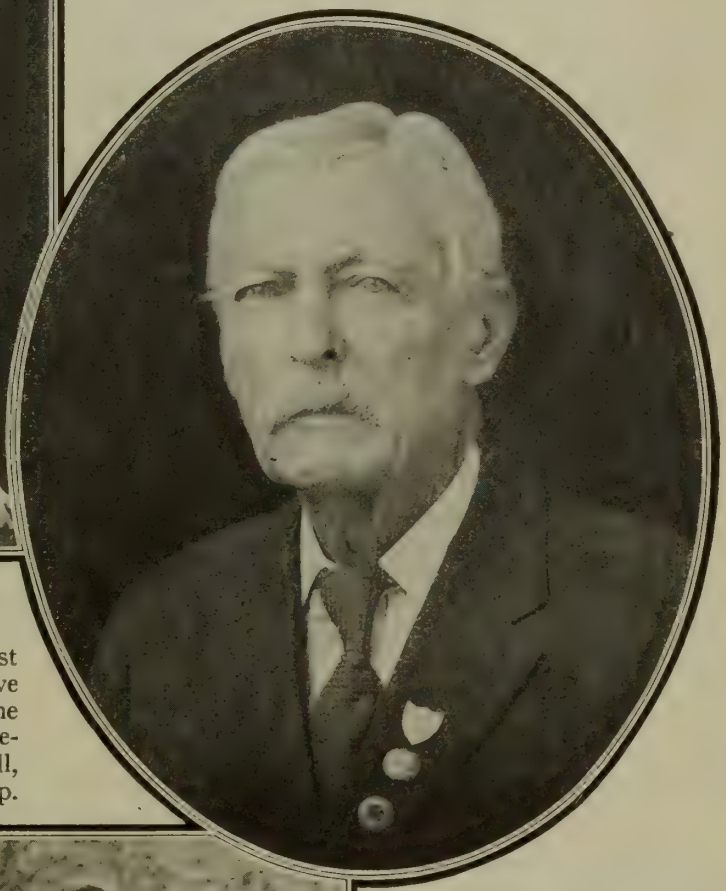


Dorothy Is Decorated For Kindness

THE Ince star has adopted a regiment—the boys of Co. D, 115th Engineers, are Miss Dalton's godsons. This medal was presented to her in recognition of her thoughtful donations of smokes, candy, and recreation for the boys. Panel at far left shows the front of the medal; the "D" stands for Dorothy, Dalton and Co. D.

An Aerial Dog-o'-War

BILL is the first and only dog in the world to have seen air service. For three years Bill has been soaring above the lines in a 'plane which has clashed with the enemy in many battle flights. Bill belongs to Capt. Jacques Boyriven, a distinguished French aviator who has been detailed by the French government to the United States as an instructor in the art of combat. Captain Boyriven has received every decoration that the French government can give, including the Legion of Honor. He is, in peace times, a French motion picture expert; he has been both manufacturer and director, and is a writer as well. He was closely associated with the French film business up to the outbreak of the war. He—and Bill—are stationed at Mineola, Long Island.



Facing His Own "Guns"

HIS name is always on the screen, but this is the first time he has ever been filmed. In "We Can't Have Everything," Cecil DeMille's picture, Alvin Wyckoff, the best known cameraman in Zukor-Lasky employ, "pretended" to be a cameraman, acting with Tully Marshall, et al. He is the round-faced man with the reversed cap.

A "Movie Fan" Who Fought With Sherman

CAPT. S. F. MOORE is 80 years old. He served throughout the Civil War. Lives in Toledo, and collects players' photos. He writes:

"I have sent cards of appreciation to many actresses of the screen, and the most noted of them are those who have shown their appreciation. This amiability is one cause of their popularity."

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

You will note that Miss Clark occupies Marshall Neilan's directorial chair by mistake, and vice versa. We imagine "Micky" is congratulating Miss Clark on her being engaged to a real soldier.

FRANCES MARION, Mary Pickford's favorite scenarioist, the writer and adapter of many successful photoplays for Mary and other Paramount-Artcraft stars, and formerly a newspaper woman and magazine illustrator, has secured a six months' leave of absence from the Lasky company, with whom she had just signed a new contract calling for $50,000 a year, and is now on her way to France. Miss Marion made all her arrangements quietly, attempting to keep her plans secret, and refusing to divulge what particular work she is going to do over there. To her friends she only vouchsafed the following information, "I can't sit and write stories, over here, when there's so much to be done over there."

HENRY B. WALTHALL is working under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince in the leading role of "False Faces," from the novel by Louis Joseph Vance. The story depicts another episode in the life of "The Lone Wolf," which character Bert Lytell created on the screen in Herbert Brenon's picture of the same name.

JUST about "press time," came the announcement of Marguerite Clark's engagement. This is real, honest-to-goodness news, for Miss Cora Clark, Marguerite's sister, has made formal announcement of the fact from the Clark home in New York. The screen star will marry First Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams, U. S. A., son of a wealthy New Orleans lumber merchant, whom she met while in the Southern city in the interest of the third Liberty Loan drive. Lieutenant Williams was much interested and helped Miss Clark in her work for the government. Later he was transferred to Washington, and again met Marguerite, who spent her vacation there. No arrangements have yet been made for the wedding, owing to the uncertainty of Lieut. Williams' assignment. But Miss Clark has declared that she will not retire from the screen, believing that all women should work in war-time.

GUSTAVE VON SEYFFERTITZ, of Lasky, has adopted a new name for professional purposes. He will hereafter be known as G. Butler Clonebaugh, a name to which he has a perfect title, as it was his mother's maiden name.

WHILE Dorothy Gish was in New York, she discovered a long-lost relative as the result of her appearance at the theatre where "Hearts of the World" was being shown. It seems that a manly young sailor, one of the Rhode Island's crew, heard that Dorothy Gish was to appear in person at the matinee performance, and introducing himself to the box-office as Victor Gish, said he thought Dorothy was his cousin and wanted to meet her. After Miss Gish had made her little speech, the young sailor was brought forward, and Mrs. Gish recognized him immediately as her nephew, Dorothy's first cousin. Dorothy had to take her mother's word for it, because it was twelve years since the two last met.

HERBERT Rawlinson has gone to the Blackton company, and is now engaged in enacting a leading role in J. Stuart's new war film, entitled "The Common Cause," which was "Getting Together" on the stage. The picture is being produced under the auspices of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission.

VITAGRAPH has relinquished the services of Anita Stewart to Louis B. Mayer, the Boston distributor. Under the contract Mayer had with Vitagraph after that company won their case in court over the actress' services, Mayer was to have Miss Stewart on September 3rd, but owing to the time lost through an automobile accident in which Miss Stewart figured, it was determined by Vitagraph that the period of her services left to them was too limited to carry out their plans. What disposition is to be made of the last picture Miss Stewart made for Vitagraph is not settled at this writing.

Donald Crisp, the Lasky director, is a lucky fisherman. It took him just twenty minutes recently to catch enough fish to become a member of the Light Tackle Club of Catalina, a distinction that other fishermen have struggled years to gain. Crisp, accompanied by Mrs. Crisp, spent two days fishing and landed 825 pounds of fish. He turned over 300 pounds to the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles and the rest he distributed among Hollywood friends. In this photograph he is shown with part—only part, mind you—of the record catch.

Photographing Norma Talmadge on the highest spot in New York — the Billings estate at 194th street and Wadsworth avenue, overlooking the Hudson. Sidney Franklin, Norma's director, unlike most directors is trying to hide from the still camera. The gentleman whose Mephistolean countenance is barely visible is Alfred Moses and his skeptical contemporary to the left is Edward Wynard—both cameramen. And here too is Eugene O'Brien, who is said to have made up his mind to desert to the noisy stage next season.

A $300,000 studio is being erected by Thomas Ince at Culver City, where all his companies will work in the future. The site comprises eleven acres, and plans call for the erection of some eighteen buildings.

MILTON SILLS has been signed by Goldwyn to play opposite Geraldine Farrar in her second picture for that company. Sills was recently seen with Clara Kimball Young in several features.

ENRICO CARUSO has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky to appear in a series of Artcraft pictures. The famous tenor has been approached many times by producers for his services, but always he has declined. This time, however, the temptation was too great, and Caruso capitulated. We don't know just how much he's going to get, but it's enough to bother him and to gladden the hearts of the income tax collectors.

ALMA RUBENS is another blushing bride announced this month, and Franklyn Farnum the latest benedict. They're married—to each other. Alma is with Triangle; Franklyn is acting for Metro.

MOTION picture actors and "other skilled persons necessary to the production of motion pictures" are not to be affected by the "work or fight" law. General Crowder has so officially ruled, and by his action has given added force to the screen's contention that it is an essential industry. The Crowder ruling places film actors on the same governmental plane with actors of the speaking stage.

HELEN JEROME EDDY, who appeared in a picture or two for Universal, has left to enter the entertainment forces of Uncle Sam. In other words, Helpful Helen is obliging in a big way.

BARNEY SHERRY, of Triangle, has adopted a Belgian war baby whom he has christened Barney Sherry, Jr.

METRO has added two more stars to its aggregation. Olive Tell, who was featured in the Screen Classics production, "To Hell with the Kaiser," Hale Hamilton, from the "legit," who first scored on the screen as May Allison's leading man in "The Winning of Beatrice," and Viola Dana's in "Opportunity." Miss Tell and Mr. Hamilton will head their own individual companies, and have, in fact, started work on their new productions. Two new leading men recently signed by the same organization are King Baggot, recently in "The Eagle's Eye," and Creighton Hale, who is to play opposite Emmy Wehlen.

HOUSE PETERS does not appear in support of Blanche Sweet, as was reported some time ago. Instead he is engaged in filling a contract with a San Antonio, Texas, company.

NORMAN KERRY has transferred his wardrobe, lance-like mustache, and w. k. pep to the Triangle studios at Culver City, where he will play opposite Olive Thomas, in one of her forthcoming features. Kerry's appearances on the screen have been with so many stars, including Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, and Dorothy Phillips, it is hard to keep track of his activities.

AT last Violet Mersereau and the Universal Company have reached an understanding. Miss Mersereau's contract calls for her appearance in pictures for Universal in the east. Sometime ago they ordered her West. She declined to go, whereupon they ceased utilizing her

This is Baby Gloria Osborne, a future little "Mary Sunshine" of the films, receiving her first direction from William Bertram. Gloria is proud of her not-much-bigger sister, who is a star, you know.

services, though continuing to pay her her salary. They have now sent for her to resume work in the East.

ANTONIO MORENO, after some time spent in the east with Pathe, has gone back West with the Vitagraph, the company which first starred him. Tony is playing in a Vitagraph serial with Carol Halloway.

MAURICE TOURNEUR had planned to make John Van den Brock a director next fall as a reward for his excellent work during the four years he was employed making Tourneur pictures. But Van den Brock was drowned near Bar Harbor while the company was on location for scenes in "The Woman." He was standing on a rocky ledge trying to get a particularly effective bit of scenery, and lost his life when a big wave swept him off his feet. Van den Brock was the man responsible for the photography in such productions as "The Blue Bird," "Prunella," and he had "shot," during his career behind the camera, such stars as Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson, and Clara Kimball Young.

DOROTHY GREEN comes back to the screen with Montagu Love in "Pirate's Gold," for World. Miss Green is a well known film vamp, having acted in that capacity for Fox in the Castle serial "Patria."

THE soldier-author, "Private Peat," is making a filmization of his book for Paramount.

BAD news for Eugene O'Brien's fanettes. Eugene is going back to the stage next season. Although it was reported that he was to have his own film company, it seems that Charles Dillingham has persuaded him to accept a leading part in a comedy-drama for a Broadway theatre. At present O'Brien is working in Norma Talmadge's new picture.

Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams, who is to wed Marguerite Clark. The formal announcement of the engagement was made by Miss Cora Clark when Marguerite returned from Washington, where she spent her vacation from film work, and where her fiance has been stationed in the Engineers' division of the army.

Poor little Mary has a terrible time in "The Mobilization of Johanna," her last picture under her Artcraft contract. This seems to be part of the mobilization, but then we didn't read the Rupert Hughes story from which the picture was adapted, so we don't know.

FRANK REICHER, long a director for Lasky, has left that organization to handle the megaphone at the World studios in Fort Lee. His first assignment was "The Sea Waif," starring Louise Huff.

FLORENCE TURNER is now playing opposite Mitchell Lewis in a mining-camp drama produced by a Spokane producing company. Miss Turner's picture work for some time was done in England, but difficulties in obtaining a passport made it impossible for her to return.

IT is rumored that Earle Williams may be engaged as leading man for David Griffith in Artcraft pictures. But maybe it's only a rumor.

THOSE film followers who thought Harrison Ford was unmarried will be surprised to learn that his wife is suing him for divorce.

PAUL POWELL, one of those directors who assisted David Griffith, has been engaged by Bluebird. Powell did "The Matrimaniac," a Fairbanks Fine Arts, "The Wild Girl of the Sierras," with Mae Marsh, and "Hell-to-Pay-Austin," under Griffith's supervision.

CREIGHTON HALE decided that being an actor wasn't enough, so he has entered into the busy marts of the trade, so to say. He conducts a tiny shop in New York where antique china and pottery are offered for sale. Chinese glaze is Creighton's hobby and in his home are more than ten examples of the finest pottery. In the course of his collection, which represents a period of ten years, he has accumulated duplicates of the less important varieties and was at a loss to know how to dispose of them until he got the idea of opening a little shop. "To tell you the truth," he said the other day, "I'm afraid my shop is going in a hole. You see I employ two young ladies to run it for me and they make a sale about once a month. The other day they sold a small jar for which I paid $200 at an auction. They let it go for $65."

This is Mildred Manning, who doesn't require additional identification as the O. Henry Girl. Mildred has been taking a long vacation from her screen work.

COLIN CAMPBELL, who directed all Selig's important pictures including "The Spoilers" and "The Crisis," has been loaned to Jewel to direct "The Yellow Dog," adapted from Henry Irving Dodge's Saturday Evening Post story. Dodge is the author of the Skinner stories.

HAROLD LLOYD has adopted two hundred children, inmates of a Los Angeles orphanage. He takes them to the theatre every fortnight—and not always to see his own comedies, either. Then he winds up with a treat at an ice-cream parlor. Ask those kids who's their fav-or-ite fillum star.

John Emerson is pretty tall, but his height is emphasized when compared with the tiny stature of his little co-workers—Anita Loos, correctly titled "the soubrette of satire," and Shirley Mason, and Ernest Truex, co-stars in the John Emerson-Anita Loos Productions for Paramount.

GAIL KANE is to have her own company and is at work on a series of feature productions, to be released through Mutual.

JUNE CAPRICE has left Fox. Miss Caprice, you may remember, was an illustration of William Fox's theory that he could take any pretty and intelligent young girl and make of her a film star.

MOTION picture exhibitors throughout the country were relieved to learn that an official ruling has just been obtained for them from the National War Savings Committee, that anyone who advises school children, their parents, guardians, or teachers, to stay away from motion picture theatres during the war is acting in defiance of the wishes of the National Committee. Recently, in California and other western states, several public school instructors told their pupils that, were they really patriotic, they would refrain from attending photoplays and devote the money thus saved to the purchase of thrift stamps. Joseph W. Engel, treasurer of the Metro company, was instrumental in bringing about the ruling that relieved the situation.

SOUTHERN California citizens and tourists passing the Douglas Fairbanks studio have often commented on the lineup of luxurious motors. But times have changed. "We ought not to be riding around in Rolls-Royces and Pierce Arrows these days," said Doug. "Let's sell the big cars and get flivvers. We'll put the balance in War Savings Stamps." And he started it by driving to work in a Ford coupe. Of course the rest of the company followed suit, and now it's flivver row for sure—but the number of Thrift Stamps the owners have cornered is said to be inspiring.

BULL MONTANA has been rejected from army service because of defective hearing.

HERBERT STANDING has received word that his son, Guy Standing, has been decorated by King George and made Commander in the Royal Navy, having covered himself with glory as one of the heroes in blockading the U-boat base at Zeebrugge.

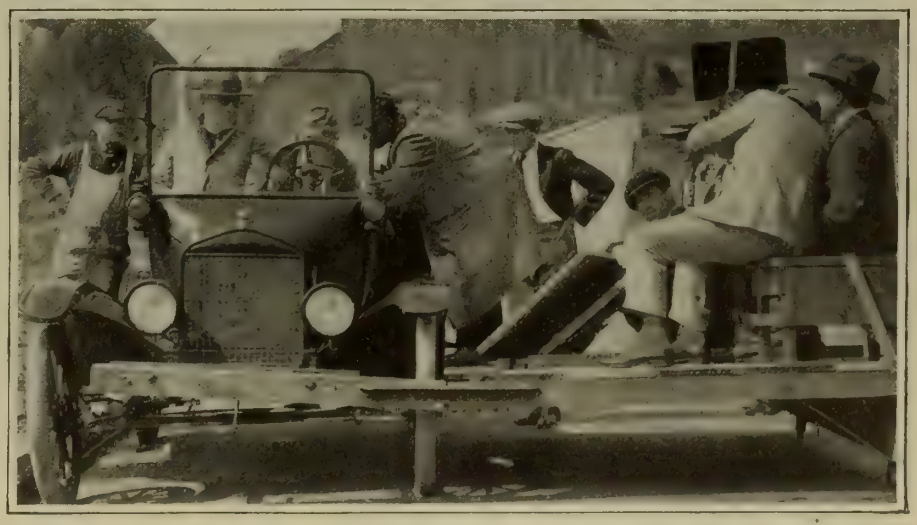
FLORENCE VIDOR is Bryant Washburn's new leading woman. Washburn, by the way, is to appear in a film version of "The Gypsy Trail."

MAE MARSH is one of Geraldine Farrar's most sincere admirers, according to a Goldwyn publicity writer. Every moment she can be spared from her own scene, Mae follows the work of the silent song-star with intense interest, thereby breaking a rule. Jerry insists that her acting be done away from the curious eyes of bystanders, but in the case of Goldwyn's whim girl she graciously makes an exception.

ABSOLUTE divorce and $40,000 alimony has been granted to Mrs. Josephine F. Bushman from Francis X. Bushman on the grounds of cruelty and neglect. By the terms of the decree Bushman is required to pay his wife $10,000 of the sum immediately, $10,000 in eight months, $10,000 in fourteen months, and the balance in twelve months. After these payments are completed Mrs. Bushman shall have no further right interest, or title in any property that Bushman may own now or hereafter. The custody of their five children is given to Mrs. Bushman, but Bushman shall be entitled to their care and custody for not more than six weeks between June 15 and Sept. 15 of each year. Mr. Bushman further agrees to furnish for housekeeping purposes not more than eight rooms of a house to be selected and rented by Mrs. Bushman as a home for herself and children, and to pay the rent of the house during the life of Mrs. Bushman.

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is to appear in a series of films, possibly in an autobiographical presentation, and has given the film rights to all of his writings to Frederick L. Collins, president of McClure publications. Some of the Colonel's more recent patriotic works, such as "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," "Put the Flag on the Firing-Line," and "The Hun Within Our Gates," will probably be among the first pictures to be produced. Colonel Roosevelt will donate all his royalties to the Red Cross.

(Concluded on page 108)



How they showed the Ford going at full speed in the great ride from "How Could You, Jean?" Mary is at the throttle of the tin steed with Herbert Standing beside her. The director and the camera chap ride right along.

Sons of the

More than ten per cent of the Motion States has gone to war for Liberty

By Julian

Tom Forman of Lasky enlisted as a private a year ago; was made a corporal, then a sergeant, and finally won his lieutenancy.

WHEN the Great Book of Democracy's war comes to be written, its theme will be the union of every trade and craft and profession; the side-by-side sacrifices of all classes of citizens; the creation, not of a freedom from military caste, but an army of the ranks of every peaceful pursuit.

The Photoplay is walking side by side with the leaders of that army. Everybody knows that it has poured forth its silent voice and given its money without stint—but what of its flesh-and-blood sacrifices—its actual gift of life to the purpose of liberty? On the contents-page of last month's issue we asked, very frankly: "Is there a dishonor roll in the motion picture industry?" We spoke frankly because in times like these it behooves every householder to see to the cleanliness of his own threshold. If there was a dishonor roll, if the people of the new art were shirking, we wanted to know it. We set about finding out. And first we found out—

That a curious diffidence hazes the profession where actual response to the call of the colors has been made. In a craft where even a divorce is considered a fit matter of press-agentry the heroic thing, the big sacrifice, has been assumed in quiet determination, and in almost utter lack of heraldry.

White

Lieutenant Tom Powers, Royal Flying Corps, now flying in France. His last picture was "The Auction Block." (Goldwyn)

Cadet Luther A. Reed, Metro scenarioist, in training at Uncle Sam's camp for officers in Camp Lee, Va.

Eugene James Zukor, son of Adolph Zukor, is now in the Navy, ordnance section.

The late S. Rankin Drew, son of Sidney Drew, and scion of a great line, passed in flames, battling seven German airmen.

Hartsook

Jack Pickford enlisted in the Navy. Now assigned to censoring films for the Government.

Lieut. Frank M. Dazey, scenario writer and son of Charles T. Dazey, is in France with the Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Sun in Arms!

Picture man power in the United — and the percentage is climbing

Johnson

For the most part, the moving picture men who have gone to the camps or the navy-yards or France have just dropped out of sight. Brief items have in some instance heralded their departures; more often nothing has been said.

For once, even the most eager for advertising have appreciated what is not, as well as what is, the true sphere of press-agentry. The motion-picture actor has proved that he knows, as well as the lawyer, the engineer and the architect, that this war is too big for brag.

And so he has gone in, silently, valiantly, determinedly; struggling up to officership where he could; cheerfully buck-privating it where he could not; specializing in war's sciences wherever his motion picture science enabled him to do so.

One of the next things that we discovered is that it is not possible to make any correct or categorical list of sons of the sun in arms, any more than it is possible to issue a perfect military blue book of sons of the hardware business.

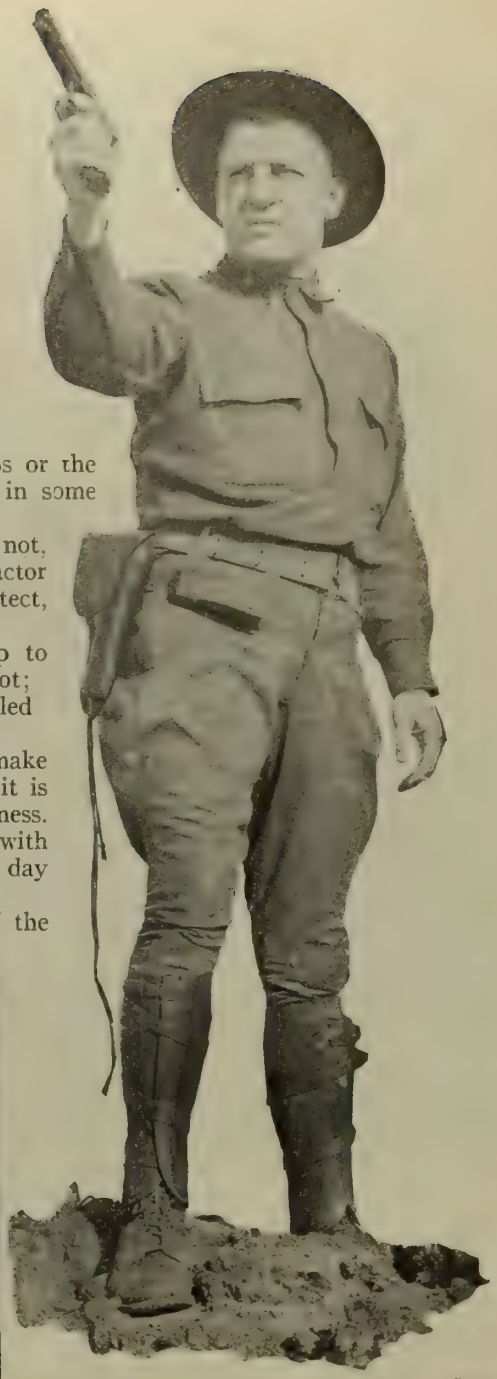
These lines are written at the last possible moment before going to press with the October number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE; to be explicit, on the 29th day of July.

Today from ten to twelve percent of the motion picture man power of the

Witzel

Triangle's service flag has fifty-five stars — and one of them is for Lloyd Bacon, leading man, now in uniform.

Kenneth Harlan, matinee hero for Mildred Harris, Mary MacLaren, and Carmel Myers, now training at Camp Kearney, Cal.



Stagg

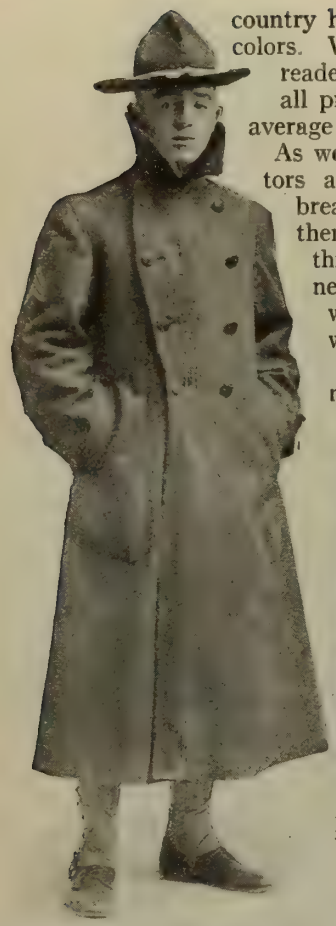
Walter Long, Griffith's prize villain, has been for many months a lieutenant of artillery at Fort McArthur, California.

Melville Shaner, son of E. Shaner, assistant treasurer of Famous Players-Lasky, is now in France.

Joseph Henaberry, director for Douglas Fairbanks. Henaberry is now at Fort McDowell in San Francisco.

Campbell

Comedian Harold Lloyd of Rolin-Pathe has paused in a rising career to enlist in the Navy.



Sergeant William J. Moore, of the Famous Players company, has already won the Croix de Guerre for distinguished service.

country has answered the call of the colors. When these words reach the reader that percentage will, in all probability, have risen to an average fifteen at least.

As we write, scores of young actors are doubtless arranging to break the final bonds that hold them to civilian life. When this book comes upon the news-stands many of those whose names are not here will have gone.

There are motion picture men in every military camp and officers' training school in America today, and we venture to say that one or more motion picture men is in every branch and department of the American Expeditionary Force in France. Certainly they are in cavalry, infantry, artillery and aviation; they almost dominate the photographic side of the Signal Corps; a number of them are in the medical and hospital service; a number are with those heroic bands, the overseas Knights of Columbus and Y. M. C. A., and some are in the transport service.

Eugene Pallette is a Lieutenant in the U. S. Aviation Corps. Last picture —"Viviette"—a Lasky.

Witzel

William D. Taylor, Mary Pickford's director, gave up his $25,000 a year and sailed from New York to enlist in the British Army.

To collect the full army and navy data from all parts of the motion picture industry would require months. To assort and tabulate it would require months more. Remember, there are motion picture men in every town and city in the United States. What we set down here, therefore, is neither a catalogue of patriotism nor a full memorandum of service; it is a sheet of samples, a handful of type straws, a collection of incidents showing that the quality of patriotism is nowhere in the world finer, truer, more constant and less obtrusive than in the corps and divisions of the great art America proudly calls its own.

In this résumé we shall chiefly consider the production forces, for it is with the production forces that the readers of PHOTOPLAY are more particularly interested. Upon production and production office forces any figures are based.

The Zukor-Lasky corporations are, in a manner of speech, a university of picture companies. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Zukor-Lasky service flag has more stars than any other—but it has a close competitor: Universal!

Before me are 220 Zukor-Lasky names—and 190 from Universal. If that list were revised the day you read this, each concern might have in excess of 300. In fact, they expect to.

Let's see what those optic brethren, Artcraft, Paramount and Select, are doing in the war.

I notice that William J. Moore, of Famous Players, has already won the Croix de Guerre! And right after that, that W. St. Clair Anderson, an Englishman, also of Famous Players, enlisted with the Australians, turned to aviation, won the rank of Captain, became Flight Commander—and won the Croix de Guerre, Legion of Honor and the Distinguished Service Order of Great Britain!

Lieut. Charles Wallack (Universal) is in the medical service, stationed at Washington, D. C.

Lieut. Edward J. Langford, leading man for Ethel Clayton in World pictures, now in France.

Captain Adrian Gil-Speare, aviator; U. S. Signal Corps, Balloon Section, was formerly scenario chief of Goldwyn.

Lieut. Hector Turnbull, A. E. F., France; former scenario chief of Famous Players-Lasky, and author of "The Cheat."

Adolf Zukor's son, Eugene James Zukor, is in the ordnance section of the navy. Hector Turnbull, former Lasky scenario chief and author of "The Cheat," has been long an officer of the Expeditionary Forces. Victor Fleming, formerly Fairbanks' cameraman, is instructor in the army school of cinematography. Tate Cullen, assistant director of Lasky's, is a camouflage artist with Pershing's Engineers. Lucien

(Continued on page 106)

Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness.

"Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" has been put into pictures by Fox. Its vivid portrayals afford strong food for the juvenile imagination.

A TOTAL of 124,372 patrons to their educational film exhibitions in a period of less than a year is an inaccurate record of the Iowa State College Visual Instruction department. It is inaccurate because several of the places of showing kept no record. An accurate account would doubtless bring the total attendance observation of the college reels at something like 150,000 pair of eyes.

Which just goes to show how the instructive film is being appreciated out in Iowa. There are other states equally as enthusiastic over the visual instruction—we will take them up later on. The case of Iowa State College is inspirational. Their library—scores of diversified reels—includes films of instruction on a variety of topics, although their specialization is agricultural for the reason that their rural circuits cover the state.

Not only has the College secured the films, but the faculty works with the various community schools, churches, and Y. M. C. A. houses to help secure projection machines. In some cases a subscription buys the machine, in others special entertainment itself pays for it.

Not only does the College circulate agricultural films throughout the rural districts, but, well—glance over their report for the period from Sept. 5, 1917, to May 30 of this year.

"The Story of Two Pigs" is an interesting and valuable reel released by Atlas Educational, produced in conjunction with the Purdue University. Such a fine type of picture as this is what makes the "visual libraries" so important to modern farming.

We have supplied:

1. Canning and Drying Film to above twenty theaters during the fall of 1917. Food Conservation.
2. Motion picture exchanges with War Garden Propaganda Slides. These slides were distributed over the state through the exchanges.
3. Motion picture programs to Camp Dodge Y. M. C. A.
4. Sixty-eight schools with agriculture slide and chart circuit.
5. Programs for several short courses over the state.
6. In addition to the above the Visual Instruction Service has assisted the Home Economics, Dairy and Poultry departments, the Y. M. C. A., the Highway Commission and the Industrial Science Division at various times during the season just past, and are now supplying programs for the summer school Saturday evening entertainments.
7. Thirty-five schools, Y. M. C. A., colleges, state institutions and community centers with 15 motion picture programs.

Out of 934 exhibitions reported, a total of 94,372 patrons were present.

Slides and Charts

7 circuits, 613 reported	25,624
Other dates, 90 reported	5,333
Total	30,957

Film

1 circuit, 215 reported	60,148
Other dates, 16 reported	33,267
Total	93,415
Grand Total	**124,372**

Charles Roach, supervisor of the Visual Instruction Service, says: "Next year we shall have slides and film showing the manufacture of varnish and shall take each step from the gathering of the gums to the final step of applying to the wood surface. We shall then send specimens of the raw materials, packed with the slides and film, thereby making the teaching value of the visual instruction as nearly perfect as is possible. We shall do the same thing for rubber.

"We believe that such combination programs will be extremely valuable to the teachers of commercial geography as well as those teaching sciences and the trades.

"The home economic department of this college has planned to use film programs to take the place of some of the library work. This year the scheme was tried with very satisfactory results. Recently we closed a fifteen-program educational film service.

"For general program service and especially for school use, one and two reel subjects are best. There are, however, a number of three, four and five reel subjects which can be routed on special circuits. In the state of Iowa a reasonable expectation of the number of dates which can be filled on each one of these feature industrials would be from fifteen to twenty-five each year. The film might be worn out in the course of a few years in legitimate service of this kind."

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

In Coatesville, Pa. the Y. M. C. A. acts just like a "regular movie house." Notice the posters out in front of their beautiful building. The Y. M. C. A. motion picture auditorium is located to the left of the entrance and all manner of instructive and wholesome entertainment films are shown there.

News in Brief

The idea of creating a portable movie theatre, as Cleveland is doing in the teaching of baby care, is not confined to the Ohio city. From England comes the interesting announcement that the Ministry of Information is sending out a fleet of ten "automobile moving picture shows," designed to exhibit war pictures in villages and outlying districts.

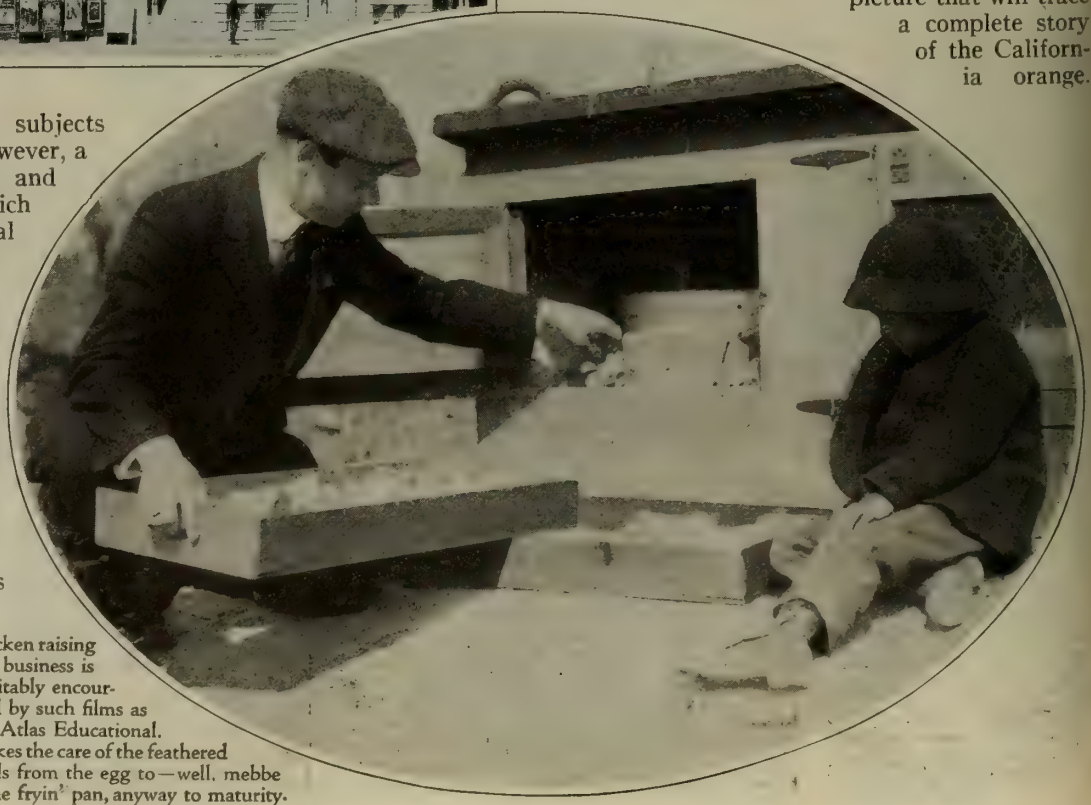
Audiences of as high as 20,000 people can see the picture with ease, it is claimed, projected from the "cine-motor-car" and thrown onto a screen erected 100 feet distant. The car-theatres are operated for the most part by soldiers invalided from the front and the selections include the usual run of official pictures, one illustrating Great Britain's progress in Zeppelin building, another showing British bomb-dropping squadrons in flight, another of tanks in action. America's war progress is not ignored either.

* * *

"Every rural church should have a three-acre recreational ground for the children and the grownups, a gymnasium, and a movie outfit as part of its equipment to adequately perform its function as a rural community center," declared the Rev. Moses Breeze, of Columbus, Ohio, in a recent address in Indianapolis. Rev. Breeze, who is secretary of the Presbyterian Forward Movement in Ohio, declared his belief that recreational and educational forces were as important a part of a church's mission as the spiritual.

* * *

Two thousand motion picture theatres in the country are to be placed on a circuit to exhibit a motion picture that will trace a complete story of the California orange.



Chicken raising as a business is creditably encouraged by such films as this Atlas Educational. It takes the care of the feathered jewels from the egg to—well, mebbe to the fryin' pan, anyway to maturity.

Instant Beauty

Men cluster around. Her days, evenings and dances are spoken for in advance. And why not, for who can deny the compelling charm of a beautiful complexion? A white skin, lustrous and soft as satin, with the rich color glowing in the cheeks.

How can I become more attractive—now—today? The answer is Pompeian. First apply Pompeian DAY Cream (greaseless). It softens the skin and protects it from dust and weather; also serves as a powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Then a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance which captivates the senses.

These three beauty aids can be used separately, or together (as suggested above) as a "Complete Beauty Toilette." They are guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian Hair Massage.

Pompeian DAY Cream—Vanishing. Greaseless. Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Good face-powder foundation. Has an exquisite dainty perfume. Sold by all druggists, 55c.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—It has a delighting fragrance. It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. Pure and harmless. Shades: white, brunette and flesh. Sold by all druggists in a beautiful purple and gold box, 60c.

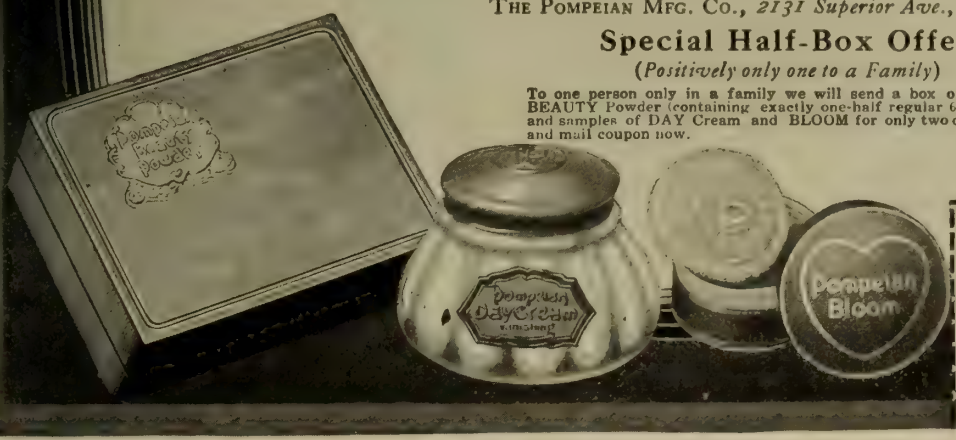
Pompeian BLOOM—a rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom. Imperceptible when properly applied. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? Made in a cake that won't break. Sold by all drug stores with vanity mirror and French puff; in three shades, light, dark and medium (the popular shade). 50c.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., *2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.*

Special Half-Box Offer

(*Positively only one to a Family*)

To one person only in a family we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 60c package) and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes. Clip and mail coupon now.



Stamps accepted, coins preferred

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes for which send me your special **powder** offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Flesh shade will be sent unless white or brunette is requested.

Popular Olive Thomas

Her friends like her cozy little chafing dish suppers and her Carnation Welsh Rarebit

"CAMERA!" is the unanimous cry when Olive Thomas sets out the cheese and the egg and the Carnation Milk and all the other fixings and invites her friends to try a welsh rarebit. She uses Carnation Milk because it is always pure and rich and wholesome, and wherever she happens to be it is always the same quality. It is the only milk supply needed in any home—several cans on the pantry shelf means preparedness. Then, it is wasteless, which counts 100% in these days of thrift. The folk of filmdom know good things to eat and know how to have them fixed; that's why they depend on Carnation.

Try Carnation yourself. Use it in your cooking, in your coffee, for making desserts—use it for every milk purpose.

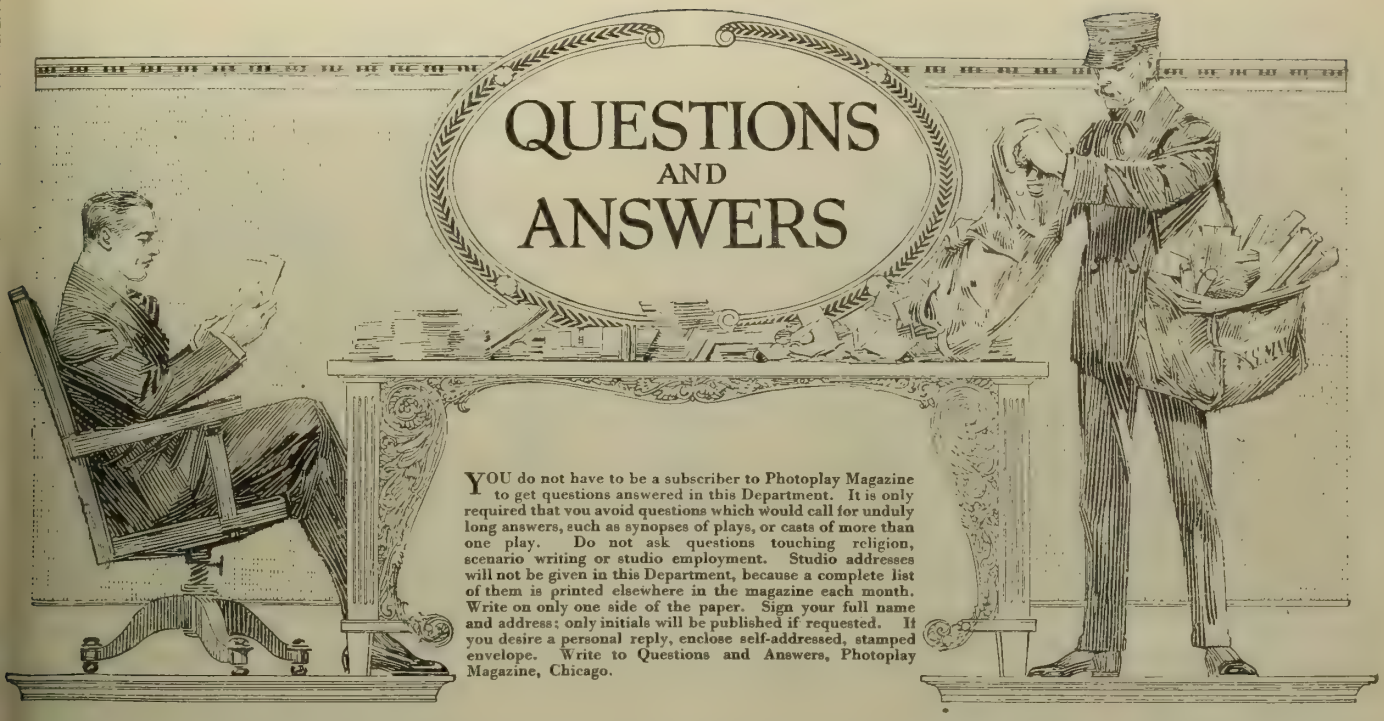
Carnation is **real** milk—just cow's milk, pure, sweet and clean, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to maintain its purity and wholesomeness. Buy it of your grocer.

Welsh Rarebit

½ pound cheese, 1 egg, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, ¼ cup water, dash of onion salt, white pepper, salt, cayenne pepper, worcestershire sauce, mustard. Beat the egg and add Carnation Milk which has been thoroughly mixed with the water; add the cheese in small pieces. Mix a small amount of Carnation Milk with a little worcestershire sauce, add a dash of white pepper, cayenne pepper, onion salt and mustard; add to cheese. Cook over a slow fire, or in a chafing dish, until it thickens. When done, add salt to taste. Serve on hot toast or hot crackers.

Free Recipe Book

Write to us for a free copy of our booklet of over 100 tested recipes for everyday and special dishes—illustrated in colors. Address Carnation Milk Products Company, 1084 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash.



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

"BROWN EYES," TUSCALOOSA, ALA. — "Brown eyes—ah me, ah me!" We have hunted and hunted and fired our secretary and two office-boys, but still we cannot find any record of Ola Davis, who, you say, is to be the star of a new studio which the American Film Company is establishing at Brumpton, Ala. (Samuel Hutchinson, please note.) I think it was Coleridge who called the Earth "that green-tressed goddess." At any rate, it wasn't Robert W. Chambers. Send along your picture, Brown Eyes. Good luck to you.

MARGARET S., N. Y. C.—Instead of an envelope, you enclosed a card reading: "Dinner immediately after the Ceremony, Rector's, Broadway and 48th Street." Life is too short to take the burden of another's sorrows on our shoulders. That picture will undoubtedly be shown in your vicinity; tell the manager of your theatre that you want to see it. There's nothing romantic about a proposal; why, one might be accepted!

KATHERINE D., WOODFORDS, ME.—Blanche Sweet has her own company now, under the management of Harry Garson. Write to her in Hollywood. When we last saw Miss Sweet and asked her questions, she just smiled her slow smile at us, and said, "I don't know." But she looked so subtle when she said it I knew she must be very clever. She lives in a house on a hill in Hollywood and reads Tolstoi. And she gave Dorothy Gish a pair of red knitting needles. Of course that doesn't matter—but we just thought we'd mention it. Marion Davies has her own company, too—you might write her at the Pathe, Jersey City, studios, where she is working. Her new picture is tentatively titled, "The Burden of Proof," which may mean anything, or nothing. Ask your theatre manager about showing that picture.

I. C. U., CHEYENNE, WYOMING.—Oh, no, you don't! What does it matter whether your views are sound or not, just so long as you express them beautifully? I might say to you that she was a pretty girl, and you might raise your eye-brows; but you would believe me if I extolled her thus: "The flame-like crocus sprang from the grass to look at her. For her the slim narcissus stored the cool rain; and for her the anemones forgot the Sicilian winds that wooed them. And neither crocus, nor anemones, nor narcissus was as fair as she." However, beauty is everything. Norma Talmadge's picture, "Panthea," was the first of her films to be released under her name for Select. Sidney Drew's only son, S. Rankin Drew, was killed in France last June in an air-battle. Alan Forrest, American; Mae Marsh and Herbert Rawlinson, Goldwyn.

SELA A. SHLAYUS, CHICAGO.—You want to write to Kenneth Harlan "to cheer him up, now that he's a soldier." Universal City will forward a letter to him. Someone once said that when war was looked upon as vulgar it would cease to be popular; but evidently that writer had never known a German.

L. R., OAKLAND, CAL.—William Stowell is your favorite, and you think it's perfectly dreadful the way he has been neglected? Wait just a minute—we'll run in and tell the Editor you want a story about him. Now then—(the Editor was busy but we left a notation)—we'll tell you all we know about William. He's thirty-three; was born in Boston March 13; and if you'll write to him at Universal City am sure he'll tell you whether or not he's married.

PHYLLIS F., BROOKLINE, MASS.—Wallace Reid was the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation." I suppose you might call it a heavy part. Wally played Gerry Farrar's English lover in "Joan the Woman." Write to Ann Little care Lasky, Hollywood. History is not all facts; there is a little supposition, some fancy, and not a little romance to make it worth studying. Think of being able to *see* history in the making, on the screen. Marching men never fail to get a thrill out of us.

ABE F. REGEHR, GOODING, IDAHO. — You addressed us, "Questions and Answers — Dear Sirs." There is only one of us, Abe. Anyway—Myrtle Lind, than whom there is none than-whomer in Sennett's divertissements *a la femme*, was born in Minnesota but thought better of it at an early age and came to Los Angeles to live. There she attended dramatic school, had a little amateur stage experience, and went into pictures via the Mack Sennett comedy route. She's about twenty; unmarried, with red hair and blue-gray eyes. Write to her Mack Sennett Studios, Hollywood, Cal. You're welcome; come again.

E. B., BOSTON, MASS.—Lila Lee is the "Cuddles" who sang "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine" on the vaudeville stage. She was discovered as a five-year-old playing "ring around a rosy" in the streets of Union Hill, New Jersey, and jumped from there into vaudeville. Then, Jesse L. Lasky discovered her all over again, and got her for Paramount Pictures. If you write to Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, they will have her send you an autographed photograph.

JOHN A. P., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—You want a picture from Miss June Caprice of Miss June Caprice autographed in Miss June Caprice's own handwriting? Well, John, all you can do is write to Miss June Caprice care Fox and they will forward it. June—in real life Betty Lawson—left Fox some time ago and at this writing is not with any company. Ideals are dangerous things; and certainly if I were a woman I should never marry a man named John. He would call one "little woman" and expect one to remember how many lumps of sugar he took in his coffee.

MILDRED B., MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Here's all the information we can give you on Charles Gunn: he's about twenty-seven and we believe he isn't married. He is playing for Paralta; write to him at the Paralta Studios.

M. L. DAVIE, DETROIT, MICH.—You do wish that Bill Hart would do something different? Well, in "Shark Monroe" he's captain of a ship and there's a fight without guns—but he marries the girl in the sixth reel as usual. But then, you know, the demand is for the happy ending. You say, "Things so rarely end happily in real life." We think you're wrong. That's a fallacy. This sums it all up: after you've lost your illusions, try to cultivate a great tolerance. Of course it is easy to be tolerant in theory; it's another thing to practice it. But if you don't, you'll be stubbing your toes and bumping your head all the time. Gladys Leslie may be called a "find," I suppose. At any rate she's the girl with the "million-dollar smile."

Questions and Answers

(*Continued*)

F. L. W. P., Jr.—Mollie King is not appearing in pictures at present, but you might write to her at the Century Theatre in New York, where she performs atop the roof in the Midnight Revue. This queen of Kings is just twenty and happily unmarried. You needn't apologize. Your letter was courteous and well-written, and we want you to write again. The majority of the picture public is interested only in personalities. What is true about art is true about life.

A. D., Portsmouth, N. H.—Will Machin played the Captain in "The Garden of Allah." Florence Vidor with Julian Eltinge in "The Countess Charming." Ramsey Wallace was the erring husband in "The Woman and the Law." Richard Barthelmess lives at 126 W. 47th St., N. Y. He is not married and if he is engaged he has not confided in us. Rodney La Roque is nineteen; he was born in Chicago and educated in Nebraska; and he was with Essanay before joining Goldwyn to play opposite Mabel. Rod isn't married. Marguerite Clark has one sister, Cora; and Marguerite is engaged to be married to Lieut. F. Palmerson Williams, U. S. A. The Clarks live in Central Park West in New York. Mr. Clark's picture appears in this issue of Photoplay. There are two tragedies—one is not getting what you want; the other is getting it. And the last is the worst, for we can't have everything—as Rupert Hughes told us when he decided that it is better to be filmed than to gather dust on the library shelves, nestling 'gainst last year's other sex best sellers.

Frenchie, Galveston, Texas.—Antonio Moreno is not engaged to Edith Storey, but there was a rumor once. Kathlyn Williams may be addressed care Lasky studio, Hollywood. Bobby Harron's "little mustache" in "Hearts of the World" is real—and we think he wears it in all his new pictures. You say you don't like it. But it gives Bobby an added dignity, he says. He is going to get in the Big Show now. Anita Stewart is making pictures for Vitagraph again. Rudolph Cameron is flying for Uncle Sam.

Ignatius II, W. A.—We cannot send sample copies of Photoplay to foreign countries unless eight cents in the form of International Coupons is enclosed to cover the postage on one issue. Why not give your friend a copy to read? Write to Enid Bennett care Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, Cal. Bill Hart's latest is "Riddle Gawne," and we're publishing the story in fiction form in this issue of Photoplay.

Marion, Woodhaven, L. I.—Mahlon Hamilton doesn't say whether or not he is married. He is not with Pathe now; his latest appearance was in "The Danger Mark," with Elsie Ferguson. No trouble at all, and write again, Marion.

"Sally," Somerville.—Indeed we do remember you; always glad. Here are the addresses you want: Irving Cummings, World, Ft. Lee; Charles Clary, Fox, Hollywood; Montagu Love, World; Eugene O'Brien, Select, N. Y. (Norma Talmadge studio); House Peters, Sunset Pictures, Inc., Hollywood, Cal.; Mahlon Hamilton, Artcraft, N. Y.; Conway Tearle, Vitagraph; David Powell, Mutual; Vernon Steele, Players Club, N. Y.; Billie Rhodes, Bill Parsons—Goldwyn; George Beban, Beban Co., Universal City, Cal. Mary Fuller is not playing now; neither is Vera Sisson, and we cannot give you their addresses, but when they come back we'll let you know at once. Marc MacDermott was with Vitagraph last; you might write him there, and they will forward it. Mother Maurice died in May. Good luck to you.

J. S. K., Denver.—House Peters has come back. He is making a picture for the Sunset Pictures, Inc., under the direction of Frank Powell. At the present time Mr. Peters is in San Antonio, Texas, on location. His first release under the new brand is called "The Forfeit." Yes, it was rumored that he was to be Blanche Sweet's leading man in her new company, but that proved to be only a rumor. Remember when they played together for Lasky? We agree with you.

K. W., Vancouver, B. C.—Another Conway Tearle query. Tearle's address is given elsewhere in these columns. Write to him for a picture. Did you know he was married recently? To Miss Adele Rowland, a popular musical comedy and vaudeville actress. He was divorced from his first wife. That is his real name. Tearle was born in N. Y. in 1880. After a long stage career came to the screen for Famous; then played with Clara K. Young; did "The World for Sale" and "The Judgment House" for Paramount; lately with Vitagraph, although by the time this reaches you he may have formed some new affiliation. Photoplay has always kept track of his whereabouts. There's a story about him in the September issue.

R. S. Aldrich, Brookline, Mass.—Write to the Select company or to Norma and Constance Talmadge personally for a copy of the photograph you mention. Photoplay does not sell pictures.

Dorothy Dunn, Sask., Canada.—Address J. Warren Kerrigan care Paralta. Allen Holubar in "Treason." We are answering your question here because, although you enclosed an envelope, you neglected to put a stamp in the upper right-hand corner—or any other corner.

Anna B., Trenton, N. J.—To settle that "real strenuous argument which spoiled a dinner-party," we're glad to be able to assure you that Alice Brady, so far from being "extraordinarily tall with blue eyes," is medium height, with brown eyes. Thanks; write again.

Jennie M., Somerville, Mass.—We have several correspondents from your city. William Farnum lives in California; write to him, for his picture, care Fox studios, Hollywood. Quite sure he will send you one. Some of his best known pictures have been: "A Tale of Two Cities," "Les Miserables," "The Heart of a Lion;" and he is now working on the filmizations of Zane Grey's western novels.

Annette S., Troy, Ala.—Address Norma Talmadge care Select, N. Y.; Gladys Hulette, Pathe; Ethel Clayton, Lasky, Hollywood; Billie Burke, Famous Players, N. Y.; Niles Welch, Famous Players—Lasky Studio, Hollywood; Eugene O'Brien, Select (Norma Talmadge studio). Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Billie Burke is Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld in private life. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone, while Eugene O'Brien and Gladys Hulette are not married.

Harold J. Vegotsky, N. Y.—Mary Miles Minter (American), June Caprice (Fox), Mildred Harris (Universal-Weber), Margery Daw (Lasky), and Pauline Starke (Triangle) are some of the younger players. Lila Lee, the new Paramount star, we believe is the youngest young girl featured on the screen today. Miss Lee is just fifteen. Dorothy Gish (Griffith-Artcraft) is only nineteen. Mary Miles Minter is about sixteen; she is five feet, two inches tall and has been on the screen about three years. She will be very glad to send you her picture; write to her care American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal. Anita Stewart is twenty-two; she is married to Rudolph Cameron. Miss Stewart is acting again for Vitagraph (Brooklyn, N. Y.). Neither Jack nor Mary have any children. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck; Constance is not married. Write to them care Select, N. Y. Mary Miles Minter's latest at this writing is "The Ghost of Rosy Taylor."

J. H. Schwenk, Newark, N. J.—We have handed your letter to the "Why-do-they-Do-It" editor; it is up to him. Haven't you any questions to ask us? Your letter indicated a sense of humor. Please ask us something.

Opal McP., Portland.—Alliteration, not illiteration. No, Opal, Monroe Salisbury eez not an Italian. He was born in N. Y.; won't tell us how long ago. He is not married. Bill Desmond has been on the screen two and one-half years. Franklyn Farnum and William Farnum are not related. Mae Marsh is twenty-one, Madge Kennedy two or three years older. Madge Kennedy is married to Harold Bolster; Miss Marsh is not married. Theda Bara has been picture-making four years now. Yes, she was on the stage in New York. Bill Hart is American, and he has his own company under the Artcraft banner. You're welcome, Opal.

Gerald E. H., Oak Lane, Phila.—Tom Meighan is Tom Meighan in private life. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-five. Mrs. Fairbanks is a non-professional; her maiden name was Beth Sully. Doug's latest is "Bound in Morocco;" and he is at present working on the picturization of his best-known stage play, "He Comes Up Smiling." But there's nothing new for Douglas, is it? Oh,—we usually say what we think; that's why we are so often misunderstood. You know prejudice is just a personal opinion that has been led astray.

E. L. M., Hartford, Conn.—William Farnum is married; he has an adopted daughter, Olive May. He recently erected a luxurious bungalow on the studio lot in Hollywood, where he may rest, read, and autograph photographs between scenes. Farnum calls it "my little grey home in the west." Why? Oh, because there's a song called that. Dustin is William's own brother. So far as we know, Dusty has to be content with a perfectly ordinary indoor dressing-room, even though he has his own company. Mary Martin in "The Heart of a Lion." She's playing in "A Tailor-Made Man" in N. Y.

Domeneck L. Stanio, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Address Pearl White care Pathe, Jersey City, N. J. Marie Walcamp, Universal City, Cal. You want to know if you could be an actor: "I have a good memory." It seems to us that a poor memory would be more convenient. But go right ahead. One of the things we have learned in our capacity as Answer Man is never to discourage anyone who is bound to be a fillum star. We can only quote that best little adage, "Experience," etc.

V. H., Medford, Oregon.—We hear from so many girls named Violet. It was Vernon Steel who played with Mae Marsh in "Polly of the Circus." Mr. Steel is also with Anita Stewart in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" (Vitagraph).

Robert, Quebec, Can.—We cannot give personal addresses. Roland Bottomley, with Balboa last, has gone to war. He's an Englishman.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

E. H., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Nigel Barrie played "Carter Brooks" in the Bab stories. He is now with the Royal Air Force; his picture appeared in September PHOTOPLAY, and he is married and proud of it. The last "Bab" story won't be filmed until Barrie comes back. Following are the ages and addresses you asked for: Charles Chaplin, twenty-nine, Chaplin studio, Hollywood; Mary Pickford, twenty-five, Artcraft, Hollywood; Norma Talmadge, twenty-one, Select, N. Y. Mabel Taliaferro, Metro, N. Y., doesn't give her age, but she is about thirty. She's Mrs. Tom Carrigan, and she has a small son.

FERN A., DETROIT, MICH.—Richard Barthelmess is twenty-three; he has dark hair and brown eyes. He plays with Marguerite Clark—lately in "Rich Man, Poor Man." Write to him care Famous Players Studio, N. Y. Barthelmess is not married. Marshall Neilan is with Artcraft; Olive Thomas may be addressed care Triangle at Culver City, Cal,; and Anita Stewart care Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y. Neilan is married; he is twenty-seven, and has light hair and blue eyes.

MISS FRESE, DORCHESTER, MASS.—We're glad to hear from someone who has been reading Questions and Answers faithfully for three years, and only too glad to answer your questions. Robert Gordon played "Huckleberry Finn" in "Tom Sawyer." PHOTOPLAY had a story about Gordon last month. He supports Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr." Doris Lee with Charles Ray. Why, we have had pictures of Charles Ray and Marie Doro very recently. Write again.

ELSIE P., PATERSON, N. J.—That was Edith Taliaferro on the stage in "Mother Carey's Chickens." Your questions about Theda Bara, Fairbanks, and Bushman and Bayne are decidedly against the rules. Anita Stewart's new picture is "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" for Vitagraph. Charles Chaplin is very much alive; his latest comedy is called "Shoulder Arms!"

MISS HARDING, VICKSBURG, MASS.—You say you are seventy, but we don't believe you. Milton Sills is now with Goldwyn, playing opposite Geraldine Farrar. He made quite a few pictures with Clara Kimball Young; the last was "The Savage Woman." There was a story about Mr. Sills in PHOTOPLAY for July. Sills doesn't give his age, nor whether or not he is married. He may be addressed 450 Riverside Drive, N. Y. Bessie Eyton last appeared opposite Harold Lockwood in a Metro picture.

F. D., SPRINGFIELD, O.—Sorry your letter wasn't answered before this, but hope this will reach you. You were right—William and Dustin Farnum are brothers. The other Farnum, Franklyn, is not however, related to Dusty and Bill. You want a story and picture of Belle Bennett. Miss Bennett will doubtless send you her picture.

EUGENE O'BRIEN ADMIRER, PATERSON, N. J.—Eugene is going back to the stage next season. He isn't married and his address is given elsewhere in these columns. One of his late pictures is "Her Only Way," and he will appear in three more films opposite Norma Talmadge. See above for Barthelmess.

HELEN C., FRISCO.—Douglas McLean played with Gail Kane in "The Upper Crust." Address Richard Barthelmess care Famous Players, N. Y. Wallace Reid at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, and Ruth Clifford care Universal at U. City, Cal. Write again.

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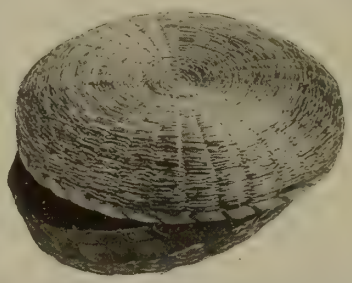

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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 78*)

BACK TO THE WOODS—Goldwyn

All Mabel Normand stories are entertaining, or not, as they approach or recede from the Mabel Normand we used to know. As an adventure, this is only mildly diverting, but George Irving, who directed, has found a bit of the elfishness, the quaintness, which made Mabel a coast immortal. The piece is an account of a society girl determined not to have a society husband forced upon her—and therefore, of course, finding that very society husband under better auspices in a lumber forest. Herbert Rawlinson disports as the particular young man. Sunrise is too late to shoot the I-am-clever party who wrote these long subtitles; he should be called to the stone wall about half-past two.

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE—Goldwyn

Not much to say for the gloriousness of it. If this is glory, glory doesn't live up to its advertising. It is the ancient tale of sequestered innocence, good motives, no knowledge of the world, positive and negative villains, and the final triumph of sweetness, truth, purity, nobility and love. Too much of which, taken in warm weather, tend to biliousness. Only George Loane Tucker, in "The Cinderella Man," seemed to realize what a truly dainty comedienne Mae Marsh is.

FEDORA—Paramount

There's an interesting news-slant to "Fedora," just turned out of the Famous-Players workshop. It completes the cycle of Sardou plays, which are still supremely popular in Europe and South America. Once upon a time the bringing of an all-European company to manufacture these was seriously considered. They were to be planted in California. Then the institution thought better of it—why not make the plays with American casts, and, for export purposes, merely translate the titles? The work is completed, now. Pauline Frederick in the title part is regal and dramatic — an ideal impersonator. Alfred Hickman as Gretch, the police official, admirably deploys a great acting talent. But many of the minor details are faulty and marred by unnecessary carelessness.

WAIFS—Pathe

The charm of Gladys Hulette used to be the fascination of a piquant little girl. It is now grown to be a very womanly lure —but it is still charm. Miss Hulette is one of the few ingenues, it seems to me, whose ingenueism doesn't seem offensively premeditated. Her dramatic affectation of innocence doesn't make you sore, in other words. This play is the quaint little misadventure of a girl who met and was protected by entirely the wrong fellow, in the right house. Creighton Hale is the right wrong man, and while we are never in any doubt of the finish there are touches of reality that make the whole diverting.

CUPID BY PROXY—Diando-Pathe

The title-writer took the cartridge out of our gun, here, when he wrote "Of course Ralph was suspected . . . and then, we need a plot." When a fellow confesses all the fun of denouncing him is gone. If it hadn't been for that one title we could have broken a stick over the author's head with right merry zest . . . and, too, she's a lady Isabel Johnston by name. In all seriousness, it is tragic to waste so clever a youngster as Baby Marie Osborne in such sirupy melodrama. Properly equipped, she is the most charming—or at least the most varied and energetic—child on the screen. And she should have material, for childish years are few.

THE DREAM LADY—Bluebird

Carmel Meyers is both an Oriental and an old-fashioned beauty. In a play of the East, or in some water-subject in which her gorgeous body gets a chance to reflect the sunshine, she is truly Oriental and splendid. But in a play like this she is quaint, a bit mystic, holding an infinity of pathos behind her young face. "The Dream Lady" starts better than it finishes. The first disposition of the fantastic young girl who lives in her mind, and among the creatures of her imagination, presupposes a rare plot to the end. Though this is not carried out there is still much of Carmel, and for that we are grateful.

A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS—Select

An exceedingly light but human story about a young divorcee who traps her ex-husband in a closet, thinks him a burglar, ties him up with the assistance of another girl's fiance who has just climbed into her bedroom window, and, thereby, starts a general world-war as far as that household is concerned. The fabrication is not as naughty as it sounds. It is English, frothy, fast and casual enough to be a refreshing diversion in screen play—where everything is taken too seriously. Constance Talmadge plays the diverting heroine, and the direction is by Walter Edwards, always a human being, and here at his humanest. The deportment and surroundings reflect gentility.

THE SAFETY CURTAIN—Select

Once more, Norma Talmadge and the stalwart and handsome lad who rescues her from infinite misunderstanding; the lad, of course, being Eugene O'Brien. Here Miss Talmadge is the dancing wife of a brutal acrobat—conveniently made German, we suspect, just so we'd like him still less. There is a pretty good theatre fire, and the action passes from London to the Far East, where, after some persecutions, the brutal acrobat dies, and Miss Talmadge may become Mrs.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

O'Brien—we speak entirely of the play, of course—according to the law and the censors. Miss Talmadge exhibits her customary rapid changes of childishness, tenderness and passion.

UP ROMANCE ROAD—Mutual

I think the author just missed a great story by mixing in the too convenient German frightfulness. Had she been content to tell her story and lay it entirely in ordinary life she would have carried thorough conviction every inch of the way. As it is, it is unusual and gripping. It concerns one Gregory Thorne, who, engaged to Marta Milbanke, decides that theirs is a commonplace sort of romance, and the only way to get really in love is to get in trouble. Their carefully planned escapades turn out to be dire seriousness, and there are some splendid fights of the sort in which Bill Russell is perhaps the best celluloid exponent. Charlotte Burton does excellent work opposite him, as Marta.

THE GHOST OF ROSY TAYLOR—Mutual

A sort of elfin-like story in which a little American girl, orphaned in Paris, at the beginning of the war, returns to America without resources. Wandering disconsolately through a park she finds a note accidentally dropped, containing a key, and a two-dollar bill, directing a certain Rosy Taylor to put a certain house to rights once each week during the owner's absence. The girl becomes a pseudo Rosy Taylor, gets the wee wage—and the startled housewife, discovering that the real Rosy Taylor is dead, thinks of ghosts. There is a romance. Mary Miles Minter depicts the young woman, Rhoda Sayles.

A GOOD LOSER—Triangle

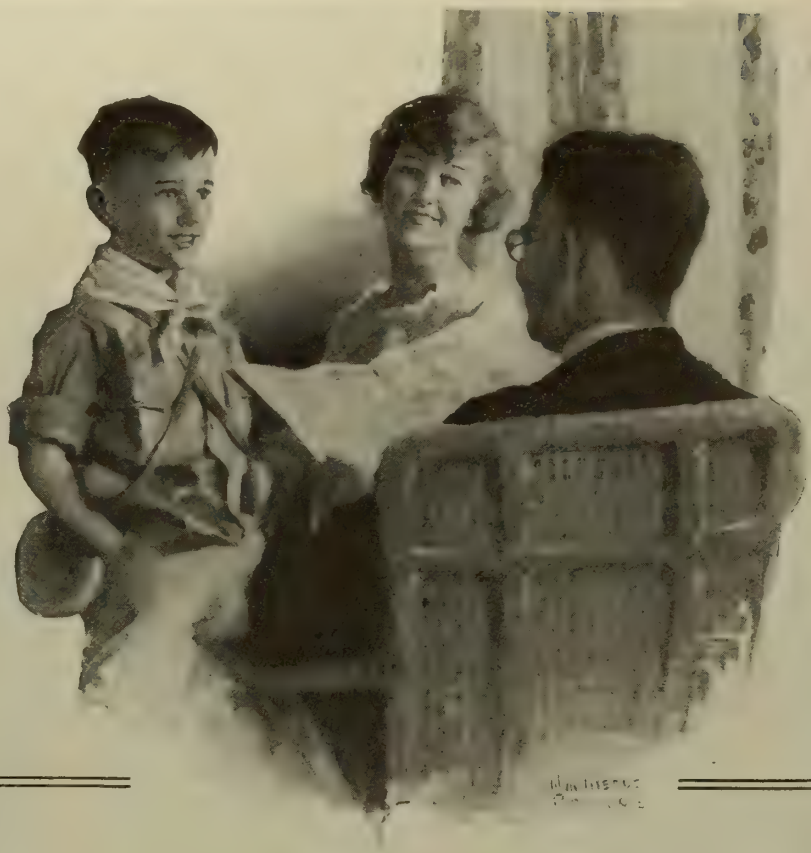
Here is a story with a bit of real heroism without heroics. It is the account of a man who makes the big sacrifice, and the inevitable one, without benefit of applause or even human knowledge—all for a man who has been his friend. That sacrifice is, as you might suppose, one ennobling side of a triangular love interest. This photoplay is well written, well acted and superbly photographed. Lee Hill has the chief role, and the delicate beauty of Peggy Pierce is considerably in evidence.

BY PROXY—Triangle

Perhaps the best of the familiar "Red Saunders" stories as far as the films are concerned. It concerns the proxy love-making of a likeable cowboy portrayed by Roy Stewart, Cupiding it for his pal—who has no more real chance than a goat. Maud Wayne is the delicious prize of the proxying.

EVERYWOMAN'S HUSBAND—Triangle

The not-unprofitable tale of an ignorant bride, a hard-driven groom and a



They're Underfed

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

selfish mother-in-law, marked by a startling bit of reality here and there. The moral of this entertainment is that marriage, like everything else, must be studied to be successful; and is, as well, a thoroughly two-sided affair. Gloria Swanson, the well-known ripe peach, is the bride, and Lillian Langdon is highly real as mother-in-law.

BOUND IN MOROCCO—Artcraft

We have followed Doug Fairbanks to South America, to the Orient, to the War, to the seats of English aristocracy, to Russia, to Hoboken—so it is no surprise to meet up with him in Morocco. We knew he'd get there some day. It was only a question of more or less time. American ingenuity, the Fairbanks teeth and some utterly confounded first and second villains are the essentials of this characteristic and regulation adventure in the Sahara. In passing we may mention Tully Marshall and the droll Ali Pah Shush, and Edythe Chapman as the mamma of the little morsel heroine.

A NINE O'CLOCK TOWN—Ince-Paramount

Behold a yarn about a smart young fellow who went to the bad in New York, and, masking his defeat, brought his "methods" back to revive his father's country store. It is a bit of relief after the solemnities of eternal successful, never-wrong heroes. Charles Ray, too, is especially adapted to such a part as David Clary, the young know-it-all who was going to turn the big town upside down, and only upset himself. Add the sultry, pouty beauty of Jane Novak, and you have the other chief ingredient.

WEDLOCK—Paralta

A new twist to an old story, carefully made, as has been the rule with almost all Paralta productions. But the principal thing is the return of Louise Glaum to sympathetic parts. As a young wife whose vocabulary has no such word as quit, Miss Glaum is sincere, human and appealing. While this is by no means a big effort, it is a photoplay which has grafted atmosphere and humanity to an old melodramatic root.

THE GOLDEN WALL—World

Not even the war suffices to down the very old, and apparently always welcome story of the Prince incognito. This one is reincarnated in the person of Carlyle Blackwell. Madge Evans gave some delightfully sincere childish assistance to an obvious plot.

HEREDITY—World

The title seems a bit askew, but otherwise we have small complaint to make. You must accept the story in the spirit in which it is written. It is, indeed, a story for the conventional, but it is a good story of the old-fashioned, transparent sort, simply and directly told. The staging leaves much to be desired at times, but the splendid work of Madge Evans—who's the real star of the piece—and her support by John Bowers and the lovely Barbara Castleton make the presentation entertaining.

NEIGHBORS—World

Here is the best vehicle yet given to Madge Evans, and one of World's best releases in months. It is just a kid story, primitive and even deficient in plot, but it is full of pranks and childish stuff, and the scenes are sometimes of homely interest, sometimes picturesque.

Briefly:

"Hell's End" (Triangle)—A bit of good fighting by Bill Desmond, a bit of good looking by Josie Sedgwick, a bit of good photography by the cameraman; that's about all the goods of this one.

"Beyond the Shadows" (Triangle)—Another Desmondian epic, with the same Sedgwick decoration. Mr. Desmond gets into the dialect and tailor's novelties of one Jean du Bois, a trader of the Northwest, and while he is scarcely a French-Canadian, he is forceful and sincere.

"False Ambition" (Triangle) — Alma Rubens, in a drama of mystery originally called "Judith." The new title, trite and banal, bears the same relation to the strong and simple original that the film play bears to the original script.

"Marked Cards" (Triangle)—A play of a single big episode, centering about a girl's effort to save her sweetheart. Marjorie Wilson is the star.

"Cactus Crandall" (Triangle)—A regulation entertainment of spurs, shots and (subtitle) shouts. Chiefly interesting because Roy Stewart wrote it and acted the principal galloper.

"The City of Dim Faces" (Paramount)—Sessue Hayakawa in a tableau of the old San Francisco Chinatown, very colorful to the finish, which is very black.

"Scandal Mongers" (Universal)—A reissue of the vital old Weber-Smalley "Scandal," which name Major Laemmle evidently relinquished, last autumn, to Col. Selznick. New titles and some furbishing permit this to be still a live scroll of celluloid.

"Joan of the Woods" (World)—A pretty poor thing to occupy the talents of such people as June Elvidge and John Bowers; the tawdriest kind of movie-melo.

"The Claws of the Hun" (Ince-Paramount)—Charlie Ray, in a war-at-home story that places frank dependence upon patriotic sentiment for any success it may have.

"The Death Dance" (Select)—A somewhat physical but none the less strong, well-knit, well-presented melodrama. Alice Brady is even more than usually good for the eyes, and she is well surrounded by a cast whose especially convincing members are Robert Cain, Helen Montrose, Mahlon Hamilton and H. E. Herbert. J. Searle Dawley, who messed up "Uncle Tom," assuredly redeemed him-

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

self in this direction. The story concerns the adventures and romances of a cabaret singer.

"Love Watches" (Vitagraph)—Corinne Griffith, in an old Billie Burke role. The frothy substance of this farce was rather well masked on the stage, but on the screen its weakness doesn't wear even a makeup.

"One Thousand Dollars" (Vitagraph)—Another one of the O. Henry stories that seem to be nothing in re-telling—and very satisfactory in presentation. All because O. Henry was a great humanitarian. Edward Earle is the principal exponent.

"Her Moment" (General Film) — A large and cumbersome though evidently sincere attempt on the part of everybody to put across a real melodramatic smash, with the result that the piece is long and unnecessarily heavy. It is a story of the Balkans and America, with Anna Luther's titian loveliness the principal concern of all hands.

"The Demon" (Metro)—A Williamson novel, turned into active photography by George D. Baker for the sure powers and charm of Edith Storey. Still—it's not one of her best vehicles.

"No Man's Land" (Metro)—Albert Levino, who made this scenario, is a bright lad who can do and has done a lot better work. At any rate Bert Lytell should be riding in a stronger celluloid wagon, especially when he has such fellow-passengers as Anna Nilsson and Eugene Pallette.

"As the Sun Went Down" (Metro)—Edith Storey in a rather vivid Western which seems to owe a lot of its character to director Mason Hopper.

"Less than Kin" (Paramount)—Wallace Reid, in an interesting two-role adventure finely cast and produced, ornamented by the cool, sharp beauty of Anna Little, and bulwarked by the acting of Raymond Hatton, James Neill, Gustav Seyffertitz and James Cruze. By the way—where's the "von" that Mr. Seyffertitz used to wear?

"Riddle Gawne" (Artcraft) — A William S. Hart vehicle, performed as usual. The plot will be found completely detailed in this issue, as fiction.

"The Deciding Kiss" (Bluebird)—Not so sissy as it sounds, although the story is not out of the ordinary. Edith Roberts is the prominent personage.

"The Girl from Bohemia" (Pathe) — An entertaining though not extensively clever vehicle, remarkable principally as Mrs. Vernon Castle's final photoplay.

"A Romance of the Underworld" (Keeney Productions) — When the late Paul Armstrong put this piece on the stage he saved it from mere gross melodramaticism by a remarkable cast and powerful dialogue. The picture lacks this, and shows New York as Uncle Silas and Aunt Samantha believe it to be. Armstrong's widow, Catherine Calvert—a remarkably pretty woman—has the same role she played on the stage, and is, in the main, well supported. One critic called the photoplay "A Treatise on the Haunts and Habits of Snowbirds." He wasn't far wrong.

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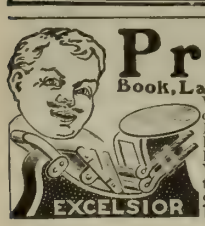

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Sons of the Sun in Arms!

(Continued from page 94)

Littlefield, very well known leading man, is in France in the ambulance service. Don Keyes, cameraman, is in the Signal Corps.

Among the actors who have gone in are Theodore Duncan, now a Captain of Artillery; Tom Forman, infantry First Lieutenant; Lieut. George Hamilton, Sergt. Vincent Higgins, Lieut. Adolphe Menjou, and Albert Bassett, of the Marines.

Eugene Pallette is an aviator. So is Leo Nomis. Frank Dazey, scenario writer and son of Charles T. Dazey, is a Lieutenant in France. Walter Long, Griffith's prize villain, has been for many months a Lieutenant of Artillery stationed at Fort McArthur, California. Kenneth O'Hara, Ince's press-agent, is an aviator. Al Kaufman, studio manager of The Famous Players, is an officer of the Signal Corps.

Nor are this institution's honors confined to the men. Helen Swayne, of Famous Players, is a Red Cross nurse in France; while Agnes Berrill, of the Lasky forces, is a first-class yeoman, U. S. N., on duty in Washington, D. C.

Captain Robert Warwick, formerly of Select, was detailed by Pershing to return from France on film service for the United States.

Victor Herman, one of the most resourceful of Sennett's directors, is in the submarine service.

Three Universal directors are already in the army. These are Jacques Jaccard, the serial-maker; George Marshall, and Robert Ross.

Kenneth Harlan, matinee hero, is at Camp Kearney. Bill Gettinger, one of Universal's cowboy actors, is already "over there." Frank Elliott is in the government Intelligence service. Glenn Lewis is an aviator. James Tait has been sent to England to study tank warfare as mastered by the British. Leo Bachman, a cutter at Universal City, has, for his knowledge of woodcraft, been sent to the spruce forests of the Northwest to select timber for airplanes.

There is a Universal actor in every branch of the war service; more than a score in the army, and almost an equal number in the navy.

Charles Wallack has been made an officer of the medical service, and John Schroeder is an officer of aviation.

The World Film Corporation has seventy-seven stars in its production service flag.

Two directors — George Archambaud and George Cowl—are already with the army.

Edward Langford, ex-leading man for Ethel Clayton's company, is the only well-known actor in the service, for World has today almost no actors of draft specifications. But it has sent many of its technical and other men to the front.

The service flag that flies over the Triangle lot at Culver City has fifty-five stars in it—all members of the actual production force in the war, and a fraction more than 12 per cent of the entire male staff. Among those today are Joseph A. Roach, scenario writer; Harry Edwards, director; leading man Lloyd Bacon, and Charles M. Parker, vice-president of the corporation.

General Film has recorded over sixty men in the United States service, and avers that this is by no means a complete roster of its patriotism.

Two of its men are Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and John J. McDonald, of New York City, is a physical instructor with Pershing's forces.

The Goldwyn organization protests that it has nothing resembling a full service list, and finds it impossible at present to get one. Nevertheless, that concern presents some interesting examples of service.

Adrian Gil-Speare, scenario chief of the concern, left to enter the army, and soon attached himself to the aviation branch. He won more than ordinary honors, has been made a captain, commander in the balloon section, and, at this writing, is handling a covey of dirigibles in Cuba.

Tom Powers, delightful young actor whom you'll remember last of all, perhaps, as leading man in "The Auction Block," entered the American army, progressed from station to station, went to an officer's training camp in Georgia, was sent to France, switched to the British Royal Flying Corps, and is now bombing and scouting along the Western front.

Odd is the fate of S. Richard Nelson, whom you may remember in a remarkable character part in "Fields of Honor." He played the role of the Serbian whose assassination of the Austrian arch-duke caused the war. Of course it was up to him to finish what he started—so he has gone across.

Paralta's list of servants of the guns is small, but redoubtable. Both Paralta and Zukor-Lasky claim Kenneth O'Hara, but perhaps Paralta's claim is most just, since he served there last.

Robert T. Kane, vice-president of the Paralta corporation, enlisted, and is in training at American Lake.

Because of its limited production, the First National Exhibitors' Circuit's actorial contribution to the war is negligible, nevertheless it is perfectly amazing in the prowess and response of its office force and exchange men.

In Texas, for example, it has contributed, in officers and privates, forty-four men to the State's quota of troops.

Metro pins to its service banner the only gold stars the industry wears at this writing. One is for S. Rankin Drew, lost above the German lines in June. The other, for Arthur Herman, a property man at the Metro Studio. Mr. Herman enlisted in the navy, and was lost in a storm off the coast of Cuba.

Though no attempt has been made to tabulate the military departures there is a record of more than 100, in all Metro departments, who have gone.

Sons of the Sun in Arms!

(Continued)

Among the more interesting assignments are those of J. M. Loughborough, first lieutenant of infantry; cameraman Alfred Raboch, now a map-maker of the naval radio service; Lester Cuneo, well-known actor with Metro and Essanay, now an aviation corporal; Hartley McVey, lieutenant of aviation; Louis Klopsch, liaison officer of infantry; studio-manager Benjamin Boyar, now an officer in the quartermaster's department; director Frederick Sittenham, a naval aviator; casting director Louis Hooper, in the Canadian ambulance service, and Luther Reed, scenario writer, now in an officer's training camp in the south.

There are nearly a hundred men from Vitagraph's production department in Uncle Sam's service. Five of this company's directors are in training at one of the camps over here, or seeing service overseas. There's Frank Hulette, Jack Evans, Joseph Basil, and Lieut. Wesley Ruggles; and Percy Pulver and Victor Smith, Captains of Infantry.

Of individual exploits, of heroisms, of romances, of novel efforts, of comedies, and of tragedies, there might be much to tell.

Consider, for instance, the heroic young American aviator S. Rankin Drew, one of the very finest directorial talents in the picture business, son of Sidney Drew and scion of a great line. Drew passed in flames on a blue-and-white June morning, battling seven German aviators! In death, his foemen honored him.

Turn from this to a tragi-comedy of the Famous Players. Subject, a timid lad named Reuben Jackter. Jackter was missing on three mornings—without explanation. The third time he was promptly hauled onto the carpet, when it was discovered that on two occasions he went to the docks to bid soldier-brothers good-bye, and on the third he was at a memorial service for his one remaining brother, who had been killed in France! From four bread-winners, of which he had been the least, the family at home, comprising a mother and several small children, had been reduced to a single bread-winner—the boy Reuben. Yet he had taken for granted the heroic sacrifices of war, and had never suggested a little thing like a patriotic raise in salary. Harry, Louis and Morris Jackter had stepped up on Liberty's altar, leaving to young Reuben the burden. Do all the heroes wear uniforms? I ask you, now!

Robert Harron is finally returning to the France whose uniforms he has worn so valiantly in Griffith's pictures. But this time the performance will be real, and his uniform will be that of his own United States. He is finishing another picture, by permission of the war department.

Among those who have gone to war from the Pathe institution's various subdivisions, consider some specimens—but not all—from the Rolin studio. Herb Brodie is in the naval reserve, at San Pedro; J. B. Roach, brother of the president of the Rolin corporation, is with the

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Sons of the Sun in Arms!

(Concluded)

47th Infantry, in France. Walter Adams, the acrobatic actor, has learned an acrobat's proper place, and is in a Texas aviation camp. Clyde Hopkins, character actor, is with the Signal Corps in France. Lige Cromley, of the laboratory force, has entered a government gasoline motor school in Corvallis, Ore. Ray Kellerman, the studio purchasing agent, is with the engineers, in France. Charles Stevenson, actor, is in training in the Camp Kearney infantry. Joe Matice is an aviation timber searcher, detailed to Canada by the U. S., while Max Hamburger is an army cook. Truly, here is a diversified line of military crafts for one not over-large studio to put forth! Slackers—not at Rolin's!

In Astra's large service flag we find stars representing Lieut. Howard Young, former scenario writer, and now serving as Zone Major overseeing the billeting arrangements for American troops in French towns; Lieut. Thomas Kesterton, Royal Flying Corps, France—but formerly seen with Pearl White in her various stunts; Sergt. Spencer Bennett, formerly assistant director of serials, now a dispatch-rider in France; Eddie Schneider, George Seitz's cameraman, now with the Signal Corps in France—and in passing, it may be remarked that Schneider's last letter described a casual visit to a Y. M. C. A. picture show near the front, in which he saw a photoplay that he had photographed himself.

And there is also Gladys Hulette's leading man and husband, William Parke, Jr., now an aviator with the Royal Flying Corps.

Comedian Harold Lloyd has paused in a rising career to enlist in the navy.

George Cheseboro of Astra-Pathe, is now a private, in the National Army.

George Siegmann, though not of draft age, has gone into the army—perhaps to prove that his Prussian despicableness in "Hearts of the World" was all a business sham.

Jack Pickford enlisted in the United States navy.

Earle Metcalfe, former Lubin leading man, was another volunteer, now an officer in France.

So was Captain E. H. Calvert of Essanay.

And where was the press-agent, when, only a few days ago, Mary Pickford's director, William D. Taylor, gave up his $25,000 a year and sailed from New York to enlist in the British army?

Rejected by the army medical officers, Raymond Wells, talented Universal director and Spanish War veteran, has gone into service at a dollar a year as organizer of camp amusements in general, in California.

Helen Eddy, George Beban's young ingenue-lead, has dropped her highly-profitable engagement to become a camp entertainer.

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 91)

JULIAN ELTINGE, an even bigger drawing card on the screen than he was in vaudeville or musical comedy, has completed for release his first picture for his own producing company. It is a modern propaganda play called "Over the Rhine." Eltinge and Fred Balshofer, his director—who formerly guided the camera career of Harold Lockwood—have six stories lined up for production, including some of Eltinge's best known stage successes. You may have read about that wonderful home in Los Angeles, for which Julian Eltinge planned ten years, now completed. You're going to see exclusive photographs of it—four pages of 'em—in next month's PHOTOPLAY.

TOM WALSH, Casting Director for the Thomas H. Ince Studios, has compiled a curious list of names from the thousands which appear in his employment books—names of persons who at some time or other are "atmosphere" in an Ince production.

For example: We find that Harry Wanders, William Creeps, Charles Sings, James Robbs, William Stabbs, Anna Betts, and Alice Gambles. Only one man at the studio is Sober, and only two—and they are brothers—Drinkwater. Cupid's vocabulary is represented by Kiss, Lovewell, Dearlove and Lovelock—although only one man confesses to being a Hugger.

"One of our experts is William Kill," says Walsh, "and, singularly, his father is an undertaker. Cornelius Vestman is a tailor's son, and Herbert Paine, the brother of a dentist."

THE tales sent out by the inspired Fox publicists have been harrowing, daring, romantic, or ridiculous, according; but the following, which happens to be true, was discounted as not having sufficient news value to interest the public. When Nallia Burrell, a member of the Sunshine comedy company, narrowly escaped death recently, when she was bitten and clawed about the face and shoulders by a lion, during the making of a picture at the Fox studio, the company simply gave out a nonchalant paragraph to the effect that a young woman had been slightly injured, but there was no news! It was to be a pullman scene, and a lion, excited, made for the berth occupied by Miss Burrell, leapt upon her, tearing her shoulders and face horribly.

MAY ALLISON is coming back, but not with Harold Lockwood, as was first announced. She will be an independent star for Metro, and her first vehicle will be "Social Hypocrites," in which she will have the support of Henry Kolker and Joseph Kilgour.

Riddle Gawne

(*Continued from page 65*)

ing when Kathleen Harkless had arrived in Bozzam City, and they followed Gawne along the trail through sight of a loaded rifle. When the rider had reached a certain spot, Paisley's finger bent against the trigger. There was a shot. Gawne fell heavily from the saddle. And, when a short time after two of the boys from the Diamond Bar arrived beside the wounded man, they found him roughly bandaged with rags torn from his shirt and Blanche Dillon was tenderly administering to him.

That night Blanche, self-appointed as his nurse, was at his bedside.

Sitting there, she heard voices below. They were followed by the sound of someone coming up the stairs. Quickly Blanche's wits served her, and she set the scene. And then the door opened. She did not see it, but she heard, and she knew that it was Kathleen from the little gasp that escaped her lips as she gazed into the room.

Gawne was lying in a half-sitting posture, one arm about Blanche's neck. Blanche was caressing him fondly with her right hand, while her other arm was clasped tightly about him. Kathleen stood there, silent. She listened. Blanche was speaking, softly, slowly, but loud enough for her to hear.

"I've always wanted to come back to *you,*" she murmured. "Ever since that night we quarrelled in the dance-hall. You loved me before that. Don't you remember—I'll never forget!" She finished speaking and bent still closer to him. And then, as if some look or word had called it forth, placed her cheek fondly against his and drew him tighter.

There was a click and a little, thudding sound. Kathleen had closed the door. She was gone. Blanche smiled and sat upright gazing at the tight closed eyes of Gawne as he lay stretched, unconscious, in her arms.

* * * * *

"Riddle" Gawne sat in a cushioned chair on the porch of the Diamond Bar ranch-house. A bandage still circled his head and he was physically weak from his confinement, but the throbbing, impatient impulses of his character were as strong as ever. He was improving rapidly, but not rapidly enough to satisfy him. Blanche was gone. When he had awakened from his unnatural sleep he had protested against her presence and had told her, as he expressed it, in "a talk without no kinks in it," and that night she had taken her belongings and moved back to the Bozzam ranch. But things were different, she found, when she returned. Just as she had sought to intrude into another's place her place in Bozzam's heart had been invaded, for the rustler had been attracted by Kathleen Harkless and was playing for her hand. He had gone so far as to learn that Colonel Harkless' greatest fear was that she would discover his true occupation—his connection with the rustlers—and, holding this over her father's head, he was attempting to force the Colonel to urge her to marry him.

Kathleen had not been near Gawne. He had heard that she was seen occasionally with the rustler. And this was true. She did not enjoy his company, but

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You married men come across to yourself—get the pep and ginger and tingle of life into you. You are not living for yourself alone; you need dash, spirit, the enterprise you used to have. Regain and maintain your vigor; I'll show you how.

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You young man—think of your future—how about it—are you fit for marriage—are you qualified—do you feel it in your soul—are others sliding by you doing more—getting more than you are? I know what is dragging you down, what is keeping you down, and it is time, high time, that you *Stop.* No one can abuse nature and succeed; others tried it and failed miserably. Do you want to be a failure, or even worse than a failure? Then come to me; I have helped thousands; physically, mentally, morally. I will help you; I will make you the kind of young man that is a credit to any community—I will make you so that your progress in any undertaking will be easier. Just be frank and above board—tell me your troubles. I will guide, direct and point the way; the natural way for you to achieve what I have said—Nature's way. You can stop the drain on your system, you can be free from bad habit, gain muscular tissue, be strong, virile, erect in carriage, courageous and likeable to all you meet. Let me be your guide, your teacher. I have pupils all over the world, learning a system of Health, Strength, moral courage building, known as

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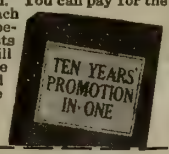

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Riddle Gawne

(Continued)

she tolerated him, openly accepting his constant attention to prove to Gawne that she did not care. He had sent her a note, and now he was waiting for her answer.

Billings, the foreman of the Diamond Bar, came up the steps of the porch.

"She wouldn't read it," he said, reluctantly, "Told me to tell you that your acquaintance has ended. She was just startin' out for a ride—with Bozzam."

Gawne's face hardened.

"Tell all the anti-Bozzam ranchers to oil up their guns. When I'm on my feet again we're goin' to stage a clean-up!"

A few days later when Bozzam City awoke, shading blood-shot eyes from the searching light of morning. Gawne dashed determinedly into the sheriff's office and demanded Reb Butler's resignation. Later, when he came confidently back to get it, Butler was gone. But the sheriff's office was not vacant. Bozzam was there and Kathleen was with him.

"You fool," muttered Bozzam, "do you think you can get away with this bluff?"

"Your takin' Butler's end of this?" Gawne shot the question as a challenge. He drew his gun and levelled it at Bozzam as he spoke. Then, smiling sarcastically he drew his left gun, reversed it, and slid it across the table with the butt protruding over the edge. He placed it dangerously close to Bozzam's right hand, and then, his face savage, his eyes glanced at the clock. It pointed to one minute before twelve. He spoke.

"When she strikes—shoot!"

Bozzam seemed to cringe from the words. Kathleen watched them, fascinated with horror. She saw that the test had failed to shake Gawne—she was almost irritated by his steadiness under the nerve-racking pressure of the situation. Her eyes bent toward Bozzam. She saw the ghastly fear on his countenance; he was facing death—he knew it. There was contempt in her heart for him, and she could not hide the expression of it from her face; she had measured him and found him a coward. The clock was about to strike! Gawne's hand fell toward his holster.

With a lightning-like lunge Kathleen sprang forward between the two men. Her hand fell on the gun on the table. The movement was simultaneous with Gawne's draw. He caught his hand in mid-air and stopped himself in time. The three stood rigid while the clock struck.

"There isn't going to be any shooting," Kathleen announced nervously, and pushed the gun across the table to Gawne.

"Well," he answered, as he slipped it back in the holster, "I guess our love has growed until just shootin' won't satisfy it."

He walked across the room, with his back to the others and through the door.

That night, calling together all the ranchmen who had suffered at the hands of Bozzam and his rustlers, and ordering all his Diamond Bar men to fall in with them, Gawne started on a wild ride toward the Bozzam ranch. Their purpose was to wipe out forever the curse of the man who had built and ruled Bozzam City.

Soon after they reached it the quicker of the Bozzam men were already tearing down the trail toward the edge of town. The others were clambering into their saddles. The ranch-house and the bunk-house were in flames. Gawne, who was directing activities, stopped long enough to lean over and listen to something a man was saying to him. It was Cass, the man whom, he recalled, he had freed directly after ousting Bozzam's sheriff.

"You was white to me," he said excitedly, "an' I owe you somethin'. Ride over to the Harkless place . . . . . an' ride damned fast!"

Gawne whirled his horse. He shouted to Billings who was dragging a huge bundle of brush to add to the flames.

"You take charge of the fireworks. I'm leavin' now—but it's a one man job!" Jabbing his spurs into his horse, he dashed from the scene.

At the Harkless ranch Gawne found that the warning had not been false. The old Colonel was on the ground, dying.

"Bozzam . . . . . took Katherine and Jane. . . . . I lied to her, Gawne, and told her you were bad. . . . . Bozzam made me . . . . . he said he'd tell . . . . . But I told her myself tonight, and she . . . . . she . . . . . loves you. . . . . Then he ran away with her. . . . . Nigger Paisley took Jane . . . . . the ridge trail . . . . . Gawne . . . . ."

The sentence was broken by a gasp and Harkless slumped into unconsciousness. Gawne looked at him a moment. He rushed from the room, bounded upon his horse, and swung at break-neck speed toward the ridge trail.

Dawn found him high up on the jagged peaks of the range, the horse unfaltering despite the crushing exhaustion of the chase throughout the night. And then, a few hours after daylight, as they were clambering up the rocky steepness of a peak that spiked the skies, the search was ended. Gawne saw the object of his mad ride, the little group sheltered by the crevices on the summit of the mountain. He saw them, and they saw him, almost the same moment. Bozzam shouted unintelligibly to Paisley. Paisley led the girls around the side of a huge boulder and did not return. Bozzam was crouched behind a rock, safe beyond the range of Gawne's sure aim. Gawne knew what was coming; he saw the muzzle of Bozzam's rifle protrude over the rock; but he did not stop. Like a man sure of death and unafraid, anxious only to wreak his own vengeance before his life is taken, he rode ahead in the face of the fire. There was a shot. Gawne felt Meteor slink beneath him. He leapt to the ground, revolver in hand, and ran on foot. There was another shot. This time Gawne fell. When, a few minutes later, he came to himself, he found Bozzam standing over him, a leer on his face, holding his rifle to his head. Gawne tried to move. He discovered that his left leg had been broken by the bullet. Suddenly he listened to Bozzam's jabbering—

"I got you now, ain't I? I got you an' you're goin' to pay for all the nuisance you've been.

"You hate me, don't you." He forced a laugh. "You hate—worse'n you hate anythin'. But you don't know *why* you

Riddle Gawne

(*Concluded*)

hate me—do you? Well I'll tell you. You hate me because—*I killed your brother*—I'm Watt Hyat—*that's* why you hate me! An' now, by God, I'm goin' to kill *you!*"

Gawne's features hardened as though they had been cast in a leaden mould.

"There's more," Bozzam continued, playing his last card of torture, "the woman you love goes with me to William's Cache, and Jane—Jane goes with Nigger Paisley." He paused a second. "Nigger, bring the girls. I'm goin' to let them watch their hero die." As he spoke he turned a little toward the direction of the rocks that hid the others from view. It was Gawne's chance. Before Bozzam could turn back Gawne's arms were about him. With a single jerk he turned the revolver, and, as he did so, Bozzam's finger pressed the trigger. Paisley, who at that moment came from his shelter in answer to Bozzam's call, stopped suddenly in his steps and fell to the ground. The bullet, discharged at random, had buried itself in his brain. Gawne knocked the revolver from Bozzam's hand and the struggle continued. Gawne's broken leg made him almost a dead weight, clinging to his foe. There was a steep bank at the side of the trail and Bozzam in his desperate struggle to free himself was dragging them closer to it. Suddenly, in one final, desperate attempt to shake off the grip that was ending his life, he stumbled and both men rolled over. Twenty feet below, on a ledge which separated the foot of the bank from the spot at which it became a precipice of apparently bottomless depth, they stopped, still struggling. There were on their knees now, and Gawne was slowly, but steadily pushing Bozzam back. His grip had not relaxed. Finally, Bozzam weakened. His body went limp, and Gawne let go. Bozzam swung for a moment and then fell backward. There was just a little cry as he snatched in the air at Gawne and disappeared over the edge. Gawne straightened on his knees and attempted to rise, but Kathleen and Jane were at his side to aid him. With their arms about him he struggled to his feet and stood a moment smiling from one to the other. And then, as though in proof of the hatred that had vanished and the faith that had returned when mankind had redeemed itself, he kissed Jane—and then Kathleen. The latter was, perhaps, a trifle longer than the first and there were muffled words of love which reached only each other's ears.

"What did he say," asked Kathleen as she grasped the hand that circled her waist, "that made you look so mad?"

"He said that he was Hyat," Gawne answered simply.

Her face went white, and then she flushed a moment. She could see it now, and the world seemed stretched out before them offering a new life to the man she loved. His vengeance had been wreaked. "Watt Hyat, of Cheyenne?" she gasped.

"No," answered Gawne and his eyes moved slowly toward the spot where the man had gone over, "Watt Hyat of hell!"

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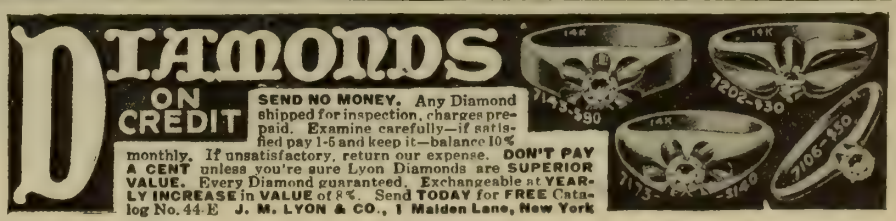

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Out of a Clear Sky

(Concluded from page 55)

to make an affidavit of the death of my niece," he stormed, "burned to death in your damnable American forest."

Granny who, for all her years, had never before been addressed in such a tone, was about to descend on him with all her wrath, when she remembered Celeste, sitting on the door-step. A large sunbonnet shielded the girl's face and on that Granny based her hopes. Rising quickly, she took the baby from the cradle and carried it over to the startled girl.

"Here, daughter," she said quietly, "take your baby into the sunshine so that this noisy gentleman may not awaken him," and without another word, she brought the pen and paper.

Bob flashed a sudden glance into the eyes of Celeste who was sitting so that only he could see her face. Just then, Dyrek called to him.

"Monsieur de Lawrence," he said, "will you sign now this affidavit of the death of my niece?"

Bob's eyes still held those of the girl. "Shall I?" they seemed to ask, "it means forever."

Celeste flushed crimson but her gaze was steadfast. Faint as the whisper was, he could see that her lips framed, "Sign."

"Are you ready, monsieur," the Count stormed. "I am waiting. Will you sign?"

Bob nodded, bowing elaborately.

With the document in his hand, Dyrek passed toward the door so close to Celeste that his spurs touched her dress. For she had come in to listen the more closely. Dyrek mounted his horse in silence and rode out of the forest with Steve and Bob leading the way. When they reached the path to the town beyond, Steve indicated the route he was to take and Dyrek insolently threw him a coin. Steve, good-humoredly, tossed it back at him.

"Chien!" Dyrek snarled at the woodsman, you American *canaille* are all alike."

With one sudden movement, Steve leaped from his horse and dragged the foreigner down with him. In an instant, the glory of Bersek and Krymn was writhing in the road under heavy blows.

When Bob returned to the cottage, he found Celeste seated on the bed beside Mamie evidently deep in an excited discussion. Their heads were bent over an object on the bed between them and it was only as Bob drew nearer that he saw it was a jewel box, overflowing with precious stones. Celeste smiled up at him, the jewels slipping through her fingers.

"They are the family treasures of Bersek and Krymn," she said gaily. "They are to be sold to purchase another house for Mamie here, whose cottage was burned."

Bob broke into a laugh. "Sweet Mamie will be satisfied with a house worth one of them," he told her dryly. "The invoice here says they are worth more than five million francs."

"We will buy the new house with one of them and send the rest back to feed the starving children of Belgium. And so," Celeste cried with a merry gesture of relinquishment, "departs the last possession of the Countess of Bersek and Krymn."

Just after twilight, two figures stood in the shadow of the honeysuckle watching the rising moon.

"Once you told me, 'Love is what pipes from the woods in the full of the moon,'" Celeste said. "Was it like this that you meant it? I understand a little now."

Bob looked steadily down at her with a gaze of infinite tenderness. "Ah, but you said then, 'I do not care to understand.' Do you care now, Celeste?"

She did not answer but raised her dark eyes to his in a look which was half a child's and half a woman. Bob uttered a triumphant little cry and instantly she was in his arms, at first tense with surprise and then relaxed in an ecstasy of abandonment. After a long silence—

"You know now, Celeste?" Bob said breaking the silence with a half-whisper.

"Yes," said Celeste. "Now I know."

The Dominant Race

(Concluded from page 48)

Of directors—just to name a sample of a numerous collection, and then hurry along—"Mickey" Neilan.

Photoplay comedy, like photoplay drama, claims its ruling share. Nowhere on earth could the biggest figure in sun-written laughter be taken for anything but the Celt he is. The reference is to Mack Sennett. Charlie Murray, his ablest assistant, graduated direct from the Irish comedians, Murray and Mack.

The gentlest, most whimsical, most elusive of the screen's ingenues is the Irish Mae Marsh. Her art—and it is distinctive—has an ancestral groundwork.

I dare to say that a majority of the screen's pretty women are Irish. Among these are Texas Guinan, Dorothy Dalton, Molly Malone, Lois Meredith, Marjorie Rambeau, Mabel Normand, Ruth Roland, Belle Bennett, Marguerite Marsh, Dorothy Kelly, Enid Markey, Mary Charleson, Bessie Love and Billie Burke.

The prize female dynamo of two worlds, Geraldine Farrar, a hurricane in the opera and a cyclone in the studio, is Irish.

The quietest, quaintest girls of the screen—by the way of contrast—are Irish, too. The Gishes.

Do you want more Irish men and women?

Very well—consider Francis Ford, Edward Langford, Tom Mix, J. W. Johnston, Eddie Lyons, Robert Elliott, Patrick Calhoun, Robert Harron, Ralph Kellard, George Larkin, Reggie Morris, Pat Rooney, Margaret Thompson, Leo Maloney, Guy Oliver, Alice Howell, Frank Kingsley, Raymond McKee, Jack Mulhall, Charlie Ray, Lee Moran, Jack Meredith, Valentine Grant.

This is not intended as the complete Erineous list. Probably you can think of a lot more.

It's just to set you wondering if, after all, St. Patrick didn't shoot those original Irish snakes with a picture camera.

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

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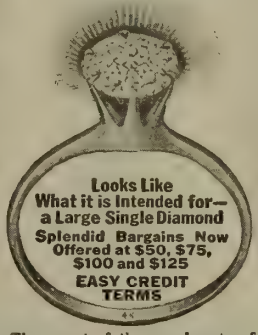

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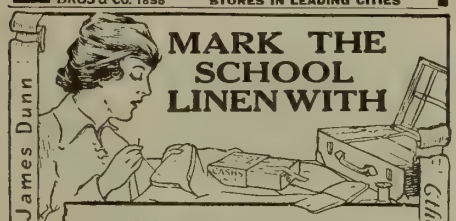

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The Road to France

(Continued from page 40)

without seeing Helen again. So he went to the big house on the hill, and bribed a servant to take word secretly to her mistress that he was waiting for her in the garden. She came to him and he told her his plans. Also, he was determined to investigate his marriage thoroughly. Winter was with him and Mollie the night of the affair, and Winter was a thorough scoundrel. There was a chance that he had been the victim of a plot.

As they sat talking in the summer house, two prowlers passed them in the deep shadows, identified them, and went on to the house. They were Winter and a ratlike criminal he employed when in desperate straits. Today he had received from his German master a message of dire portent. The news of the launching of the Victory had not been music to the ears of them who had been furnishing Winter with money, and a telegram ordered him to come to New York for a conference. Winter was convinced that he would never leave that conference alive. He needed money badly, immediately. So he took the human rat, Burns, along, and decided to make Bemis toe the mark. Leaving Burns hiding in the shrubbery, Winter went into the house and found Bemis, still angry from his discovery of Tom, in no mood for temporizing. Besides, the Victory was launched, and Bemis no longer feared the schemer.

"Well, what do you want?" he growled at the visitor.

"What do you suppose I want?" Winter growled back. "I've been stalling along, making my plans. Now I'm ready. I can make a signal that in ten seconds will result in your whole plant, the Victory and all, being blown to hell! Are you going to come through, or not?"

"N-o-t—not!" Bemis fairly screamed at him. "You lie when you say that you have the plant mined. Do you suppose I'm a fool? Don't you think we have been watching you? Get out of here, and do your worst. Get!"

Winter retreated. He was bewildered. How much did Bemis know? Wouldn't it be better to go back and—he shuddered. He was a coward. He went to the spot where he had left Burns, but the little rat was not there. So Burns had deserted him too. He looked about him, and waited a few moments.

Suddenly there was a sound of a man running across the grass, and Burns was beside him, panting.

"What is it?" Winter whispered.

"I wuz crackin' de safe in de ol' man's office, an' he comes in, an' I had tuh croak 'im."

"You've murdered Bemis?"

"I had tuh, I tell yuh."

"It was in the office—on the ground floor?"

"Yah. De room wid de typewriter in."

"I didn't hear any noise."

"Sure yoh didn't. Dis tool don't make no noise," and he produced a knife, which he proceeded to wipe on the grass.

"Come on with me. I've got an idea," Winter whispered, and together they crept back to the open window of the room that Bemis used for his office at home.

Cautiously they climbed in, and by the light of Burns' pocket flash, propped the old man's body in the chair in front of the typewriter. Then Winter put a sheet of paper in the machine, carefully putting it in at an angle, and ticked off the words,

"tom wh7tney kulled mw becaise i—"

With a keen sense of realism Winter did not end the sentence. This misspelled fragment would be sufficient, he believed to clear himself and his confederate, and send Tom Whitney to the chair. For Whitney was in the grounds, as undoubtedly the servants knew. So the two climbed out of the window and hurried away, to let events take their own course.

It was growing late, and Tom said goodbye. Helen stood watching him as he strode away, his every step betokening fresh determination to win the battle of life.

* * * * *

It was all very well for Helen to tell the police that Tom could not have been the murderer of her father, since he was with her at the time. One ounce of evidence of guilt is worth more than a pound of evidence of innocence to the average detective. So while the police were impressed with Helen's statement, they clung tenaciously to the apparent accusation by the murdered man as he was dying, for without this they had no clue, and that is unendurable.

Helen, however, had her own suspicions, but these she did not want to state openly until she had more reason for them. She had always regarded Winter as a sinister figure, and while she did not believe him capable of murder, she believed that this was some development of his plotting, of which her father had told her something. She needed help to work out her theory, and finally persuaded the police to release Tom for twenty-four hours, upon her promise that if she had not found the guilty person by that time he would return. As the Bemis family almost owned the little town, she managed to have her way.

Together she and Tom worked out the plan of campaign, and she sent word for Winter to come to see her, as she wanted his advice on important business. It had not occurred to the unscrupulous plotter to continue upon the daughter the efforts which had failed with the father, and he quickly came in response to the summons.

Helen told him she knew he had great influence with the men in the shipyard, and she wanted him to help her, to be her adviser. This was an alluring proposition, but Winter was afraid to stay in the town. He wanted to get away, and he needed money at once. While Tom was suspected of the killing, there was danger, and there was danger too from the German spy master. So while pretending to accept the offer, Winter said he must have a large sum of money at once, "as a retainer" he explained.

"I have nothing but my mother's jewels, and I have no right to give those away," Helen said. "But if you will come to the house tonight we can arrange it,

The Road to France

(Concluded)

so that it will seem like a robbery, and it will be all right."

Nothing attracts a plotter like a plot. The dishonesty of the scheme lured Winter, and that evening he was on hand in anticipation of a rich haul.

Helen showed him the jewel cases, and his beady eyes flashed.

"You must tie me to a chair," Helen said.

Winter did so, and as he was about to start for the door he heard a sound in the adjoining room. Startled, he turned toward the window, and stumbled over something in his way. Looking down he discovered the body of Tom Whitney, his shirt stained with blood. Before he had time to move a policeman had come through the window and seized him.

"He killed Tom Whitney and was robbing me," Helen screamed.

Winter stared at her, too astonished to defend himself. At last he found words to ask her what it meant. The police untied Helen, and she asked them to allow her a few words in private with Winter. They drew aside, and she said to him, in a low voice.

"You know the truth about my father's murder. Unless you tell it, I will swear that you killed Tom Whitney while he was defending me from you."

Winter paused only a few seconds. He saw that he had placed himself in a trap, and that he had been caught red-handed in murder and robbery. Besides he didn't kill Bemis, and he didn't care much what became of Burns. For once his interests were best served by the truth. So the police were called back to hear the account of the Bemis murder. As he finished his recital, the dead body on the floor came to its feet, and Winter looked up at his nemesis, Tom Whitney, not dead, but very much alive.

"Y-you're n-not d-dead," Winter stammered.

"No," Tom replied, "and I'm not going to die until you tell me the truth about my marriage. I'm going to have the truth if I have to choke it out of you."

At first Winter was reluctant to speak, but when Tom promised not to bring any charge against him, he admitted that the marriage was a fake, and that Mollie was his own wife. He had intended using her merely as bait, but she had become greedy and urged that they try to get possession of the entire Whitney fortune through this marriage.

* * * * *

The Bemis home stood on a hill overlooking the shipyards. Before the next ship was launched, Tom and Helen stood on a little bridge one evening and looked over the busy scene, where the men, now inspired by Tom's energy and example, worked at record-breaking speed to win the Government's honor flag for their plant. And they had a little mock quarrel, as newly married couples will, each trying to give the other all the credit for the happiness they had discovered, and for the splendid work they were doing together for the cause of the Nation.

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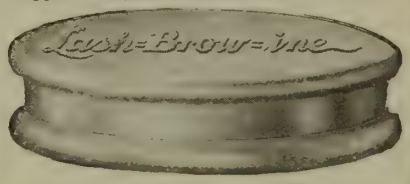

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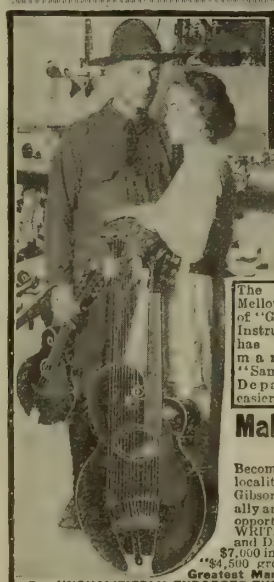

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What About Screen Comedy?

(Continued from page 51)

When he discovered this the "situation" comedy had arrived. It carried with it a great line of similar discoveries. For instance this: Just hitting a man with a pie isn't funny. To intend to hit your husband with a pie; miss him and hit the parish priest by mistake; that's a real joke.

Back of Mr. Sennett's discovery was a profound truth that applies chiefly to the American national character.

Everybody in America wants to do something to a policeman. Just as when we were little boys we liked to see how long we dared stay on the track with a train coming. We are all afraid of him. It's no use denying it. The President of the United States walks a little straighter and puts on a prunes-and-prisms look, I have no doubt, when he passes a copper on the beat. No one is able to forego a feeling of awe when this kingly figure passes by slowly swinging his mighty billy.

The producers began to see that the joke lay in the tumble of this fearful dignity rather than in a cop doing monkey shines.

With this discovery the simple childish horse-play of the earlier days of motion pictures gave up the ghost with a sob. Anyone can see that when Sennett turned out the first dignified policeman, motion picture comedies made a mighty leap from vaudeville and variety into the realms of farcical drama.

Farce comedy on the screen was a good deal like farce comedy on the stage. To my mind, this was the least appealing stage of comedy in either phase—on the stage or screen.

After all, farce complications are rather tedious. You know when you hear about the rich old uncle that somebody is going to mistake him for the butler and hit him with a mop; you know when somebody loses a baby that five misfit babies are due to turn up at the wrong time. It is all forced, unnatural and unconvincing. Motion pictures took the whole works; dragoons, engineers and supply train. The picture farces had the lost babies; the rich old uncles mistaken for servants; the parsons arrested for burglary; the naughty husbands escaping detection.

Now—we may as well be frank about it—this vein is exhausted.

You must remember that the screen is a voracious monster. One of the great producers of pictures has pointed out that motion pictures has in ten years gone through the same evolution that required a thousand years for the spoken drama.

This is, of course, due to the rate at which they are turned out. I don't suppose, for instance, there is a single modern director who has not actually made more plays than Shakespeare and Marlowe and Scribe ever heard of.

It naturally follows that the screen comedy producer galloped through the whole range of farce comedy — through five hundred years of funny plays in a brief span of three or four. He has eaten the heart out of them all. I feel safe in saying that there isn't a single comedy situation ever shown on the stage since the days of ancient Greece that has not been worked over and over and over in the pictures.

On the stage these farces would have lasted for years. About once a year Hickville was glad to assemble in the Odd Fellows Hall and cackle over these worn complications. But when the movies came, Hickville had a show to go to every night. So even Hickville yawned.

Every possible twist and complication has been tried. Not only tried but worn threadbare.

And now they're hungry again.

The old machine is beginning to knock pretty hard for want of water and fuel. A new box of tricks is about to be opened and it does not require the services of a seventh son of a seventh son to see this next box of tricks.

The horse-play stage has passed; the drama of childish impossibilities has passed; the drama of next-to-impossible complications has come and is on its way out.

It goes without saying that the phase to follow is the drama of possibility—the drama of reality. There is really nothing funny about a man riding straddle of the moon; but there is something funny about the man who forgot to bring home the carving knife the night the rich relatives came to dinner.

In other words, comedy no longer lurks in that which couldn't happen; it lies in that which could and does happen.

I saw a very striking and interesting illustration of this in two comedies recently produced.

In both plays the same gag was used. It was a trick taxi-cab out of which many people climbed. In the one case a whole wedding party—bride, groom, bride's maids and mother-in-law came solemnly trooping out of one small cab when it drew up at the station. In the other comedy, a whole regiment of revenue officers disembarked from the one small cab. The first was the funny one. The second one started to be funny, but the laugh oozed away before the cab was emptied.

As I figured it, this was the reason why the first gag was funny but the second one wasn't.

The joke consisted of the mental picture you had of the way the passengers must have looked as they were piled up inside the cab. The instant that one revenue officer more than could possibly have been piled into the cab crawled out, the joke died. In other words, the gag depended unconsciously upon the imagination of the spectator. When the director strained too hard upon the possibilities, the imagination declined to go on further and the gag failed.

A very strong hint of the new comedy that's to come can be found in the plays of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

They touch upon life as it really is. They touch upon universal experience. They open up lanes of real satire. Their comedies might have happened to you and to me—to every one.

Not that I think much of the Drew

What About Screen Comedy?

(Concluded)

comedies. To tell the truth, they are not really motion picture plays. They are subtitles agreeably decorated with the pleasant faces of Mr. and Mrs. Drew. Mr. Drew stands up and frowns and sits down and smiles. Mrs. Drew looks annoyed or pleased or a little bit sad. The whole story is told in the words that separate the meaningless pictures. Nevertheless they are the pioneers of the new idea.

But the "Drew idea" will not be snatched up with the easy avidity with which vaudeville gags were kidnapped.

To make jokes that are true to life presupposes a knowledge of life—a sympathetic understanding that is given to few of us.

When we step into this next phase of comedy we find that the lane narrows.

We depart from Zim of the comic tramps and we approach the throne of Charles Dickens.

A great critic has written that Dickens is only enjoyable to those who like their "humor cut thick and their pathos laid on in slabs." Still he dealt in things as they are.

The next great comedy director will be found putting on real characters—characters carved out of real life, characters like Mr. Micawber. It will not be enough to put on a policeman and jerk his feet out from under him. The policeman must be first of all a human character with entertaining peculiarities. He will not be funny because he is a policeman but because he is a personality differing from all other personalities. His policemanship will be entirely incidental.

This war may work important changes in our humor. I shouldn't be surprised if the contact of millions of American soldier boys with the older civilization of Europe would bring us a taste of real satire.

At present we are not ready for it.

American humor is not satirical. Satire is old; finished; subtle; experienced; sophisticated. Our humor has every characteristic of the child—of raw youth. It is cruel; we like to see the umpire hit at a baseball game; we want to see the solemn policeman badly handled in the farce.

The French have a style of satire of which I have seen one brilliant example in the films. A man was found trying to commit suicide by hanging himself in a forest. The peasant who found him couldn't legally cut him down so he ran to tell the gendarme; the gendarme ran out; took a look at him; then ran to summon the corporal; the corporal ran out to take a look; then he ran back to tell the sergeant; the sergeant took a look and ran to get the mayor of the town. The mayor ran out to take a look; then ran back to put on his official sash and chapeau before cutting down the man trying to commit suicide. It was delicious but fell flat. The American audience didn't understand the red tape at which the satire was directed.

We will have this satire some day but I'm afraid it will be a long time coming; that will be the finishing touch to our humor.

When the American satirical comedy arrives, it may be piloted into the harbor by a very small girlish hand—by the hand of Miss Anita Loos.

Anyone who attempts to give an account of American comedy without first doffing his hat to this girl, at once counts himself out and shows that he knows nothing of what he is trying to talk.

In the course of my life, I have come in contact with two transcendant, flashing intellects; one was Gen. Homer Lea, the military strategist, the other, Anita Loos. To my mind, she is by all odds the finest intellect thus far to touch the business of making motion pictures.

In some of her Douglas Fairbanks pictures, she dragged this very crude art to a height that no one else has reached.

To my mind, the highest point that American satire has thus far achieved —either in literature or in drama—was this girl's play, "American Aristocracy."

I fear that Mr. Fairbanks did not quite realize what a jewel he possessed.

Since parting company from Miss Loos, his comedies have lost the magic touch. His plays now consist in jumping off roofs and climbing porches. They are no longer satires. They are just like all the other plays.

In the course of her Fairbanks plays, however, Miss Loos made this priceless contribution to the screen:

She showed in what tone of voice satire can be written and played to be convincing to the American public.

There will be, of course, amusing little side lights and side excursions into humor. There will be occasional girl shows—the Follies transferred to the screen. On the screen the T. B. M. charmers will lose the extremely dubious advantage of song and will gain in offering more for the girls to do. Whereas on the stage they can only canter around and dance, on the screen they can play baseball; swim in real water.

The real pull of this kind of a girl show lies in the spectacle of free and glorious youth—youth that has deserted most of us. It is a wistful sort of humor. It is only a flavor and a perfume. It can never be an entree.

So, to make a long story a little bit shorter, let us stop here and with this: motion picture comedy is on the threshold of the most lasting and the greatest phase of its experience. But it is a threshold that few directors will cross.

We are looking down into the promised land. Only a few will ever get there.

WE who have long wondered what it is that makes people clap their hands at the movies have found one explanation. The American flag!

THERE is only one time when a man will permit another to dictate how he shall kiss a girl—when under contract to do exactly as the director orders.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 101)

L. V. P. W., CANADA.—You Canucks are faithful. And we don't mind saying we're always glad to see the Canadian postmark. You think Carol Holloway is the sweetest girl on the screen. Well, we don't know about that, but Carol is awful sweet. And you want a picture of Carol and William Duncan in the Magazine. We'll speak to the editor about it. Pauline Curley was the little blonde with Harold Lockwood in "The Square Deceiver." Miss Curley at this writing is with the Douglas Fairbanks company.

M. M. B., M. B., HOLYOKE, MASS.—Bill Hart's contract has a year more to run. Mary's hair is naturally curly. Jane Lee is five; Katherine is seven. Thelma Solter is about ten. Douglas Fairbanks is not going to leave the movies. Those are George Walsh's own teeth. No, we don't think you are very clever.

VIOLET DEAR, N. Y.—Frank Mayo is playing right along for World, usually opposite June Elvidge. He was born in N. Y. in 1886. Believe he sends his pictures. Write to him care World studios, Fort Lee, N. J. Mayo is married. You say, "They all seem to me like some gods who live in a land of their own. Movie-land—something like Wonderland, that Alice had to go through the mirror to reach"—or follow the bunny down the hole. Ah, Violet, every little Alice has to go through more than the mirror to get there. And besides, there's a certain amount of hard work connected with a screen career. If that's your idea of Movie-land, Violet, you'd better stay at home. But you'd better, anyway.

B. E. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—And still they come! Conway Tearle, so far as we know, has never had a "secret sorrow." Did you read "A Merry Hamlet" in September PHOTOPLAY? That answers most of your questions about him. He was recently married to Adele Rowland. Don't know why he hasn't been starred.

H. R., NEWARK, N. J.—Elmo Lincoln and E. K. Lincoln are not the same person. Elmo Lincoln played "Tarzan" in "Tarzan of the Apes." He was in "Judith of Bethulia" for Biograph; "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Aladdin" (Fox), and may be reached care National Film Corp., L. A., Cal. E. K. Lincoln is now with Leonce Perrett, appearing in a new propaganda film, "Lafayette, We Come!" Harold Lockwood, Metro, Hollywood. Mary MacAlister is not with any company at present.

B. S. W., ILL.—Creighton Hale's latest was "Waifs," with Gladys Hulette for Pathe. Address him care that studio. His real name is Patrick Fitzgerald. He is married. But he will send his picture. Richard Barthelmess is not married. We will be very glad to hear from you any time.

A. B., MONTREAL.—We thought everyone would recognize Mary Pickford as the subject of that picture in the art section for April. Sorry, but your other questions are against the rules. Men think women are the worst gossips, but women are sure that men are.

MARION, CATAWASSA, PA.—May Allison's address is Metro Studios, Hollywood, Cal. And you aren't intruding at all, Marion. Haven't we heard from you before?

R. E. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Kenneth Harlan in "The Price of a Good Time." He has been drafted. You want a picture of Hart Hoxie, also a story. Many thanks for your good wishes.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

PEARL GALNITES, ROCKFORD, ILL.—As we have said before, we cannot give anyone advice about becoming a motion picture player. On the other hand we can hardly let a query like yours go unanswered. You see, Pearl, there are so many experienced players on the waiting lists, and I take it that you have had no professional training whatever. So I'd think it over seriously before leaving home. If you really want our advice, it's—don't do it. Write to us again and tell us all about it.

J. F. LYNN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You like Tom Meighan. Well, Tom is with Famous Players-Lasky and may be addressed care Famous in N. Y. or Lasky in Hollywood; he is married to Frances Ring, and we believe he'll send you his picture. But Tom says he isn't an actor, and he hates to have his pictures taken. Suppose you'll like him all the better now, won't you? You're right—the Editor invites criticisms and suggestions; he says he's running this Magazine to please you people. So jump right in.

W. B., SEARCY, ARK.—Richard Barthelmess is twenty-three. He was born in New York City and had a stage career during which he played five years in stock. Write to him for a picture 126 W. 47th St., N. Y. Not married. Theda sends her pictures to all who ask, we believe. Miss Frederick may be reached at the Goldwyn studios at Ft. Lee, N. J. The picture you enclose is of Jack Mulhall. He was with Universal; appeared in "Wild Youth" for Paramount; may now be reached care Triangle at Culver City, Cal. Mulhall is married.

B. H., WELLS, MINN.—Olive Thomas has light hair and blue eyes. Mary Miles Minter, golden hair and blue eyes. Doris Kenyon has brown hair, with gray eyes. She is twenty-one years old and unmarried. Little Miss Lee is brown-eyed and her hair is a burnished brown. She is not married. Eileen Percy has light hair and blue eyes. Wm. Desmond is dark, with blue eyes.

LITTLE PRINCESS, TUSCUMBIA, ALA.—It is Julian Eltinge who impersonates women. He has his own company now; his first release is "Over the Rhine." June Elvidge is a star for the World Film Corp., at Ft. Lee, N. J. Billie Burke and Pearl White have auburn hair. Sylvia Breamer with William Hart in "The Narrow Trail." Miss Breamer plays in Cecil DeMille's "We Can't Have Everything," and J. Stuart Blackton's "Missing" and "The Common Cause." Miss Clark is really thirty-three. Tony Moreno is not married.

MRS. H. G. A., PONTIAC, MICH.—PHOTOPLAY receives hundreds of letters like yours every day, but we are afraid we cannot be of any assistance to you in obtaining employment. If you are convinced that you have only to be given a chance to succeed, there would be no harm in writing to a studio and submitting photographs. Further than this we cannot advise you.

NORMAN CLEARY, MOSMAN, SYDNEY, AUS.—Olive Thomas is your favorite. There is a "Grand Crossing Impression" of her in this issue. Write to her care Triangle at Culver City, Cal., for her picture. She has a Stutz car, and we believe her favorite color is blue. Bill Hart's present contract has a year to run. Bill said he would retire at the end of that time, but we'll wait and see. Here are some of Hart's Triangle pictures: "The Patriot," "The Apostle of Vengeance," "The Return of Draw Egan," "Hell's Hinges." His latest for Artcraft is "Riddle Gawn." Write again, won't you?

POLLY OF AMERICA, FORT OGLETHORPE, GA.—Mrs. Taylor Holmes was Edna Phillips; she is well known on screen and stage. She appeared with her husband in "A Pair of Sixes," the photoplay version. Jack Pickford can be addressed at the Lambs Club, N. Y. He is in the Navy. Charlie Chaplin is twenty-eight. He is not married to Edna Purviance; in fact, Charles is not and has never been married. His new picture is called "Shoulder Arms!" His first under the million-dollar contract was "A Dog's Life." Mutt, the dog, is dead. That was a mistake about Wallace Reid; it was a man who impersonated him at Camp Lewis. Fairbanks did not go to South America after all. Your other question is against the rules.

THE MYSTIC ROSE, MIDDLEBUSH, N. J.—Yours was very good. You think Nazimova is the greatest actress on the screen. And you want to see Pearl White in features. So would we. That's the best way after all, isn't it?—to be your own critic. Pearl has always been with Pathe except for a brief period with the Crystal Company in the good old days. Well, the "Perils of Pauline" and "Exploits of Elaine" are still remembered, while "The Million Dollar Mystery" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn" have not been forgotten. We can't attempt to give you a list of all the blondes on the screen. So Mr. Quirk answered your letter. Write again. We like to hear from you. You are a real enthusiast, in the right way.

VIRGINIA BELLE, INDIANAPOLIS. — Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883, so figure it out for yourself. Alice Brady is not married; she is about twenty-three.

JOSEPHINE R., N. Y. C.—Write to them at the following addresses: William Farnum, Fox studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Harold Lockwood, Metro, Hollywood, Cal.; F. X. Bushman, Metro, N. Y.; Doris Kenyon, De Luxe Pictures, Inc., Wharton studios, Ithaca, N. Y.; Ruth Roland, Pathe, Hollywood, Cal. Henry Gsell is not in pictures at the present time but you might write him care Pathe at Jersey City. Wm. Farnum is forty-two. You are very welcome; write again. It is more pleasant to be beautiful than to be good, but it is better to be good than to be ugly.

I BORED THE ANSWER MAN. — You're wrong; you didn't. Wish we had more letters like yours. You say, "There's only one thing wrong with your department, and that is that it keeps me up too late at night reading it." Wish we could print your letter. You think we are "about 28 years old (because you use such modern slang); and you wear real stylish clothes, tight fit at the waist and everything. And you're a college man and of fairly wealthy people. *And you are just working as Answer Man for amusement and some extra pocket money.*" That's right, Vera; I'se jes' workin' as Answer Man for amusement; but I don't wear no real stylish clothes, honey. Tight fit at the waist and everything—no, *suh!* James R. Quirk, whom you saw in "The Screen Telegram," is vice-president and general manager of PHOTOPLAY; and you are entirely right in everything you say about him. We told him what you said about PHOTOPLAY and he was very much pleased. Now for your questions. Carol Halloway is not married, so far as we know. You want an interview with her? Mary Pickford's and Gladys Brockwell's fathers are not living. Jack Pickford is in the Navy. Address June Elvidge care World, Ft. Lee, N. J. Your writing is all right. Would like to hear from you again.

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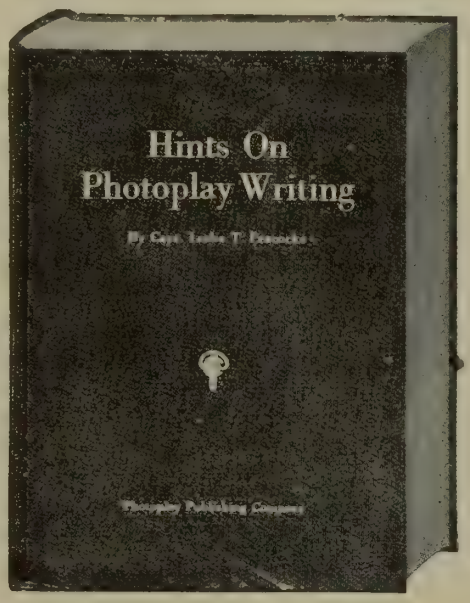

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

J. M., WINNIPEG.—Quite sure Mr. Tearle would not be insulted if you asked him for a photograph. He was last with Vitagraph, playing with Anita Stewart in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." You might write him there; they will forward it. Can't imagine why your other questions were not answered. Are you sure?

D. F., SOMEWHERE IN N. Y.—We were very glad indeed to hear from you again, as we remember your first letter with great pleasure. It is always good to feel that an effort to please is appreciated. We are gratified that you like us. Someone once said the enmity of a woman was more valuable than the friendship of angels, but we never could see it that way. Now for your questions—after the films have gone the rounds of the exhibitors they come back to the company and are "shelved," to use the picture *patois*. Write to the World Film Company at Fort Lee, N. J., and ask them about buying one of their old films. Will you write again?

"CANADIAN GIRL."—Rockcliffe Fellowes' latest appearance is with Madge Kennedy in a Goldwyn picture, "Friend Husband." PHOTOPLAY will doubtless have a picture of him soon. Your letter was interesting, and your opinions worth-while. But we don't say we agree with all of them, remember.

MABELLE MITCHELL, 6 PITT ST., ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA. — Write Sessue Hayakawa care Haworth Picture Corp., Paralta Studios, L. A., Cal., for his picture. Sonia Markova, late Fox star, now retired, is none other than Gretchen Hartman, well-known on the screen—remember her splendid work as "Fantine" in "Les Miserables?"—and the wife of Alan Hale, who is scoring in "Friendly Enemies" on the stage. Glad to hear that PHOTOPLAY is so well liked in Adelaide. You want other admirers of Hayakawa and Mary Pickford to write to you so you can sympathize with each other. Don't deliberate; it's fatal. Once begin it and you'll bore yourself to death.

V. Z., OF MAUMEE.—Oh, but girlie, I can't answer questions real nicely. If I did no one would read this department. One of Jack Sherrill's pictures was "The Silent Witness." Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld is none other than Billie Burke. Harold Lockwood and May Allison are no longer co-stars, but solo stars. One of May's latest is called "The Finding of Mary;" Mr. Lockwood at this writing is completing "Pals First," from the stage play in which Tom Wise and William Courtenay starred. James Lackaye is taking Mr. Wise's part in the screen version. Ruby de Remer, a former Follies beauty and filmed in "The Auction Block" some time ago, is Harold's new leading woman. Motion picture players are paid by the week, month, or picture. Extra ladies and gentlemen are paid by the day—some days.

G. B., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Ethel Clayton is with Paramount, and may be reached at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. That is Harold Lockwood's real name. J. Warren Kerrigan's latest picture is "A Burglar for a Night." Fannie Ward is forty-three.

ROBERTA C., SCHENECTADY, N. Y. — No, Roberta, you have been misinformed—Nazimova is not Mary Pickford's sister. Neither did Earle Williams succumb to blood-poisoning on the Coast. Don't know who wrote "My Strange Life;" sounds like Theda Bara. Nazimova is really Russian. Teddy, Sennett's star canine, is a mastiff. Dorothy Kelly is not playing just now; she is married to Harvey Havenor.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

PHILIP H., GERMANTOWN, PA.—Glad to hear from you again. Write us a letter and ask some questions. If you thought the September issue was the best yet, wonder what you'll think of this one.

MRS. A. W., N. Y. C.—"Over the Top" was filmed over here. "My Four Years in Germany" also. The Gerard film is one of the great propaganda pictures. Have you thought about the big part the photoplay is taking in helping us to win the war?

VIRGINIA, TEXAS.—There is an interview with Frank Mills called "Mrs. Mills' Many Husbands" in September PHOTOPLAY which I believe will tell you what you want to know about your favorite.

VERA BICKER, 101 GENEVA STREET, ST. CATHERINE'S, ONT., CANADA, would like to correspond with a Southern girl of her own age (15) about the movies, picture favorites, etc.

CINDERELLA, LA CROSSE, WIS.—Your best friend is PHOTOPLAY and your second best the movie theatre. Eugene O'Brien is your favorite. We'll have a story about him soon. Believe Eugene sends his pictures; write to him at the Royalton, New York, and find out. If we can ever help you in any way, let us know. Write again soon; always glad to hear from you.

T. D., LOGAN, UTAH.—You have a pretty name. Florence Carpenter is not on the screen now. The "X" stands for Xavier. Mary Pickford is going to take a vacation. You want to know what the movies are going to do with Caruso now that they have him. We wonder, too. Your writing indicates that you have a sweet disposition, and that you read PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE every month from cover to cover. Indeed we're glad to have another little friend.

RAY, MONTREAL.—Sessue Hayakawa is your favorite. Antonio Moreno is not married to Pearl White. One of Mary Miles Minter's late pictures was "The Ghost of Rosy Taylor." Alan Forrest is her leading man. The Hayakawas have no children. We have no dope on Clifford Alexander. Anything else?

M. F. E., BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.—Well, well, Mary, if we weren't glad to hear from you! We'd just had a letter from a girl who said she "couldn't imagine why on earth we ever published that picture of Marion Davies in the art section; there was nothing attractive about it." And then came your sparkling letter in which you confide that you wish Mack Sennett would make more pictures like "Those Athletic Girls," and restored our faith in human nature. Why doesn't PHOTOPLAY give more space to Mary Pickford? Great Bocaccio, Mary—there's something about her in almost every issue. Mary Miles Minter will send you her photograph if you write to her at the American Film studios in Santa Barbara, Cal. Billie Burke did say something about calling her baby "Gloria," we believe; but she changed her mind in favor of the "Florence Patricia."

KATHRYN GRAY, KANSAS CITY.—Oh, that picture was produced in all seriousness, but to tell the truth it amused us, too. You see that producer has a firm belief in the public's insatiable appetite for the sensational old-time meller stuff, and he hasn't much of a sense of humor himself, so he keeps right at it and he'd be the most surprised man in the world if you told him you thought it was a satire. I wish you would write again. Your letter was clever.

N. D. W., YANKTON, S. D.—If you saw that scene enacted at Universal City, the girl was probably Marie Walcamp, who plays in most of that company's jungle pictures. But how can we tell you the name of the play when all the data you can give about it is that the heroine is golden-haired and there's a fight with a leopard?

EXAMINUSQUE, SYDNEY, AUS. — You're dead right. You have a long list of favorites, but PHOTOPLAY will get around to all of them in time. Bessie and Montagu are not related; neither is either of them married. Vivian Martin is married to William Jefferson, son of Joseph Jefferson. Jack Dean is Miss Ward's second husband; she was divorced from the South African diamond king. Dean is an actor. Lottie Pickford has been playing in Paramount pictures occasionally; she had a part with brother Jack in "Mile-a-Minute Kendall." Warren Kerrigan is with Paralta. "Souls in Pawn" was an American Mutual production starring Gail Kane. The late Wm. Courtleigh, Jr., and Elliott Dexter with Miss Clark in "Helene of the North." May Allison is no longer Harold Lockwood's co-star; she is featured alone now, and among her new pictures are "The Winning of Beatrice," "A Successful Adventure." Earle Williams is not married. Cleo Ridgely is not playing now.

M. H. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Marguerite Clark is thirty-three, with red-gold hair and hazel eyes. She is now working on a fairy-tale, to follow her picturization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which she plays both *Little Eva* and *Topsy*. Emmy Wehlen is not married. Louise Huff is in her early twenties. Miss Curley doesn't give her age; she has been giving intermittent screen performances since 1916.

N. L., CLEVELAND, O. — Norman Kerry with Constance Talmadge. She is eighteen. Constance never had any stage experience; she was going to high-school in Brooklyn when she decided to follow Norma to the Vitagraph studio and try her luck in pictures. Like Norma, she worked up from an extra, and made good. Write to her care Select, N. Y. They do say Connie is engaged to Norman Kerry.

F. EPLEY, SAN FRANCISCO.—George Walsh was born in New York in 1892. Believe his first picture was "Hell a Poppin' Valentine" (Fox). Write to him care Fox studios, L. A.

R. C. D., R. C. H. A., MONTREAL.—Jewel Carmen is twenty-one and we haven't her husband's name; believe she isn't married. Write to her care Fox for a picture. Glad to hear from you any time.

L. A. D., COLEMAN, WIS.—Jack Pickford is in the Navy. Virginia Valli's real name is McSweeny; the interviewer was entirely right. Other questions are against the rules.

M. E. S., TOPEKA, KANSAS.—"The Barrier" was filmed in Canada. Louise Glaum has been married. Pauline Frederick is not going to retire; she is under contract for a term of years with Goldwyn. Cannot give home addresses of the players. You'd like to know if Alfred Whitman is better looking with or without his mustache? Well, to tell the truth, we haven't given this matter much serious consideration; but if you like, we'll think it over and tell you later.

VICTORIA GILLS, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mary Miles Minter may be reached at the American Film studios, Santa Barbara, Cal. She will send you her photograph.

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For further information or for enrollment apply at the nearest Recruiting Station established by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. If you do not know address of your local Recruiting Station, write for information to Council of National Defense, Woman's Committee, Washington, D. C.

Anna Howard Shaw, Chairman
Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense

H. P. Davison, Chairman
War Council, American Red Cross

W. C. Gorgas
Surgeon General United States Army

Dr. Franklin Martin, Chairman
General Medical Board, Council of National Defense

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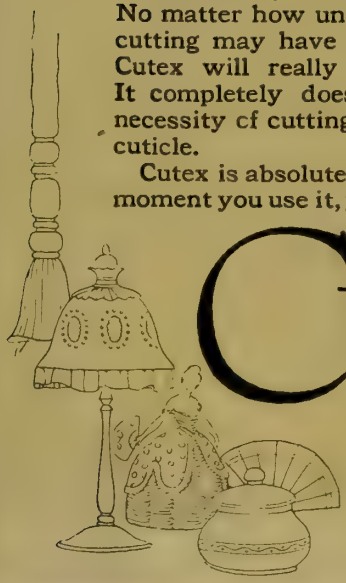

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Note How Scientific Cookery Has Changed Some

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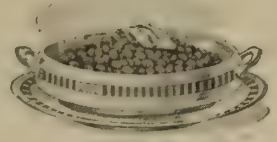

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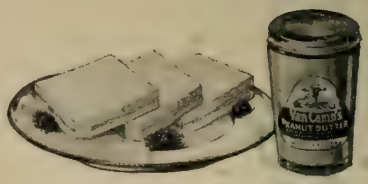

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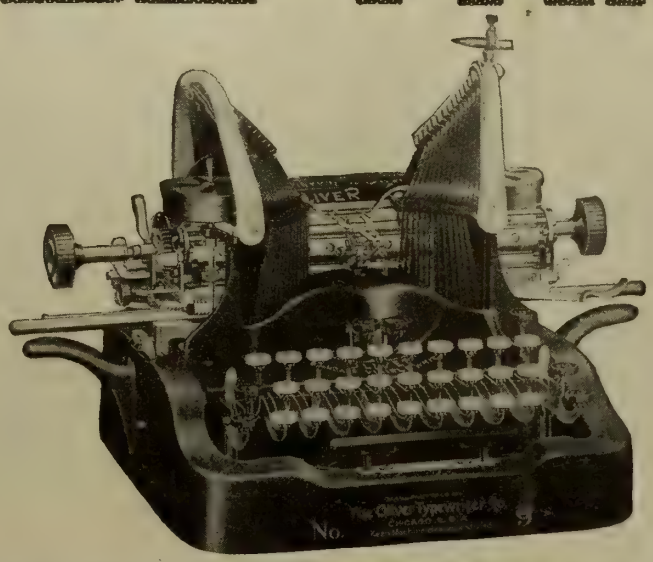

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. XIV No. 6

Contents

NOVEMBER, 1918

Cover Design — *Edith Storey*
From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

Art Section Portraits: Jackie Saunders, Dorothy Dalton, Madge Kennedy, Nell Shipman, Bessie Barriscale, Gloria Hope, Alla Nazimova, Bryant and Mrs. Washburn.

The Melting Pot — Editorial 21

Julian Eltinge's Italian Castle in California — 22
Pictures of the Home He Planned Himself.

When Mary Thurman Pants for Publicity (Pictures) — 26
And How Charlie Murray Thwarts a Flirtation.

The Bridge of Ships (Pictures) — 27
Views of Uncle Sam's Third War Film.

The Story of Storey — Julian Johnson 28
Edith—and How She Grew.

How to Hold a Husband — 31
The Hayakawas Give Four Lessons.

"Casting the First Stone" — Kenneth McGaffey 32
Studio Vernacular—Not a Religious Allusion.

Photography—the Mile-a-Minute Art. — John M. Nickolaus 34
About a Very Important Photoplay Science.

Johanna Enlists (Fiction) — Dale Carroll 36
Told from the Picture with Mary Pickford.

Six Feet, Nineteen — 41
Concerning Rod La Rocque, in Re: the Fame Ladder.

(Contents continued on next page)

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Entered as second-class matter Apr. 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3 1879.

Next Month

IF you have no coal, stick the December issue of PHOTOPLAY up in the fireplace and warm yourself in its cheerful radiance; it's going to be that fervent and bright.

Among the personalities who will step right out of the illumination to meet you are John Barrymore, Madge Kennedy, Tom Moore, Niles Welch, King Baggott—a long time since you've talked with him, isn't it!—Ethel Clayton, Nell Shipman, John Bowers, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Phillips, William Stowell, Marguerite Marsh, Hale Hamilton and Molly Malone.

It is not possible to forecast the exact number of interesting personal accounts which may be contained in a single set of covers; news and a wealth of other material are to be reckoned, also; nevertheless the popular men and women just named are only part of those whose stories, illustrated with exclusive pictures from professional and private life, are in readiness to print as rapidly as the exigencies of space permit.

Among other December features—

Directors—the Second Generation

The whole realm of motion pictures has, so far, been ruled by its original directoral masters. But a new school—a great class of young men—the second generation—is springing up. A small group of these young men is perhaps the most tremendous influence in motion pictures today. The masters are still here, and most of them are still in the prime of life, but their pupils are beginning to produce originally. An interesting analysis of recent work and a timely forecast of tomorrow.

Getting Next to Nature

How a firm which has specialized in natural history has made these pictures romantic as a novel and interesting as a murder.

Contents—*Continued*

"Surely, Shirley—Surely!" Arabella Boone 42
The Interviewer Found It Far Easier to Say "Yes" to Miss Mason.

The Man Who Made the First Movie Move Homer Croy 44
Here Is Some *Real* News.

Consider Katherine Kenneth McGaffey 45
Miss MacDonald Thought Opportunity Was Only Another Name for "Pest."

Earle's Latest Affinity 47
A Maxfield Parrish Turns to the Photoplay Art.

Famous Women Who Have Cooked for Me
However—Only Before the Camera. Thomas Meighan 48

The Turn of the Wheel (Fiction) Jerome Shorey 49
Told from Geraldine Farrar's Photoplay.

The Million Dollar Dolly Mystery 53
In Which the Solution Is Only Conjectured.

Educational Films 54
This Issue—"The Safety First" Phase of Visual Instruction.

A Fifth Avenue Beauty 56
However, Agnes Ayres Is No Mere Debutante.

Some Bebe! Justin Fair 57
Referring to Miss Daniels—Don't Miss the Pictures!

The Midnight Trail (Fiction) Betty Shannon 59
The Story of Frank Keenan's New Picture.

Speaking for Himself 63
Fatty Arbuckle's "Luke" Tells About His Career.

Films for Fighters Janet M. Cummings 64
Movies in France, Furnished by the Y. M. C. A.

Elliott and the Admirable Tassa 66
Read How to Make the World's Best Flapjacks.

Around the World in Eighty Seconds (Pictures) 68
Here's Another Motion Picture Miracle!

Priscilla in Name Only 70
Miss Dean Has Outshone Her Name.

Why-Do-They-Do-It? 71
The Regular Monthly Indignation Meeting of Our Readers.

Close-Ups Editorial Expression and Timely Comment 73

The Photoplay League of America Myra Kingman Miller 75
An Initial Message to Those Believing in Good Pictures.

Our New Leading Men 77
They Appear in the World's Greatest Spectacle, Too.

The Shadow Stage Julian Johnson 78
A Review of the Year's Pictures.

Anna Held Is Dead! 82
A Tribute to the Famous Frenchwoman.

An Iron Man in a Velvet Manner John Ten Eyck 83
Eugene O'Brien—a resolute and hard-fisted American.

The Grand March 86
Why the Studios Are Moving West This Winter.

This Would Be Just a Little Home— Pictures) 88
Meet Anna Little—Not at the Studio.

Plays and Players Cal York 90
News and Pictures from the Studios.

Grand Crossings Impressions Delight Evans 96
Miss Evans Meets Grace Valentine and Alan Hale.

A Fair Ally 98
Margaret Risdon—From England.

Questions and Answers The Answer Man 101

Next Month

Making America Musical

There's no doubt that today we hear more real music—good music—in a week than our fathers heard in a year. Who made America musical, all-of-a-sudden? The great opera companies and orchestras? They were a good drop, but only a drop, in the national bucket. The talking machines? A help, certainly. But the big, sweeping artistic evangelism has been of the past three and four years, and has been distinctly that of the high-class photoplay theatre. A real news story for intelligent people everywhere, by Hugo Reisenfeld, director of music, the Rothapfel theatres, New York City.

Storming Savagery's Last Stronghold

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A Fighting Arm!

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Literary Secret Service

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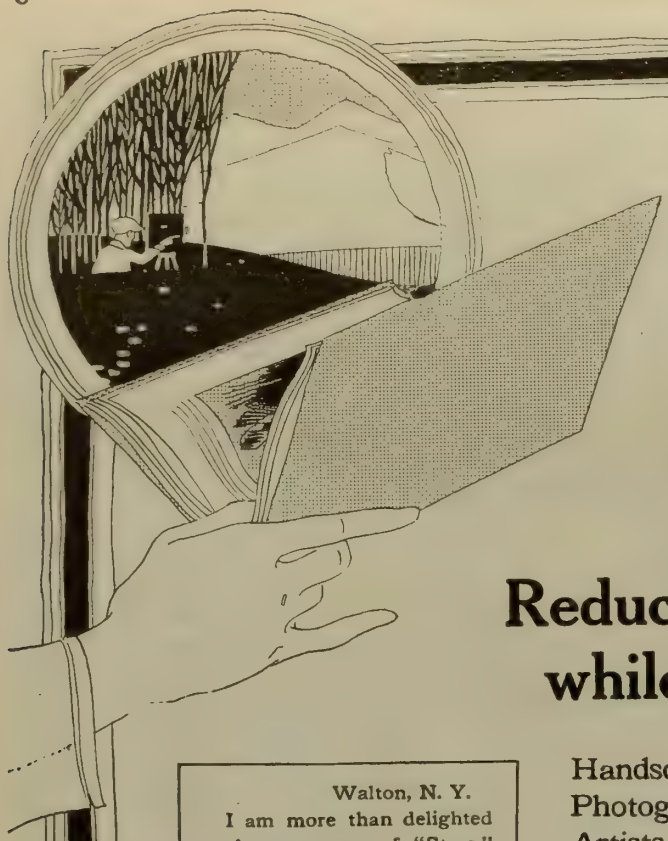

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New York, N. Y., May 15, 1918

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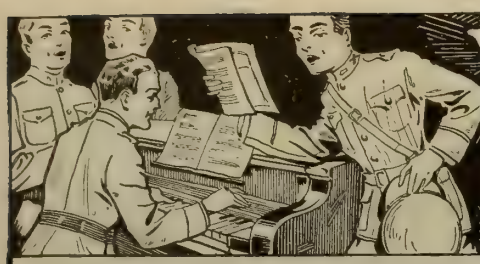

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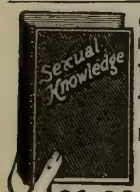

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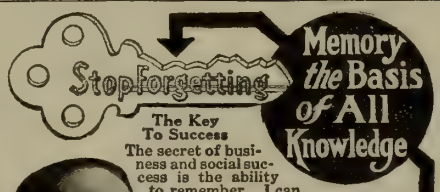

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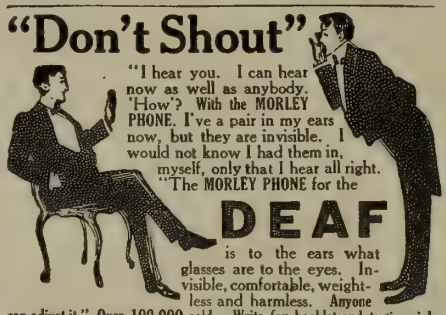

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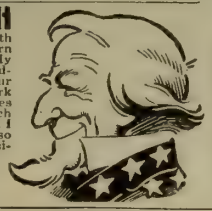

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Victor Georg

BALBOA may have discovered the Pacific Ocean, but it took Jackie Saunders to discover Balboa. Incidentally, Balboa's recent picture output has lacked the personal charm and piquant beauty of this interesting young comedienne.

DOROTHY, a competent counterfeiter of the various female emotions, is of that sinned-against sisterhood whose members are always sacrificing themselves to save someone—on the screen. "Green Eyes" is a recent Dalton contribution.

MADGE KENNEDY'S forte is the frivolous wife, a quaint contradiction of innocence and sophistication. On the stage she played in "Fair and Warmer" and "Twin Beds;" and her most recent Goldwyn completion is "Friend Husband."

NELL SHIPMAN is again a featured Vitagraph player after short sojourns with Fox and Lasky. Miss Shipman is one of the most versatile of screen actresses; she is traveler, novelist and scenarioist as well as cinema star.

BESSIE BARRISCALE has had a long and varied camera career. Commencing with "The Rose of the Rancho," continuing through an extended list of Ince-Triangle successes, Miss Barriscale now heads her own Paralta company.

WHEN D. W. Griffith gave her the ingenue rôle in "The Great Love," Gloria Hope's dream came true—she has always wanted to be a Griffith player. Remember her in Ince's "The Guilty Man"? Gloria is small and blonde.

ALLA NAZIMOVA has just completed "L'Occident," adapted from a Belgian story. The Russian actress, who put her "War Brides" into pictures, is now under contract with Metro. Her husband, Charles Bryant, is her leading man.

BRYANT WASHBURN makes his first appearance as a Lasky star in Cecil DeMille's "Till I Come Back to You," and is soon to play in the film version of "The Gypsy Trail." "Bryant Junior" is absent from this family group.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV NOVEMBER, 1918 NO. 6

ISRAEL ZANGWILL called America the melting-pot of nations, and his simile was considered a wonderful embodiment of vast fact in convenient figure.

America is a melting-pot, but the reducing fire of Zangwill's vision is to today's actuality as an assayer's flame to a blast furnace.

In the roaring converter of war more than nations are fusing.

Prejudices are sweeping out like ash on the furnace winds, creeds are commingling in the final gold of truth.

A priest administers extreme unction to Benny Cohen, and Benny smiles and closes satisfied eyes. A Rabbi is the exhorter of a group of Irish boys on the solemn eve of battle. The Young Men's Christian Association has become a boxing promoter.

Blue and gray have melted forever into Khaki.

The Iowa lad is learning that the French aren't frog-eaters, nor are the Italians "Ginnies." Likewise, the men of Europe are discovering a land of fellow-beings—not an imaginary continent of bad manners, red Indians and financial savages.

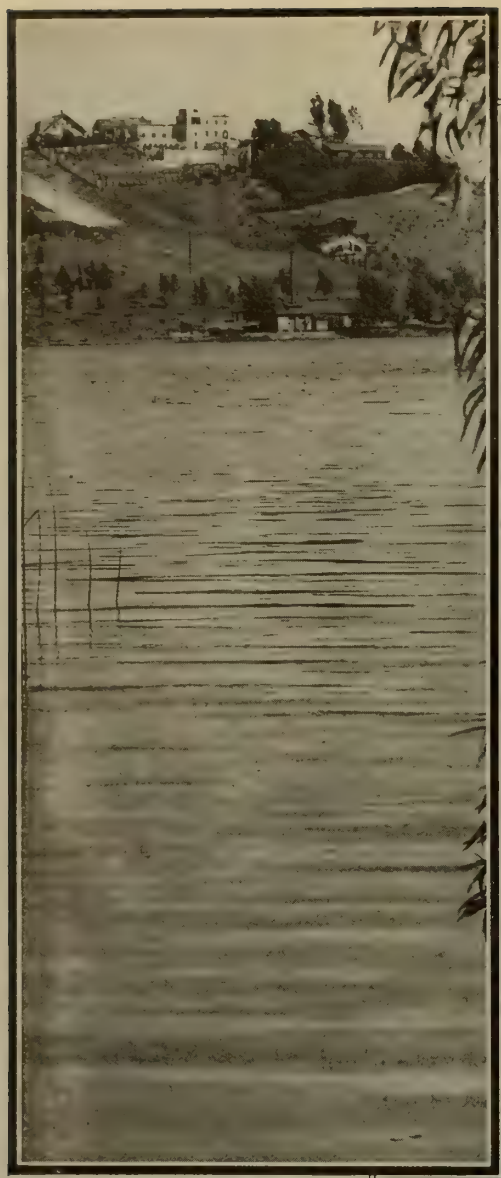
One result of this first real unifying of the human race will be a shaking of the conventional codes to their foundations.

In our long tranquility, in our too-sure epoch of commercial splendor, form had begun to be accepted for observance. Smug hypocrisy masked real morality. Society had many shams that had long passed for the real thing.

Five years ago, people were pretty generally accepted for what they seemed to be. For the rest of our lives, people are going to be accepted for what they are.

We have just begun to recognize that sin is a matter of motive, not accident or impulse.

Julian Eltinge's



Photos copyrighted by Photoplay Magazine

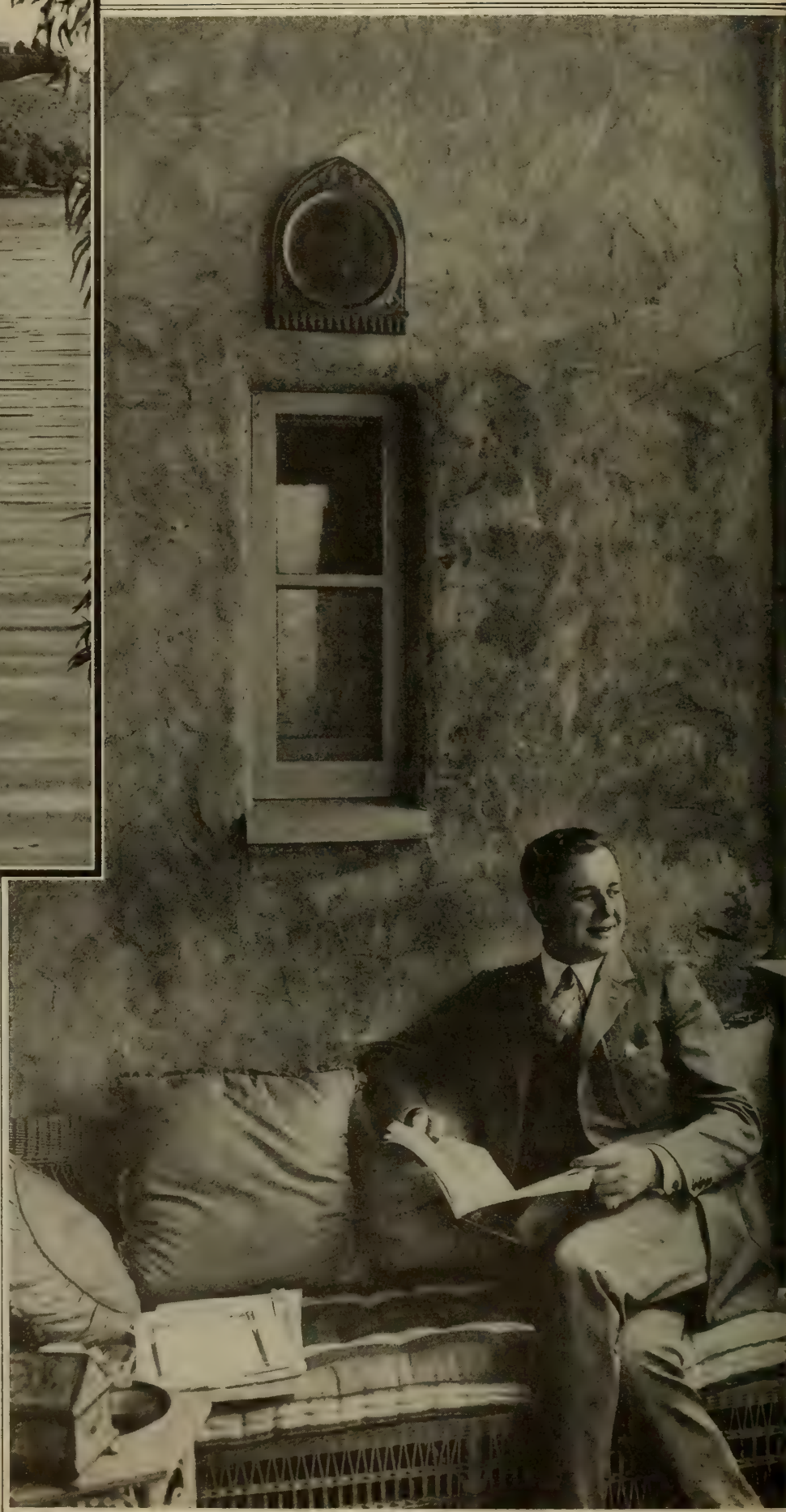
Rowboat view from Silver Lake.

"IT'S too beautiful for a bachelor—it's a shame," said one of a group of eastern society folks who recently dropped in to view Julian Eltinge's new California home.

"Well, I've been planning and dreaming this for ten years," was Eltinge's response, "and at least I'm going to get it finished according to my own ideas."

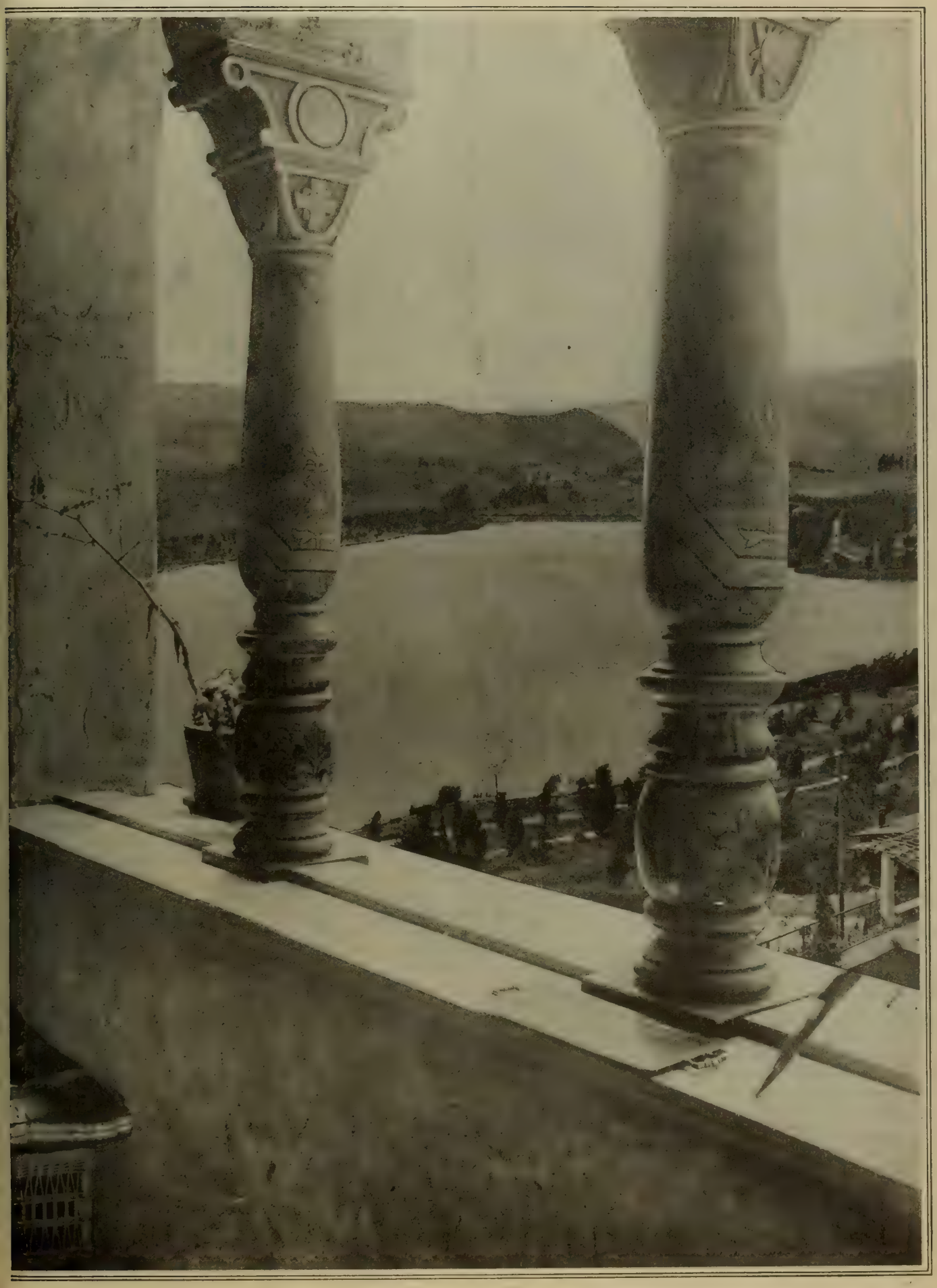
The place, which he calls "Villa Capistrana," is the most beautiful and unique ever built for a motion picture star. Its architecture is a combination of Italian, Moorish and Spanish.

It is located on Silver Lake, less than fifteen minutes from the center of Los Angeles by automobile. Here Eltinge lives with his mother and father.



The balcony off one of the bedrooms. Here Mr. Eltinge works on his scripts, and does most of his reading.

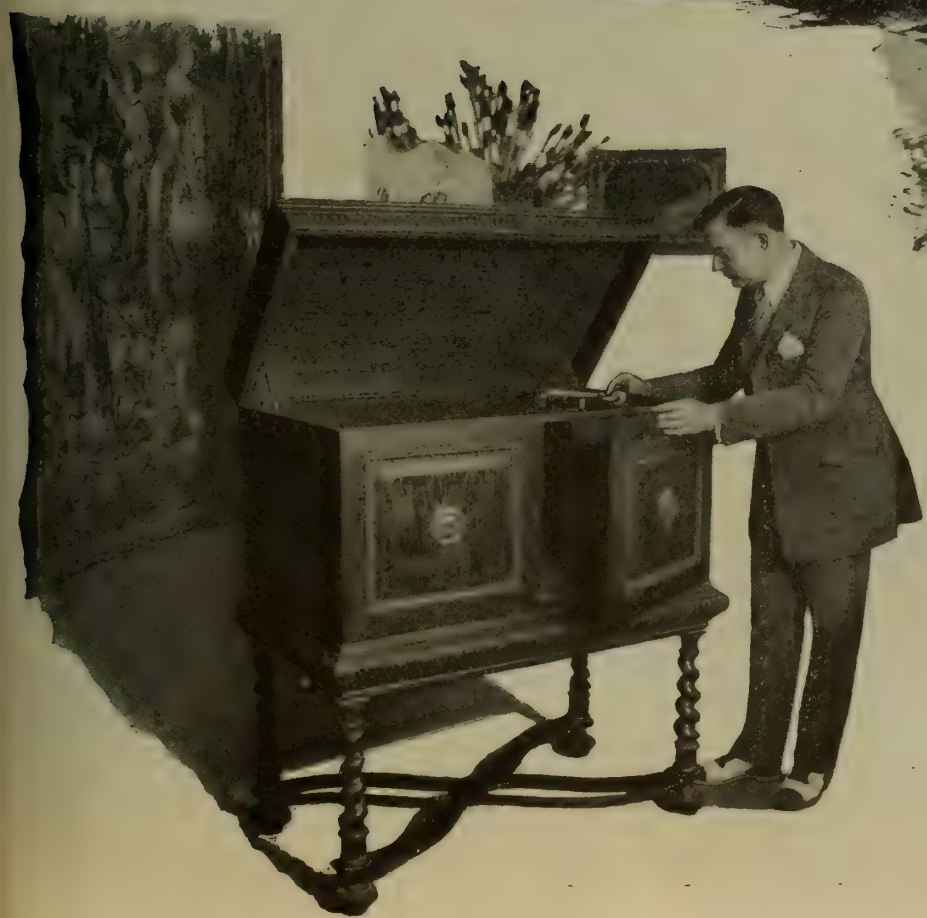
Italian Castle in California



Below—Eltinge calls this his "Trick Room." Charlie Chaplin calls it "The Zoo." Here are hundreds of rare pieces, antiques and books, picked up in all parts of the world. Also it contains autographed photographs of hundreds of celebrities, from royalty to stage and screen.

To the left, on opposite page — The principal bedroom, Mr. Eltinge's own apartment, is a direct copy of a room in an old castle at Madrid. The tapestries and spreads are made of wonderful old blue and gold ecclesiastical robes. The door at the center opens on a beautiful tile bathroom, a striking contrast in period with the bedroom itself.

The entrance. Note the combination of Moorish and Italian design. The entrance hall has all the atmosphere of a medieval Italian castle.



A phonograph case which Mr. Eltinge designed for his "Trick Room."

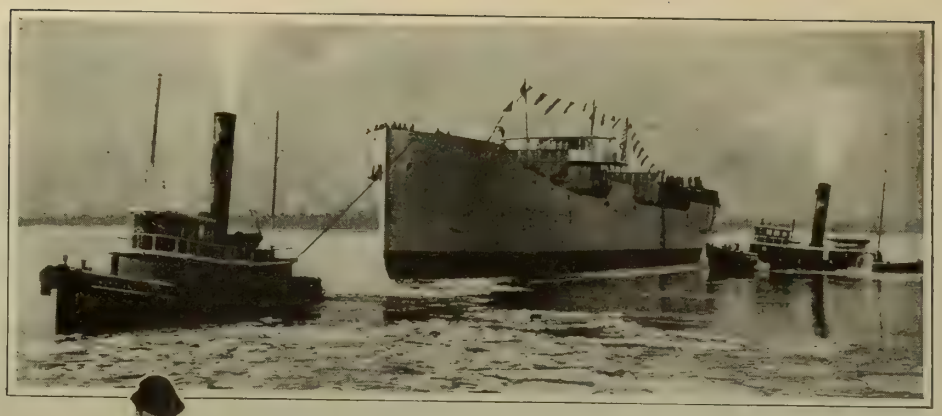
Photos by Stagg

When Mary Thurman Pants for Publicity—

—she *literally* pants for it, as you see here. And a crepe-hair moustache so effectually disguised Mack Sennett's best-known piece of living ivory that Virginia Warwick picked her as a gullible new John — until Charlie Murray put her wise.

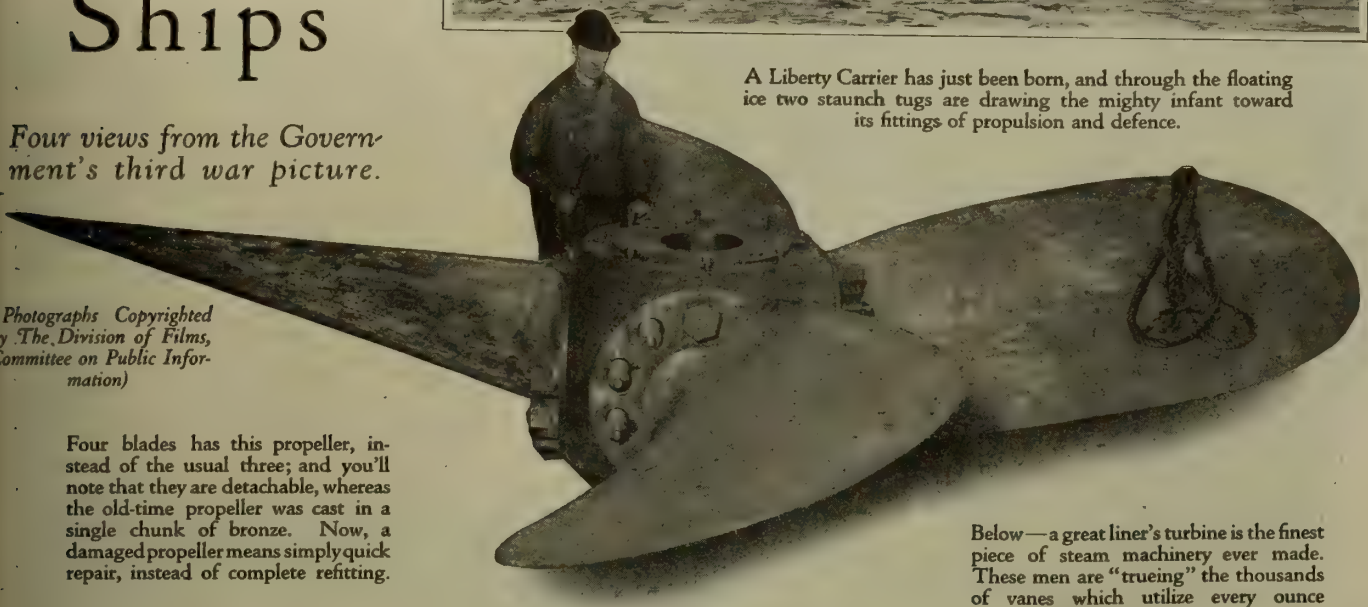
The Bridge of Ships

Four views from the Government's third war picture.



A Liberty Carrier has just been born, and through the floating ice two staunch tugs are drawing the mighty infant toward its fittings of propulsion and defence.

(Photographs Copyrighted by The Division of Films, Committee on Public Information)



Four blades has this propeller, instead of the usual three; and you'll note that they are detachable, whereas the old-time propeller was cast in a single chunk of bronze. Now, a damaged propeller means simply quick repair, instead of complete refitting.

Below—a great liner's turbine is the finest piece of steam machinery ever made. These men are "trueing" the thousands of vanes which utilize every ounce of steam pressure.

Guarding some miles of anchor chain may not be the most inspiring bit of soldiering in the world, but the protection of material is every bit as essential as its creation.

The Story

—Edith, who grew up in won't marry because she can't siders Theda Bara the super-

By Julian

"Queen for an Hour," a two-reel absurdity indulged in by dramatic Edith while resting between "big" pictures. She enjoyed it immensely, she says. The lovely centerpiece of the legend was a rube servant girl.

MOST screen stars have done a life's work at twenty-five. If they live to eighty their biographies may be longer, but will they be more varied, or richer in observation and incident? Not very much.

What does the future hold for these ancients of twenty years—for these unmarried girls who have delineated every female emotion, joy and sorrow from youth to age? An astounding craft has compelled them to write an Encyclopedia Britannica of life even before life has ceased to bewilder them; what can they add to that text when life becomes a casual thing?

They finished the grammar grades of acting in their teens. Most of them are in their high school seniority. The flower of maturity—the great and mysterious tomorrow of our reconstructed world—will be their artistic college course. Art is always long; it is building, study, observation, infinite practice—therefore it is not impossible nor even improbable that in the years to come a few of them may become the most finished and fluent dramatic interpreters the world has ever seen!

Consider, for a little while, that very interesting young woman and artist, Edith Storey: there's a bet, if you're picking tomorrow's world-series actresses.

Wanted: a queen of Egypt, a Spanish dancer, a Russian heroine, an Italian adventuress, a daring damsel of the plains, a poised society woman, a country girl, possibly an eccentric comedienne—boy, for any of these, page Edith Storey.

Your memory will give you a better description of her acting than any words of mine. It is the personality of the girl herself—what she is, and how she lives and works, which is even more interesting, and which gives that calm promise of resultful years to come.

Edith Storey is not yet past her middle twenties. Like most photo-

In this presumptious film entertainment Edith Storey made her screen bow. It's a school diploma is Florence Turner. The little page back of Mr. Dion is Edith is Dick Storey, Edith's brother, now a petty officer on an American torpedo-boat. in high heels, and in the course of

# of Storey

pictures, wants to be a farmer, attend to two businesses, and con- lative example of bad acting.

Johnson

play actresses she is a citizen of the United States; that is to say, she knows California as well as she knows New York, although it is the latter town she calls home, and in which she was born.

It was in a New York apartment-house—on Riverside Drive, with the Hudson flowing in front, and the vast city flowing behind—that I found her on a cool evening after a hot August day.

"Here are father, and mother," she said, in informal introduction "—here we all are except Sooner, my little white dog, who's on Long Island, and Dick, my brother, who's on a torpedo-boat."

While she told me about Dick, and Sooner, I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Storey. You who have imagined her a Russian, or a Jewess, or a Castilian woman, or French, can chuck these illusions when I tell you that

A new portrait-study.

two-reel "Francesca da Rimini," and the shy lady accepting Hector Dion's high- Storey, aged thirteen. The utterly nonchalant lad leaning on Miss Turner's bench Miss Storey's only recollection of her initial picture part is that it was her first day the filming she fell down twelve times.

the parental interests can only be described in that substantial American phrase, Connecticut Yankee. Like Sam Clemens, the literary courtier of Europe, or Nordica, the supreme Wagnerian, Edith Storey, the star foreigner of the screen, is as domestic as a wooden nutmeg.

She leaves the actress stuff in her dressing room with the costumes and the stick of yellow grease paint. But her voice and her enunciation—the one rich and vibrant, the other crisp and complete—are not the speaking practice of the careless and untrained woman.

"I was depending on my voice," she said, "before I ever thought of making my living in front of a camera. I began on the stage. When I was eight. All sorts of kids, from a youngster in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' to little princesses and such."

At thirteen, she made her motion picture debut.

You see, she and pictures can't remember the time when they didn't know each other. Neither turned to the other; rather, they collided when they were pups, and played in the same back yard till they reached years of accountability.

She was with Vitagraph, and Melies, and Vitagraph, and then here and there, and then with Vitagraph. Now, she is with Metro.

"Those were great days!" she sighed, after the manner of a seventy-year-old Bernhardt looking back upon Victorian triumphs. "Two reels was a special feature, for a set you borrowed somebody's pergola, and for light you trusted God to aim the sun just right. And God was the picture pioneer's most reliable backer; often everything else failed, but the sun shone, and we took our moving photographs just the same."

Miss Storey rocked back and forth, under the

In all reasonable weather she spends her Eastern hours in or about this sea-shore "farm" of hers, on Long Island. In severe winter days, however, she returns to her Riverside Drive apartment overlooking the Hudson river.

Her favorite role—the resurrected Egyptian Princess in "Dust of Ages," a 1917 Vitagraph, written by Alan Patrick Campbell, son of the celebrated English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Lieut. Campbell has since been killed in action on the Flanders front.

shaded lamp. The wind from the river rustled her dark hair, casting rippling shadows over her sun-browned cheek, and pressing the silk of her thin blouse tight against her superbly muscled arms and shoulders.

She was knitting. When a woman purls and counts, conversations lags.

"What do you read?" I asked, floundering.

"I don't read," she murmured. "One . . . . . two . . . . . I just knit. Last winter I knitted seventeen sweaters! All for the navy. My brother, on patrol duty in New York harbor, had to wear four sweaters at a time."

"But you do read," I contradicted. "Under your yarn, there, is Loti's 'Mme. Chrysanthemum,' and Edith Wharton's 'Kingu.'"

"Oh, well; I don't read—much. And above all things, I don't want to strike a pose about it!"

Which last, I guess, was the truth.

We talked of acting, and acting associations, and favorite parts.

She has a personal definition of acting which struck me as original.

"Acting, to me, is being a real woman wholly different from Edith Storey."

Which, when you analyze it, is a pretty good one-sentence summary. We talked a little more, and got into a wordy fight.

"You're wrong. I like to play Russians, and Spaniards, and dance hall girls—not because they're what they are, but because they're all absolutely different from me! I don't think a girl, or a woman, who walks on a stage or in front of a camera to be herself, and to get renowned for her 'personality,' has any right to call herself an actress. She's only a model.

"If I have a favorite part, it is the Egyptian Princess in 'Dust of Egypt.' She was pathetic—and funny; majestic—and a little bit Marie Dresslery—an all-right girl in an all-wrong street."

Bye and bye we talked of photoplays, and their general futility.

"You'll see," she said, "that the country'll be saved in a play way by doing all the old ones over again. I don't mean literally. I do mean that every situation has been exhausted without art; we'll put some artistic touches—that's reality and life, I think—into the old situations, and we'll have new plays! It would be impossible to write new situations to keep up to the number the photoplays demand. There aren't that many in a universe of worlds!"

Silence.

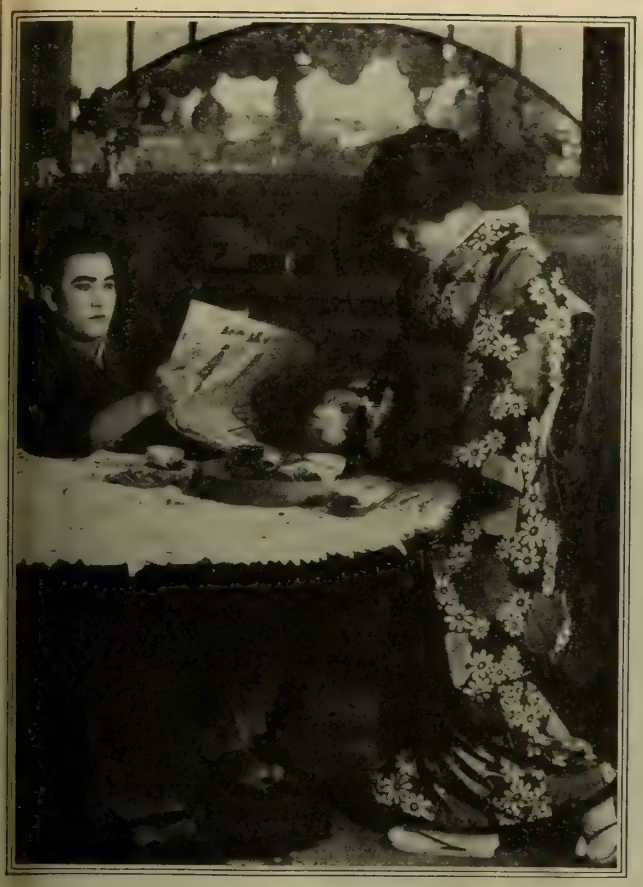
Then, right in the middle of a purl, she giggled.

"You and your 'foreign woman' ideas about me! Will you tell them what I *really* am?

"I'm a farmer. I call my little Long Island place 'the farm.' Some day I'm going to have a real farm,

(Continued on page 114)

Miss Storey's present dressing room, in the Metro studio in Hollywood.



Silence when he reads the paper at breakfast. Observe even the lady's "sneakers."

Never inveigle him into a two-handed game of rhum when he'd rather play solitaire.

For dessert, buy the very finest pastry your city affords — and assure him you made it yourself.

Finally, be artistic everywhere. Few men would chase a roof-garden if they had a garden like this in the back yard.

How to Hold a Husband

Mr. and Mrs. Hayakawa, in an Oriental lesson in four chapters.

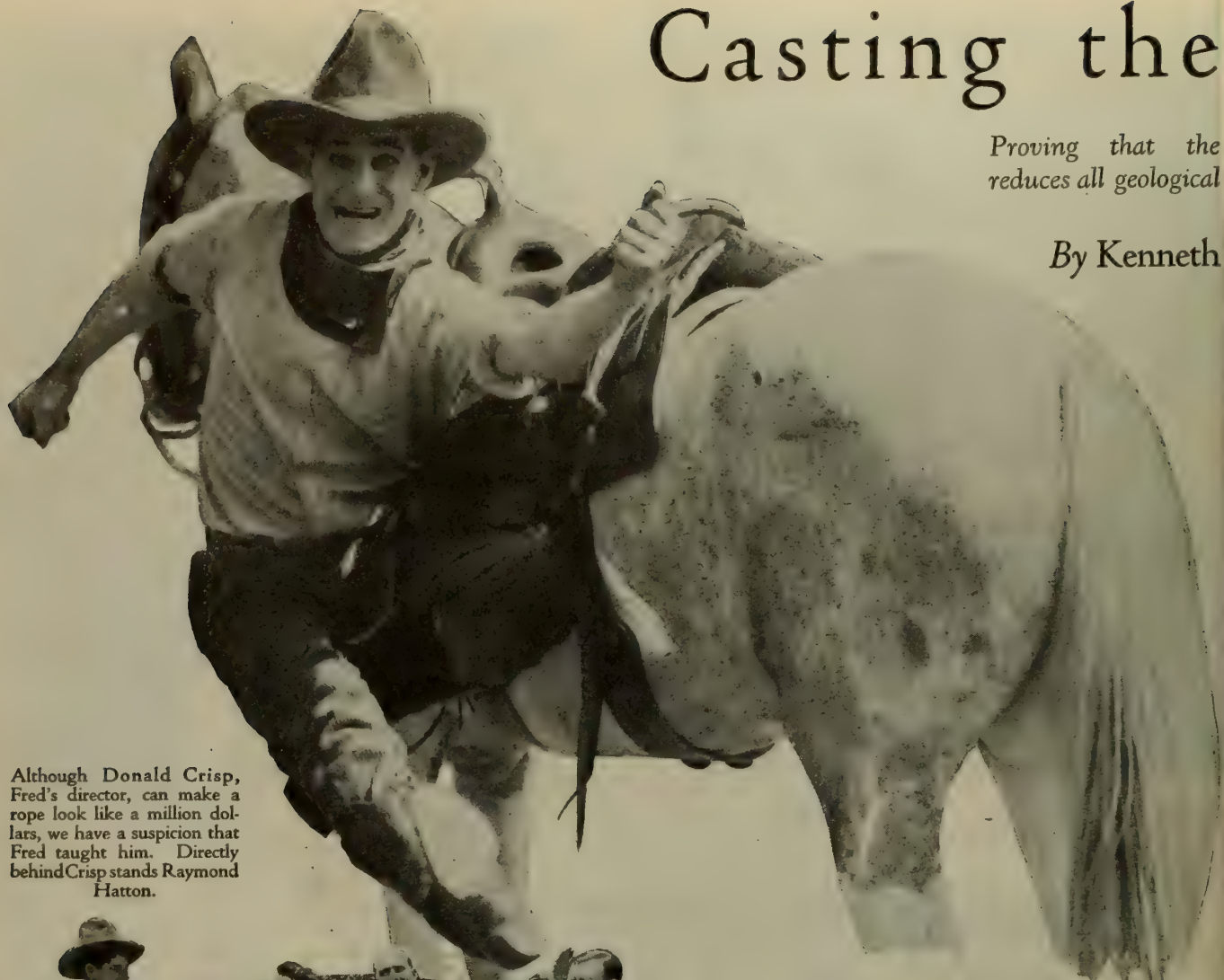
Photos by Stagg

PYRAMID-BUILDING, making Damascus blades, husband-holding—three of our conspicuous lost arts. But as a lot of wisdom has come out of the Orient on other matters, one may turn to Tsuru and Sessue with a considerable belief that they can realiy show a way to keep papa in nights. The divorce courts will now be watched for dwindling business, and more lessons will be published if necessary in this great cause.

Casting the

Proving that the reduces all geological

By Kenneth



Although Donald Crisp, Fred's director, can make a rope look like a million dollars, we have a suspicion that Fred taught him. Directly behind Crisp stands Raymond Hatton.

ANY way you look at it, there are a lot of stones. There's the well-known Blarney, Young Kid Rolling, who would not pluck the moss, Old Grave Stone, who gets you in the end, Plymouth Rock, and Fred Stone. The others are mere pebbles compared to the popularity of the latter, Mr. Webster's often-quoted and frequently mispronounced dictionary says in part, discussing Stone—"A concrete earthly or mineral matter." Can you beat that? I'll bet if old Noah had seen Fred before he got to the S's he would have had a different line to write, and he would have needed more than forty days and forty nights to think of some terse expression to symbolize and describe the combination of "pep," fun, personality and huskiness that went to make up Fred when he hit the Artcraft lot to do three pictures in as many months and which will be shown all over the world within the year.

But to go back to our muttons—providing it isn't a meatless day—we must needs chronicle and describe Fred's debut into Filmdom and the accompanying excitement. In the first place Fred closed a very busy New York season of his successful musical comedy "Jack o' Lantern" on Saturday night and instead of going to his country home to rest his frayed nerves, as most stars do, he leaped aboard a train Sunday morning and tore out for California. Four days on the train was enough vacation, for when he untangled himself from the ropes Doug Fairbanks and his cowhands had used to haul him off the Limited, Stone announced that he was "A rearin' to go!"

Fred didn't know what he had got into when he arrived in Los for he had no sooner reached the platform of his car than a lariat landed about his neck and in

* Casting the First Stone, in Celluloidese means as follows: Each production that a star does in a year is numbered thus: First Stone—Sixth Pickford—Third Ferguson—etc. "Casting" is selecting the players who are to appear in a certain production. Therefore putting all this together brings out the deftly concealed fact that the title means selecting the people for Fred Stone's first photodramatic production and is not used to show the writer's deep knowledge of the Bible. Also and incidentally the title has nothing to do with the story. But it is a good title and the story could be worse so why keep them strangers in a family publication?

First Stone*

comedian named Fred
strata to mere pebbles.

McGaffey

another moment he was bound hand and foot while Doug and some twenty or thirty cowboys shot blank cartridges at his tootsies.

The Lasky people had picked out a great home for Fred, high up on a hill overlooking the town and his nearest neighbor within a half mile being Cecil B. de Mille, who lives a hundred yards away in a near duplicate of the palace rented by Stone. Inside of three hours it was impossible to tell which house was whose for Mrs. de Mille was calling on Mrs. Stone and the Stone children were exploring the neighborhood under the guidance of C. B.'s twain.

Early the next morning—in fact, too early—Fred Stone was over on the lot ready to begin work. No one was there to receive him and he spent an hour roaming around before the rest of the hands got down—hung up the coat and the old dinner pail and got all set for a day of honest toil.

Fred's first picture was a western "Johnny Get Your Gun," and all the cowboys who work in pictures welcomed it with gurgles of glee for once upon a time a celebrated stage cowboy came out to do a Western, all dolled up in true cowboy style from wide brim Stetson to pin heel boots, carried a regiment of artillery on each ship, and a bandana around his neck and was a real cowhand — all except knowing which end of a horse started first. Ever since the first couple of days they had the stage cowboy on the ranch, the real cowboys have been sitting up nights getting their hair pants all baggy at the knees praying for the arrival of another stage cowboy. Cowboys came from miles around and offered to work with Stone just for the laughs they would get.

The first day Fred was to go out to the ranch the cowpersons were up betimes and when the star arrived in his automobile with Donald Crisp, the director, they were, so to speak, "all set."

It was a little cloudy when Stone arrived and they had about an hour until the sun came out so the cowhands got to playing among themselves—just careless like. The subject of roping came up and the best of them went out and threw all the fancy stuff he had up his sleeve and it was hard stuff at that. Then one of the boys in a modest kind of a way, allowed they would all like to see a sample of the roping Mister Stone pulled to bunk the New York theatre-goers.

Fred stepped out and admitted that he was only an actor and of course not much of a hand with a rope but still he was always willing to oblige and if he could afford a lot of innocent young men a little amusement he was not the person to deny them. Then he pulled every stunt that had been pulled and ended up by doing things with a rope that the cattlehands didn't know were possible.

Stone's exhibition left them groggy but still game, so some horses were brought out and after he had roped and hogtied a pony in just ten seconds less than the best one of the bunch, most of the reckless riders of the range were all worn out and had to sit down in the shade for a long rest. The few that hadn't taken the count went out and gathered in Mildred.

Mildred is a mild-eyed, mouse-colored, flea-bitten nag that has the reputation of throwing more motion-picture actors and cowboys, further and harder than any other one horse west of the rockies. Mildred is a docile thing when it comes to being saddled, but once the stranger gets into the seat, she can pull aesthetic dancing that makes Ruth St. Denis look like a stone-boat.

Mildred and Fred held a little waltzing contest all over the ten-acre lot and Mildred allowed she was all tuckered out while Fred was still sighing for just one more Fox Trot.

The few cattle persons that were left were hanging groggily onto the ropes when this session was over, but slid quietly into unconsciousness when Stone remarked, in a burst of interest, —"Let's send up to Wyoming for a good bucker."

Fred pulled every stunt that had been pulled and ended up by doing things with a rope that the cattlehands didn't know were possible.

Photography—the

How Photoplay Mechanics have advanced hand in hand with the photoplay itself — a real, never-told romance of science.

Triangle photography has been remarked, during the past year, for its combined softness and brilliance, for its clear definition and a certain landscape quality in location work. At times it has had genuine perspective—a real third dimension. Nickolaus, the enthusiastic student and scientist, has been responsible for this.

DO you know that a cameraman can ruin a photoplay by a careful endeavor to make all his scenes "pretty," just as he might ruin it by carelessness or lack of effort to make "pretty" scenes at the right time?

Do you know that active photography possesses distinct shadings of tempo—like music—and that a great cameraman "conducts" his tempo as a renowned conductor might indicate the time in different movements of a symphony?

Do you know that the equipment necessary today before a cameraman can start shooting costs $2,000, of which $1,500 is for the bare camera alone? Half a dozen years ago $300 would have purchased a whole studio outfit.

Do you realize that we are just standing on the ocean shore, as far as realizing the possibilities of active photography in itself? I mean the possibilities of expressing emotion and even the deepest shades of thought by photographic effect apart from all acting.

I assume that these and many other things are not familiar to you, no matter how regularly you attend picture theatres and read PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The publicity attaching to motion pictures, reviews and the popular type of scientific articles have all dwelt upon the star, the play, or the absorbingly interesting process of turning dramatic ideas into permanent pictorial narratives. Photography has been taken for granted.

All moonlight and night effects are made by stopping down the camera and then using dye on the positive. Until a few months ago we had no substitute for the great German blue die that used to simulate absolutely perfect moonlight even on the old prints of three and four years ago, but now U. S. discoverers are mastering this difficulty as they are everything else, and soon an equal or greater dye will be our own.

Yet the photography of today, and all that goes with it, is just as far ahead of the photography of the old Biograph days as—well, I'll be safe and use contemporary salaries as a comparison.

Now I'll show you what I mean by that "pretty picture" comparison I used at first. I had a scene the other day in which the script called for a little girl in a tenement window, fading because she was shut away from the sunshine and air. That scene demanded a vagueness and gloom about it, but the cameraman—because the kid had pretty hair—could not resist putting an arc outside that window, not to simulate sunshine, but to lighten up the room to catch a sheen on her hair even in the supposedly sombre flat. He got it. It made a very pretty picture. But the whole scene had to be shot over, because the camera failed to carry out the dramatic idea conceived and executed, in order, by author, director and child. You see the camera is the fourth ingredient in any reality simulated on the screen. A combination of Mary Pickford and D. W. Griffith and John Galsworthy couldn't make a screen reality if the cameraman did not do his part.

As to tempo: an actor plays at one speed for comedy, at another for drama, at another for pathos. So with the cameraman. He shoots for cheerful tempo, sharp tempo, soft tempo. He must register the atmosphere in his cranking, just as the director does in his commanded action. I can best show you by another illustration.

Below—this trick is not a trick at all, but a scientific triumph and photographic convenience the credit for which is claimed by half a dozen moving picture pioneers. The "match" is, as you have probably supposed, not a match, but a tiny electric arc in a wood box operated by an insulated button.

Here is a story of a girl. She is living in poverty, fight-

Mile-a-Minute Art

By John M. Nickolaus

Laboratory Chief and Director of Photography, Triangle Film Corporation

Here is one of the most startling developments of modern motion picture photography—turning the lens directly into the sunshine or lamps, and, with a slight shading of course from direct or fogging rays, photographing at the source of light instead of from a reflection.

ing temptation, struggling to live and keep clean at the same time. Finally, romance comes to her and she marries a man of wealth who sincerely loves her. For a time her life is one of tranquil beauty; filled with happiness, affection and achievement. Then the shadow of her childhood comes over her; her husband is made aware of the singular and questionable circumstances of her family—questions come up, anger and doubt follow them. She is plunged into a situation of mystery and misunderstanding.

First, we must produce a dingy atmosphere to get over the hopelessness of the girl's childhood. The picture must be clear and easy to comprehend, but the photography must be dull; it must have no brilliance; it must move tardily; it must be a sort of compendium of those things in life we wish to avoid. Then comes happiness. Now, the cameraman can revel in the best of 1918 photography. He must get sweet, smooth composition, even and perfect lighting, charming little surprise effects of light and shadow; the picture, just as a picture, must swing the spectator into the mood of joy. Then follows mystery. Now we must have strong, sharp contrasts—ink blacks and sunlike whites. The characters must be thrown into strong relief; the shadows must be cut clean as though with a knife, and dark. All the effects must be severe and keen. Your photography is, now, not dull, as in the first phase, nor soft and beautiful as in the second; it is sharp, startling, suggestive of mysterious surprises. It is dramatic!

Every one of my cameramen is required to have a complete script, like the director's. He studies this carefully. He goes into the action thoroughly, forms a concept of the characters, studies the necessities and possibilities. When the director finally says "Shoot!" he's as much in the spirit of the play as any of them. He must *feel* every situation. If he's simply grinding, like a mechanic, he's not getting a photoplay; he's turning out yards of commercial photography.

The greatest and most thrilling scenes of motion pictures, such as above scene from "Intolerance," are as a matter of truth no bigger than a boy's thumbnail. The mightiest number of people, the most minute details you ever see on the screen, are all compressed into that size *in reality*.

The price of developer and other laboratory materials has advanced from five hundred to five thousand percent since the outbreak of the war. These materials are more precious than gold. Researchers are scouring the whole allied world and are buying up chemicals in microscopic amounts from country drugstores, and out of the way places, while still other researchers are busy with substitutes.

Before a set is shot, here on the Triangle lot, I want to see the walls. Recently I had to condemn the head property man's prize purchase—a job lot of wall paper of fine quality, generally handsome appearance, and of sufficiently refined composition to be pasted up in any man's house. I condemned it because the color combinations, while pleasing to the eye, were lost, blurred or blended in that other eye, the camera. Blue takes white, if not too dark. Yellow, of certain shades, is the finest of all photographic whites because it is soft. White itself, in any strong light, is apt to "halate"—that is, to throw back a blurring halo that seems like a radiance in the film. Red, reproduced on the screen, becomes black. In a careful modification of these primary colors, in costumes and decorations, we get an apparent effect of tints and shades. Thus, by using roses

(Continued on page 115)

JOHANNA

By Dale

Johanna loved to prepare the dainty meals for the convalescent soldier, whenever she could induce ma to leave the kitchen.

JOHANNA set one shabby little foot flat against the porch railing and lunged backward viciously. The crazy old rocker creaked in outraged protest and teetered too and fro on its decrepit rounds like an angry hen disturbed in her setting. But Johanna paid no heed to the protests. She continued to lurch backward and forward, faster and faster, while she totaled up the sum of her woes, and eyed the landscape with bitter disfavor.

As far back as she could remember, her days and nights had been bound around by the iron rule of self denial. Her ma traveled on the assumption that whatever Johanna liked was a prompting from the Evil One and should be put down with all possible despatch, and her pa opined that her ma was right when it came to girls. Which dispensed with the argument in so far as it concerned Johanna.

Ever since the day an overexuberant train hand had seen her riding on her pa's milk wagon and had shouted "Hello, Cutie!" at her, she had been banished from the town trips, her pa allowing that no man, even if he was a train hand, was going to get fresh with a nice girl. At memory of this humiliating incident, Johanna's pent up rage inspired the propelling foot to a shove that well nigh turned herself and the rocker over on the floor. Only by a mighty effort did she avoid disaster and bring her feet back to terra firma. Then in a frenzy of exasperation, she grasped the chair firmly by the arms and bounced up and down, stamping her feet in noisy emphasis.

"For the land's sake, Johanna! What forever are you doin'!" called her ma from the kitchen. "I never heerd such a racket in my life!"

Johanna's sullen young brows met in an ugly line. "It's my racket, I guess!" she cried back defiantly, "and I only wisht I could kick the house down!"

There was a quick rush of feet along the hallway and Johanna's ma stood in the doorway.

"Don't you give me none of your sass, Miss!" she warned querulously. "I've a mind to come over there and box your ears!"

"I just wisht you'd try it!" shrieked Johanna spitefully, swinging her rocker around to meet the attack. But her ma's discretion stampeded her valor and Johanna listened to her retreating footsteps with a lowering face.

She would have liked to mix it with her ma, not because she disliked the co-author of her being, but because even a family row would have broken the monotony of her day. In lieu of which she twisted back to the railing and took it out on the rocker.

Her thoughts drifted to the "collitch" fellow her pa had fired the month before. He had come down to the Renssaller farm to work during his vacation, and he had been nice to Johanna. Too nice, according to her brother, Jake, who had caught Johanna talking to him over the pasture fence. If Jake had contented himself with ordering the collegian back to the fields, all would have been well, but he made the mistake of a brotherly remark to Johanna which savored of the barnyard, and Jake bit the dust, while Johanna, heroine for the first time in her life, danced up and down for joy. But her joy was short-lived, for the collitch fellow, grip in hand, hit the high road that night and Johanna's pa gave her the worst larrupin she'd ever got in her life.

The only thing that lightened the

"Johanna Enlists"

NARRATED, by permission, from the Artcraft photoplay of the same name; adapted from a two-part story of similar name, by Rupert Hughes; produced with the following cast:

Johanna Renssaller.....Mary Pickford
"Maw" Renssaller.....Anne Schaefer
"Paw" Renssaller.....Fred Huntley
Private Vibbard.....Monte Blue
Capt. Van Renssaller.Douglas MacLean
Lieut. LeRoy.....Emory Johnson
Major Wappington.....John Steppling
Colonel Fanner.....Wallace Beery

ENLISTS

"The best man wins," the two rivals agreed. And the best man did win—Johanna, the little country girl, saw to that.

Carroll

gloom of Johanna's thoughts as she scuffed her shoes out against the baseboard of the railing was the knowledge that vacation had put an end to her schooling for the time being. Her family tried her soul severely, but the school teacher was more than she could bear. Moreover, Johanna in her nineteen years of ignorance was a conspicuous figure in the third reader classroom and the name, "Lunkhead," applied to her by a pupil high in favor, had stuck like the paper on the wall. Johanna scowled darkly at the memory.

An alien note broke suddenly across her brooding. From the highway came the sound of voices to the accompaniment of tramping feet. Johanna sprang to the railing and gazed eagerly down the road. Hundreds of marching, khaki-clad men met her eye, their colors whipping stiffly to the breeze. And they were heading directly her way.

For a moment she stared in petrifaction, then, her rancor forgotten, she let the household in on her discovery.

"Ma! Ma!" she cried, "come on out! Quick! The sogers are comin'!" Stampeding down the front steps, she hurled herself out to the front gate as the vanguard of the regiment swung by. A genial trooper with a merry eye hailed her as she hung over the pickets. "Ah! there! girlie! Give us a kiss, will you?"

Johanna beamed on him happily. Sogers were certainly nice men. No one else had ever wanted to kiss her. But her ma's voice sounded the knell to romance. "Mercy on us, Johanna! You got no business down here with all them sogers goin' by. You go right back up to the porch!"

Johanna's small, none too clean hands tightened on the picket gate and her whole slim figure grew taut with resistance. She eyed her ma with hard disfavor. "I won't neither! I'm a-goin' to stay right here!"

Johanna's pa and her brother Jake, and the Hired Man who went courtin' the girl on the next farm because he didn't dast look at Johanna, came running down from the barn and diverted her ma's attention. Johanna continued to watch the passing men with a wary eye on her ma.

But Johanna had not seen the last of her soldiers. As the line of khaki-clad figures swept on down the road, they were suddenly brought to a halt by a shouted command and Johanna saw their General in conference with her pa. Evidently some bargain had been concluded and from the satisfied grin on pa's face when he came back to the house, it was greatly to his advantage.

"They can't git to the Corners before night-fall," she heard him say to ma. "They want to camp in the fields. There's a sick fellow with them, they don't know what to do with. Officer he is, too."

Johanna burst into the conversation, regardless of the consequences. "He's welcome to my room," she panted. "I couldn't sleep a wink anyway. I'm too excited."

So it came about that a couple of privates half led, half carried a drooping figure in an officer's uniform up the narrow stairs to Johanna's prim little room. Johanna's eyes followed him curiously but all

The only thing that lightened the gloom of Johanna's thoughts as she scuffed her shoes out against the baseboard of the fence railing was the knowledge that vacation had put an end to her schooling.

she could see was a glimpse of a pale, handsome face under a mass of black hair. Lieutenant Colonel LeRoy, his name was. It was a grand sounding name and Johanna repeated it over and over again through the weary watches of the night as she balanced herself on the kitchen chair which served as her bed. Once she had a beautiful dream in which the officer and herself were eloping in a big motor-car. The car was racing along at lightning speed and they had almost reached the church when they crashed over an embankment and went falling down and down—

Johanna came to her senses with a bump as she found herself sitting on the floor beside the upturned kitchen chair. After this catastrophe she slept with one eye open.

On the next morning she learned that the soldier was still too ill to be moved and that the Commander had decided to camp on their farm indefinitely. Pa and ma were delighted because this meant that they could sell milk to the men at a fair profit and that ma's bread and pies would be more in demand than ever. All day long there was a constant stream of soldiers going to and from the kitchen door to buy food and Johanna had the one hilarious time of her drab and starved young life. Her ma was too busy to notice her enjoyment but she did become instantly suspicious when she saw Johanna at the wash basin for the second time that day.

"You aint washing your hands twice," she snapped.

"They get awful sticky with the pies," Johanna answered with unusual meekness.

"It's the first time you ever noticed it," ma retorted; and after that tried to watch Johanna out of the corner of her eyes.

But she could not follow the child everywhere and she missed a thrilling conversation with Adjutant Van Renssaller, a handsome young officer who looked all the younger for being slightly gray about the temples. His kind brown eyes regarded Johanna quizzically as she chattered about the events of the day and she found it very easy to confide her woes to this dignified officer who was not too dignified to sympathize with her wrongs or laugh at her jokes.

By the end of the day Johanna had evolved a bright idea which she related breathlessly to pa. She wanted the hired man to build her a stand out by the front fence where she could sell things to the soldiers. Pa was inclined to pooh-pooh the suggestion, chiefly because it came from Johanna, but the thought had taken root and she heard him ordering Hiram to build a booth with a striped awning over it which he straightway stocked up with soda-pop, candies and cigarettes from the city.

The booth was a great success. The soldiers clustered around it like bees around honey-suckle and Johanna longed for four hands instead of two that she might wait on them quicker. As soon as pa noticed her popularity with the boys, he ordered her away from the stand, but on that day trade fell off so markedly that he grudgingly allowed her to return.

One day, while in the midst of her work at

Her love for LeRoy became a settled conviction in her mind and she interpreted his somewhat lordly interest in her visits as evidence of the same emotion on his part. But he never told her so.

the booth, a rough-looking private elbowed his way through the throng and demanded strawberry pop. His manner suggested that in spite of his uniform, he had been drinking something stronger than pop and Johanna drew back from him in indignation. "Don't be bashful, little one," the fellow leered. "And give us a kiss along with the drink. They do tell me a kiss goes with all your drinks."

The words had hardly left his lips before a fist shot out suddenly from the crowd and he fell heavily to the ground. He struggled to his feet with a curse and stood facing a husky soldier whose fists were clenched for the next blow.

"Vibbard's my name," the soldier said grimly. "If you want any more, you'll know where to find me. Come on, Johanna, let's get out of this."

He half led, half carried the bewildered girl out of the booth. They walked to her home together almost without a word but as he left her at the gate, she tried to thank him. He stopped her with an abrupt gesture.

"That's all right, kid," he said, gruffly. "You ought not to be left there alone with rough-necks like that. After this, I'm going to stick around."

And "stick around" he did. Johanna found him an almost constant visitor at the booth whenever he was off duty. She was grateful for his protection but it soon became rather irritating for he was not the man to try to hide his too obvious infatuation.

Matters reached a crisis on one moonlight night when Vibbard had persuaded her to take a walk with him. As they reached the path known as "lover's lane" he had made an awkward, half-boyish attempt to kiss her and been promptly and vigorously slapped. After the quarrel that followed, Vibbard had kept away from the booth although Johanna often saw him watching her.

Johanna found this episode all the more annoying because of the presence of LeRoy who was still confined to her little room. The romantic figure of the convalescent officer had caught the girl's imagination—she loved to read to him and bring him the dainty meals which she prepared herself whenever she could induce ma to leave the kitchen. Once when returning from one of those trips with the empty tray, she caught sight of her face in the parlor mirror. It was still rosy from LeRoy's teasing flattery and sparkling with the joy of intrigue.

"Why!" she gasped, still staring at the reflection. "Why, I'm pretty. I'm real pretty. It must be because I'm in love."

From that moment her love for LeRoy became a settled conviction in her mind and she interpreted his somewhat lordly interest in her visits as evidence of the same emotion on his part. But he never told her so and this was the only cloud on an otherwise sunny sky.

LeRoy made some futile attempts to pacify the infuriated man whose jealous rage could only give one interpretation to the scene before him. He would listen to neither of them however.

To bring this declaration about, she spent all her pin-money on finery and studied the "beauty hints" in the town paper. In this column she learned that milk baths were invaluable as a skin tonic, having been used with equal success by opera divas and Cleopatra. That evening ma raged violently because two brimming milk pails brought in by the chore-boy had disappeared.

LeRoy had been uneasy and restless all evening and midnight found him still wide-awake and nervous. Johanna's attitude when she brought up his supper had piqued him more than he cared to admit even to himself. She was usually only too glad to sit down and chat but tonight she had slammed the tray down on the table and dashed out with a smothered giggle. "She's up to something," LeRoy thought miserably as he paced the floor of the tiny room long after the family had gone to sleep. Finally he could bear the inaction no longer. He made his way rather feebly down the stairs intending to go out for a walk in the garden but light glimmering through the chinks in the kitchen door arrested him and he started in that direction.

As he turned the knob in the door, he heard a scream and crash from within. He opened it just as a white figure flashed past him into the other room, leaving him staring in bewilderment at an overturned bath-tub from which poured a widening stream of milk.

LeRoy's strength was not equal to the effort of the discovery and its solution at the same time. He collapsed on a kitchen chair and waited for the answer, not being

familiar with the habits of either Cleopatra or the divas. In a few moments the answer came in the form of an irate Johanna, rather sketchily clothed in a bath-robe and felt slippers.

"What does this mean?" she demanded furiously.

"That's what I'd like to know," said a voice from the doorway. They both turned to face Vibbard.

LeRoy made some futile attempts to pacify the infuriated man whose jealous rage could give only one interpretation to the scene before him. He would listen to neither of them however and suddenly threw himself upon Leroy, striking him to the floor.

Johanna, terrified, rushed screaming out of the room. When she returned, she found LeRoy struggling weakly to his feet, his face more pale than ever with white-hot fury.

"Ever see a court-martial, Johanna?" he asked. "You'll be present at one tomorrow. Then you'll know what happens to a ruffian private who strikes a superior officer."

"What—what does happen?" quaked Johanna, frozen with terror.

"If you will consult the code, my dear," he told her dryly, "you will see that the penalty is 'death or such other punishment as the court-martial may direct.'"

* * * * * * * * * * *

The next few days were nightmares to poor Johanna who felt as if she were caught in the vast machinery of martial law. If it had not been for the kindness of adjutant Van Renssaller who had been appointed Judge-Advocate of the case, she felt that she would have lost her mind. Between anxiety for the fate of poor Vibbard and the sense that in some vague way she was responsible, the child's days were an agony of fear and remorse. She had told her story before the court and had given every point in the prisoner's favor. The entire court inclined toward leniency—even Leroy, when his first fury had subsided, regretted his charge and made every effort to have it withdrawn. But law is law, especially in war-time and Vibbard seemed a doomed man.

"You must get him out of it, you must for my sake," Johanna sobbed to the young Judge-Advocate who was trying to calm her after she had testified.

The young officer answered her pleading look with one so fraught with pity and understanding that it startled her even in her distress.

"I'd do anything to help you, little girl," he said, softly. "And in this case I think I can. At least I can try."

He did try. And succeeded beyond the wildest hopes of either of them. For he discovered that the charge-sheet did not state that Vibbard struck an officer while in the execution of his office which rendered the charge null and void. Vibbard was freed amid the enthusiastic applause of his fellow-soldiers.

One of the first to congratulate him was LeRoy.

"Bygones are bygones, Vibbard," he exclaimed. "I'm meeting you now man to man. We'll ride together to get Johanna and let her choose between us. It will settle the thing forever and avoid another little misunderstanding."

Vibbard scowled for a moment at this advance, then grinned and grasped the officer's hand.

"I'm agreed if you are," he said briefly. "And the best man wins."

At Johanna's house they dismounted by the gate.

"Remember," Vibbard said, "the best man wins."

"The best man has won," chuckled an old voice behind them.

They turned to see pa grinning and nodding over his pipe. He was pointing to two figures strolling arm in arm down the path that led to lover's lane. One was Johanna and the other, as the two saw through the blurred vision of their astonishment, wore the trim uniform of the Judge-Advocate.

Without a word, the officer and private mounted their horses and rode away in opposite directions. The echoes of their horses' hoofs might have reached the pair walking slowly toward the sunset. But they heard not a sound, being in a happier world than that around them.

"You must get him out of it, you must for my sake," Johanna plead to the young Judge-Advocate. The young officer answered her pleading look with one fraught with understanding.

Six Feet, Nineteen!

The last numeral refers to his age—and Rod La Rocque totes his birth certificate as proof.

Though but nineteen, Rod La Rocque is leading man for such stars as Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh. Here he is — talking with Mae.

At Essanay, they first knew him as an eager and willing "extra." The picture below is from "The Venus Model."

THE youth with the odd name is conserving. Actuated by the popular spirit of economy, he insists on deleting an entire syllable from the generous allotment of letters which spell his cognomen. His first name is R-o-d-r-i-q-u-e. The other remains the same. Yet of years he can scarcely claim more than there are letters in his name. Rod La Rocque is but nineteen and is leading man to stars of such prominence as Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh.

He came to the Goldwyn Studios, a stranger in the East, being first held up on the ferry by investigators who wanted to know why he wasn't in uniform. After some parley he convinced them that he was below the draft age. From experience he had learned that his birth certificate was his only safeguard.

Luck was with him when he interviewed Willard Mack and the casting director, Clifford Robertson. The cast of Mabel Normand's "Venus Model" was being assembled and at once La Rocque was cast as the small star's tall support. His long experience in pictures with Essanay, together with his work on the stage since childhood, did not let lack of ability stand in the way of his getting the coveted part.

And he more than justified the choice. Rod La Rocque's acting in "The Venus Model" was replete with engaging youthfulness, sometimes bordering on awkwardness, but always human and unaffected.

Goldwyn engaged him to support Mae Marsh in "Money Mad." In an entirely different part, the young Franco-American scored with equal certainty. Then came a still better opportunity with the same star in "Hidden Fires."

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Shirley Mason has five soldiers in the trenches with whom she corresponds and whom she supplies with tobacco, candy, sweaters, books and every other thing the government will carry over. And think what their eyes are missing—they have never seen Miss Mason in person or on the screen! They are soldiers in Belgium.

"Surely, Shirley—Surely!"

Editor's Note—It would seem that the interviewer betrayed Miss Mason's confidence about her favorite indoor pastime.

By Arabella Boone

Apeda

SHE was born in Brooklyn—but then that's neither here nor there. If we told of our interview as it really happened—you see we promised her we wouldn't. However, but just the same that Brooklyn line isn't a good one. We should enjoy starting off with the truth; but she asked us not to, and—surely—who could refuse her?

It was between scenes at the studio. Shirley Mason was playing solitaire. That game where you put four cards in a row discarding all those of the same suit that are lower, and then pretend you aren't bored.

She looked up when we approached. "You've come for an interview?"

Real clairvoyance! We bowed.

"Well," she said doubtfully: "I can cook, drive my own car,—it's a Stutz—love to ride, golf, swim, —in fact, all those outdoor sports—and I just love my work."

"Solitaire—" we suggested.

She blushed. "Please don't," she begged reticently.

It was our tactful day and so we left this topic.

"Stage experience?"

Shirley brightened.

"Every ambitious movie aspirant should have stage experience," she said. "The stage is particularly good training for the movies and I believe the movies are good training for the stage. So to every extra girl who asks my advice about going on the stage I say 'yes, by all means.'

"Now the extra girl is in the seventh grade of the movies. But if she wants to try to continue as an actress, she will sooner or later have to learn something about the art of acting. She may laugh at that suggestion now. Some manager may see her in a good little part and be ready and eager to pay her $100 a week for the picture he wants her to do next. But five years from now, what then?"

Apeda

Shirley lives with her mother and sister up near the Botanical Gardens, in New York. The picture at upper right shows her before her very own piano.

And Shirley Mason has the right to talk, too. Although she's only seventeen and, next to Marguerite Clark, the tiniest star on the screens, she has been on the stage since she was four years old. When she was four she appeared in Broadway in a part which she created all by herself. She was "Little Hal" in "The Squaw Man," in which William Faversham starred. Then she played "Meenie" in "Rip Van Winkle" and was "Peter" in "Passers By."

When her sister, Viola Dana, who is one year older, made a hit in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," Shirley understudied her and played the part many times in New York. Then she inherited the leading role when the company went on tour. With the Edison company Shirley was successful in ingenue roles. She was in "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Vanity Fair," "The Littlest Magdalene," "Lucia," "Cy Whittaker's Ward," "The Apple Tree Girl," and others. Then the "Seven Deadly Sins" and finally, at the advanced age of seventeen, with Famous Players-Lasky, a Paramount star appearing in John Emerson and Anita Loos Productions, co-starring with Ernest Truex in "Come On In."

Shirley lives with her mother and sister up near the Botanical Gardens in New York and her name, when she was the poor little rich girl, was Leonie Flugrath. She has five soldiers in the trenches of Belgium with whom she corresponds and whom she supplies with tobacco, candy, sweaters and books.

This would seem to be about all that the Amalgamated Association of Interviewers demand in an eight-hour day. Oh, yes—and she weighs ninety-four pounds.

"I am not—entirely happy," Shirley said a bit wistfully.

Have you ever noticed how terribly wistful Shirley can look?

"No?"

"No. It's—it's this new game of solitaire, I can't win it; I can't.

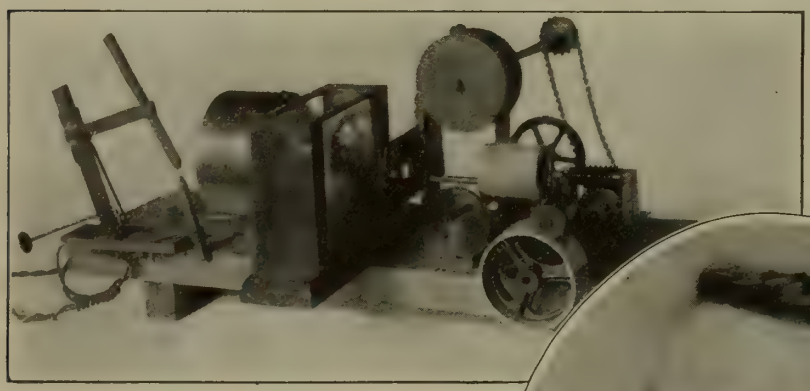
"But please—please do not say, in your interview, that I play solitaire," she went on hurriedly.

"Why, solitaire—"

"Don't!" she begged once more, the tears gathering in her lovely eyes. "Isn't it bad enough to be called the smallest star in pictures—next to Marguerite Clark—without admitting a fondness for passing the time between scenes in solitaire? Please, please don't mention it!"

Shirley Mason asked me not to. You can't blame me. I might have started this story right off with a bang—and instead I had to begin it in Brooklyn, simply because Shirley, as she shuffled the cards preparatory to dealing a new game of solitaire, smiled at me.

The Man Who Made the First Movie Move



C. Francis Jenkins, and above, his machine which on June 6, 1894, projected the first motion picture in the form that we now know it was projected.

By Homer Croy

THE man who made the first motion picture is still living and not one person in a thousand knows who he is. He could shoulder through the door at 1600 Broadway, or hang around the lobby in the Alexandria and half a dozen people wouldn't clap him on the back and offer to buy him a soda.

For a number of years England has been given credit as being the home of the motion picture, when as a matter of fact the inventor of motion pictures in projected form is an American, always has been an American and wouldn't know the English Channel from the Erie Canal.

Some twenty odd years ago a red-haired stenographer who was working in the Treasury Department in Washington lay aside his sharpened pencils and put away his notebooks when June came, got on his bicycle and started down Pennsylvania Avenue on his summer vacation. Westward he rode for seven hundred and twenty miles. Arriving at his home in Richmond, Indiana, he visited his cousin who ran a jewelry store and asked if he might pull down the blinds and make an experiment he had in mind. The blinds were drawn while the proprietor of the store, the boy's father and mother and a few friends gathered around a queer looking box that the boy had set up on the counter. Suddenly there was a violent grinding and groaning and out on the wall stepped a girl.

In open perturbation the good citizens stared at the girl and as they stared the girl lifted up her skirts and began to execute the intricacies of the Butter Fly Dance. In her hands the young lady held two sticks to which were fastened the fanciful draperies of her dress and as the young lady grew more and more earnest in her dance her skirts began to go higher and higher.

Thus did C. Francis Jenkins, a red-haired stenographer in Washington, win for America the honor of showing the first motion picture, for on this day—June 6th, 1894—the first motion picture in the form that we now know it was projected.

The young lady was Annabella, a vaudeville dancer. She was the first person to pose for motion pictures as projected on the screen and for which she received merely a five dollar bill. This is a trifle less than what Mary Pickford now receives for the same amount of work.

Consider Katherine

Katherine MacDonald told Opportunity she wasn't interested — but he shoved her into fame anyway.

By Kenneth McGaffey

At your right is Katherine, vainly trying to outstare her sister, Mary MacLaren. (Yes — such poise as this comes from moving before the camera.)

AUTHORITIES on knocking—I don't mean film critics, but those who really know—have statistics and evidence to prove that old George W. Opportunity knocks only once at everybody's door, and if the portal isn't promptly flung open, he gets all put out—takes a spiteful kick at the door jamb and passes on, never to rap again. Knowing George's fussiness about doors what would you think of his polishing up the door knob, putting on his best party manners, *opening the door himself,* and begging a young lady to enter?—said young lady standing on the threshold remarking that she did not think much of the place anyway, and was George W. sure it had all modern improvements—and then having George go down on his rheumatic knees and with raised hands clasped in supplication beg said young lady to at least give the old manse the once-over.

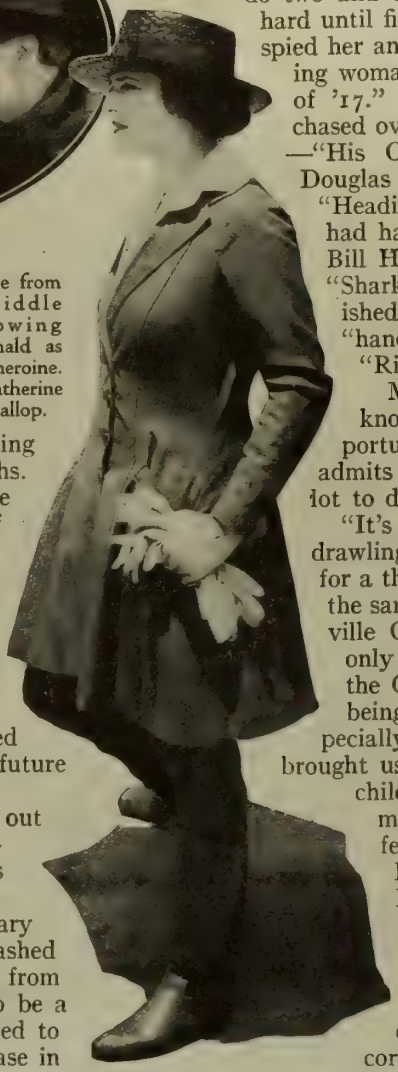
Witzel

Her step-off into films came about all unexpectedly—at the end of a little business jaunt, seeking an agreeable contract for sister Mary.

After taking one glimpse at Miss Katherine MacDonald, cause of G. W.'s downfall, you have got to admit that the old man showed a lot of judgment. That crying stuff makes a big hit with 'em if it's timed right.

It's an honest-to-goodness fact that Miss MacDonald, who has been leading woman for four of the biggest stars in filmdom had to be—figuratively speaking—blindfolded and backed into the job.

You see it is this way: Katherine MacDonald is Mary MacLaren's sister—MacLaren being Mary's nom de flicker and the cause of much argument, but nevertheless sisters they be. Well, Mary and her mother—Katherine's mother, too, came out to California on a trip. Mary having had a little stage experience and a lot of ambition,



In oval — scene from Hart's "Riddle Gawne," showing Miss MacDonald as the western heroine. At right — Katherine ready for a gallop.

became tired of vacationing and went and hired herself to Universal as an ingenue leading woman.

Mary managed to keep her guilty secret from Katherine, who was busy around Larchmont and Lenox exhibiting her prize French bull dogs for nearly six months. Then Katherine chanced to spy Mary on the screen and immediately gave vent to shrieks of horror, packed her boxes and started west to wreck the reservation and bring Mary and Mother back with her to New York. Katherine being the eldest sister naturally runs the family. When Katherine landed here she was surprised to learn that Mary MacLaren was some pumpkins in our set.

Also she learned that little Mary was considered to be considerable actress and had a brilliant future as well as loving the work.

"Fine," said Katherine. "I'll bring Miriam out with the dogs"—Miriam being the middle sister—"and we will all sit around in the famous California sunshine and watch Mary work."

Thus did things go for several months. Mary worked and the rest of the family watched or dashed up and down the coast gathering blue ribbons from unsuspecting dog shows. Finally Mary got to be a star and Katherine decided that she was entitled to an increase in wages in keeping with the increase in popularity and prestige. The result of the argument was that Mary refused to work any more for that particular company—(it's been patched up recently)—and she is once more happy and carefree making Bluebirds—and Katherine set out to get Mary another job. She called upon a number of the big producers in California in behalf of Mary but all of them said—

"I'm very sorry, Miss MacDonald, we are anxious to have your sister, but in view of the impending legal trouble, it would be inadvisable, but if you are not doing anything yourself, we need a leading woman of your type for 'such-and-such' a production."

Katherine declined all of these offers as she had no intention of going into pictures—nothing was further from her mind—and went on her way hunting work for Mary.

Mary signed a contract with another company and went to work, but still directors kept calling Katherine to the phone with offers of engagements until Katherine herself began to think she might be good in pictures. Making up her mind to try it, Katherine disappeared—she went out among the bush league producers, discovered that the camera wouldn't bite her and acquired a great deal of experience, for sometimes she would do two and three pictures a week. She worked hard until finally a Famous Players-Lasky scout spied her and she was offered a position as leading woman for Jack Pickford in "The Spirit of '17." She made so good that she was chased over to do a picture with Charles Ray —"His Own Home Town." It was then Douglas Fairbanks demanded her for "Headin' South" and "Mr. Fix-it." She had hardly finished with Fairbanks before Bill Hart called for her to be his lead in "Shark Monroe," and before he had finished that story, he had sent out the "hands off" sign and engaged her for "Riddle Gawne."

Miss MacDonald herself, doesn't know whether to thank George W. Opportunity or Gus Luck for her success but admits that Kid Conscientious Toil had a lot to do with it.

"It's this way," she said in her soft, drawling contralto. "Get yourself prepared for a thing—and then *go do it*. It was just the same as when I graduated from Blainsville College and decided that I was the only suitable person to run our portion of the Clan MacDonald. The whole family being Scots, made it a bit difficult—especially mother. You see she, having brought us up, had opinions on the raising of children which did not coincide with mine, with the result that we have conferred upon her the title of "Mother Emeritus," while I am the Acting or Presiding female parent,—I look after the business affairs."

Incidentally, Katherine is easy to look at. Up to the time of going to press none of the masculine sex—except probably the blind man on the corner—have had to force themselves to gaze at her, from the tip of her light brown hair to the point of her number two's—but with all of her beauty and charm, Katherine is not one of the glass-case, cuddly type of femininity. She can "wham" a ball across a tennis net in such a vicious manner that when any male beats her at the game he goes around and brags about it. Her automobile, generally known as the "Tossing Tessie," is always entirely devoid of workable brakes, and a hair pin may be used to temporarily hold the engine in its proper place—but Katherine drives carefully—when there is a cop in sight.

All ready a couple of companies have offered to star Katherine, but she prefers to stay in the big league as a leading woman rather than have her name in big type for some small concern,—but some day—she hopes to see "Katherine MacDonald" splashed all over the most important electric signs.

MAUDE ADAMS has always declared she will never appear in motion pictures. And it begins to look as though the actress said so in all earnestness. When she was in Los Angeles recently, a representative of one of the largest picture producing companies came to her with an offer of half a million dollars if she would translate her greatest characterization, "Peter Pan," to the silversheet. And Maude Adams refused. Unlike David Warfield, Miss Adams holds forth no promise of changing her mind in the future.

Earle's Latest Affinity

FERDINAND PINNEY EARLE, well-known New York artist who drew considerable newspaper notoriety a number of years ago by his resolute championship of the affinity system in love affairs, has found his own finest and most resultful affinity in the Photoplay.

He has established a studio for Metro in New York, and days, nights and Sundays he is devoting the finest of artistic educations and years of old-world experience to the improvement of motion-picture scenery and subtitles. He believes that the painter will go hand-in-hand with director and cameraman in achieving future symphonies for the eye.

Mr. Earle calls his work "motion painting." He is enabled to reproduce colors on the screen and minutiae of details which in the original are almost microscopic. Above, Mr. Earle is reproducing in veritable tints and dimensions one of the finest cathedral windows in Europe; left—a recent subtitle painting of an Egyptian vista in the time of the Pharaohs, archeologically correct and painted with a splendor of sun and shadow which would have delighted the great Orientalist Jerome.

A scene from "To Hell with the Kaiser." Mr. Earle's work, it must be confessed, was the most artistic thing in the picture. His landscape effects are especially striking, and this dark grove of trees in a horizontal light is a composition worthy almost any gallery.

Famous Women Who Have Cooked for Me

By
Thomas Meighan

When Billie Burke and I went out into Western Canada, I'll admit I had terrible manners. She was a beautiful cook — take that two ways—but she was so afraid I'd cut myself eating pie that she acquired nervous prostration and had to leave me. It was dreadful to lose her. She made such good pies!

I straightened up, improved my habits and my clothes, and when I came East all that was left of the old-time boy was the pie appetite. My next love-affair was with a little ingenue named Marguerite Clark—and believe me, she was all to the Burke when it came to putting the crust and apples together! But I strayed away . . . you know how men are . . .

. . . and became furiously enamored of Blanche Sweet. It was my undoing. I had no business to leave pie, on which I was brought up. This very Sweet person adored Chinese food, and as I had acquired odd-tastes with my dress suit, I let her fill me up on tea and chicken-chop suey and chow-main.

As a result, I nearly joined the heavenly cafeteria. Would have done so, in fact, if it hadn't been for Marie Doro, who got me into clothes I was accustomed to, and then made me old-fashioned things of milk and eggs. I recovered rapidly, but—

—I'm off famous cooks. I'm eating at the club.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL

A woman's instinct saves a man twice, once from himself, once from others

By Jerome Shorey

CALL it what you please, woman's instinct, second sight, telepathy, the subconscious mind, or just plain wit—the facts remain. Rosalie Dean possessed in such great measure the faculty of seeing through the visible into the mystical and invisible that certain superstitious Italian artists in the little colony in Rome where Rosalie moved, had assured her, with the utmost solemnity, that she possessed the "unborn eye." It was their quick way of saying that she had a capacity for sight that was not of this earth. Rosalie only laughed. She assured them that she was far too healthy to be psychic, and bothered herself not at all about the matter. But her friends shook their heads dolefully and opined that as a result of Rosalie's too keen perceptions she would never marry. A man would have to be quite perfect to satisfy her.

Rosalie still laughed. She supposed she would marry one day, but she wasn't worrying about it—yet. And she knew quite well that she did not demand perfection. She did not know what she wanted, exactly, but this she did know—that she would recognize the man instantly. That much faith she had in her own powers of vision.

Rosalie could hardly tell him how important it was to her that he should go on; so she thought a moment and then made a proposition, as he held the revolver tense in his fingers.

She did. Rosalie was no simpering, romance-befuddled school girl, and had not pictured to herself a Galahad or half-back as the man who would be her mate. Yet, being a woman, she must have cherished certain ideals. In any event, she could hardly have expected to find the one man, flushed and reckless, staking a fortune on a turn of the wheel at Monte Carlo. But the faculty which had stood her in such good stead on so many minor occasions did not forsake her at the critical moment of her life. She knew Maxwell Grey was the man she sought, before she knew his name or his circumstances, while he still was only an excited American youth, playing high stakes in the world's most notorious gambling house.

Rosalie watched him as he enjoyed a few moments of success, watched him double his bets, and finally, with a gasp of apprehension, saw him stake his entire heap of bank notes on the double-O. She wanted to call to him that he was wrong, to tell him to push it across the narrow division line to the single-O. But the weight of training held her back, and as she stood there, almost choking, Grey lost, the little ball falling into the single-O pocket. The young man laughed, a hard, mirthless, horrible laugh, and strode away, not unsteadily, not with the least suggestion of weakness, but as a man who is moving definitely toward a certain goal.

There was a buzz of comment, and in the whirr Rosalie caught the phrase "the bench of forgetfulness," and of a sudden remembered the sinister side of Monte Carlo. She hurried after Grey and found him, not a moment too soon, sitting in a corner of one of the most beautiful gardens on the earth, saying his last goodbye to the world. For in his hand he held a revolver, and he was just raising it to his head as Rosalie stepped beside him and took his hand gently.

For a few moments neither spoke. Then, answering her unspoken question, he said with sorrow:

Again and again he won. The night is still discussed among the habitues of the place.

"I have all the money I need," she said. "If I have such a power as this, it has been given to me for better purposes than gambling. Faculties that we abuse, we destroy."

Slowly they strolled back to the hotel, and few words passed between them. Grey mused upon the fate that had dragged him back from death, had provided him with wealth, and had bestowed upon him a friendship that was growing momentarily dearer. Happiness such as he had never before known bathed him as completely as did the rays of the full moon, and when they parted reluctantly they both knew that tomorrow meant for each of them only a day on which they would meet again and develop still further this friendship.

The days grew into weeks—weeks of almost constant companionship, and still they lingered at Monte Carlo, Rosalie because Grey never suggested leaving, and Grey for reasons of his own. Then a mystery began to dawn which not even Rosalie's perceptions could penetrate. She knew Grey loved her, and she felt he must know she loved him. Yet he never spoke of love. This, she could not understand. Neither could she quite understand why he never spoke of himself, his life in America. She had baited him by telling all about herself, her more or less successful career as a sculptor, her life in Rome. Still he was silent about his past. He spoke much of America, but never of his relation to the country from which he came. Then it was suddenly explained.

They were sitting on the balcony of a little inn one day, when three men intruded and their spokesman approached Grey.

"You are both under arrest for the murder of Mr. Grey's wife," he said.

Grey, motionless, stared at the table. Rosalie wanted to laugh, but when she saw how seriously the man she loved accepted the accusation, she was puzzled. She knew this man was no murderer, as well as she knew that she herself was innocent. Yet he sat there and said not a word.

"You're not guilty!" she exclaimed.

"I—don't—know," he replied, dully.

Without another word they went to police headquarters. Rosalie had no difficulty in establishing her innocence. Maxfield Grey's wife had been killed, she learned, but she had not been in America within a year of the date when it occurred.

All the known details she received from the American consular agent. Grey and his wife had been separated. One night Mrs. Grey was killed in her apartment, and Grey had been seen leaving the place with a heavily veiled

"It isn't so much the money. I suppose I could make a living somehow. It's just that I don't care. I'm all alone—there's nobody to make it worth while going on."

Rosalie could hardly tell him thus suddenly, how important it was to her that he should go on, so she thought a moment, and then made a proposition as he held the revolver tense in his fingers. She wanted to see the play at the Casino, and have some sort of interest in it, just to make it more exciting, she explained. So would he accept a loan from her, that she might have an interest in the game by proxy?

There was something compelling in her plea, something more than the mere words, that arrested Grey's attention. He began to feel her personality, as he emerged, little by little, from his spiritual despair. So together they went back to the temple of chance.

In his play at the wheel, Grey had evolved a system, as all gamblers at roulette eventually do. It is the disease of the game, that has been fatal to thousands. He started to follow this system, but Rosalie, at his elbow, prompted him. Reluctantly, at first, he followed her instructions. It was her money, after all, money he could never repay if he lost, and she knew it. The responsibility was hers. But he won. And again he won. He won over and over again. The night is still discussed among the habitues of the place. They won until the manager appeared and declared the bank closed for the night.

Grey wanted Rosalie to take half of the fortune he had gleaned, but she refused to accept more than the original loan, her only condition being that he should not play again. He laughingly assured her that he would consider himself an idiot to try to do what she had done, but could not understand why, with her uncanny ability to win, she did not go back another time and break the bank.

woman. That was all. Nor would Grey himself supplement the information. Yet Rosalie knew he was innocent, just as she had known at a glance that she loved him, just as she had known in advance the winning numbers on the wheel at the Casino. And she resolved to return to America and prove his innocence.

. . . . . .

In America Rosalie found there was one other person as anxious as she to prove Grey guiltless, but he was quite as helpless as she. This was his elder brother Frank. Their relationship had partaken of all the qualities of those of father and son, as well as of brothers. Frank had been Maxfield's chum and confidant, had been always more than ready with sympathy and assistance. Yet he too had been denied any explanation of the circumstances which caused Maxfield to be accused of the murder of his wife. At first this cut deep, for he could not believe Maxfield guilty. But as he looked into his brother's eyes and saw their mute appeal not to pass judgment upon him, Frank accepted the silence as something he could not understand, and continued to hope in the utter darkness.

Rosalie was not satisfied merely to hope. She must act. She established herself in a studio, and set about discovering all there was to discover concerning the friends and acquaintances of the man she loved. But there was not much to learn. Since he divorced his wife, Maxfield had lived very much to himself.

One night, dining at Frank's home, Rosalie met Wally Gage. At first he seemed merely one of those colorless individuals whom one calls in at the last moment to balance a party, and provide an escort for an unattached guest. He was distinctly the social butterfly, and Rosalie, in her innocence of the game, did not know of the poison that these creatures disseminate. She might hardly have noticed him at all, only that she caught quick, furtive glances passing between him and Frank's young wife, Bertha. Much younger than her husband, and pretty in a light, fluffy way, she too had failed to make a deep impression upon the serious Rosalie. This suggestion of a flirtation going on under the very eyes of the unsuspecting husband, annoyed her, but she passed it off.

At the end of the perfectly dull evening, Gage took Rosalie home. He was true to his type. The moment he was out of sight of Bertha, he began to try to make an impression upon Rosalie. And when he learned that she was an artist, and lived in a studio, Wally, to whom art was only an excuse for dissipation, made the colossal blunder of his entire assinine career, and clumsily attempted to kiss Rosalie as they said goodnight. He went away rubbing an ear.

As Rosalie fought down the disgust that came over her at the thought of being touched by this creature, a sudden thought illuminated her mind. It was only a flash, a possibility. But several facts suddenly grouped themselves significantly. She checked them off one at a time:

First—at the apartment house where the murder occurred, the sole bit of identification she could gather concerning the woman who left with Grey, was that she wore a large, curious diamond ring.

Second—Bertha Grey wore a large, curious diamond ring, which Wally had pretended to be examining in one of their flirtatious moments.

Third—whenever Maxfield's predicament was mentioned, both Bertha and Wally had made obvious attempts to change the subject.

Even if it were Bertha who was with Grey that night, the problem, of course, was only half solved, and actually more complicated than ever. But it was at least a clue, and as she had no other, Rosalie determined to follow it. She cultivated the acquaintance of Bertha, and tried to get into her confidence, but that usually gushing person seemed instinctively to fear Rosalie, and progress was difficult. But at last her patience was rewarded.

Bertha arrived at her studio one day, manifestly restless and nervous. After making conversation about various matters of no interest to either of them, she said:

"May I use your telephone a moment—privately?"

Rosalie granted the curious request and went into an adjoining room. In this room there was an

Gage took Rosalie home. . . . Then he made the colossal blunder of his entire assinine career, and clumsily attempted to kiss her as they said goodnight.

extension of the telephone, and Rosalie did not hesitate long, before deciding to take this opportunity of learning something of the private life of Bertha. She listened. In a moment Wally Gage was on the other end of the wire. Suspicion number one was confirmed.

"I've some good news, Wally," Bertha exclaimed. "Frank tells me that Maxfield has absolutely refused to talk, and his lawyer has thrown over the case."

"He'll keep his mouth shut, all right," Wally answered. "He thinks too much of Frank to spill the beans."

"When can we see each other again, Wally dear?"

"Almost any time, at Carlino's. But I've got to have some money."

"Oh, I can't get any more just now, Wally. I gave you all I could spare last week, and if I tried to get more Frank would suspect."

"Well, get it somehow. And meet me at Carlino's tomorrow night, same time as usual."

Wally hung up abruptly. So Rosalie's instincts were right again. Grey was shielding some one—obviously Bertha. At least these two knew who killed Mrs. Grey, and they must be made to tell. She had failed to make progress with Bertha, so she would play upon the weakness of the man.

Like all men of his type Wally considered himself irresistible to women, and when he received a note inviting him to pass an evening at Rosalie's studio, he grinned. To him it was not at all remarkable—just another to be added to his long list of adventures.

That his subjugation should be complete, Rosalie overlooked no point in her toilette that would add to her charm. It was a beautiful, voluptuous woman that received the tango lizard, and coyly refused to meet his glances of frank, though insulting admiration. To Rosalie the evening was interminable, but she did not fail to use every means of leading Wally on, though he needed little encouragement. The game proceeded fast and furious, until Wally decided there was no use in wasting more time in such an easy pursuit, and seized Rosalie in his arms.

Then, at a prearranged signal, Rosalie's maid entered. It was most disconcerting, and Rosalie had no difficulty in making Wally believe that she too was annoyed at the interruption.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered to him as he took his leave. "Meet me at Carlino's Wednesday evening. We won't be interrupted there."

At last Rosalie began to see daylight ahead. She lost no time in making her plans for the occasion which would either reveal the truth and exonerate Frank, or at least start her on the right road toward this, the one aim of her life. Her first move was to invite Bertha to the party, telling her that Wally would be there but asking her not to mention it to him as she wanted it to be a little surprise.

Wednesday evening arrived. Rosalie had engaged a private room, and came early to complete her arrangements. She was accompanied by two men, dressed as waiters. She gave them minute instructions, and sat down to wait for her guests. Notwithstanding the daring of her scheme, she was strangely calm. She had every confidence in the outcome, and was inexpressibly happy.

Bertha was first to arrive, and when Wally came, and found the woman of whom he was beginning to tire as well as the one whom he hoped to win, his face expressed his disappointment. Rosalie found an opportunity to whisper an explanation:

"That fool Carlino told her I was here and I couldn't avoid asking her to stay. You must be unusually nice to her so she won't suspect. We'll get rid of her later."

Dinner was served, with plenty of cocktails and other stimulants. It was one of Rosalie's own waiters who served the meal, and if Wally had been observant he would have seen that the man was extremely careful in selecting Rosalie's glass. The party became very gay, and Rosalie encouraged the frivolous chatter. But before long the gaiety began to wane, and Bertha showed unmistakable signs of drowsiness. Wally, too, grew dull, and the conversation dropped to monosyllables.

At length Bertha could hold her head up no longer, and fell forward on the table, sound asleep. This roused Wally, and he looked at her in amazement. Then, suddenly realizing that he was approaching the same condition, he rose unsteadily and turned upon his hostess.

"You—you—you doped us," he stammered, and tried to go around the table to where Rosalie sat, watching him with cool and calculating eyes. But before he could reach her the drug did its work, and he fell to the floor.

Rosalie summoned the two men who had come with her, and hurried the unconscious pair away through a side entrance, to a waiting car.

Half an hour later the apartment where Maxfield Grey's wife was killed, presented a strange scene. On a couch and a divan lay Bertha and Wally, still in a stupor. Rosalie, no longer dressed in the evening gown she had worn at the party, but in a dress like that the murdered woman had worn the night she was killed, was taking down her hair. The moments ticked on. She was ready for her guests to wake and looked over at them again and again.

At last Bertha began to stir uneasily. With an effort she sat up, and looked about her. Across the room was Wally, and he too was beginning to recover his senses. He half rose and stared back at Bertha, and together they looked about the room, bewildered. At the same instant their eyes found a sinister figure on the floor—a woman, sprawled at full length, her hair disheveled, and on the floor beside her a big red stain like blood.

Bertha screamed and sprang to Wally.

"My God," she cried. "Look!"

"What—what does it mean?" Wally gasped. "Haven't they buried her yet?"

"They mustn't find us here," Bertha screamed again, hysterically pounding her fists on Wally's breast.

"It wasn't my fault," Wally mumbled. "I swear it!"

Then as they stared, the recumbent figure moved, and Rosalie stood facing them.

"I brought you here to learn the truth," she said. "I've heard enough to know that you can solve the mystery, and you're not going to leave until you tell me everything."

Wally, now fully recovered from his stupor, in desperation seized a small statuette from a stand, but before he could strike Rosalie a door was flung open, and two men stood covering him with revolvers. The waiters were now in police uniform. Wally understood finally that resistance was useless. The trap was complete.

(Continued on page 114)

The Turn of the Wheel

NARRATED by permission from the Goldwyn photodrama, taken from a story by Tex Charwate, and produced with the following cast:

Rosalie Dean ..... Geraldine Farrar
Maxfield Grey ..... Herbert Rawlinson
Frank Grey ..... Percy Marmont
Bertha Grey ..... Violet Heming
Wally Gage ..... Hassard Short

The Million Dollar Dolly Mystery

How do we know the Dollies didn't double in their picture? They used to —in school.

YOU saw them. That is, you thought you saw them. How do you know it wasn't simply another case of double exposure?

If Leonce Perret, for his Metro picture featuring the dancers, could have had two Dollies for the price of one—in other words, if he could have persuaded Roszika to pose for both Dollies, or Yansci to double for Roszika, he wouldn't have signed both of them, would he? Of course, we don't *know*. This is only a premise, and yet—in school Roszika was a literary wiz; Yansci a mathematical shark. So Roszika used to double for Yansci in composition, while Yansci helped Roszika with figures. So we say—how do we know?

Those sensuous sisters, Roszika and Yansci—but it is whispered that Roszika in really Rose and Yansci, Jenny. Does it matter? Have you seen them dance? They have danced since they were four; on the stage since they were thirteen. Born abroad, the Dollies came to the United States eleven years ago. When they were thirteen they made their New York debut with Lew Fields in "The Midnight Sons." Later they danced for the Shuberts in "The Merry Countess," "Miss Caprice," and at the Wintergarden. Before that they played under Charles Dillingham's management in "The Echo." Then they joined Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic." In vod-vil they broke all records. Came Leonce Perret, who saw them dance at the Palace in New York and persuaded them to do "The Million Dollar Dollies" under his direction. Previously, the Dollies each starred individually in one picture. Roszika in "The Lily and the Rose," for Fine Arts, with Roszika in her original role; and Yansci in a three or four year old Kalem, "The Call of the Dance," which Yansci answered.

Yansci is the twin who is Mrs. Harry Fox; Roszika is married to Gene Schwartz, song-writer. Left to right (in both groups) —Roszika; Yansci.

Whit .

A Piece of Cheese Cloth

FOR economy's sake, the utility of a piece of cheese cloth in a motion picture studio is multiple. Cut from a fat, new bolt, it is first dipped into a die and emerges, no longer white, but brilliantly yellow to begin its long career —yellow because it thus photographs whiter than white.

Its guardian is the Wardrobe Woman, who watches over it unceasingly, guiding it on its varied adventures.

It is quite likely to be used at some time as a Moslem's turban or to furnish nethergarments for a Fiji Islander. It may be a bridal veil one day and a shroud the next. Curtain, dress, bandage, dustcloth, all are favorite roles.

And it usually comes to an ignominious end, when, after many washings, and only faintly yellow, it is issued as a makeup cloth to remove grease paint on days when the studio is accommodating hundreds of extras and the towel supply is inadequate.

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Address: Educational Department, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

Scene from a N. Y. C. film designed to teach safety to embryo railroad men.

IT hasn't been so very long ago — you probably can recall it without incriminating yourself — that the motion picture enthusiast who suggested a course in scenario writing to a Colossus of finance would doubtless have received that particular captain-of-industry's very best hospital punch on the point of his chin. The railroad president or automobile manufacturer of the same period, if similarly approached, might very properly have squared away and prepared to duplicate the above order.

But that was away back in the uninteresting epoch before movies became photoplays.

Today in the files of the New York office of the American Museum of Safety — giving point-blank denial to any assertion that big business can do without the movies—there reposes a list of nearly fifty photoplays written, produced, directed and released by men who hold the financial and industrial destinies of the nation within their grasp. One and all, these screen productions owe their being to the same idea—the teaching of public safety to every workman, child, pedestrian and vehicle driver in America.

For the movie, with its ever-present aids, now ranks in importance beside the card index, the efficiency expert, and the time clock in the corner for all practical purposes of industry. And the screen muse is diligently wooed by A-1 business men because, they assert, the silverscreen has no rival when it comes to teaching their employees and the public generally the value of human lives.

Marcus A. Dow, general safety agent of the New York Central railroad, became a moving picture director and producer for that organization as the result of a deep-laid conviction, backed up by facts, that a highly-trained railroad man is one of the most valuable citizens of the United States as well as one of the most difficult to replace, and that accidents to them are not only grievous, but are economic carelessness.

Very early in his safety campaigns Mr. Dow learned the educational value of the motion picture and its intimate and instant appeal to classes which probably could not be reached by verbal argument. Translating safety doctrines into movie terms of the modest hero, the confiding school-girl, and the mustached villain, Carelessness, he discovered, brought greater results than the cleverest written word or the most eloquent speech of the safety propagandist.

The New York Central has released three Safety First films. They are "Steve Hill's Awakening," "The House That Jack Built," and "The Rule of Reason."

In each of these railroad pictures the stern necessity for carefulness among railroad men and the tragic results of thoughtlessness are sugar-coated with movie details—love stories, moonlight walks and horseback rides. The themes are concerned largely with the Rule of G, that unwritten law of the railroad that no employee shall touch intoxicating liquor.

To exhibit its own Safety First films the New York Cen-

H. S. Firestone, who conceived "Careless America," the Universal film endorsed by over 7,000 chiefs of police. Below — scene from it showing how a workman can suffer injuries, or even death through carelessness at his daily work.

Here is shown the interior of one of the New York Central motion picture cars, in which are shown the safety first films.

tral operates two cars as traveling movie houses with attendants, which are on the road constantly. From fifty to seventy-five railroad employees and members of their families can see the pictures at one time and additional matinees are given every Saturday and Sunday as the cars move from one yard to another.

The Federal order recently issued by Secretary McAdoo, directing each of the one hundred and eighty railroads under government control to establish safety committees before August first, is undoubtedly helping to make the motion picture as a teacher of railroad safety universal in its range. New York Central films are always available at small cost to any railroad which cares to use them. Others of a similar nature have been produced by the Pennsylvania railroad, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western roads.

Men who dominate the steel industry today admit that the screen has brought home to their reckless workman the value of caution in a manner no other modern instrument could.

Something like six or seven million dollars is the amount that United States Steel has expended for safety first campaigns among its employees. A substantial slice of this has gone for the film footage of three photoplays which the corporation has produced. The last of these—"Why"—was released but a short time ago and had its first showing at the company's plant in Gary. The others were "The Reason Why" and "The Workman's Lesson."

"The Outlaw," scenarioized and converted into film under the auspices of the Liberty Mutual Insurance company of Boston, is now being shown to the employees of steel mills, shipyards, and shoe factories. It was produced principally to solve many of the problems which have developed in connection with accident prevention since industrial concerns have been compelled to accept any kind of worker to fill up ranks vacated by men called to the colors. Men are constantly drifting in and out of plants as the result of war conditions. Consequently, "The Outlaw" is being shown by safety engineers at special shop gatherings and at lunch and rest periods in order to impress the inexperienced employee with the necessity for unusual care. David S. Beyer vice-president and chief engineer of the Liberty Mutual Insurance company, wrote the scenario.

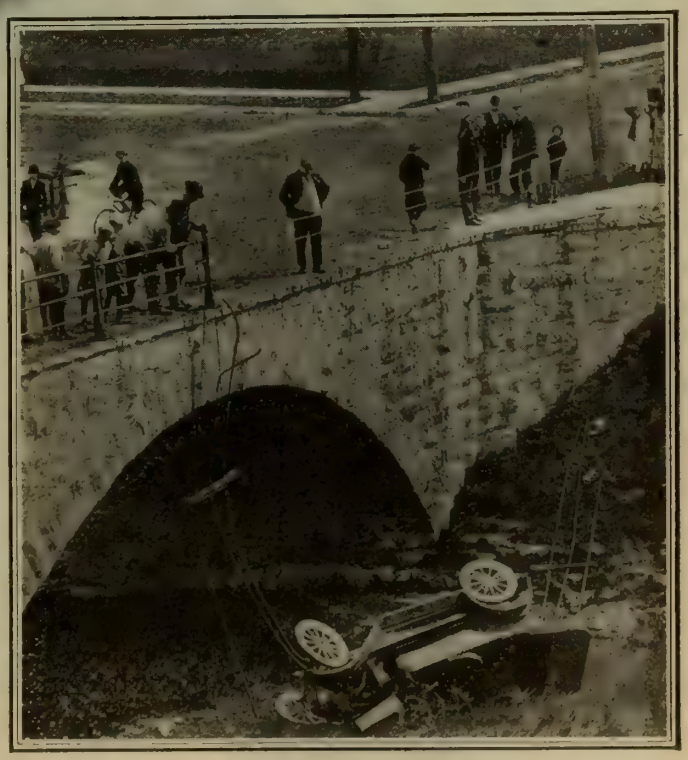
The hazards of the lead industry led Henry Ford to turn motion picture producer in order to warn workmen about them. Similar films have been released by the National Lead company and kindred concerns. The Eastman Kodak company is responsible for some thousands of feet of film showing safety devices used in camera shops.

Motion picture warnings against dangerous practices in the electrical and gas industries have been brought out by the National Electric Light Association and the American Gas Institute.

The mining industry has confined its efforts in safety first film propaganda to four films—one on mine rescue work issued by the Educational Film Corporation of America:

(Continued on page 112)

A boy on roller skates does not know what way he may tumble. Scene at left from "Careless America," warns a careful auto driver to slow down when he nears the boy on skates.



Taking a strange corner at high speed is the speediest way to disaster. A slip—a skid—and this climax often follows.

A Fifth Avenue Beauty

Gotham's gayest street is only a favorite "location" to Agnes Ayres

GIRLS, think of the fortunate plight of an actress who is condemned, apparently, to a lifetime of work upon New York's most aristocratic thoroughfare, Fifth Avenue, the center of more ambitions and rubber-neck wagons than any other spot in a great city. Think again, girls, of the genuine pleasure that might be yours were you to spend your working hours in close proximity to Gotham's gayest and finest! It's galluptious and all of that, as Agnes Ayres admits, but sometimes there is a limit to all good things.

Some months ago scenario writers in the Broadway Star Feature studio conceived the happy idea of adapting for the screen a number of O. Henry stories having a Fifth Avenue locale. Apparently scenario editors easily become set in their ways, for no sooner had Miss Ayres become thoroughly familiar with Fifth Avenue as a "location" than there came a perfect rain of Fifth Avenue O. Henry stories, and the end is not yet in sight. Each day of the week, sunshine permitting, Miss Ayres and her associates may be found busily acting before the camera and the admiring eyes of Fifth Avenue's gawking thousands.

Five of her most recent pictures have been filmed in entirety or in part upon Fifth Avenue locations, beginning with "Sisters of the Golden Circle." The entire action of this O. Henry story, with the exception of a few preliminary scenes, was laid upon the top of a Fifth Avenue sightseeing bus, the story being filmed as the bus careened up and down the avenue during the closing days of the last Liberty Loan campaign.

Agnes Ayres and Edward Earle in a scene from "Springtime a la Carte." Yes, far from Fifth Avenue. Above—Edna and Edward.

Then came "One Thousand Dollars," a Vitagraph O. Henry feature, which also contained numerous Fifth Avenue scenes, following which Miss Ayres returned to the two-reel O. Henry Stories produced for General Film Company. "Mammon and the Archer" was given many Fifth Avenue locations as well as "Springtime a la Carte," and "A Bird of Bagdad." In five of these stories she has played opposite Edward Earle. Other better known stories in which she has been featured are "The Renaissance at Charleroi," "The Defeat of the City," "The Rubaiyat of a Scotch Highball," "The Purple Dress" and "Sisters of the Golden Circle."

Some Bebe!

You've read of Daniel among the Lions? This is about the Lioness of all the Daniels

By Justin Fair

TODAY we find ourselves plunged into a whirlpool of joy!

Listen, Lucullus, we are writing about somebody we love to write about, and we are getting paid for it.

Time was, in yon musty past, when we wrote little pieces for the papers about Madamoiselle Tush, the queen of the air. We described her baby-blue eyes and her shapely limbs, and all that sort of thing.

But we sobbed as we penned the lines.

First, we sobbed because Madamoiselle Tush was about forty years old and her hair offended us.

We used to sit opposite Madamoiselle Tush in the owner's tent.

We used to try not to watch her as she gargled the vermicelli and attacked the corned beef and—

But it was no use.

Her manners drew our fascinated gaze and we didn't eat very much with the circus that year.

And we have written more pieces for the paper about other ladies who took milk baths and milk punches: who drove blooded horses to blue ribbons and strong men to strong drink; who could sing to high C, sober, and to H when exhilarated.

This is a modest little story that might justly be called "How Can She Help Being Good?" or the romance of a pretty Girl who Hasn't yet got a Big Bump on Herself and thinks She is the Whole Gazoosh."

Speaking thus, we introduce Miss Bebe Daniels.

First of all, we love to write about her because she is a nice little girl. She is the kind of youngster your mother would like to have come in to supper. Dad would find a lot of cheer in chatting with her after the dishes were cleared away

She is an A-1, Regular, Clear-Eyed, No-Foolishness kind of a girl. She loves children, turtles, huckleberry pie, swimming, cats, dogs, geese, and even if she is a successful screen actress she isn't afraid to be teased about going to church Sunday mornings.

These are

Witzel

Bebe Daniels is an A-I, Regular, Clear-eyed, kind of a girl—the kind of youngster your mother would like to have come in to supper.

only a few of the reasons we love to write pieces for the magazines about Bebe Daniels.

Bebe Daniels was born of theatrical parents in Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901. She started on the road with her father's company when only ten weeks old and at that tender age made her professional debut. She was the baby in "Jane."

At the age of three years, she played her first speaking part. This, by the way, was a part written into the script of "The Confederate Spy," which was one of the popular plays in the repertoire of the stock company of which her father was manager, and leading man, and her mother the leading woman.

A year later, our heroine might have been heralded as the youngest Shakesperian actress in the history of the stage, for she was playing the child "Duke of York" in "Richard III." In this part she received enthusiastic encomiums of praise from the critics of the big newspapers, who, we dare say, knew a whole lot more about drama than dramatic critics do today.

At the age of five years, Bebe was engaged by Oliver Morosco to play child parts in the repertoire presented by the Burbank Stock Company in Los Angeles. From there she went to the Belasco stock in the city of Los Angeles and played two seasons.

Then her professional career gave her opportunities to appear in "The Squaw Man" with Louis Stone, and Thais McGrain; with Lillian Albertson in "The Royal Family"; with Amelia Gardner and George Barnum in "Shore Acres"; with Hobart Bosworth now in the movies, in "Gioconda and Pelais" and "Malisande," and in her own way, Zaza and DuBarry, the Leslie Carter successes.

When Bebe was only eight years old, she was a stage star in her own right. Her play was "The Prince Chap." When this tour was ended, she was re-engaged at Belasco's stock company in Los Angeles.

When Bebe was only a little past fourteen, the films got her.

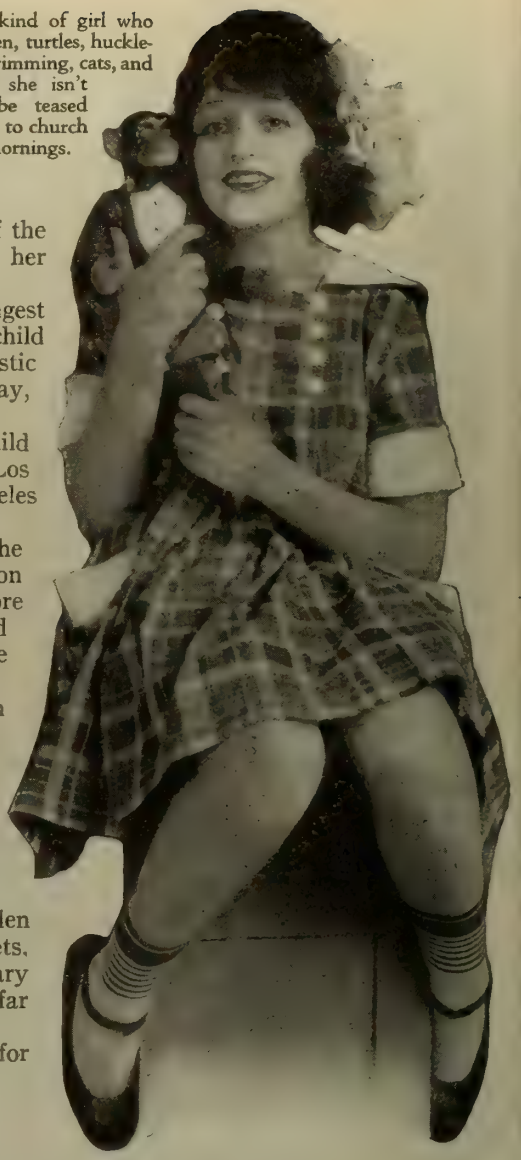
She has just signed up for the third year with the Pathe-Rolin comedies in which, as the world is aware, she is the wide-eyed heroine when Harold Lloyd is the goggle-eyed hero. They do say that some day Harold will lead the fair Miss Daniels to the altar—but never mind that.

And Bebe claims to be an adept of the concoction of the sinister Golden Buck which is an intensified variety of the welsh rarebit, you know. For pets, our heroine harbors one collie dog, one bull dog, three fancy cats, two canary birds, two love birds (dear, dear, how sweet), a bungalow, situated not far from the Rolin Studio in Los Angeles, and a sedan motor car.

We told Miss Daniels that we were going to write a piece about her for this magazine. She did not blush and falter.

She smiled sweetly.

"All right," she said, "make it fancy, but not flossy."



Bebe is the kind of girl who loves children, turtles, huckleberry pie, swimming, cats, and dogs; and she isn't afraid to be teased about going to church Sunday mornings.

Movie Mermaids Infest L. A. A. C.

ONE of Los Angeles' boasts—it has many—is its Athletic Club. This imposing pile of concrete, plate glass, ornate rooms, water, gymnasium, strong men, art gallery and what-not stands at the corner of Seventh and Olive streets, and in addition to its social, athletic and gastronomic advantages is the dwelling-place of many of its members. Among these are numerous motion-picture actors.

The younger screensters are now giving the old-line club members fever and ague. Reason, the chicken friends of said young persons.

You see, on the fifth floor of the club is its magnificent swimming pool, unquestionably one of the finest indoor plunges in the world. This is open to ladies on Tuesdays only. But does that deter the dauntless little filles de film? Not at all! They scamper about unconcernedly, with their cute little bathing-suits concealed under their wrist-watches, or some smaller place, don the fascinations in some friendly darkness—and splash!—in they go, with smothered squeals of delight, while said old-line members, in the quiet library below, wonder if their grand building is haunted.

So, the old-line members feel that something really should be done. But what? And who's going to do it?

There was one more shot. The sole passenger hung limply out the window. Bige Rivers, Pasquale and Boggs were left to snarl over their spoils.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIL

John Lynch may have resembled the outlaw, but in his soul was a world of difference

By Betty Shannon

TWO farewells were said that humid afternoon as the California sun glared down on ranch and garish village, on twisted trail and slope of ragged cedar, on gulch and gully which had yielded richly of the yellow ore—and on those which echoed only the disappointed sighs of broken searchers after gold.

In the dooryard of his ranch John Lynch was bidding farewell to his daughter Mary—a softly-moulded creature whose gentleness kept constant memories in his heart of the beautiful southern wife who had left them before the Civil War had come to snatch away their wealth, and to turn them to the land of the setting sun for future fortune.

It was a graceful, tender farewell, the farewell of a southern gentleman with a heritage of chivalry. He bent over the girl's hand in a profound bow, sweeping his broad-brimmed hat from his iron grey head, then placing a kiss on her white forehead.

"I'll be home Monday or Tuesday, as usual," he called as he swung up on his mount and cantered off down the trail to El Monte—and to "The Gold Cradle."

It was not so pleasant a scene, that other farewell. Bige Rivers, arch thief and road agent, soul stained with violence and murder, was "throwing out" his "Spanish gal."

Over the pine board table in the lone cabin in the same sun-flooded hills Bige was enacting a tragedy. Leering, cruel, he stood over his "gal," choking her in his hairy-handed grasp. As he leaned forward, his cold colorless eyes ate down into her brown eyes, dilated with terror.

"Git out of here to 'Frisco—I got work to do—an' if you open your mouth on me there'll be another angel in greaser Heaven."

Then he flung her away and let her crawl out of the room, as he turned away to toss a bottle of brandy down his throat. He drank not as men drink, but as a destroying demon.

Bige Rivers thought it was goodbye to Nita, the Spanish girl, forever. He intended that it should be.

Now in the mining camp of El Monte there are two places of vast attraction. "The Gold Cradle" was secretly the possession and pride of John Lynch, a member in high standing of this careless community. It was built on the same clean lines as John himself. Liquor and girls were taboo, and only those interested in a gentleman's game found welcome.

Cheating and underhanded methods

The Midnight Trail

NARRATED by permission from the Pathe Photoplay by Jack Cunningham, based on "The Lyons Mail," a play by Messieurs Moreau, Siraudin and Delacour.

John Lynch ..... } Frank Keenan
Bige Rivers ..... }
Mary Lynch ..... Mignon Anderson
Harvey James ..... Charles Gunn
Nita, ... Maude George
"Twisted" Tuttle ..... Jos. J. Dowling
Elias Lynch ..... Thos. Guise
Joe Statler ..... Wadsworth Harris
"Rat" McGrough ..... Ernest C. Warde

were left to "The Red Flare" across the way. There Mexicans and whites alike were lured by brazen women with painted cheeks and willing lips to a hundred nameless sins. There the vile lamps sputtered and flamed all night. The sounds of coarse ribaldry, harsh laughter and wild music never ceased before the dawn.

The steady, clear lights of "The Gold Cradle" and the flickering ruby lights of "The Flare" had long been lit when the lumbering four horse stage drew up to the hotel. The respectable, God-fearing citizens of El Monte were settled at their games under John Lynch's genial eye. The riff-raff of this end of the world had embarked on a new night of orgy over the way.

The arrival of the stage seemed to offer but slight competition among the affairs of the night's routine. One or two hangers-on stumbled out into the night to hear the news. But when they saw only two passengers alight they faded off into the darkness again.

Joe Statler, the man passenger, honored citizen and president of the El Monte Mining Company, made straight for "The Cradle," and a game with his friend John Lynch.

The woman who had alighted from the stage at the same time, went with equal directness to "The Red Flare," seeking there the proprietor. She found him drinking whiskey with a hardfaced woman with naked shoulders. He looked the newcomer over appraisingly, noting her seemly body, her round throat, her full lips.

He nodded acceptance and sent his partner to direct her to a room where she might leave her carpet bag and change her traveling clothes for the dress of the dance hall.

She came back anon—Nita, Bige River's cast off Spanish gal, her plump, seductive shoulders gleaming white, her teeth flashing in a smile.

At a table in the noisy dance hall three men, strangers to El Monte, had loitered all evening. They were Pasquale, the exquisite Spaniard, with luminous eyes, moustaches of fierce black, and delicate hands; Boggs, the coarse, loose-jowled horse trader; and McGrough, the "Rat," beady-eyed, sharp nosed, with knotty hands that worked convulsively at the buttons on his coat.

The "Rat" suddenly pulled himself up from his posture of apathy as a whisper reached him through the dance hall din. It was the voice of one of the stragglers who had sauntered out to meet the stage.

"He come—he's over to 'The Cradle.'"

The Rat looked meaningly at his companions.

"You'll know him when he drinks a bottle of brandy at one pull," he whispered to them. Then he slipped away through the dancers.

Across the street in John Lynch's respectable gambling establishment the Rat felt ill at ease in his miserable clothes, surrounded by so much elegance of broadcloth coat and brocaded waistcoat, of linen shirt and flowing tie. But Rat was on a mission. So he hunched around uneasily until he came close to the table where John Lynch and Joe Statler were playing poker.

The Rat stood there a full minute before Lynch sensed his sinister presence. Before he could slink away the secret proprietor of "The Cradle" turned about and looked him in the eye. Under that cold gaze the Rat slouched out into the night.

Leering, cruel, Bige stood over "his gal," choking her in his hairy-handed grasp.

However embarrassed Rat McGrough might have been, he had learned in "The Cradle" what he sought, and one thing more. Joe Statler was sending out the heaviest shipment of gold of the year on the morning stage—also an incidental fact of special significance, that John Lynch looked enough like Bige Rivers, the bandit, to be that unworthy Rivers himself.

Before the night had grown much older the door of "The Flare" swung open and Bige Rivers, full of liquor, and looking for friend or foe, stepped in, sweeping the room with an eagle glance. He saw no one he knew. He took a seat by himself and shouted for drink.

Pasquale and Boggs alone marked him as he tossed off his bottle of brandy at a gulp.

"It's him," they nodded each to the other.

And when Bige Rivers sauntered out through the bar—past the spot where a brown-eyed Spanish girl he had cast away forever was cringing behind the broad shoulders of a towering miner—they followed him.

The crowd of sober gentlemen from "The Gold Cradle" had gone home for the night and only John Lynch was left, leaning against the door and looking out into the darkness.

A shriek from the hall of sin across the street awoke him from his meditations. Peering into the dark he made out the shadowy outlines of a man and woman struggling.

In a moment a hard fist shot out and the man was a whining heap on the ground. The girl cowered against her rescuer.

Then came Elias' testimony, broken, halting, punctuated with pain. "As God is my witness, my own son John Lynch shot me!"

"Oh, Senor—I be keeled!"

John Lynch put his arm about her shoulder and helped her over to "The Cradle," reassuring her that no harm should befall her while in his care.

In the doorway she looked up into his face. She started back in terror, her eyes staring wildly, one small hand clasped at her throat.

The man beside her offered her no violence. She gathered courage to look again. John Lynch smiled benevolently down at her, and slowly the haunting fear faded out of her eyes. This was not he—the terrible Bige Rivers masquerading in other clothes. This was a kind gentleman to whom Fate had given a face so much like the outlaw's that they might have been twins—a likeness to deceive even a mistress.

Lynch saw the change come over the girl's face. He knew she wanted to tell him something.

"What is it, girl?"

"I mus' go, Senor—or—" The realization of what Bige Rivers would do to her if he found her in El Monte again came to her mind. She broke into tears—"I don't dare tell more—."

"You're going down to my ranch to stay with my little girl and me." John Lynch had a way of taking charge of things just like that.

"Hey Scotty," he called to the roulette croupier, "take this young lady to the ranch in the morning and tell Mary she's to be one of us."

Nita fell on her knees and covered John Lynch's hands with kisses.

Across the street Rat McGrough picked himself up from the heap where Lynch had kicked him and shambled away to join three earnest men in conference in the stable yard —also to report to Bige Rivers that Nita had not gone to 'Frisco.

There were several expeditions afoot when the early morning sun scattered the mists hanging over the hills at the break of the following day.

The stage coach, piled high with chests of golden treasure, was rumbling over its accustomed trail to the nearest railroad. A Wells Fargo guard sat beside the driver with a rifle on his knees. One solitary passenger rode inside.

On the trail since sunrise, John Lynch rode toward the road house owned by his father, half way between El Monte and the railroad. He was worried about the report Joe Statler had brought back the night before. His father was ailing. Inn keeping was too hard for the old man, anyway, disappointed and disheartened as he was with his fruitless prospecting for gold.

Mary, firm in faith in her father, struggled valiantly but vainly against the overwhelming sentiment of the community. She was successful however, in sustaining the hope and good cheer of her parent.

On a narrow cross trail through the scrub oaks intersecting the main road over which the stage was traveling, three men were riding cautiously on trim flanked horses.

They rode in silence, though now and then the oldest and hardest of them raised an empty brandy bottle to his lips, and cursed.

Only "Twisted" Tuttle, a tattling old man, evidently a new helper about the place, greeted John Lynch on his arrival at his father's inn. Elias Lynch was off prospecting. "Twisted" did not know when he would return.

John decided to wait. He sat down in the public room, while "Twisted" went about his business outdoors. After a time the gentleman gambler decided he could wait no longer, so he mounted his horse and started back for town.

When "Twisted" entered the inn again, Bige Rivers was sprawled in the chair John Lynch had occupied. He ordered brandy and drank it down. It was obvious that "Twisted" saw no difference in the identity of the hard visaged, colorless eyed man who sat there now, and the man he had left waiting for Elias when he went out. He drew up his chair, bent on conversation.

In a flash of motion, Bige Rivers' heavy pistol had changed its resting place from the table to the top of Tuttle's head. Old "Twisted" dropped motionless on the floor.

Bige Rivers, refreshed by his drink and his amiable little diversion with "Twisted," was back with Pasquale and Boggs, waiting, masked and mounted, for the stage to swing round the curve.

It came on rumbling noisily, to the accompaniment of a jovial song from the driver. But the song was soon hushed. The horses plunged and wheeled. Before they could lift their guns, the driver and guard looked into the pistols of three desperate men. And then driver and guard toppled over dead.

There was one more shot.

The sole passenger hung limply out the window. Bige Rivers, Pasquale, and Boggs were left to snarl over their spoils.

When Elias Lynch returned from his prospecting expedition, that night, he found three men bent over the table in his public room, snapping over a pile of dirty bags like wild beasts over carrion. "Twisted" sat gagged and bound in the corner.

He was no coward, this Elias Lynch. He knew exactly what this meant. These men had robbed the stage, and like as not they would kill him. He strode to the table, his eyes ablaze, and looked from man to man. When his gaze reached the sneering countenance of Bige Rivers, he gave a sudden start. His hand went to his heart. He leaned forward to look closer. He grasped the corner of the table for support. And then his voice broke into a moan. "John Lynch—my son!"

If Bige Rivers had ever felt a human emotion, he would have been touched by the pitiful suffering of the white haired man beside him now. He only threw back his head in a wicked laugh, pulled his gun to a sidewise shooting position and pulled the trigger as carelessly as if he had been aiming at an empty bottle. Elias Lynch fell heavily to the floor, shot through the shoulder. Then the outlaws were on their way.

When Elias recovered sufficiently to drag himself to his feet next morning, he released "Twisted" from his bonds. They went together to the stable yard, and Elias all but fell again when he saw the stage coach, rifled of gold and bearing the bodies of three innocent dead. The handiwork of his own flesh and blood!

Events followed swiftly when "Twisted" rode at headlong gallop into El Monte.

John Lynch was among the first to hear the news.

Elias, his father, sadly wounded, followed closely with the stage coach, driving it in just as it had been left in his stable yard by the bandits.

John helped his father down from the high seat, carrying the fainting old man into the express office. There he stood over Elias chaffing his blue hands until the doctor came. Together with Joe Statler, the sheriff and a group of El Monte's leading citizens, he stood about the couch until Elias was sufficiently restored to tell what had happened.

Damning destiny and malicious Fate hovered.

John stepped back to let "Twisted" in the group. "Twisted" looked into John's face. His shaggy brows raised in puzzling recognition. He paused, shifted his "chaw," blinked, gulped and stammered.

"Thar's the man that clipped me over the head with th' shooting iron."

John Lynch looked into the old man's face as though he had not heard the accusing words. He smiled indulgently as one smiles at a prattling, silly child.

Then came Elias' testimony, broken, halting, punctuated with pain.

"As God is my witness, my own son John Lynch shot me!"

It was as the lightning flash. There was terrible confirmation.

It was known, just as all small doings in El Monte were known to all, that John Lynch had ridden to his father's roadhouse the morning before.

The crowd appalled, in shocked and wavering conviction, needed but one more corroboration.

Pasquale and Boggs, captured and brought in as confessed accomplices, added the damnation of their testimony.

(Continued on page 112)

Speaking for Himself

Fatty Arbuckle's dog-star has finally given in to the urge of publicity.

By
"Luke"

"It's not that I'm temperamental. But I demanded a clause in my contract about directing my own scenes."

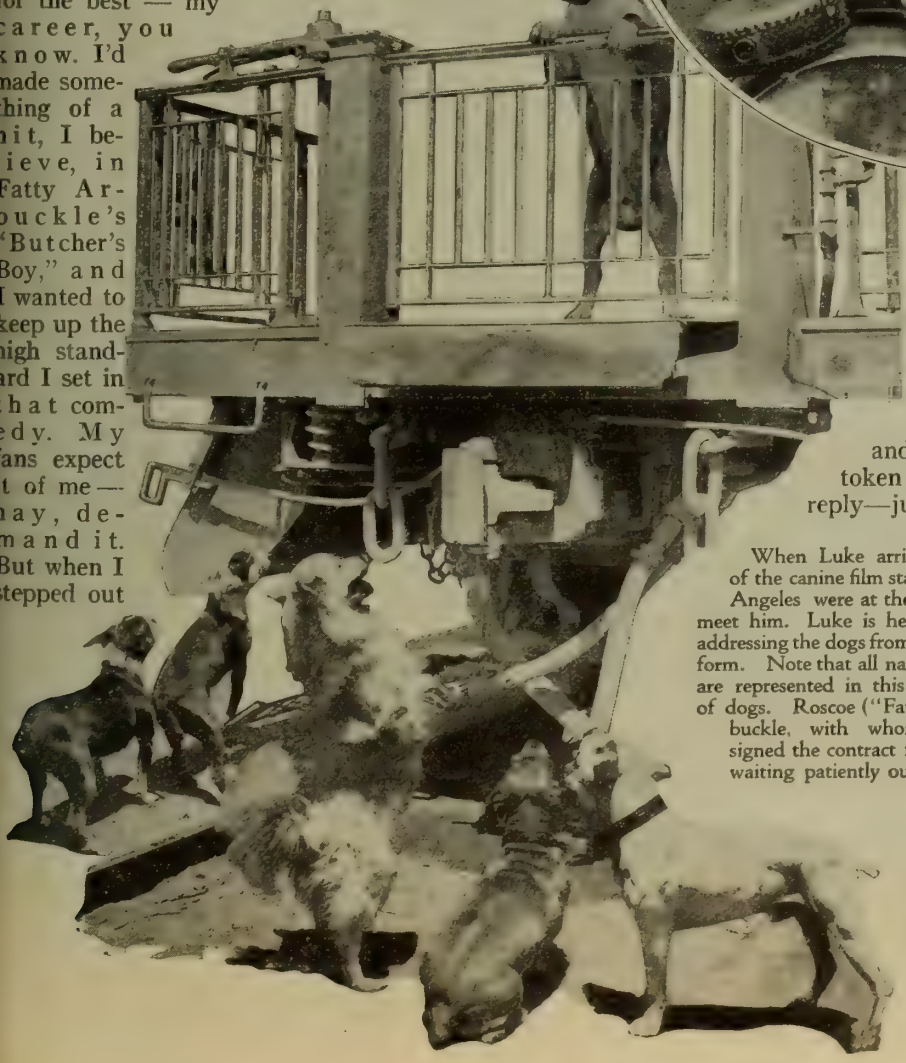
SHALL I tell my story? Or would I better remain in that paradoxic cloak of fame which the Silversheet throws about us?

I've started this like a Rider Haggard subterranean romance, I know. But what I mean to ask is—what of publicity and the screen player? Is publicity good for the actor—does it enhance his appeal, or rob him of that aloofness so necessary to the realization of his ideals?

The editor has finally convinced me that people are sincerely interested so—

Before I left Broadway for sunny California, I had to have it straight that it was for the best — my career, you know. I'd made something of a hit, I believe, in Fatty Arbuckle's "Butcher's Boy," and I wanted to keep up the high standard I set in that comedy. My fans expect it of me—nay, demand it. But when I stepped out on the platform of my private baggage car, upon my arrival on the West Coast, and saw assembled to greet me a representative group of the film colony's dog-stars, I knew I'd come home.

Luke is really fond of music. Whenever Roscoe picks up the sticks and drops them on the drum Luke is right there at the piano with his forepaws.



When Luke arrived most of the canine film stars of Los Angeles were at the train to meet him. Luke is here shown addressing the dogs from the platform. Note that all nationalities are represented in this congress of dogs. Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, with whom Luke signed the contract for life, is waiting patiently outside.

A Spitz made a nice little speech and presented a silver-spiked collar as a token of esteem. I made rather a graceful reply—just a word or two—to put them all at ease. I don't want them to think me a bally toff, you know. Then I left them, because Arbuckle was waiting outside in the car.

On our way to the studio Fatty put this thing right up to me. "Luke," he said gravely! "We need you, old man. Sign this contract, for $50.00 a week, and—"

"Hold on a minute," I cut in. "Does that offer include a star dressing room and the use of your cars? Do I have to be on the set in make-up before ten o'clock? Do we knock off work at 4:30?"

"Yes, yes," said Fatty. "Anything, anything!"

(Signed) LUKE.

Films

Next to "chow," the estimation of the fight-Y. M. C. A. entertains

By Janet
Over-Seas

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At left two Y. M. C. A. women operating a motion picture projecting machine in a "Hut" in France. The impromptu stand for the machine is indicative of the portability of the equipment.

ALEXANDER would have had a good idea of the additional worlds he sighed to conquer if travel films had been shown for the entertainment of his army. Washington could have kept his heroes in a cheerful mood despite the lack of food and shoes if he could have given them a Chaplin or Fairbanks or Arbuckle comedy every night. Napoleon— well, he might have changed his saying to, "An army travels on its feet," referring to feet of film, if only he had had motion pictures to entertain his Old Guard.

Film has been the recruiting sergeant, the drillmaster, the morale-strengthener and the faithful comrade-in-arms of this country's army in cantonment, on board transport, in front line camp, in the zone of the rear and in hospital. How armies got along without movies in the past is a subject of interest to those who know the great part they are playing in the present world conflict.

Every motion picture fan knows the aid the film has afforded in stimulating enlistment by showing in interesting realism scenes in the war zone, action pictures of the Marines and other favorites and grimly stirring views of the enemy's frightfulness as practiced on innocent non-combatants. As a drillmaster the motion picture has been invaluable in showing to our armies in training camps the technic of warfare and of using strange weapons, new and old, as practiced by European veterans.

When the selective service men went into great training camps the movies went with them, giving thousands of the boys better entertainment than ever they had had before. The screen comedies and dramas accompanied them on transports and met them in the war zone, where the advance guard of the American Expeditionary Force had demanded and received their silent plays. Don't think for a moment that the boys, regulars, national guardsmen, national army men or marines would accept old, frayed-out reels, either. Fresh, bright photoplays were their order, and it took a big organization to supply it. It is the largest, most active moving picture distributing concern in the world. In the war zone it is entertaining anywhere from 700,000 to 1,000,000 spectators a week and has audiences totalling a

This is a "Y" theatre in France. However, if Pictures are shown near the front but only in

For Fighters

motion picture show comes first in the ing man. And here is told how the a million weekly, both here and in France

M. Cummings,
Service, Y. M. C. A.

Granted — that this picture of a Y. M. C. A. sign in France appears "smudgy." But the black spots are where bits of shrapnel struck. This sign resulted in the sending home of several thousand francs.

million a week in American training camps.

This organization shows moving pictures to American fighters from the home camps, where they say good bye to civilian life, up to the zone where gas and shells interrupt the performances, while the camps and ports of the British Isles are not forgotten, nor the men on board warships and transports. Many a moving picture with a submarine motif has held audiences spellbound, but how about a movie which outdrew a real submarine attack in interest?

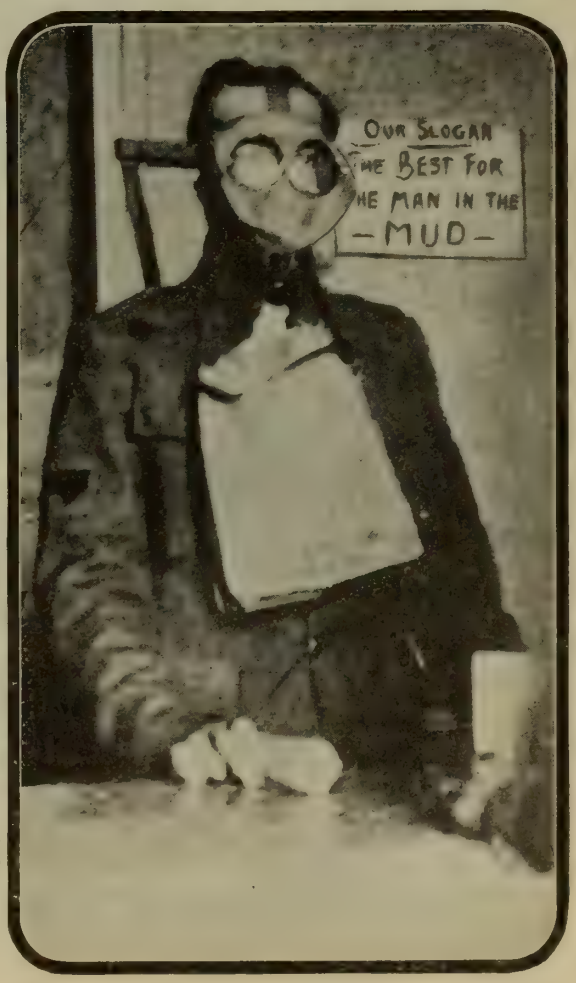
A submarine alarm on board a transport sent to the best stations every soldier on board, of whom hundreds had been watching a motion picture when called out. A torpedo, fired by the Hun, missed the transport. The boys, having exhausted the possibilities of this diversion, waited hopefully, and finally one of them voiced the sentiment of the crowd by asking an officer "Can we go below now and finish the picture?" That's how screen drama grips 'em.

The organization which provides and exhibits the motion pictures for the American soldiers, sailors, marines and labor batallions is the Y. M. C. A. National War Work Council, cooperating with the Community Motion Picture Bureau. The films are projected in the "Y" huts in the United States and abroad.

The weekly circulation of film to "Y" huts in America was 7,000,000 feet this summer, while to the huts in France it was 2,415,000 feet and on board the transports 4,660,000 feet. The service to the British points has only begun, due probably to the fact that the cinema was fairly handy to our men there, and as a result the weekly footage was only 200,000 this summer, but is increasing because of the demand for home stuff.

It is clean, happy, mirth-provoking stuff that the boys get, the antics of Charlie and Fatty and Doug, plenty of rollicking, slap-stick comedy and absolutely nothing on vampire home-wrecking or underworld agonies. Somebody asked the Colonel of a famous regiment which saw great

you ever see the caption: "A motion picture theatre near the front," be not mislead. houses where the illumination is guarded at every window. The lights might prove disastrous.



Y. M. C. A. workers are often forced to don gas masks in holding their positions behind counter canteens. This worker was wounded while on duty. Note the motto on the wall: "The best for the man in the mud."

fighting this summer what he wanted most to put pep into his men after they had moved in with the French.

"Motion pictures, more motion pictures and then more motion pictures," he replied, paraphrasing a famous statesman. That's how the military leaders regard the newest and most popular form of entertainment.

When the enormous number of American troops sent across the ocean last summer is considered, giving some idea of the crowded condition on board transports, the value of the movies in keeping these great assemblages of men entertained and contented throughout the voyage can be appreciated slightly. As one old sailor said, "It was pretty dreary going over until we had the pictures."

On board each transport there are several machines going at the same time, one on the upper deck, one on the second deck and perhaps one inside for the officers.

To the man who does not understand the intensive manner in which modern wars are conducted it might seem wasteful or frivolous to send movies to men who are there to fight. But when it is considered that fighting is their industry, year in and year out there, and that after crowded days or weeks of fighting the soldiers have to go to rest camps where a powerful nervous reaction often sets in, the tonic of the motion pictures can be appreciated. The men demand pictures,—good ones, too, and would rather have them than anything but "chow." They even give meals the go-by at times to stay to the end of a reel.

The Y. M. C. A. movie operators no longer consider it a novelty or a rarity to project the antics of the favorite film stars to the accompaniment of shelling by the enemy or the insidious approach of gas. Many a Chaplin fall has been emphasized by a bursting shell instead of the customary bass drum beat.

The gas alarm was sounded one night this summer while a moving picture play was being presented in a "Y" hut, a dugout near the front in France. As the alarm sounded, a soldier in the audience rose from a seat near the door, peered out, and turning, shouted to the operator:

"Keep the old crank turning, 'Bo.' I'll tell you when it's time to put on your gas mask."

The "Y" this summer was giving more than seven hundred shows a week by standard picture machines to audiences that average some five hundred men. In addition there were in use near the front line trenches twenty-one small portable projectors which make approximately one hundred showings a week with a total weekly attendance of between 15,000 and 20,000 men. The plan of the bureau is to install sixteen standard projecting machines and six small machines with every division.

The moving picture has proven a wonderful aid in the cure of soldiers in the hospital, and many improvements have been adapted for giving these sufferers entertainment. At some hospitals in training camps the pictures are projected on the ceiling for the entertainment of those invalids who have to lie on their backs. In Camp Dix large sheets of blackened paper are set up beside the bedsides in such position that the motion pictures are reproduced in miniature for the bedridden.

How, indeed, *did* soldiers of other times *do* without pictures?

ELLIOTT *and the* ADMIRABLE TASSA

A tale of the East and the West—filled with heart interest and flapjacks.

By Kenneth McGaffey

THIS contribution to celluloid literature or flicker history, as the case may be, could well be entitled "Why Elliott Dexter Goes Home Nights," or "The Mystery of the Panting Pancakes," for in it Art and Vittles are united and everything is lovely in the final fade-out.

In order to fully explain this drama without the use of too many subtitles, it is necessary to introduce a prologue and therein reveal the character and habits of that splendid fellow and excellent actor, Elliott Dexter, the well known husband of the equally well known Marie Doro. Elliott is one of these quiet chaps, and as Marie was on the noisy stage in the East, Elliott rented himself a secluded cottage by the sea where he could get the early morning plunge in the surf stuff that is so often bragged about but seldom executed.

The rest of the gang at the Athletic Club sort of missed Elliott and wondered over his beating it home every night as soon as he was through work at the studio. A few went down to the cottage from time to time and came back with knowing looks, but the main part of the crowd were unable to fathom the mystery. Finally a rotund person from the wilds of Chicago attended a dinner there and then the whole world knew.

Take for an example the lowly flapjack or pancake as it is called by the smart setters.

Such ecstacies can not be flung together in a careless and haphazard manner, but must be composed with the same care as is a cantata or blended like the pigments for an artist's masterpiece.

The Admirable Tassa has his own way of composing pancakes and that all the world may have some idea of the epicurean delights indulged in by Elliott and his friends, he has consented to give the recipe and the method of cooking to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE exclusively.

Here is the recipe:

Two cups war flour
One cup corn flour
Four teaspoons baking powder
One-third teaspoon salt

These should be sifted dry, then add enough milk to make a soft batter—one tablespoon syrup or sugar, a tablespoon melted butter and one egg beaten into the batter. If water is used instead of milk, use more syrup or sugar.

The griddle must not be too hot—just a faint smoke coming from the melted grease. The batter should be poured on with the spoon, and the cakes should be no more than four inches in diameter.

NOW comes the trick for making good pancakes:

NEVER TAKE YOUR EYES OFF THE CAKES WHILE THEY ARE COOKING!

According to Admirable Tassa, unless the cakes are watched every minute they are very apt to develop air bubbles, brown too much or cook too fast. The cakes should be watched to see that the air bubbles do not develop, for if they do, the cake is no good and not fit to be eaten. It is too strong of soda or something like that and must be fed to the dog.

Of course describing Tassa's method of brewing flapjacks and arriving at the finished produce, is like giving a boiler maker a lot of paint and telling him to turn out

Tassa, chef and major domo of "Sunny Beach," Elliott Dexter's Venice (Cal.) home, demonstrates the art of designing pancakes. At left is good pancake. At right defective one, ruined, so Tassa says, by air bubbles.

something that will make Rembrandt bite his finger nails.

Tassa also keeps a diary as to everything that goes on and also puts in his personal observations on what recipe he can cut out of notebooks. One day will run something like this: "I learn that Government send Durham to the soldiers at front and I promise not to smoke this tobacco hereafter." "Lift the hand high when rubbing fat into pastry so that the air can go through." "Mr. Dexter says he will be home for dinner and then does not come—this is bad and expensive." "I hear that Miss Pickford's chauffeur takes her car out and breaks it when she is away—this is not the work of good servant." "Mr Dexter bring some laundry home send other out from studio without making list—this not business like." "If meat is tough, wash it with vinegar and then wipe it."

Tassa also keeps a list of the guests that come to the house with his personal views and comment on each. It is *some* book.

Tassa sees every picture Elliott is in and writes a complete review of it in his diary. Of "Old Wives for New" he remarked that as yet he had not worked in that kind of a family.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY

We started from our Riverside Drive five-thousand-a-year apartment — two thousand for the flat, and two thousand for the view, and one thousand to keep the janitor from calling us by our first name in company.

It's a long way to Tipperary, but not nearly so far as our trip *onto* the Hudson, *down* the Hudson, out The Narrows to the open sea, across the Atlantic, up the Seine, into an estuary—and at length we reached the Western battle-front.

We took the Subway down-town. (But we didn't use this kiosk—going in that direction would have landed us at the North Pole in fifteen minutes, as sure as thinking bad things will make a German out of you.)

Presently, leaving the immediate horrors of war, we wandered back to a deserted French village. But as this was in constant danger of shells from some Big Bertha in some *bois,* we kept right on going to the shores of the Mediterranean, and then—

We got off about Thirty-Fourth street, and walked West to Eleventh avenue because our magic ship was to be launched in the heart of gas-house politics and the Erie railroad.

—found ourselves in a sunbaked Moroccan street. Douglas Fairbanks had been bound in this particular Morocco just a little while previously.

Here we are! The good craft "Make-Believe." It served Lila Lee to some purpose, so we knew we could depend upon it. Another thing—it gave us the air.

In the "Make-Believe" we skidded over to Egypt. Clara Kimball Young and all of Pharaoh's other daughters being absent, we put wings on Lila's ship o' dreams, and flew to—

SECONDS!

ANOTHER motion picture miracle!

You sort of expect to go everywhere and see everything when you're looking at the screen, but to *actually* project yourself around the world in less time than it takes to run a show, and in less physical space than ten acres, is a new experience.

But we did it.

Here's a map, all marked up to show just where we went.

Here are photographs, to show all the little particulars and national peculiarities of the spots we hit in the trip of our magic carpet.

Of course some people are going to say that we accomplished the whole Cook's Tour on the Lasky lot in Hollywood—but then, they're folks of no imagination.

Shanghai, where we landed in front of a restaurant that didn't wear so much as a Hoover placard by way of caution. After the chop-suey—

Investigating Mexican conditions we tarried in a patio somewhat the worse for wear, but damaged by Douglas Fairbanks in a good cause in "Headin' South."

A momentary stop at Sessue Hayakawa's Japanese Mission in San Francisco, and then—

We stopped over in a little Kansas town to see where Fred Stone painted the church steeple for "Under the Top."

A brief pause at a little town in Western Nevada. We thought Mark Twain had once lived there, but from the bullet holes the ex-tenant must have been Bill Hart.

And then, home—and blamed if the hired man hadn't changed the settin' room furniture around so much that we hardly knew the old place!

Priscilla in Name Only

Her given name didn't keep Miss Dean off the stage, even though her parents so anticipated

THEY might have known she wasn't the kind of girl to answer when they called "Priscilla." Too much pep. No austere dignity. Yet they christened her Priscilla. It is characteristic of the girl that she succeeded in spite of it. Persevering though, at a very early age, she pursued her pepful career until she earned the right to repudiate her benign misnomer. Priscilla—for a girl like that! Just think!

Priscilla's parents were stage folk and,—at least for the purposes of this little story—didn't want their only daughter to go on the stage. Perhaps that had something to do with their puritanical christening of her —Priscilla. But Priscilla's pep put it all over Papa's objections, and Priscilla went on at the age of four, with Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." Ten years later she was supporting James A. Hearne in that rugged old classic, "Hearts of Oak." Then she tried the movies, and was one of that now famous group of extra girls at Griffith's Biograph studio. She acted also in films produced by Pathe and World. When she came to Universal City she was principal soubrette in the Eddie Lyons-Lee Moran series of comedies.

Miss Dean then graduated into dramatic roles with such pictures as "The Gray Ghost," "The Hand that Rocks the Cradle," and "Beloved Jim." So peppy was she, even in her tearful parts, that Universal decided to give her a chance to shine all by herself; and before Priscilla knew it, she had her own company and her own brand of pictures. "The Two-Soul Woman" was her first stellar effort.

Furthermore,—a regiment calls Miss Dean "Our Girl"; she knits, she gardens, and to her best friends she is "Prissie." Not at all appropriate, except that it annoys her and makes her all the more determined to live it down. At all times she is a speed-fan, and her little roadster is red, and at U. City they call it "Pep."

"I'm a lawyer, and that's why I want my son to be something else," you've heard men say. And usually the son becomes a lawyer. By the same law did Priscilla become an actress — Priscilla, whose parents were stagefolk. At upper left — Miss Dean in "Trilby," the Wilton Lackaye, World Film.

Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

How Short the Days Are Growing!

RECENTLY I saw "Riders of the Night," a photoplay starring Viola Dana. On the screen were flashed the words, "Midnight and the toll gate takes it toll," then Miss Dana is seen coming out of the room where her grandfather died and behold, the time by a clock on the wall is twenty-five minutes after nine.

WILLIS TAYLOR, St. Paul, Minn.

The Birth of a Notion

THE producer of "A Modern Lorelei" should have looked to the spelling of the captions, for in two instances in that one picture there were glaring mistakes. "Hard lifes of the fishermen" in one case, and "apearance" another.

Is there no other way of registering the birth of a good idea in the brain, than by nodding the head and grinning at the audience? E. W., Spokane, Wash.

Crossed Wires, Perhaps

I HAVE just seen Goldwyn's production of the "Fair Pretender" and, while the cast and acting was superb, a small and often mis-used detail caught my attention. The gentleman spy, Ramon, is shown receiving a Marconigram at sea and a close-up of the message reveals that the message is written on a *sending blank!* I have often seen similar mistakes in other productions and anyone at all familiar with telegrams or cables knows that the messages received are invariably written on *receiving blanks.* Don't directors or property men ever receive telegrams?

C. R. L., Petersboro, Ont.

You Can't Blame Mrs. Rinehart

IN the motion picture version of "K," called "The Doctor and the Woman," it appeared as a breach of professional etiquette that the little nurse in training would remain seated while visiting with an M. D., especially while awaiting orders or at the bedside of the patient. Also, a "head nurse" would never lower her standard, professionally, to "gossip" with a "probationer," and these two points spoiled for me the production of Mary Roberts Rinehart's beautiful story.

A GRADUATE NURSE, Oakland, Cal.

Aren't You Glad It Wasn't in German?

IN "Hearts of the World," the box from which "The Little Disturber" takes the hand grenades to attack the Germans, is marked very conspicuously in English: "HAND GRENADES!" and the box is owned by the Germans.

In Bill Hart's "The Two Gun Man," a telegram is being received at the telegraph office. The operator takes it down in writing, and hands it up for the others to read. But by the time it is handed up, it has very mysteriously changed to a neatly *typewritten* telegram.

In "The Unbeliever," played with the assistance of the Marine Corps: "On a beautiful summer's day" Phil is seen playing golf with his friends. He glances across the fields and sees the Marines drilling. Here, only a few rods away, the ground has a light covering of snow, and the wind blows the heavy winter coats of the soldiers. How can they do it? P. E. S., Washington, Pa.

The Housewives Want to Know

DEAR Mister Why-Do-They: The upward trend of the cinema is indeed marvelous. I refer particularly to the ease and speed with which directors see that the clothes of drenched and dripping players are dried out. Hardly is the half-drowned heroine lifted out of the water when—floo-o-o-op! Her clothes are just as dry as ever.

I am sure that the secret of this high-speed evaporation would be appreciated by housewives. Only yesterday my laundress said in mock severity: "Missis Fick, do you-all know how them movie people dry out their clothes so fast-like? Lawsy—I wish I knew!"

Come—directors—give us your secret. Think what a help it would be to us on rainy washdays!

Vivienne Fick, Evanston, Illinois.

A Memo to Mr. Hoover

IN "The Mating of Marcella," with Dorothy Dalton, Marcella buys a bag of apples to take to her invalid father. The hero comes along in a swell limousine and nearly runs over her, causing her to drop her bag of apples. Hero and heroine drive off but leave the bag of apples on the pavement. Marcella arrives home and surprises her father with the same bag of apples.

CARL J. PETERSON,
San Antonio, Tex.

Oh You Pan!

IN "The Service Star" we see Madge Kennedy go to the stove for a kettle of water, pour the hot water in pan and then go back and put empty kettle back on open lid which showed flames coming out. I would like to know what the kettle was made of to last to the finish of the scene.

MRS. M. SCHACHT, Chicago, Ill.

Lanterns on the Flags?

IN "A Man Without a Country" a soldier is seen using semaphore flags on top of a tower during a battle. The scene is supposed to be at night. The fellow at the other end must sure have some eyesight to be able to read flag signals at night.

SIGNALMAN H. M. S., "Somewhere."

Nonchalant? Very!

I NOTICED in "Hell Bent" that Harry Carey is seriously wounded in the arm while on the desert. In a scene following I saw Harry striding carelessly along, swinging the wounded arm, as he walked. In the first scene the blood is streaming from the arm; in the next few moments —presto! It's apparently healed.

Another thing. Why do the college boys in Carlyle Blackwell's "The Leap To Fame" act like twenty and look like forty? A rather ancient looking group to play the "fair collegians."

ELIZABETH WOOD, GRACE LEIGH, The Dalles, Ore.

Soft Coal Electricity(?)

IN "The Antics of Ann" the electric reading lamp in one of the rooms of the hotel smoked terribly.

LARUE SEWELL, Pratt, Kan.

Mebbe the Darkies Returned 'Em

IN "Uncle Tom's Cabin," starring Marguerite Clark, little Eva, at her death, gives each of her father's slaves a curl as a keepsake. Although about twenty darkies were presented with these curls, there was not one missing, apparently, from her fair head when Death finally overtook her. I thought the death scene pretty long but didn't realize it was long enough to grow a full head of curls.

G. O., Birmingham, Ala.

Caprices of June

IN June Caprice's latest picture, "Miss Innocence," June at the age of about 18 runs away from the convent. Her mother comes to look for her. The Priest is saying mass and June's mother walks down the aisle. She faints and the priest stops saying mass and leaves the altar to pick her up. A Catholic knows that the priest never stops saying mass no matter what happens. Another thing, June runs away and is picked up by two girls and men and is taken to their house. And think of it, she has never been out of a convent before, and yet she knows how to "make up" (paint, etc.) better than her two friends. My, but you sure learn things quickly in the movies.

MADGE VAN HOUTEN, Atlanta, Ga.

Trick Photography

LAST night I went to the movies, and learned some things about a camera that I never knew before. The play was "They're Off" with Enid Bennett. At the appointed place Miss Bennett registered a desire to photograph a group of pickaninnies. She then opened her camera or kodak and snapped an *upright* picture so close that she could not possibly get more than two of the group and at an angle. Later the finished product showed a *horizontal* picture of the entire group and considerable scenery thrown in, taken directly from the front.

RICHARD F. REID, Stockton, Cal.

English As She Is Wrote

I'M sending you the program of a picture theatre out here—where they make 'em, and ought to know. I have, quite unnecessarily, called your attention to some of the best effusions of the theatre's inspired publicist, and want your thanks for enlivening a dull day.

English as she is wrote: "'Tangled Lives'—an unusually strong story with a *steady grip of suspense.*"

"'Jules of the Strong Heart'—a story of the Great North Woods and virile manhood. The smell of the pines and the *breath of love* mingled into a plot that brings a lump to your throat one moment and *leaves you convulsed with joy* the next." Truly an acrobatic performance!

Another picture is described as "the story of a great love *surging* with the mighty problems of today."

"A Man's Man" is "red-blooded, gripping, virile, adventurous, spectacular, and a sweet love story" in addition to being "The biggest picture of the year."

But this one is the gem of the collection: "Alimony—the story of an unwanted wife. A picture the *whole family can see with profit and remember with pleasure!*"

These films may be all that is said of them; I don't know. But if they are, why on earth did they put the movies in the "essential" class?

J. J. CRAIG, Los Angeles.

Ho! Boy—A Geography!

IN her new film "Back to the Woods," Mabel Normand, as the girl, starts for "Trentsville, Mass.," to teach school. To get there, she takes a "Baltimore and Ohio Express" from the Pennsylvania Station in New York and on arrival meets the author-hunter-hero who is "summering in the Maine woods"! How did she do it

DIXON BUNN, Boston, Mass.

Hair-Razing!

IN "The Claw" we find Milton Sills being rescued from the African natives, and as the hero of the moment (Jack Holt) enters the cave where Mr. Sills has languished for months supposedly, we find, naturally enough, that the latter's face is covered with a heavy growth of beard. Then follows a wild ride through the night on horseback, pursuing natives, etc., and lo! and behold! when home is reached and Mr. Sills dismounts from his horse, his face is as smooth and fresh looking as a two-year-old's. Now it may be possible but not probable that there was a barber shop along the way—or yet again, arming himself against the inconveniences of South Africa, maybe Mr. Sills carried his own safety razor with him. Who knows?

RUTHE A. NEWCOMB, San Francisco, Cal.

Making It Safe for June

IN "Every Girl's Dream," with June Caprice, June is pursued by bears through the woods. Were they (the bears) wild? We guess they must have been, judging by the chains they were dragging behind them.

TWO OREGON FANS, The Dalles, Ore.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Learning to Say "No!" The most conspicuous sign of real screen progress in the past year is seen in the industry's newly-acquired ability to say "No!"

"No!" to arrogant stars, to wildcat promoters, to egotistic directors, even to selfish managers and roguish exploiters within its own gates.

"No!" is a new word to picturedom, it must be admitted, and the utterance is still a bit clumsy, but it can be understood.

One of the principles of business is that any man is entitled to a fair share of what he can earn for his employers, but heretofore, in paying big salaries, unusual talent and extraordinary earning power had small space in the final argument. Where a few great earnings in motion pictures have been entirely justified — and will doubtless continue—there have been scores of swollen salaries utterly unjustified by any logic or argument.

A thirty-five dollar reporter who became a movie press-agent was insulted at less than a hundred a week, and frequently got double that. A good bank clerk at the same original wage called himself an "efficiency expert" in the picture office—and sulked under a hundred and a half per Saturday. A good seventy-five or hundred-dollar stage leading man was outraged at less than five hundred a week under the Klieges. A fair fifty-dollar stage manager, as a director, had to draw two-hundred and fifty in screen money to keep from starving to death. Right and left, up and down, the picture business has been trimmed, bled, milked and stung; and the proof of its mighty vitality is that it survived at all. Why, at the same work, a man should be worth forty in a counting house and two hundred in a film factory; or fifty on a stage and three hundred on location, has been one of the mysteries of a headstrong, headlong young art.

❦

Readjusting Salaries. The readjustment of salaries as far as actors are concerned is seen in the recent influx of new talent—young talent—to the screen. In the past three months many of the ludicrous contracts which made picture finance a bizarre scandal wherever important money could be regarded with a steady eye have failed of renewal—or, in not a few instances, have been actually repudiated or bought out. The authorized representative of a great firm went through the West last fall leaving a trail of contracts varying from fifteen hundred to three thousand a week in stipulation. When he reached New York his employers summarily discharged him, and, ever since, have been trying to undo his oldtime profligacy in various legal ways. Although he doesn't know it, he will probably be remembered as the last of the nutty spenders; the sun of sanity was peeping over the horizon even before the finish of his fling.

So with the directors, whose day of dollar-czardom, at least, is over. One of the stars among them, disregarding the signs of the times and performing in the grand manner to the last, recently left the country a bankrupt. Another, whose name is almost a household word, remains chief of staff and studio king on the main titles only: after many months of costly absolutism he decided that discretion was better than departure, and consented to be guided in a policy which is even now giving better public result.

In addition to saying "no," the photoplay industry must learn to say "yes"—at the right times. This is a harder problem, whose study they're just beginning: "yes" to broad, constructive policies which may take years for establishment; "yes" to new ideas that *are* ideas; and above all, "yes" in practicable, profitable, perpetual form to the bona-fide authors, who—as many film men do not realize—are the foundation of the screen's future. An age of grossly overpaid actors and attaches has found the author grossly underpaid. There must be an equalization.

❦

Two-by-Four Movies. Despite the realism of the well-conducted modern photoplay, life at its romantickalest is still lived in the two-by four movie.

Among the green old traditions which still thrive luxuriously in some managerial outputs are:

Evening Dress at the Club.
Frowns and Roars accompanying Big Business.
Guns in Drawers.
Dressing gowns on the leading man.
Livery on servants.
The perpetual butler.
Assorted maids.
The hero's old nurse.
No reverie except in front of an open fire.
The hero's valet.
Virtue must be chased.
The hero must end rich, anyway.

❦

"Photoplay." A firm of New York press-agents, long on time and short on ideas, recently took a tilt at a windmill in their solemn decision that a film drama should have a more dignified name than "photoplay." These gentlemen are variously reminiscent of Don Quixote, Esperanto, the Keeley Motor, and Garabed. They don't know what they want, and they don't know how to get it.

The word "photoplay" is a terse, comprehensive, exact and distinctive definition. The great majority of screen pictures tell a story, whether that story be a drama, a comedy, the thread of a travelogue or the linked episodes of war or industrial views. As the story is usually more dramatic than a mere narrative, it should wear an appellation at least pertaining to the drama. "Motion picture," or "moving picture," is a mechanical name descriptive of the process rather than the substance. "Cinema" is continental, and will probably never become an easy word in the American mouth. "Photoplay" is absolutely the only word which has appeared which contains in three short syllables an identification both of the process and the art-form.

The press-agents—who pin their remarks on Maurice Tourneur—forget another thing: the people make language and fasten names in the cement of custom—never the theorists or professors. "Photoplay" is imbedded in the deep adamant of the English tongue the world around because the people have found it a name apt and sufficient. It means something.

The first general public recognition of the word "photoplay" came years ago, when this magazine, a new publication then, took it as its own name.

❦

The Bubble Reputation. One of the reasons life is interesting lies in the fact that you can't depend on it. Life is full of tricks, reversals, perplexities, unreasonable astonishments.

What, you ask, is more fragile than a woman's reputation?

A man's.

This is quite contrary to belief, but it has been proved in screen history.

Gossip trailed a dark cloud over a famous man and a famous woman. The popularity of the man had a hard setback for a little space. As far as box office reports went, the lustre of the lady was in no wise diminished.

The wife of a popular star recently sued him for divorce—and got it. And she came so near torpedoing him as a drawing-card that for weeks his employers debated the renewal of his contract on any terms.

A year or two ago it got around that another celebrity—one of the very best-beloved in the early days of the movies—was an abuser of his family—a wife-beater. That man's popularity was killed beyond any resurrection. In six months he was a dead issue. Today he is forgotten.

Reputation is at best a bubble, but in the public eye there is perhaps a gleam of chivalry: a man's shoulders are broader; he must bear the blame.

❦

What Can You Expect? Here is a paragraph from the official publicity sheet issued by the William Fox office in exploitation of a young person stage-named June Caprice, appearing in "Miss Innocence:"

"She scaled a convent wall—and the wolf world, with its tongue out, waited to slake its thirst with the delicious blood of her innocence."

A fair sample of the disgusting and horrible verbal sloughing which fills decent, uninformed people with dread and loathing. Fine propaganda for the photoplay!

Yet.....

What can you expect?

❦

A Falling Percentage. Doubtless you'll be surprised to learn that the percentage of dramatic motion pictures continues to fall off.

According to the data of the National Board of Review, compiled in the first six months of 1918, the average length of a picture was 3.14 reels. The number of subjects reviewed was 1,010; number of reels, 3,171.5. In the corresponding period in 1917 the subjects numbered 1,525; the average length of each subject, 2.66 reels. For the same period in 1916, 2,216 subjects, averaging 2.19 reels in length. The scope of the Board of Review has remained substantially the same; it has covered the field.

Three causes for this stand out very prominently: war conditions, causing some uncertainties in manufacture; reissues of old pictures; the tremendous and vital increase in travel, education and news pictures—the latter footage swollen out of all proportion by our growing family interest in the mighty struggle for liberty across the sea.

❦

"Triple Trouble." There are two sides to the reissue question.

The best side is the matter of permanency for good photoplays.

The other side—the dark cloud that backs the silver lining just mentioned—is the purely commercial instinct to reharvest a star who has passed on to other fields.

The question is one of ethics, and art, rather than of the courts or business. The owner of a negative can do quite a good many things with it and still be within the law. But how far can he go and still show respect for the art-craft which gave him his limousine?

For instance, this column does not presume to pass upon Essanay's proprietary rights in "Triple Trouble," a ghastly extract of past-and-gone Chaplins, unconsciously well named.

But it can deplore, and does, such treatment of an artist heroically and continually trying to do something worth while. Mr. Chaplin is working for more than his large emoluments; he is giving his youth, his every thought, his utmost vitality, to the creation of laughter which is at once a relief and a commentary on the days in which we live. Sometimes he is more successful than at other times. But at all times he is sincere, and when a mess like this is pushed out—perhaps to give people who have never seen him a lasting disgust—Photoplay Magazine extends its sympathy and joins the chorus of denunciation.

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James Egbert, Professor Columbia University, New York City.

The Photoplay League *of* America

Its purposes—fight on salacious pictures. Instances of good work by Photoplay League organization.

By Myra Kingman Miller

THE Photoplay League of America is an organization of intelligent people who, realizing the tremendous influence that the screen now exerts and the great force that it is to be in the future, have interested themselves in an effort to aid in a constructive manner in the development of the new art and industry.

IT is not enough to criticise and discourage your exhibitor when he shows inferior pictures. You must prove to him that good pictures will increase his attendance. You must give him organized encouragement, real encouragement, in the shape of increased attendance. If you do not do this, you have failed.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Pres.
Photoplay League of America.

IF there was a typhoid epidemic in your town, how quickly the health officials would set about finding the source of the infection; how desperately they would work to make the water supply pure and undefiled; how untiringly they would hunt down the germ carriers. There would be no rest until the water was as pure as science could make it, until every afflicted person was carefully nursed and guarded; until the disease was extirpated from the community.

There can be contamination as destructive to the mental processes as disease germs are to physical well being.

Our recent experience with German propaganda has shown us the lengths to which the unscrupulous will go to poison the minds of a nation, and how carefully we must guard, not only against the declared enemy, but against the misdirected efforts of well-meaning but misdirected enthusiasts who would sacrifice even their country's honor to satisfy their own egotism.

Fortunately the screen has been singularly free from the Hun taint, although one producer is now spending a ten-year term in a federal penitentiary for attempting to use it to arouse prejudice against one of our allies.

But Hun propaganda is not the only insidious mental poison. There are pictures being produced today on which there should be the same skull-and-crossbones warning that pharmacists are compelled to paste on bottles of carbolic acid and cyanide of potassium. These pictures are being produced by nasty-minded men who shrug their shoulders and defend themselves with the argument that the public go to see them; therefore the public wants them; and isn't this a free country anyhow. This last was the plea of our pro-German propaganda fiends a year ago. Yes, this is a free country, but that freedom does not extend to murderers, anarchists, highwaymen or mind poisoners.

Hun propaganda ceased to be effective when the glaring calcium of publicity was directed on it.

One of the little bits of work the Photoplay League of America has set out for itself is to throw the light of publicity on salacious pictures and make them as popular as treason or arson.

But it is never going to accomplish this by ranting against the producers for the reason that such a course would be as unfair as it would be ineffective.

The leading film producers of America, the men who have brains and who command the confidence of their bankers as well as of the public, are building institutions, not merely pictures. They are engaged in a serious attempt to build up great and enduring business concerns and are not concerned with trying to "put over" a line of risque screenings, and let tomorrow take care of itself. They know bad pictures are bad business. We must demonstrate that to the few offenders.

Just recently Commissioner of Licenses Gilchrist, of the City of New York, banned a picture called "The Finger of Justice," which was produced by a "Rev. Dr. Smith," the same being an exhibition of the social evil under the guise of a moral crusade. We maintain that any ex-

Myra Kingman Miller,

Executive Secretary of The Photoplay League of America, and editor of this department, is one of the pioneers of the better film movement. She built and operated the first photoplay theatre for children; is president of the National Federation of College Women, and chairman of the Better Films Committee of the National Council of Women (representing 7,000,000 members.)

cessive showing of vice is unwarranted, however plausible the purpose might be. Would you attempt to teach the dangers of vice by taking youths and girls of tender age through a brothel?

So in the very beginning we must realize that the unclean picture is an exception, and that the way to eliminate the bad picture is to encourage the good.

For that reason I am repeating this month at the head of this department the statement which Mr. Quirk made last month.

Start a Photoplay League in Your Town

ORGANIZE a branch of the Photoplay League of America. Take the matter up with your friends who are devotees of the motion picture, and if other organizations in your city have Better Film Committees, co-operate with them. Send to the Editor of this Department for a sample Constitution and By-Laws, and after you are organized you will receive an engraved charter which will give you official standing. The news of your league and hundreds of others will be found monthly in Photoplay. Reviews of the best plays will be given. Address Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller, 185 Madison Avenue, New York City.

But the salacious picture is not the only concern of the League. Far from it. The motion picture is too great a force, too large an influence; it is too intimately concerned with the lives of our people and the affairs of our country, it is to be too great a factor in our educational system to neglect it. The public has a right in it that extends beyond its privilege to lay down a dime, a quarter, or even two dollars at the ticket office.

The close of this great world war, for instance, is going to see the greatest period of reconstruction the world has ever witnessed—a period fraught with tremendous possibilities for good or evil. In America it will be a glorious period of renaissance in art, in science, in commerce, in industry, in national accomplishment.

But look at the other side. See what happened to poor misguided, hun-poisoned Russia. It is not so long ago that President Wilson was quoted as saying that had it been possible to mobilize the motion picture and bring its influence to bear on the Russian population, it would have visualized for them the error of their course and shown them that the salvation of their country lay in resistance to the German influences within their gates, and continuation of the war until the allies could get help to them.

The most humble peasant could read the story the motion picture tells as adequately as the prince in his palace. The message goes direct to the pulse of the masses whether it be shown on the screen of the motion picture house near Hogan's Alley, or whether the passing public pay "two and a half" for a box seat on Broadway.

The Photoplay League of America is *not* a Censorship Board. It is an organization of intelligent people who realize this tremendous influence that the photoplay drama now exerts, and are interesting themselves and are willing to spend some of their time in working for better pictures.

Clinedinst

Advisory Patrons of Photoplay League of America

Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, President Daughters of the American Revolution.

David Starr Jordon, President Emeritus Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

It is up to you and me to see that public opinion will be so felt that the production of salacious pictures will be commercially impracticable. Let us combine, all you wide awake loyal Americans. Let us form a Photoplay League in every town in the United States.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating and the proof of what the Photoplay League can do may be readily shown by telling you what it has done in its short existence. The Photoplay League of America is a national clearing house for all the better film movements and where there is no organized movement branches are being organized. Last month, the President of the Woman's Club, at Lyons, New York, wrote to me, and received suggestions as to how to go about doing some constructive work in their community.

When their exhibitor found that the women were organized and meant business, he said: "All right, I will put on the kind of pictures you suggest, but you must show me that as an organized body, you are a power and you must agree to sell five hundred tickets for this play. On the other hand, I will give you all the profits over a certain specified amount." These women under the leadership of Mrs. Emma T. Ennis, took the evening in their own hands and filled the house, clearing something like $40 for their own fund, and demonstrated to the manager that it pays to put on pictures in a community that have the force of public opinion behind them.

Another instance on the opposite side of the continent shows even greater success. The club women of Monrovia, California, organized under the leadership of Mrs. Harriet H. Barry, got in touch with their exhibitor, who, when he found an *organized concerted* movement back of the request, told the Committee that he would put on a community chosen picture every Monday night, and continue to do so as long as they proved successful from the box office standpoint.

The first four nights were planned as a benefit for the local Red Cross chapter. About $200 was cleared, and the exhibitor was so pleased with the result of what organized effort will do that he continued to show only the pictures of the standard set.

But, I hear somebody say, "that sounds very good, but *how* did they do it?" These are the queries one wants to hear because this department hopes to be of real practical benefit, and so it is glad to give you some of the details of how these Monrovia women set about accomplishing this wonderful result in their city.

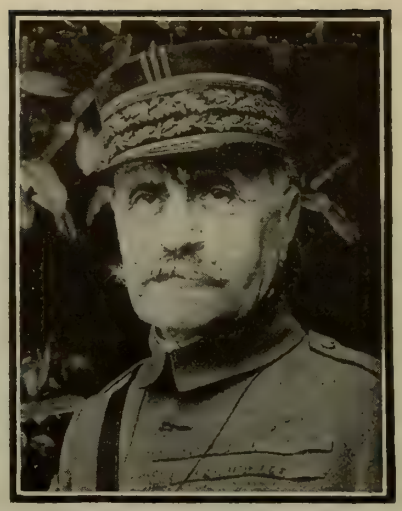
First, *they organized.*

The adage that "in unity there is strength" applies to every other good movement in line. In other words, in organization lies strength, so your firt step in your town is to organize as a body anybody and everybody who is interested in a better film movement. In Monrovia, they organized, then they called upon their exhibitors in a most friendly, happy, co-operative sort of spirit. They did not antagonize him and tell him he was showing the worst pictures in the state, but they treated him like a gentleman as they would any other business man in their city, and they were rewarded for their estimation by receiving the courteous treatment their attitude demanded.

They told him they had come to him as a committee to ask him to co-operate with them in a movement for the

(Continued on page 110)

The gentleman below has been called by such press-agents as King George and Poincaire the foremost leading man in the world. But no one can be a favorite everywhere at once; perhaps these press-agents are wrong—for instance, the subject of this portrait is quite unpopular in Berlin. A suitable prize to any little girl who will tell us who this gentleman is.



John Pershing, the American, has more than two million in his company, and is on location in France, working north. He expects to do some highly interesting shooting along the Rhine, early next year, and may stage a peace picture in Berlin. You may recall his first big dramatic success: "The Man from Mexico."

Ferdinand Foch, for instance, manages his own organization, and it is not only bigger than Artcraft, Paramount, Triangle, and all the rest combined, but is destined to reach twice or thrice its present size. A German aggregation, once exceedingly boastful, now admits that the Foch company is its superior in all exterior work.

Mr. Hoover's educational series, results absolutely guaranteed, is becoming universally popular. When he told the nation to get on a diet it did — and that's the answer. Mr. Hoover himself, perhaps, appears less on the screen than the other popular actors on this page, but his admonitions and visible results appear even more.

The man who said "Nobody loves a fat man!" didn't know Papa Joffre, whose rotund screen semblance is warranted to get more applause than the slimmest, prettiest young Romeo who ever oozed in front of a camera. Papa Joffre's masterpiece is a pastoral of the Marne, entitled "Deutschland unter Allies!"

Douglas Haig is an extremely popular Englishman—he has been knighted, and everything. He is said to be related in active principle to Haig & Haig, the Scotch liquid brothers. Douglas Haig excels in the virile outdoor stuff, and has recently made some very large takes in France. Married; has a country place in England; favorite pastime, Hun-hunting.

Our New Leading Men

Film heroes who get even more applause than Hero Hart, Hero Fairbanks or Ha-Ha-Hero Chaplin.

Photos by Press Illustrating Service.

The Shad

An Analytical Review of the Year's Acting

This man's stock in trade is that he looks like a fool — and is as far from being a fool as Rockefeller is from being a spendthrift. Mr. Arbuckle's most recent portrait.

THERE are fewer memorable acting performances in the screen records of the past year than in any twelvemonth since the photoplay became the great national art; but if you are going to put all the blame for this on the actors you might as well blame the unmined anthracite for any emptiness in your family bin next winter. The photoplay actors are here, just as the coal is there, but unless you give an actor a play, or the coal a miner and a gondola, what can they do to warm your heart and your home?

The facts must be told to thwart the very pessimists and knockers who would profit by their concealment. If you have an infection on your little finger clean it out—don't let it give your whole healthy body a case of general blood-poisoning. The photoplay industry today is at the peak of favor and material prosperity. It is a national necessity and a war utility. It is run mainly by honest men—Tory authors please note. Its future is certain because the world's need of it grows greater and greater. The mysteries of science are as open to it as the sack of wealth—and here is the sore little finger: worthless plays.

The play situation is extremely complex, and I have no patience with the man or woman who finds all the answer in one place. Overproduction is a cardinal sin, a sin for which the manufacturers can honestly refuse to accept more than half the blame. Chasing the new thing is the national vice of the speediest nation, and as long as the American public had rather hop from house to house, lightly skimming the silversheet for a new sensation instead of exploring human life and dwelling upon details—as strangely enough they seem willing to do in novels and spoken dramas—we shall have quantity production with all but the third gear sealed. No author's golden age has ever been or will be in which competent pens and typewriters might even keep in sight such joyriders as today's cameramen. The managers and the authors need a President Wilson to bring them together on an equitable and productive basis. The managers say that the real authors are contemptuously giving them only by-products, and the authors insist that in any event what happens to their scripts renders original writing not worth while. There is abundant prejudice, misrepresentation —

Sylvia Breamer, beautiful, dusky and fervent, yet on occasion possessing the tender charm of an ingenue, is one of the acting finds of the year.

Robert Harron has increased his scope in characterizing, and his resource in small details — but his charming simplicity and unaffected boyishness have remained.

ow Stage

By Julian Johnson

Unity, as played by Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris," was unquestionably the most remarkable single acting performance of the year, and the most startling Pickford character.

and truth—on both sides. The directors act like little czars, and the stars like big ones, but the star-director problem is not half as big as it was a year ago. The scenario-writers are accused of factory output—but is not the average scenario-writer a factory hand?

Here is the streak of dawn which makes rosy the whole eastern sky: every really big man in the film business has come to a deep, sincere realization that the play's the thing. The problem of making a man do the right thing, however hard it may be, is as nothing to making a man wish to do the right thing. A year ago you couldn't have told the celluloid king that the story was the main event; he was too busy expanding his distribution, making gorgeous productions, signing every star in the milky way. Today you don't have to tell him. He is trying to tell you. He is a bit helpless. Most of the authors are making selfish demands instead of co-operatively studying a big problem. The audiences are just as restlessly demanding a perfect barrage of thirty-thousand-dollar productions. The war has added its intricacies and anxieties. Nevertheless, we are on the way to curtailment of quantity and an unmeasured rise in quality, just as surely as America is on the way to military victory.

However, this is no complete alibi for the actor. Some players, by characterizing power and force of will, have risen above mediocre material this year in notable assumptions. Others have only made their material a little worse: there are some so-called stars in America who are insincere and presumptuous cheats, throwing a little personality and no dramatic labor into every assignment. No accident of temporary popularity can make these permanent survivors.

Extraordinary Performances

I seldom use the word "great." One can so seldom enunciate it truthfully or sincerely. It is, like fame, one of the most abused words in the language. Nevertheless, "great" is the only adjective I can attach to Mary Pickford's performance of Unity, the little crippled slavey in "Stella Maris." Locke himself, a master of all the pastel emotions, never struck a finer note of grim though quiet tragedy than Miss Pickford found in her representation of this loyal, forlorn, plaintive, terrible character. A play which by its fabric tricked the audience into a logical end-

In Carmel Myers Universal possesses a young star of luxurious physique, lovely face and a sort of elfish personal charm. What are they going to give her to play?

Roy Stewart's western hero is the simple, good-natured but sternly virile plainsman as he used to be found in real life—all of which accounts for his general popularity.

Griffith has a habit of giving his people astounding single parts. Let us hope that the verve and fire Dorothy Gish poured forth as "The Little Disturber" will find another medium.

ing, tragic and yet "happy." A play which accounts definitely for Mary Pickford's Victorian (so to speak) reign as Queen of the Movies.

Here goes "great" again. This time, pasted upon Norma Talmadge. This wee American is all at once a shadow Bernhardt, a Duse, a Rejane—and a delightful comedienne. In her universality she is a young girl David Warfield. There is no limit in her ability to rise in any dramatic situation. Speaking in professional parlance, there seems to be no situation and no actor that, in the limitless heights of emotion, she cannot top. It will be a very real tragedy if this magnificent youngster is allowed to waste her wonderful twenties upon a succession of inferior materials.

Mr. Chaplin is the miniaturist of laughter. His humanity makes him a world-relief, and his perfection of detail should be—and is not—a lesson to all his acting brothers. I commend Chaplin's slowness of output; it is the true artist's determination, in the face of a temptation consisting of literal barrels of gold, to do nothing not worth while. "A Dog's Life," though only a grimy little backyard tableau, ranks with the year's few real achievements.

As a rule, Alla Nazimova is as bad on the screen as she is good on the stage. She overacts, on the screen, to an absurd degree. But in "Revelation" she did not overact! Here was a study of an elfinlike *grisette* which DuMaurier or Henri Murger might have been proud to claim in writing. A performance unequalled, in kind, on either stage or screen during the year.

It is hard to tell, in any rendition under the Griffith baton, how much of the appeal is Griffith's, and how much the player's. Sometimes I have thought that we never see Griffith's people at all—we see only David Wark himself, in a protean performance under a set of male and female masks. However that may be, Dorothy Gish's "Little Disturber," in "Hearts of the World," is one of the brightest splashes of vivid human sunshine in the whole gallery of Griffith impressionism.

Raymond Hatton has gone along at an unvarying gait, always resultful, no matter how much or how little he has had to do. Morbid and depressing, "The Whispering Chorus" found him, and his truly colossal conception of its self-doomed central character, its chief redeeming feature.

Among Notable Achievements

I hardly think anyone will gainsay the statement that Elsie Ferguson is the screen's most valuable acquisition this year. True, she has had no flawless scenarios, nor has she ever risen to such heights as did Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris," or Nazimova in "Revelation." But she has vouchsafed a personality of combined mental and material beauty, has brought a certain well-defined originality into the shadows, and has left an impression of fineness, of detail, of real womanly character in each of her roles which baffles exact description. "Barbary Sheep," one of the most satisfying and atmospheric narratives ever rolled up on reels, is to me her star accomplishment, though I admit that those who give "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" first place have ground for argument.

Marguerite Clark has done the best work of her picture life. "Prunella" is not wholly responsible, though assuredly this was a pliant script in her sensitive hands. Miss Clark's advance as a serious artist has been a very definite one. Witness the "Sub-Deb" stories—quite unsatisfying as to scenarios—and "The Seven Swans."

Kathlyn Williams has thoroughly re-established herself as a mature woman of graphic, poignant charm. Her Charity Cheever, in "We Can't Have Everything," did honor to that fastidious author, Capt. Hughes.

Elliott Dexter has developed a proficiency and a following in what we may call heavy virility. He is one of those players here in classified as "coming along."

Viola Dana has quite grown up, mentally, and still looks the child. She is much, much better than the plays they have given her.

Theodore Roberts might sink out of sight in the parts he draws were he not such a consummate actor. How completely he stole every honor, including even a bit of the director's, in "Old Wives For New!"

Much more difficult than Roberts' is George Fawcett's position. He has done scarcely anything in the year—and yet each little part he gets is cameo-like in its lustrous definition. How superb he was in his unnamed bit in "Hearts of the World." There's a lesson for young actors who think their toil is definitely measured by the number of "sides" in their scripts!

Eugene O'Brien has accomplished one task for the

whole craft. He has proved, in part after part, that a leading man may remain a human being, and that a gentleman is not known by his dress-suit.

Robert Harron has more sympathy and spontaneity than any juvenile in films. In every part he is not primarily a hero, a lover or an adventurer, but a real boy, with a boy's foibles, ambitions, loves and hates.

A year has gone by since Edward Connelly pulled from popular tradition, the newspapers and a few directions by Herbert Brenon his barbaric, ferocious, mystic Rasputin, in "The Fall of the Romanoffs." If you think this character played itself, recall Montagu Love's queer impression of the same part.

For surprising and unexpected novelty, Robert Anderson's "M'sieu Cuckoo," in "Hearts of the World," probably takes the 1918 movie cake.

Newcomers

We have already considered Miss Ferguson.

Then there is Sylvia Breamer—dusky, sensuous, sweet, a facile mirror to all the voluptuous and most of the tender emotions. "Missing" was her high mark, but Cecil DeMille utilized her admirably as the luxurious foil in "We Can't Have Everything."

You almost have to consider Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex together—Viola Dana's extraordinary smart and pretty little sister (right name, Leonie Flugrath) and the energetic, kiddish, moustached, serious little comedian who plays with her. Miss Mason is, after all, not so much a newcomer, except in her new effectiveness.

Robert Gordon may be classed as a characterizing lead. He proved a definite and distinct appeal in "Missing."

Madge Evans, thanks to the plays she has been given recently, is today the foremost child star in films. She will hold her place as long as she has proper vehicles—and no longer.

Bert Lytell appeared first in "The Lone Wolf," last year, but his establishment came only with this season. Still, he has had no such vehicle as his initial one.

Madge Kennedy acts well and naturally in her comedies, but, somehow, she doesn't stick in one's memory. Why, I wonder?

Betty Blythe, a tall and strikingly handsome girl, has lent a good deal of feminine force to Vitagraph.

Texas Guinan's beauty, recruited from musical comedy, was found briefly in Triangle plays. In "The Gunwoman," she created a female Bill Hart, and would have started new Western vogue, had a line of these plays been put forth by a management which proved too timid to take a chance.

Roy Stewart—speaking of Westerners—has played

Mr. Chaplin in his newest expression, a human and timely farce called "Shoulder Arms!" Chaplin is one of the hardest workers and the most painstaking artist on the screen.

cowmen just a year, and by his naturalness, good-natured sincerity and force stands as Hart's one real challenger.

Carmel Myers may have been put in "Sirens of the Sea" for her lovely legs, but since then she has shown such a refined, racial beauty, and such acting ability that one wonders what sort of material they will give her.

Jane Cowl brought a gracious presence, and much interpretative ability, to a screen which rewarded her by giving her "The Spreading Dawn." At that, there was an idea here, which totally failed to materialize.

Any list of newcomers ought also to include Agnes Ayres, the sweet little girl of the O. Henry stories; Mildred Harris, placid little creature who seems such an excellent hypnotic subject for Lois Weber, and Evelyn Greeley, now arrived as a World leading woman. Barbara Castleton, another World leading woman, has not made good the promise exhibited in her first picture or two a year ago.

Coming Along

Ann Little, in 1918, has slowly developed from horsewoman to actress. "Nan of Music Mountain" gave her perhaps her best opportunity.

Elliott Dexter has developed a proficiency and a following in what we may call heavy virility. Don't know what else to call it. Witness "Old Wives."

Jack Holt, Tom Moore, Norman Kerry, John Bowers—a quartette of excellent leading men of widely divergent capacities in widely separated fields.

At Triangle, Olive Thomas became a comedienne—and is dropping out of sight through no releases. Pauline Starke had a good play or two, best of all, "Until They Get Me." Alma Rubens, genuinely classic beauty, is a hypnotic subject awaiting a director; without one, she is quite expressionless.

(Continued on page 105)

Anna Held is Dead!

A biographical note on the Frenchwoman who began her remarkable career as a child singer in Paris streets.

ANNA HELD died in New York August 12th, after a seven-months' battle against pernicious anaemia. She was forty-five years old.

Only women like Bernhardt, Lillian Russell and Mary Pickford have so completely gained the attention of the American people. Anna Held was more than a talented Frenchwoman, or a mere comedienne; she was a national figure.

Her first celebrity, here, was of a daring sort. It was born of her world-famous song hit, "Won't you come and play wiz me?" and the flirtatious use of the singer's eyes as an accompaniment. Anna Held quickly became the most brilliant personage among the *figurantes* of beauty and laughter on the metropolitan boards; and to the outlands, the last word in a risque playgoing adventure when "seeing New York."

But as the years went on, and her popularity remained, other qualities than stage abandon and personal charm began to be recognized. Her private career was exemplary. She was a woman, not only of culture, but of far sight where all stage matters were concerned, a keen insight into what the public wanted, and not a little practical business ability.

White

Anna Held and a good view of her eyes, made famous through her song "Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me?" At lower left—a scene from her only photoplay appearance "Madame La Presidente."

Married to F. Ziegfeld, Jr., she was instrumental in shaping his early career, and there are some who claim that it was Miss Held who inspired his distinct and successful line of showmanship as manifested year after year, now, in the annual Ziegfeld "Follies." Married in 1897, they were divorced in 1913. She did not marry again. He married Billie Burke. Miss Held's friends say that "Flo" was the one love of her life, and that she never forgot.

In all the later part of her life Miss Held was renowned for her charities, and for her sensible, practical advice to young girls on the stage, scores of whom actually looked to her as a mother.

Strauss-Peyton

An Iron Man *in a* Velvet Manner

Eugene O'Brien, a resolute and hard-fisted young American, camouflaged in a Continental Veneer

By John Ten Eyck

IT was early in 1914 that I met Eugene O'Brien. He was a not widely known actor, and I was a press-agent in New York City. The firm of Comstock & Gest, my theatrical masters, picked up a play by an entirely unknown author, Catherine Chisholm Cushing. The play was "Kitty Mackaye," and on the foundation of its success Mrs. Cushing was destined to strike again for favor in "Pollyanna," and after that in plays, sketches and stories too numerous to catalogue.

No one had much faith in "Kitty Mackaye" at first. It was the story of a poor little Scotch girl of the Victorian era, and her noble young lover of England, a lieutenant in the Cold Stream Guards. But at any rate, the producers played it around New York, and, eventually, in it came to the Comedy Theatre. We had heard about the young leading woman, Molly McIntyre, but we had not heard about that Cold Stream lieutenant; and I remember that my surprise the opening night was reserved for him. Here was a young American who had the old-world notion of gentility—as far as his stage deportment went, at least. The American youth of our best plays and fictions is snappy, bright, brusque, positive; action rather than deportment is the main event with him; his job is to deliver the goods, and he doesn't care how he does it. The European beau—that is to say, leaving out the domineering and loutish Prussian—is suave, graceful, mellow as to voice, wears his evening things or a uniform without being in the least "dressed up," is moderate in speech and action, and is always courtly in demeanor. The self-made American used to consider him a supine dude, the shell with-

C. Smith Gardner
His few books have become a veritable library.

out the stuff inside, the final product of a declining civilization. To the fellow on the east bank of the Atlantic river the man from the States—stiff in a dress shirt, effervescent with slang, and totally devoid of all regard for the conventions—seemed a barbarian. Events since 1914 have proved both viewpoints wrong. However—

There was O'Brien, ye complete gentleman according to the rules of any Queensbury of the drawing room, advertised as an American. I didn't believe it. I knew that he must wear at least a London plating. After the last curtain I went back to his dressing-room.

He was the same off-stage.

"Where do you hail from?" I asked. "Originally, I mean."

"Colorado," he answered.

"Where do you get that acting style of yours, then? I'd have sworn you were an Englishman."

"English? When my name is O'Brien?" There was a peculiar twinkle in his eye.

And then I found out that if he were what he ought to be, and what his folks intended, he wouldn't be on the stage at all. By rights, he should have been performing operations in Denver, or prescribing for the bilious in Colorado Springs; Eugene O'Brien is a physician, and while I do not remember that he said anything about taking out a license, he finished his medical college course, after other university training—and then decided to go on the stage.

A vaudeville sketch was the first medium of his dramatic talents, and after that he played quite awhile with Irene Bentley. His first really good part came with Elsie Janis, in "The Little Duchess."

In 1914 O'Brien lived in an apartment in the fifties, near Park avenue, and to it I went, some days later, with a photographer. It was a chintz-hung apartment, ground-floor, and with half a dozen commanding pictures compensating for the lack of any window-scape. A huge blue bowl of yellow flowers spiked a silk cover to a heavy antique table in the alcove between the two windows. A French novel and a new book by Arnold Bennett, with a volume or two of Shaw, lay along the window-seat, as if they had been dropped upon their reader's summons to the telephone. In the air was a decided odor of cigarettes, and a faint suggestion of the tang of sandalwood. It was late afternoon, and our host rang for tea. I enjoyed mine, but from the distressed look in the photographer's eye I knew that he would have preferred light beer and a frankfurter. O'Brien saw the look, too, and immediately proffered Scotch and a siphon. The photographer did not drink his tea.

We were so used, here in America, to consider a man utterly incapable of making a home. The photographer, a person of no imagination, looked at the flowers and the pictures, and the tea, as much as to say: "I wonder where he hides her—when he has company?" Alas for customs which made us believe that the three essentials of a man's room were an iron bed, a college pennant, and

In Norma Talmadge he declares he has found the fairest, squarest player he has ever trouped with. A scene from "De Luxe Annie."

In the shadowy end of the rather long room there is a grand piano, loaded with music. It is not reserved for jazz tunes at an occasional party; its owner does rather well with syncopation, but he also loves Puccini and Grieg and Chopin.

"Where do you hail from?" I asked. "Originally, I mean." "Colorado," he answered.

C. Smith Gardner

In circle at right Mr. O'Brien is shown in "Poor Little Peppina," a Pickford piece, and his first screen appearance. Above — arriving at the studio with Miss Talmadge.

of us we heard voices—a pair of male voices, rough, derisive, brutal; a female voice, weak, plaintive, old. An aged newspaper woman, shivering in the cold air and pitifully trying to sell the last of her evening stock, was being bullied by a pair of truckmen lounging at a bar entrance. O'Brien did not seem to consider it ill-advised to interrupt the sports of the populace, weight and numbers notwith-

(Continued on page 108)

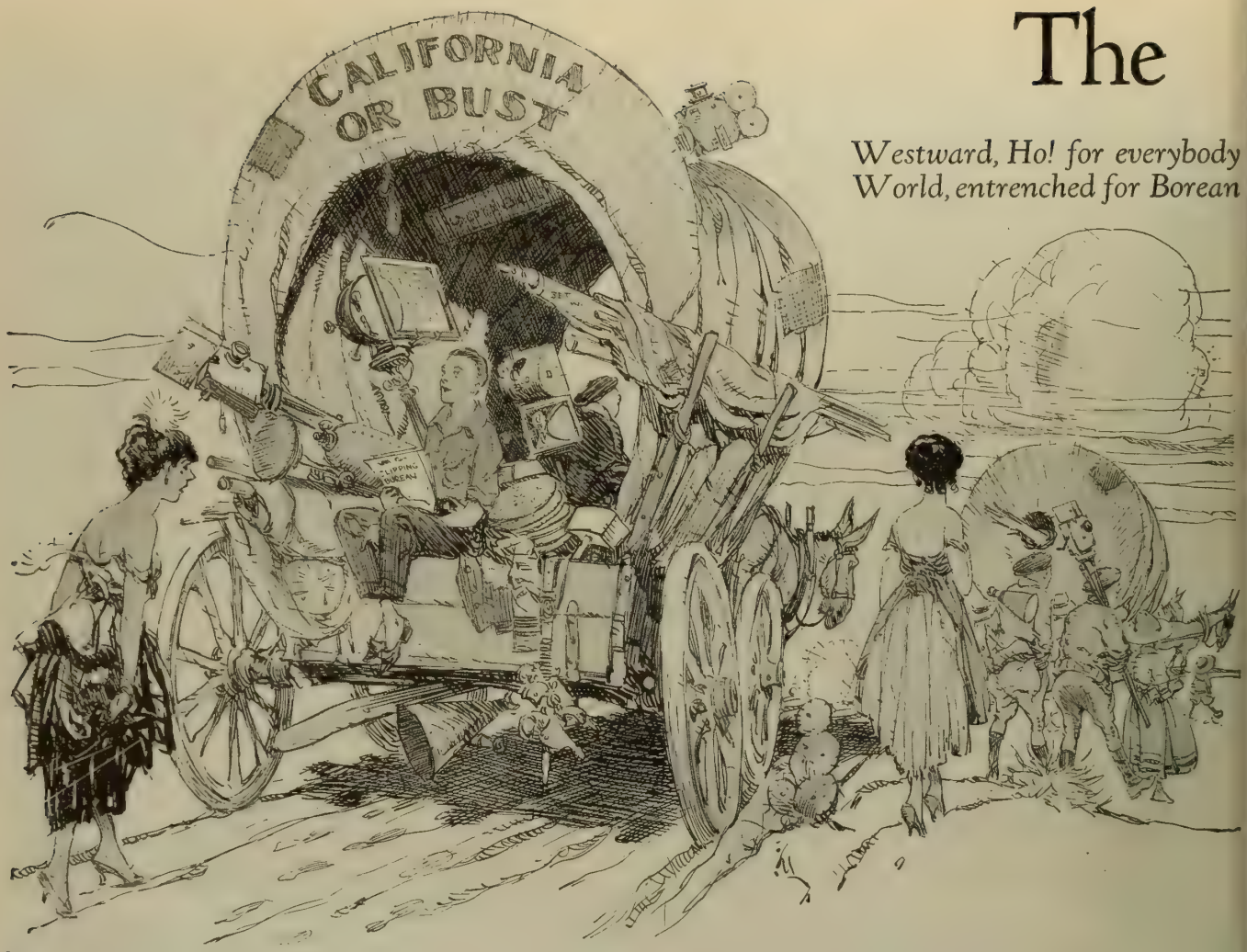
a picture of a chorus girl in tights! We're emerging from that period—all of us except the motion picture property men.

But I had seen only the velvet manner of Eugene O'Brien.

A few nights later we were strolling from the stage entrance of The Comedy toward Sixth avenue, less than half a block away. In front

The

Westward, Ho! for everybody
World, entrenched for Borean



HISTORY repeats itself.

Sixty years ago the great plains, trackless to all save the Indians, were dotted here and there with brave canvas-covered caravans frequently inscribed, with heroic humor, "California or Bust!"

It is "California or Bust" once more, although the wagons are mainly Pullmans, and the inscriptions are visible to the eye of the imagination only. The Indians are gone, never to return, but the spirit of the early pioneers is reincarnated in the pioneers of the film business.

California as a preferential picture center is no new thing.

California as a compulsory picture center is.

Czar Fuel has made it so.

When the question of the motion picture as an essential or a non-essential first came up, it was thought to have been definitely settled in Washington with the placing of the films firmly on the essential list. But—like one of the little rock-faults that start an earthquake—a huge firm's carpentry department put in a wholesale order for screws and fasteners, late in August, and the order was turned down on the ground that the manufacturer could not supply steel to a non-essential industry! Bang went the whole question at Washington again—this time an official query, before the War Industries Board itself.

And the Motion Picture has been classed by the War Industries Board an essential thing in war-time.

But no kindly ruling can solve the fuel problem. The photoplay manufacturers are thankful that they have, officially, been allowed coal for their laboratories in upper New York, in Long Island and in New Jersey, but that does not answer any questions of original manufacture.

So, the great trek of everything save executive offices is now under way, and will be completed by Christmas. Executive offices will in a certain sense be a transportation matter, for the actual film heads will spend about half their time on trains between Los Angeles and New York.

Among the Zukor-Lasky people going West there will probably be Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark. John Barrymore and Billie Burke are returning to the stage. Cohan can't leave Broadway to stagger on alone. Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex will be in Los Angeles when you read this. So will John Emerson and Anita Loos. Caruso makes only two pictures, which will be finished before winter in New York.

Zukor-Lasky stars in the West this winter, and there now, include Wallace Reid, Ethel Clayton, Fred Stone, Lila Lee, Charles Ray, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Dorothy Gish, William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks.

Marshall Neilan's Select Pictures group, under his own

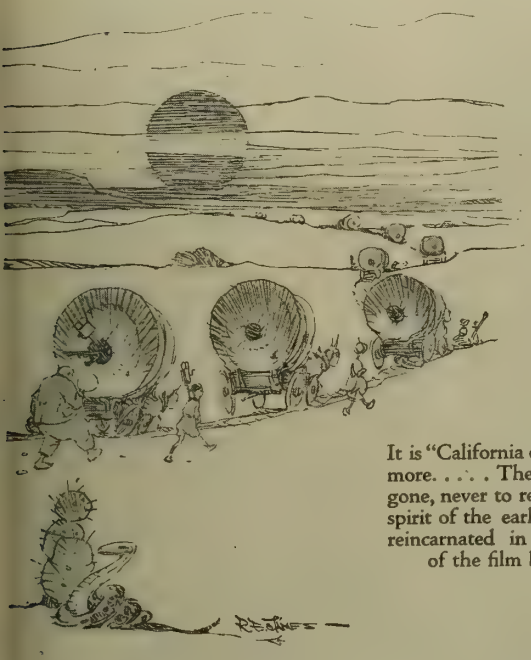
A SENTRY on a lonely road leading back from the front heard the rattle of an approaching motor. Bringing his gun to port, he said "Halt! Who goes there?" And a voice came out of the darkness: "British ambulance, sir." "Pass, British ambulance!" A little while after the same noise of approach, and the same question. This time the answer was: "Ambulance Francais." "Pass, French ambulance." Silence . . . . . and then another approach. "Halt, who goes there?" "What the h—— is the idea of stoppin' me like this? I got a load o' sick men—" "Pass, American ambulance!"

Grand March

in the film business — excepting assaults behind a rampart of coal

Decorations by R. F. James

> *WHAT strength! what strife!*
> *What rude unrest!*
> *What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!*
> *A mighty nation moving west,*
> *With all its steely sinews set*
> *Against the living forests. Hear*
> *The shouts, the shots of pioneer,*
> *The rended forests, rolling wheels,*
> *As if some half-checked army reels,*
> *Recoils, redoubles, comes again,*
> *Loud-sounding like a hurricane.*
>
> — From Joaquin Miller's "Westward, Ho!"



It is "California or Bust" once more. . . . . The Indians are gone, never to return, but the spirit of the early pioneers is reincarnated in the pioneers of the film business.

supervision, includes Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet and several others. They are already at work in Hollywood.

So serious is this move considered by the Paramount-Artcraft organization that their great Fort Lee studio is being definitely abandoned for all time. Their Manhattan studio, on 56th street, will be kept, however.

Everything of Universal is in California. The only Eastern remnant is a little plant at Coytesville, N. J., where Violet Mersereau is to make two pictures.

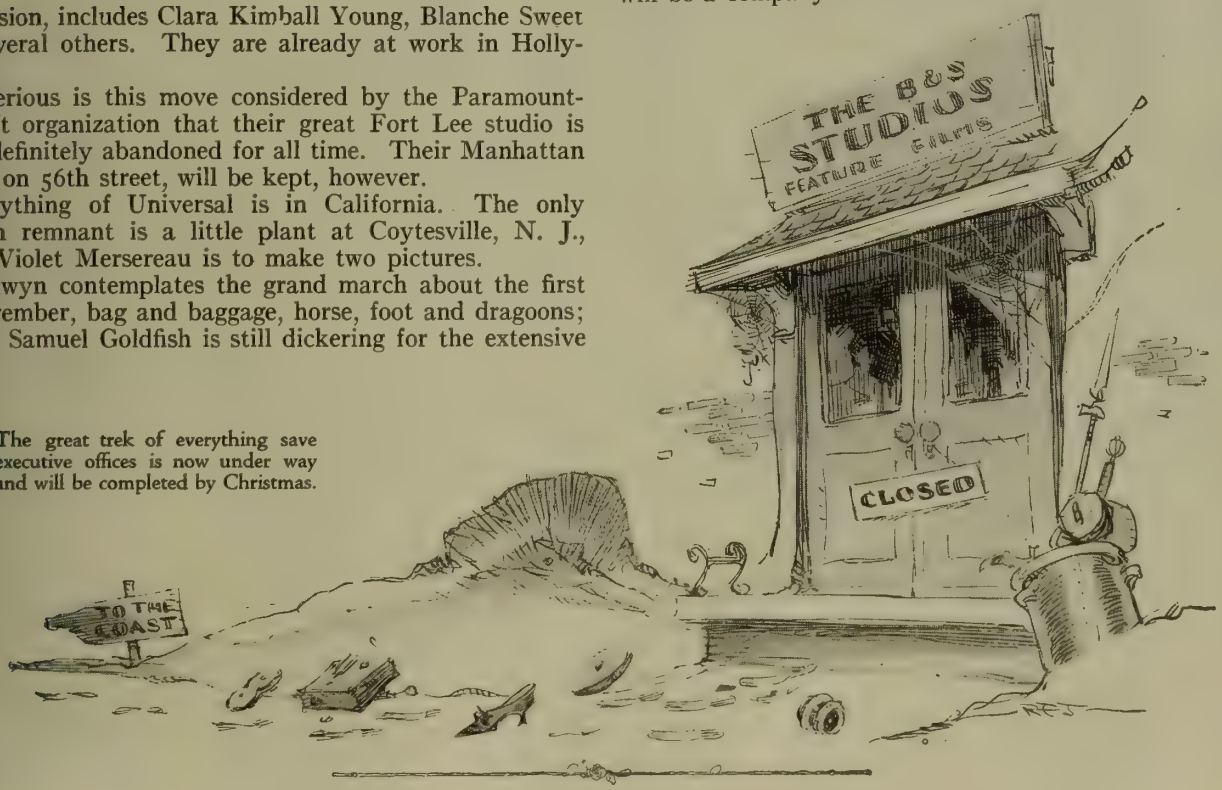
Goldwyn contemplates the grand march about the first of November, bag and baggage, horse, foot and dragoons; but, as Samuel Goldfish is still dickering for the extensive studio requirements necessary in Los Angeles, particulars are not at hand.

Vitagraph is in Hollywood—except one or two companies who will continue to work in Brooklyn for a shorter or longer time, but not through the winter. J. Stuart Blackton will return to the Coast November first.

Pathe is an established fixture of Los Angeles, although the Pearl White pictures will probably continue to be made in New York.

Fox is all to the West, and has a plant of two city blocks in Hollywood, within a stone's throw of the Lasky lot.

World Film alone has determined to brave the arctic rigors of an Eastern midwinter. Their coal is not only all purchased, but all delivered, so they feel comfortably assured of making a season of it without alpenstocks or fur sleeping-bags. The World stars will be Montagu Love, Carlyle Blackwell, Evelyn Greeley, Barbara Castleton, June Elvidge, Louise Huff and Madge Evans, and there will be a company for each.



The great trek of everything save executive offices is now under way and will be completed by Christmas.

TWO TRENCH-STAINED, shell-torn Tommies, ragged, disheveled, wounded, worn and highly untidy, were on leave in London. They stood in Trafalgar Square, consorting with some member of the Royal Family, when approached a detachment of the Windsor Guard, in silver trappings, red coats, long varnished boots like mirrors, plumed helmets—and *kid gloves*. The Tommies looked in silence a moment, and then one nudged the other and whispered in an awed voice: "Look, Bill—sojers!"

This Would

Though it rose if Ann lived

Photos by Stagg

THIS bungalow-cottage is on the slopes of Cahuenga Pass, a mountain road connecting valley with valley, and running up out of the plain on the edge of which lies Hollywood and its great film manufactories. When they were in an intense state of house-hunting Miss Little and her mother one afternoon rode this way merely as a recreation, and with all thoughts of resident locations temporarily dismissed from their minds. But they came—down that road you see in the lower right distance—and these quarters, new and never occupied, flashed on their vision.

"I like this, Mother," said Ann. "Phone the storage people to send up the stuff. I'll wait on the porch."

And she's still waiting.

Miss Little has a bit of feminine philosophy about a dressing table. "To a woman," she says, "it's what a club or a bar is to a man. She hangs around it, spends her money before it, plans her campaigns in front of it, and looks in its mirror to find a reflection of her victories. Just stupid people think dressing tables are made for manicuring and hair-dressing!"

We have neglected to say the usual thing about Miss Little's general culture and scientific habit of mind. But this is our guess: any young woman who reads Photoplay Magazine—as Miss Little is doing in the window, which is in the oval—anyone who reads Photoplay regularly has got a big start down the toboggan of knowledge and right living.

Be Just a Little Home—

wenty stories and covered a block—
n it and didn't change her name

Business of getting the snap end of a funny story over the telephone, one half-second before the laugh.

Her home indicates that Miss Little is a woman of vision. The horizon in every direction encourages far sightedness.

Not even Enrico Caruso's best friends had any intimation of his marriage to Dorothy Park Benjamin until the newspapers told them. This picture of the two shows them out for a stroll a few days after their marriage.

Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

THE expansion of the draft age limit to include men from between 18 and 45, has caused much speculation in picture circles, for such a ruling would include several of the best known actors on the screen, notably Douglas Fairbanks and Bill Hart. Both Hart and Fairbanks have long expressed their willingness to enlist, but they have been advised by Governmental authorities that they are more valuable in their present work. The ruling also affects William Desmond, Henry Walthall, Monroe Salisbury, Lew Cody, Charles Clary, Elliott Dexter, and David Wark Griffith.

MARY PICKFORD set aside all the conflicting rumors about her return to the screen by starting work on a new production September tenth, under her own auspices. It has not been definitely decided what agency will distribute the new Pickford plays, but they will probably be released through the First National Exhibitors' Circuit.

CHARLES RAY has definitely decided to leave Thomas H. Ince. Since he joined the New York Motion Picture Corporation in 1912, Ray, known as "Ince's Wonder-Boy," has remained under the Ince management, appearing in Ince-Triangle and Ince-Paramount productions. At the expiration of his present contract, which is up in February, Ray will go under the management of Harry Garson, to make pictures for that particular division of the Zukor interests, under the supervision of Marshall Neilan. His first play will be "Turn to the Right," from the stage success.

WILLIAM FOX has signed Evelyn Nesbit for a series of five films productions which the Fox company itself declares will surpass anything in the history of the motion picture industry for powerful drama, human appeal, and lavish settings. Inasmuch as little mention is made of Miss Nesbit's abilities as an actress, the speculation intrudes that Fox may have signed Evelyn Nesbit not so much for her good work in "Redemption," as in recognition of the fact that her name was once Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

MARSHALL NEILAN has left New York for California, where he will become permanently located at the Harry Garson studios in Los Angeles, assuming the director-generalship. Neilan will supervise Blanche Sweet's picture from the Rupert Hughes novel, "The Unpardonable Sin," and will also supervise the Clara Kimball Young productions. It had not been announced at this writing whether Neilan would immediately direct any pictures himself. His pictures for Paramount, including "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Stella Maris," and "Out of a Clear Sky," established Neilan as the ablest of the younger directors.

ROBERT BRUNTON is to produce a feature with Helen Keller, the deaf dumb, and blind girl. Miss Keller has arrived in Los Angeles and has already commenced work on an educational picture.

PRINCE PIERRE TROUBETZSKY, we learn, is engaged in reproducing Mary Pickford's features in clay. So far as we can discover, there is no reason why the Prince should not be engaged in reproducing Mary Pickford's features in clay, inasmuch as sculping is the Prince's business. There is so little to be said on either side, that we must allow this startling information to pass with but a brief comment.

ENRICO CARUSO was married August 20 to Miss Dorothy Park Benjamin, in New York City. It is said the couple became engaged six months ago. The singer gave his age as 45 years, and stated that he had not been married before. His bride, who is 25, is the daughter of a well known New York lawyer, who was for some years editor of the Scientific American and is the author of several historical works.

LOUISE LOVELY returns to the screen after an absence of several months in support of William Farnum in "The Man of Power."

WHEN Carmel Myers was in New York recently with her mother, she met A. H. Woods, the theatrical producer, and confided to him her ambitions to be a real star in the spoken drammer. Mr. Woods, so the story goes, listened right attentively, and promised Carmel that if she was a good girl and studied hard, he might give her a part in one of his new plays late this fall or some time during the winter. So Carmel returns to California and the daily drudgery of the studios, brightened by the rosy hope of a career on Broadway.

MATT, the third member of the Moore group, has been engaged to play with Blanche Sweet in the Harry Garson production of "The Unpardonable Sin."

ANNA NILSSON and Thomas Holding are included in the cast of the Mary MacLaren picture, "The Vanity Pool."

BILLY B. VAN, a comedian who is featured in musical comedy, is said to be contemplating a screen career. If he comes in, his pictures will be produced under the Famous Players-Lasky banner.

SLACKERS, work-or-fight evaders, and all other law-breakers in Queens County of the Empire State, are preparing to flee following the announcement that Norma Talmadge has been created a deputy, appointed by the sheriff, b'gosh! Norma is wearing a little silver shield on the lapel of her walking suit, and she is empowered to make arrests, quell riots, and have her picture taken, with a close-up of the badge.

MARGUERITE MARSH and Ruth Stonehouse both appear in the serial which features Harry Houdini. The last month or two, if you have noticed, witnessed the conversion to pictures of such personages as Queen Alexandra, Lady Diana Manners, Caruso, and the handcuff king.

SEENA OWEN'S radiance will soon again brighten the screens that have long been pale for lack of it. Seena—was was Signe Auen, and then Mrs. George Walsh—is leading woman for Charles Ray in a forthcoming Paramount picture.

THE motion picture industry in its entirety has been declared essential by the Priorities Committee of the War Industries Board, after a conference with prominent film men from the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry. In the ruling, limitations have been imposed that film and metal must be conserved; that all non-essential production and wasteful methods must be eliminated; that no new picture theaters are to be erected; and that *only wholesome pictures are to be produced.* In making the announcement which officially recognizes the photoplay as an important national industry, attention was called to the service it has rendered and will render in helping to win the war.

E. M. NEWMAN, director for the Educational Films Corporation, has returned from Europe, with some extraordinary material for war films. Newman has been with the American troops from their transports to the front. He was with them in Alsace, on the Piave, and the Asiago Plateau. He witnessed the shelling of Paris and the raids on London. Included in his valuable film material is all the work of the American forces, from the building of miles of railroad to the enormous bakeries. Newman, who is now in Washington to place his material before the Committee of Public Information, still suffers from the effects of a gas attack, which robbed him of his voice.

HARRY BEAUMONT is again directing Tom Moore, this time for Goldwyn. Beaumont and Moore were associated in the Selig production of "Brown of Harvard."

Mack Sennett in his "switching tower," from which he can overlook his entire studio. He can see Louise Fazenda and Charlie Murray going through the action for a scene; he can watch Mary Thurman as she registers the Sennett dramatic idea; and he can hear, too, the pantomimic turmoil that prove his station is not only a "see-all," but a "hear-all" as well.

Fritz, Bill Hart's favorite pinto, now retired, is again in the limelight, with a silver medal which he has received, in care of his master, from an unknown admirer in Adelaide, Australia. On one side of the medal is inscribed, "To the King of Pintos, Fritz;" and on the reverse, "From His Australian Friend, A. W." Fritz only wears it when posing before the still camera, as for the above.

IF Monroe Salisbury looks wan and distraught in his latest picture, you will know why—if you read this. It seems that Monroe simply shuns publicity. It hurts him—why, you've no idea what the poor man goes through every time he sees his name in print. He doesn't want it known that he does Red Cross work; or that he bought a new car; or that he will go to war if the draft will help him (he has tried twice to get in, but was turned down). But Monroe can't get around us; we have to record his name this month in connection with that of his new leading lady, who is Marjorie Bennett, sister of Enid.

MAE MURRAY made a picture for Universal, all about a poor little dancer who slaved to support her invalid husband, at the same time endeavoring to extricate herself from the mazes of the plot in which the villain's machinations embroiled her. Well, Universal, without Mae's knowledge or consent, titled this picture, "Her Body in Bond." Miss Murray didn't fancy this title at all, and U found a $150,000 damage suit on its hands. But another thing that annoyed Mae was that the billing of the name of the play was in larger type than the name of Mae Murray. And while we're talking about her—she has been granted a decree of divorce from Jay O'Brien. And her contract with Universal has expired, and her new plans are not yet made.

AND now Alice Brady, one of our best little exponents of the art of suffering beautifully, has gone back to the stage in a Brady production by Owen Davis, entitled "Forever After." However, Alice's contract with Select Pictures is in no way impaired; she will continue her sunshine career during the day, and most fittingly pursue her footlight ambitions in the evenings.

THE romance of Alma Rubens and Franklyn Farnum has been shattered, only two months after the marriage took place. Under the real name of both parties, Alma Smith versus William Smith, it became known that the bride filed papers for divorce. Miss Rubens married Mr. Farnum June 14 at Pomona, Cal.

THE Theatre Managers' Association of Southern California has established a school for women operators, which is expected to be used to replace the depleted man power in the industry. Some of the picture houses have been threatened with closure on account of their inability to secure operators, so badly handicapped have they been by the draft.

VIRGINIA PEARSON is an unconscious paradoxist. One of her late Foxy films is "Her Price." Miss Pearson, who is in private life Mrs. Sheldon Lewis, lately issued an ultimatum to Mr. Lewis, stating in strenuous terms that she would not permit him to work in another single one of "those serials!" Lewis takes part in Leah Baird's narrative picture, "The Messenger of Death;" but it is his last part in a serial, says Virginia.

THE hero of "Missing," Robert Gordon, is ready for real fighting, and expects to be called soon. J. Stuart Blackton had scheduled him for the leading part in his propaganda play, "The Common Cause," but Uncle Sam scheduled Gordon for an early call to arms instead.

AFTER a brave battle with death for weeks, Anna Held died, August 12, in New York City. The French actress was born in Paris in 1873, and had a long career as a singing comedienne here and abroad. At one time she was married to Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., now the husband of Billie Burke. She appeared once on the screen, in Morosco's "Madame La President." Her daughter, Liane Held Carerra, survives her.

READERS of PHOTOPLAY who have been writing in and asking why it is that Tom Meighan hasn't been starred, will be relieved to learn that they will soon see Meighan's name in type as large as that of the play in which he appears. Tom is to make one more picture for Paramount, upon which his contract expires; and he will then join the Norma Talmadge company to play opposite the star in one picture. And finally—well, Tom admits that he has had an offer to star alone, and that it sounds good.

(Continued on page 94)

At the right, Guy Oliver, of Lasky. At the left, Guy Oliver and his cauliflower ear. First he pastes a piece of flesh-colored court plaster over the lower half of his ear, bringing the lobe down flat and forcing the upper part to stick out a bit. Then he piles putty, mixed with grease paint, on the upper part, and with the application of powder, Oliver has the Bull Montana cauliflower ear.

"I have found Cutex the quickest, easiest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Alice Brady

To make your cuticle smooth and firm, use Cutex

A little Cutex Nail White underneath nails makes them snowy white

See what a lasting gloss Cutex Polish gives

The harmfulness of cutting the cuticle

WHEN you cut the cuticle, you ruin the appearance of your whole nail.

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that the formula for Cutex was prepared. Cutex completely does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and gives a smooth, shapely outline to the nail.

How to manicure with Cutex

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, taking care to push back the softened cuticle when drying the hands.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This Cream will help to *keep* your cuticle alway soft and pliant.

After your first Cutex manicure, examine your nails! You will be amazed at the improvement just one application makes.

You can secure Cutex in any drug and department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 30c.

An Individual Manicure Set for only 15 cents

Mail the coupon today with 15c and we will send you this complete Midget Manicure Set. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 711, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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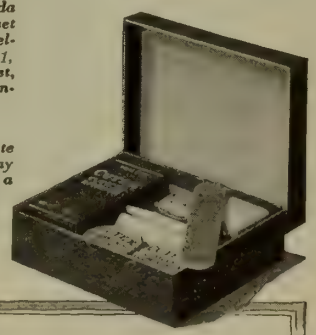

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(Continued from page 92)

MARGUERITE CLARK was married to Lieut. F. Palmerson Williams, at Greenwich, Conn., on August 16. The wedding was not to take place until after the war; but when it looked as if Lieut. Williams, in the engineering branch of the army, might be sent overseas, Marguerite changed her mind and hurried up the production of her picture, "Three Men and a Girl," so she could marry her fiance and have her honeymoon before any such orders were issued. Miss Clark's contract with Paramount has still some time to run, and even when it has expired, she will probably go right on making pictures.

THOSE Triangle studio teas have brought in the admiring public for miles around Culver City. Incidentally they have been the means of netting quite a sum for the Motion Picture War Service Association, to which all funds are turned over. You know when you've seen Alma Rubens, or Gloria Swanson, or Claire Anderson on the screens, you'd rather jump at the chance to take tea with them, wouldn't you now? Then you can say to your friends, in an offhand manner, "Alma poured;" or "Gloria said to me—".

You haven't forgotten Florence Turner, a favorite whose popularity dates back to the good old days when the Vitagraph was *the* film company? Miss Turner will again be seen on the screen, after several years spent in the motion picture studios of England, in a mining drama produced by a Spokane concern. Mitchell Lewis—of "The Barrier"—has the leading male role.

Mrs. G. Vere Tyler, daughter-in-law of President Tyler, is the author of several film plays, and an enthusiastic picture fan. When she was asked to name places in and about Lackawack, N. Y., her summer home, where a state road had been completed, it occurred to her to name them after famous film personalities. As a result over sixty streets, streams, lanes, hills, and roads, have been dedicated to screen stars. There are "D. W. Griffith Heights," "Mary Pickford Lane," "Vivian Martin Terrace," "Theda Bara Valley," and so on. Mrs. Tyler is here shown christening an avenue after Mae Marsh.

LILA LEE, picture making at Avalon, the Catalina Island resort, came upon Al Jolson, who had fled from the Winter-garden and "Sinbad" with his ukelele to learn some new songs for the new season. Lila and her company were making exterior scenes for "Such a Little Pirate," some of them taken on the Island. Al Jolson, an old friend of Miss Lee, undertook to teach her his new songs. She spent so much time warbling with the black-face minstrel that George Melford, her director, in despair joined the singing class himself. Theodore Roberts, a member of the company, tired of wandering about waiting for work, followed suit, and it is said the natives of Catalina had to listen to the Jolson chorus whether they wanted to or not.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN has selected for the site of his future activities as the star of his own company, the old Selig studios at Edendale, California. A chapter or two of film history was made on the Selig lot; and it was here that the first moving picture stage in California was built.

THE Photoplay mobilized splendidly in aiding the Fourth Liberty Loan. Miniature features, with most of the leading players taking part, were produced at the various studios. These pictures were prepared in such a way that they may be put to various uses by exhibitors—run separately or used as trailers. The general plan of the films follow the "Swat the Kaiser" picture which Douglas Fairbanks made for the third Loan. Prints to the number of between three thousand and four thousand have been made from the negatives and distributed to the various Federal Reserve Districts, all prints bearing an announcement along these lines: "The United States Treasury Department, in co-operation with the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, presents the following plea for Liberty Bonds." The list of stars selected to appear in the features is too long to be given here, but it included the name of almost every well known picture-player.

Jackie Saunders bids good-bye to her soldier brother, Edward E. Saunders of the U. S. Photographic Air Service, as he leaves for over there.

DOES Richard Barthelmess resemble Bobby Harron? Griffith has selected Barthelmess to play opposite Dorothy Gish, and this may mean that the former Famous Players juvenile is to take Bobby Harron's place when Bobby goes to war. Harron expects to enlist soon.

GLADYS BROCKWELL journeyed from Los Angeles all the way to Camp Lewis, Washington, to marry Harry Edwards, a former director, who is now in the U. S. Army.

(Continued on page 111)

Resinol Soap

imparts to her skin a fresh, *winning* glow

Resinol Soap merits the appreciation of discriminating men and women. The most costly of soaps could not be more delightfully cleansing or purer—indeed, few fancy soaps can equal Resinol Soap in perfect freedom from harsh, irritating alkali.

In addition, Resinol Soap contains just enough of that soothing, healing Resinol medication to relieve clogged, irritated pores, reduce the tendency to oiliness and pimples, and give the skin that healthy glow which goes with a clear eye and a clear brain.

Those who have once formed the habit of being beautiful will rarely consent to be without Resinol Soap for their toilet. It helps to build good complexions without making extra demands on your already overcrowded day, and as for expense it doubtless costs no more—perhaps even *less* —than the soap which you are at present using.

Resinol Soap is also excellent for the bath and shampoo.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Soothing lotions are unnecessary after Resinol Shaving Sticks

Grand Crossing Impressions

By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

GRACE VALENTINE
Gave the Order; and then
As the Waiter turned away,
Suppressed a Sigh.
"Only
Three More Days
Until September; then
I Can
Order Oysters.
I can't Enjoy my Dinner
Without Oysters.
I've
An Awful Appetite; I guess
It's because
I can Eat all I want, now.
Last winter, when
I was Making Pictures
In New York, I
Almost Starved to Death.
I'd
Have to Get Up
At Six o'clock; ride
In Cold Elevated trains
Across Town; shoot through
A Subway or two, and
When I Finally Got to the Studio,
That was Cold, too; and we
Were Doing Dinner Drama, where
The Food was all Property.
And that Director—!
Sometimes
We worked right through the day,
With Only
A Sandwich at noon; and
No Dinner.
Yes—I
Love the Movies, or
I wouldn't be
Working in 'em.
—Don't you Wish
That Orchestra
Would Play
Something Cheerful?
I'd like to tell them—
What?
Oh, yes—
I Used to be
An Infant Prodigy
At the Piano—
When I was Seven, I
Played between acts in
A Repertoire Company—
One-night Stands.
That's Why
I'm an Actress now and not
A Musician.
Will you look
At that Girl Over there?
I Hate Swank—and
Ingenues, and
Vampires. —
I'm going to do
The Baby-vamp
On the Screen—
'Upstairs and Down.
I'm in
Another Hatton Play, now—
'Lombardi, Ltd.'
—We'll go, just as soon
As the Waiters win the war—
And Stop Talking long enough
To Bring my Check.
Well,—good-bye—
And Come and Have Lunch with me
Sometime."

Sarony

Grace Valentine.

Grace Valentine, in Person,
Pink Georgette,
Dimples, and
Only One Ring, isn't
"The Unchastened Woman"
At All.
I'm going to see her
Again. She's
A Good actress, but
Grace Valentine is
The Best Thing she Does.
Besides,
It was a Very Good Dinner.

It isn't
That I Don't Like him.
I do.
What's More,
I Agree with him.
Alan Hale
Is So Good-natured,
You Can't
Argue with him.
I did my Best—
But somehow or other,
When he Said,
"I don't like Chicago;
It's My Pet Hate—"
Why, I
Said "Yes, yes" soothingly;
When all the Time,
I *Like* Chicago.
Or when he Talks
About Pictures—he
Believes in them—
I was with him, there;
Or About his Wife—
And his Eyes
Grow Very Serious
When he's Speaking of her—
I didn't Blame him, because
I Like her, Too.
But here's the Point—
It's That Tie.
I Can't Get Over It.
It Follows Me
Everywhere, just like
The Eyes haunted the Wicked Sister
In "Missing."
Why, oh why
Would a Man like Alan Hale—
Over Six Feet Long, with
Proportionate Shoulders,
A Broad Grin,
And a Nice Frank Hand-clasp—
Wear a Tie Like That?
It's
The Most Violent Blue
You ever Saw.
I'm Glad
That Blue Photographs Black
On the Screen.
He isn't Really a Villain;
But I hope
He Takes it Off, and
Puts it Away, and
Forgets All About It.
Just So,
He doesn't Wear it Again; because
People who don't Know him,
Might not Understand.

Alan Hale.

Hale Makes a Wonderful Spy—
He's Playing one Right Now, in
The Stage-play, "Friendly Enemies."
"It's a Good Job," he says; "but
There are Other Parts
I'd *Rather* Play."
He's Going to be Called Soon;
I'd Like to See him
In a Uniform.

Mrs. Hale's Screen Name
Is Gretchen Hartman.
William Fox tried to Change it
To the Russian, Sonia Markova;
But he Couldn't Fool
All the Fans
All the Time.
They Remembered;
And Wanted Gretchen
Hartman Back.

Every day your complexion pays toll to wind and dirt

BUT WITH THESE TWO CREAMS YOU CAN KEEP IT RADIANTLY LOVELY

THE rough, cold winds chap and roughen the skin; dry heated air draws and parches it. The constant strain under which we live—the ceaseless activity of crowded days, the constant effort, the lack of rest — all these things take daily toll of the complexion.

You *can* protect your complexion from the wear and tear of winter—can prevent that tired, drawn look from appearing in your face, by giving your skin the care it needs.

Every normal skin needs two entirely different creams

It constantly needs a greaseless cream to refresh, soften and keep it elastic, and at night it needs an oil cream for cleansing and massage.

Try these two creams on your own skin and see how different they are.

When you dress, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your face and neck before powdering. See how gladly the pores absorb it — your complexion becomes soft, healthfully rosy and refreshed. The cream completely disappears, leaving the skin free from any "shiny" look. This fragrant, dewy cream contains a skin-softening ingredient of great value—that one which skin specialists recognize as most efficient in keeping the skin supple, for giving it the transparent freshness every one admires.

(*Photo by Lumière Studio*)

Norma Talmadge, who needs no introduction to theatre-goers, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin refreshed and clear"

Apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream when you motor or travel. Rub it in lightly. This will protect the sensitive pores from grit and grime, will keep your skin free from that parched feeling that generally follows exposure to dust and dirt.

For cleansing and massage you need an oil cream

Pond's Cold Cream is an *oil* cream.

Much of the value of a cleansing and massage cream depends on its consistency. Unless it is easy to work into the pores, it does not thoroughly benefit the skin. The moment you use Pond's Cold Cream, you will exclaim at its delightful softness and smoothness.

Do not expect one cream to accomplish the gratifying results you can attain by the use of these two *entirely different* creams. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair—both are obtainable at drug and department stores. Get a tube or jar of each today and try them. See how their use will improve your skin.

TRY BOTH CREAMS FREE

Tear out and mail the coupon before you turn the page—and get sample tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream *free*. Or send 10c and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Send today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 131-G Hudson Street, New York City.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
131-G Hudson St., New York City

Please send me, free, the items checked:

☐ Free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ Pond's Cold Cream. Instead of the free samples, I desire items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount: ☐ 5c sample Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ 5c sample Pond's Cold Cream.

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Street .....

City State

Photos by "Abbe"

A Fair Ally

Elizabeth Risdon is one of the most pleasant aspects of our kinship with Great Britain.

SIDE by side we are fighting with our English cousins. In war, in language, in custom, and in art, we are proud of our kinship. And now comes from across the water Elizabeth Risdon, to make us more than ever glad that England is one of our ablest Allies in making the world safe for art—as the French say.

Miss Risdon was very well known indeed in English theatricals, and because she is married to George Loane Tucker, the cinema director, she became as well known on the screens. When the Tuckers came across, right off the bat these two perpetrated what they might call an English joke on us—the poor unsuspecting picture public of America! Some of us had seen Miss Risdon's pictures, and more had witnessed her remarkable performance in the Hall Caine photoplay, "The Manxman." So when the announcement came forth that "the beautiful young English actress was to appear in 'Mother,'" we all hastened into our photodromes for another glimpse of the lovely Elizabeth. Well—it was a great play, and Miss Risdon's lovable characterization of "Mother" will not soon be forgotten. But—just glance at these pictures and you will understand why we are glad that in the future Miss Risdon will act upon the screen in her own person, unobscured by make-up, however admirable that make-up may be artistically.

"Hypocrites" completes the trilogy of the Tucker-Risdon photoplays, and Miss Risdon hopes soon to appear again before the cameras.

Elizabeth Risdon is the most accomplished dry-land swimmer in the country, bar none. She played in "Seven Days' Leave," the English war-melo that ran for so long at the Park Theater in New York, the part of an English girl interested in serving her country. The climax of the sensational play comes when she leaps into the sea for a gruelling swimming contest with a woman spy employed by the Huns. With the aid of unique electrical effects this scene was made almost as real as the real thing. Besides, Miss Risdon wins. Realism? *Art!*

Elizabeth—we beg her pardon, Mrs. Tucker—has acted in plays by the most celebrated English playwrights. She appeared in Lord Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain;" under the personal direction of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, in "Presenting Mr. Panmure"; and of George Bernard Shaw in "Fanny's First Play." Miss Risdon, by the way, made her first screen appearance at the suggestion of Hall Caine.

"Seven Days' Leave," the English war melodrama, ran for almost a year at a Broadway theatre. Elizabeth was in it.

Alice Brady
says she is delighted with the comfort, style and fit of
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"Bill" Hart is a Chef

Shows Katherine McDonald how to stir up a Johnny-cake with Carnation Milk

Bill Hart is never going to starve to death as long as he has something to cook and something to cook it with. In Bill's old days on the range his Johnny-cake many a time won the praise of the other boys. The illustration herewith shows Bill rehearsing his pretty leading woman, Katherine McDonald, in the scenario of a Johnny-cake made with Carnation Milk. To which Katherine pays proper attention, but just the same she wants it understood there are a few things she knows about cooking, herself.

A can of Carnation Milk in the luncheon hamper, whether you're a film star or a tourist or going a-picnicing in your automobile, means that you're sure of good, clean, pure milk —the consistency of cream—for your coffee and to help cook good things too.

Carnation Milk is real milk—just pure, sweet milk "from contented cows" that has been evaporated to the consistency of cream, hermetically sealed and sterilized to maintain its wholesomeness. You can buy Carnation anywhere and carry it anywhere, and it is always the same Carnation Milk—uniformly high quality. Add pure water to it to reduce its richness as desired for cooking. Try it in your home. It is the only milk supply needed.

Order a few cans of Carnation Milk from your grocer and give it a fair test in your kitchen and on the table.

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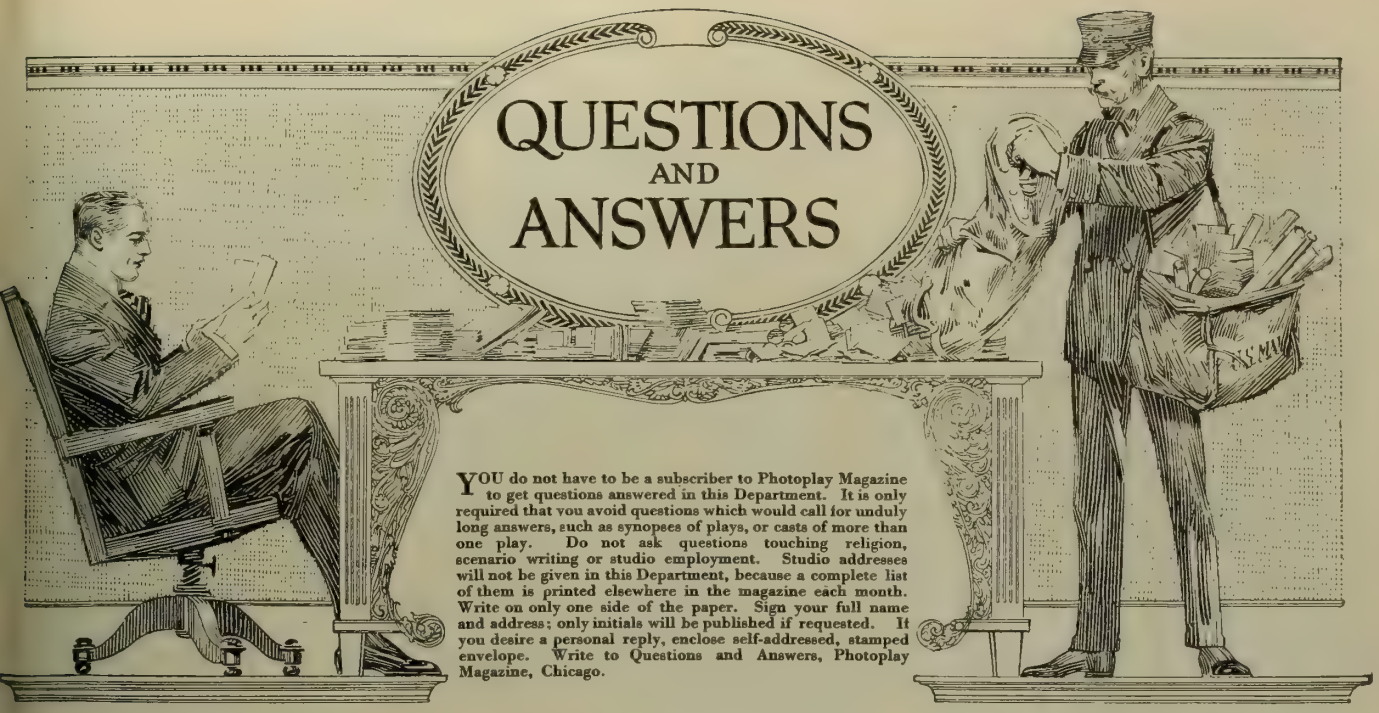
Johnny-cake

1 cup corn meal, ½ cup flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder, 5 tablespoons Carnation Milk, ⅔ cup water, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon melted lard or substitute. Sift together the corn meal flour, salt, and baking powder. Add Carnation Milk diluted with the water. Add egg and lard or fat, beat together well and bake in hot oven.

Free Recipe Book

Readers of Photoplay are invited to write for a free copy of our booklet containing one hundred tested recipes for every day and special dishes.



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

ALICE, SWEET ALICE, OF IRVING PARK.—Both Questions and Answers resemble the pen portrait at the head of this department. You don't need to tell us you perfectly love Gene O'Brien. We perfectly know you do. He was born in Denver; is thirty-four years old, six feet tall, weighs 160, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and he swims and rides and motors. Of course, he's a leading man. There is a story about him in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. You are a hero worshiper? Then be perfectly serious always and lose your sense of humor—no one should laugh except the idol. And usually the idol thinks it is no laughing matter. Ruth King was Tom Forman's wife. Norman Kerry was reported to be engaged to Connie Talmadge.

GLORY, MINNEAPOLIS.—A woman who tells her real age would tell anything. Don't trust her. Oh, it is vulgar to argue. Contradict—but never, never argue. Harrison Ford was divorced recently. He seems to be better in comedy than drama. Norman Kerry enlisted, we believe. Douglas McLean was a member of the Morosco Stock Company. He plays with Dot Gish in "The Hun Within" and with Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists." That's his real name, I think. F. X. B. is thirty-three—he says. Earle Williams, thirty-eight. We like your letters so much that we're going to ask you to write again.

E. M. B., BAY CITY, TEXAS.—Your letter was like a Chaplin kick in a Tourneur fairy-tale. But you are very brave, and if this department of PHOTOPLAY helps you any, we're glad. You mustn't look upon your misfortune as a slap from fate; fate often hits the wrong people. Write to Wallace Reid at the Lasky studios in Hollywood and he will send you his picture. Mrs. Reid will not object. If we can do anything to help you, let us know. And write again.

C. L., SANTA MONICA.—"Count that day lost whose low descending sun finds in stageland no divorce suit fought and won." Ah, yes—only too true! And you'd like to know why it is that there are so many divorces among actors and actresses? That question isn't exactly against the rules of this department, but the answer might be. Yes, the Harry Edwards that married Gladys Brockwell was once the husband of Louise Glaum. Wheeler Oakman is in the army. Molly Malone stands five feet two inches perpendicularly. Awfully glad you like us so well, C. L.

TOODLES, N. Y.—We didn't deserve that sassy letter you wrote us. And you aren't our "Toodles." We couldn't be cruel if we had received that coy little note. Hands indicate character—the pointed fingers usually temperament and imagination; square finger-tips mean a plodding nature and intellect; the spade-shaped or "material" finger-tips are a sign of an average mind and dull disposition. Of course this isn't always so. Come again.

FUTILITY

By Leigh Metcalfe

"THERE is no *real* tragedy
On the Shadow Stage,"
Scoffed the man who knew it all.
I touched him on the shoulder, saying:
"Come with me, friend—
I'll prove there is."
And I showed him last year's idol
Swaying on a crumbling pedestal in mid-heaven—
Trying to whitewash the waning moon!

ALBERTA OF MUNCIE.—We have oftentimes said that we were not going to follow the player-folk up and down the devious ways of matrimony. So your question is superfluous, unnecessary, and in view of the paper shortage, nothing less than an overt act. You say, "But that's the way with these film stars; they are so changeable. If I'm ever a movie actress I'd never marry, for what's the use." Well, never mind, Alberta; the field is overcrowded anyway. Marguerite Clark gave her age as thirty-one when applying for a marriage license, so thirty-one will be given as her age from now on in these columns. Crane Wilbur is married; twenty-nine years old; and he hasn't been seen on the screen for some time now. Charlie Chaplin is not engaged. Alma Rubens is divorced from Franklyn Farnum. Anita Stewart is twenty-two.

B. M., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Madelyn Claire was *Nancy Hanks,* Lincoln's mother, in the Chapin Lincoln cycle. Miss Claire appears in a leading part in Essanay's "Young America." The creed of inaction was once preached by a Chinaman, whose name we have forgotten—it doesn't matter, anyway. He said we should do nothing, and everything should be done for us. His was a lazy creed that wouldn't work nowadays. Anyway, it might be fatal to try it. Do everything and everybody we can, or they will do us, is better.

A. A. SMUGGLE, DETROIT, MICH.—Yes, several theaters advertised Elsie Ferguson in Ibsen's "Doll's House" thus: "Coming—'A Doll's House,' by Henrik Ibsen. Bring the children." William Desmond's wife was Lillian Lamson. Two Desmond pictures were "The Sudden Gentleman" and "Fighting Back."

MARTHA, DENVER.—It is one thing to become great; another to remain great. Art is individual, personal. A true artist uses only one method—his own. Mabel Normand, Goldwyn, Fort Lee. Constance Talmadge, Select, New York. Constance has a younger sister—Natalie—who was with the Roscoe Arbuckle Company. Of course you know Norma.

"BAB," NEW ORLEANS.—We have broken our rule in your case because, although you didn't sign your name, you have three stars in your service flag. Next time, give us your full name. Promise. Marguerite Clark is married to Lieut. F. Falmerson Williams, of your city. You want some film concern to do "The Rubiayat"? Who would you have to act in it? Monte Katterjohn might do the continuity. "A book of verses underneath the bough, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou beside me singing in the wilderness"—that's been done before. Those desert island fillums, you know.

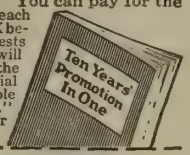
J. H. S., NEWARK, N. J.—"The Honor of his House," with Sessue Hayakawa, was filmed in and around Hollywood, Cal. "The Great Adventure" was done at Pathe's eastern studios, in N. J.

Bigger Salaries for Women

Business is calling more and more insistently for trained women. Besides the normal demand, places left by men gone to the war have opened thousands of splendid business positions for which women can easily qualify. Right now there are opportunities for the expert woman accountant; the woman who can write good business letters; the woman who knows banking methods; the woman who can handle Spanish correspondence; the woman who understands Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic and the woman who knows Law. Train now for one of these paying positions and be independent. The chance and the salary will be ready whenever you can show that you have the specialized knowledge that Business gladly pays for.

Train Under Experts

LaSalle Extension University will train you by mail, in your own home, to hold an important position. If you are now employed, you need not give up your present work. Three hundred and fifty LaSalle business experts will help you qualify for a position that affords congenial work and the highest pay women can command. You can pay for the course on our easy terms—a little each month if you wish. Mark with an X below, the kind of training which interests you and mail the coupon now. We will send full information regarding the opportunities for women in the special field you indicate. Also our valuable book "Ten Years Promotion in One." Investigate now. There is no cost or obligation on your part.



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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

F. O. L., PETERSBURG, IND.—Clara Kimball Young was born in Chicago. Miss Young recently staged a unique benefit for the Red Cross, in Los Angeles. With true devotion to the cause, she auctioned off, in turn, her hat, her gown, her shoes, her hose, and—and—netted quite a sum for the Red Cross.

E. R. S., POST FALLS IDAHO.—Yes, indeed, if ever we come to Post Falls should be delighted to see you. Write to Niles Welch at the Lasky studios in Hollywood; he's with them now. Wallace McDonald is not married. He has gone to war, but a letter addressed to the Triangle studios at Culver City would probably be forwarded. He is twenty-seven.

H. F. SMITH, AMITYVILLE, L. I.—Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport; he has one son, whose name is Bill. Write to Wally at the Lasky studios in Hollywood and ask him for his picture and why it is he doesn't play with Norma Talmadge. Norma has her own company for Select in New York, of course, and Reid is under contract with Paramount; but then these are minor difficulties which no doubt could be easily adjusted. Write him. Francis X. Bushman *is* married to Beverly Bayne. Think of all the questions about them that the Answer Man had to answer with: "Francis X. Bushman is *not* married to Beverly Bayne!" Two of Wally Reid's new pictures have been "Less than Kin" and "The Source." It is not what one has, but what one is, that counts.

LUCILE, LTD., GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Mary Pickford may be addressed at the Mary Pickford studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Marguerite Clark, Famous Players studio, New York City. We cannot tell you just how to enter the movies, because we don't know ourself. If we did we would not be an answer man, but a leading man.

A. B. H. S. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We do, too, know what that means. "A bad high school girl"; yes? You say you are puzzled and curious because you read that the pictures of Thomas Holding and Alfred Whitman "were both in the fire," and you want to know "if it is usual to burn pictures of the players." We can't answer that one. Tom Forman was divorced from Ruth King; Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn; and Marshall Neilan is married. June Elvidge is her real name; she is twenty-five.

M. B., NORMAN, OKLA.—No-umb, Pearl White didn't go to school in Dallas, Texas. Mary, dear, we admire you for resisting the temptation to be frothily facetious and agree with you that there are no thinking women. When they begin to think they cease to be women. Their simple doom is to be beautiful. (Let's bet on the number of letters we'll get, indignantly denying this.) Thanks—write again.

MAVIS AND ELAINE, FREEPORT, ILL.—Ethel Clayton will come back to the screen in "The Girl Who Came Back," for Paramount. She may be addressed at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Mary Pickford's new pictures are "Captain Kidd, Jr." and "Johanna Enlists." Sorry you feel neglected. It wasn't intentional, I assure you.

SALLIE, JANE AND SUSIE, ATHENS.—I don't know which one of you perpetrated that "Is Theda Bara married to Charlie Chaplin?" question; but I think it was Susie. No—and neither is Mary Miles Minter married to young Paul Willis. The others you mention are all married, except the Answer Man. People conceal their real feelings until after they are married; they show them then. Yes, isn't it a perfect shame that matinee idol is married. Yet you girls demand ideal Romeos on the screen!

ROSEBELLE CLAIRE, DETROIT, MICH.—Write to Fannie Ward at the Pathe studios in Los Angeles and tell her you're a girlhood friend and she'll undoubtedly write to you. People have not always been able to laugh at themselves; if they had, things would have turned out differently. Anyone can laugh at others; it takes a real sense of humor to laugh at oneself.

JERRY, PROVIDENCE.—Thanks for the picture; it is very pretty. But I cannot tell you whether or not you will be a success as a movie star. Dorothy Gish's new picture is "The Hun Within." Stuart Holmes is playing with Bushman and Bayne in a recent Metro, "Miss Moneybags." Now, don't tell us we are a veritable gold-mine of information, because it's been done before. If you wish to understand others you must first understand yourself; and that's impossible. So there you are.

HARRY OF PHILADELPHIA.—We'll see what we can do about all these players enlisting in the army and passing up the navy. Jack Pickford's in the navy. Irene Castle lives in New York. Mary Pickford wears those curls all the time, but sometimes she piles 'em up on top of her head and pretends she's all grown up. Let us hear from you when you have enlisted.

LILLIAN, LAFAYETTE.—Billie Burke played in "A Marriage of Convenience" at the Henry Miller Theater in New York last season, but she continued her screen career at the same time, and is still picture-making. One of her late films is "In Pursuit of Polly." Can't tell you just where to obtain those pictures of the players, but consult our ads in the hinterland of the magazine and you may find what you want. Billie Burke was born in 1886; Mary Pickford, 1893; Lillian Gish, 1896; Dorothy Gish, 1898; Constance Talmadge, 1900; Mae Marsh, 1897; Marguerite Clark, 1887; Marjorie Daw, 1902. The others don't give their ages. Anyone can resist anything—except temptation.

BUB, NEW YORK.—So you wrote to us because we are "like a papa to the readers of our lovely magazine"? Isn't that sweet? No, you aren't ridiculum for crying because your fiance is in France. But don't let him know it. We saw that picture of a Jackie looking at the photographs of four girls and sighing, "I wonder if they're true to me!" Won't you write us that promised letter?

FRENCHIE, KANKAKEE.—When anyone agrees with us so readily we think we must surely be wrong. Anna Case is making a picture for Julius Steger called "The Golden Hope." Charles Richman is her leading man. Richman, it is said, was telling Miss Case about his early disappointments as an actor, when Alan Dale, the critic, said he might as well be "a laborer, working on the subway." Miss Case spoke up and said, "I wish you had taken Dale's advice—the subway might be finished by now." Not bad for an opera-singer. You want to see "The Belle of Richmond," "A Woman's Way" and "Genevieve De Brabant" on the screen. We'll speak to Theda Bara about it. Valeska Suratt is in vaudeville.

(Continued on page 117)

Bessie Love finds the lost papers that prove that her sweetheart whom she thought a factory laborer to be the son of the owner gathering data for a socialistic novel.

Bessie Love
in a tense moment from
"A Little Sister of Everybody"
Pathe Play

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He tensed for his spring and gave three elaborate flipflops.

Here's Why Directors Go Mad

WALTER McNAMARA'S description of the finishing touch to his direction of the story of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, has become one of picturedom's classics. Besides being a director, this young Irishman added to his reputation and his pocketbook by writing one of the greatest moneymakers of the film age, "Traffic in Souls."

McNamara was sent to Ireland to produce the story of Robert Emmet, and was intensely interested in doing that fine young scene where the hero of all Irishmen escapes the British soldiers by swimming a river, at the very point and in the same river made famous by the original. After two days' travel by jaunting-cart, McNamara's guide bade the director alight, gave a wide flourish of his hand, took off his hat, and announced, "Faith, an' there it is."

And there it was in truth, but—it was only about a foot wide. For thrilling picture purposes it was, as many perfectly proper and correct locations are, woefully inadequate and, if you please, inaquatic. So McNamara took his company back to England and decided to use the Thames river for the escape. He had had a great deal of trouble, because of the Government's opposition to such pictures, in getting Seventeenth Century British soldier costumes, and had only one Robert Emmet makeup and costume. Because of conditions, he knew that he must make this one last scene quickly, before the authorities got on his trail and stopped him.

All was ready on the banks of the Thames. The cameras were set up. The redcoats, muskets loaded and in position, awaited the order to chase the photoplay Emmet into the river. Along the river bank and on the bridges above the curious began to gather. It was about this time that the director discovered that his leading-man (the Robert Emmet of the film) could not swim a stroke.

Off rushed a messenger for a swimmer who could "double" for the leading-man, and in a few minutes he returned with a pale-pink gentleman, wearing heliotrope perfume and using an engaging lisp, who announced that he was the champion something-or-other diver and swimmer of the British Isles and was now playing at the Hippodrome. He was rather disappointed when he found that all that was required was one mere leap into the drink.

By this time hundreds of people were gathered on the banks and bridges.

By the time the "double" had donned the Emmet costume and makeup, thousands were watching.

"When we were ready," McNamara solemnly asserts, "there were *millions*—the greatest audience I have ever seen."

The swimmer was told that all that was required of him was to let the redcoats chase him to the water's edge, firing as they ran, and for him to jump in and swim away. He wanted to swim away under water, but McNamara quickly vetoed that plan. He offered several other fancy suggestions, all of which the director rejected.

The crowd, enormous now, waited patiently—for what it knew not.

This was to be the last scene in a photoplay already near confiscation by the British government. Word had come to McNamara that the authorities were on his trail. He had only this one set of costumes, and no way to get others. He must hurry!

"All ready!" yelled the director. "Camera! Action!—Run!"

Robert Emmet's "double" ran as directed, with the redcoats pouring blank shots after him. The scene, so McNamara decided, was going excellently. He was elated. The swimmer, reaching the river's edge, gave one last look back. This was splendid!

Then he tensed for his spring, jumped turned three elaborate and professional flipflops in the air, dived niftily, came up smiling gracefully, and bowed several times around to the cheering, applauding multitudes!

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 81)

As They Were

Add to or subtract from this list as you will. Here, in all probability, two like opinions could not be found.

Excepting "The Land of Promise," Billie Burke has had nothing on the screen this year justifying her unique talents. Ethel Clayton, whose gifted director-husband, Joseph Kaufman, died a few months ago, has found no especially fitting vehicle. Mr Bushman and Mrs. Bayne-Bushman put in an artistically declining twelvemonth until two or three summer comedies pulled their stock back toward par. Thomas Meighan is invariably cast in supporting roles only more or less well-fitting; an actor of his sympathy and power of expression deserves better assignments. William S. Hart is at the famine stage for plays. Tully Marshall seems to have subsided into small bits. John Barrymore has been mainly absent from the screen. Also, Lewis S. Stone. All of Metro's scripts for Edith Storey have been at least five sizes too small. William Farnum, except for his well-remembered Jean Valjean, has been treading the dreary path of seek and ye shall not find. Constance Talmadge is still growing up—I don't mean physically; "Up the Road with Sallie" was so delightful that she has had a hard time trying to equal it—and hasn't.

Holding their own, all of them, but fighting to hold it! For another instance, Alice Joyce, a woman whose sensibilities, subtleties and sense of humor place her among the very finest actresses in this country; she has had practically no worthy material. Clara Williams shone splendidly through "Carmen of the Klondyke." Bill Russell, just pounding along. Like Clara Williams, Harry Morey's average was pulled up by one piece, "All Man." Frank Losee, acquitting himself admirably always, but certainly miscast as Uncle Tom.

Florence Vidor has had bigger parts, but not one so good or impressive as her emotional flash of a year ago in "A Tale of Two Cities." Tony Moreno—marking time. Bill Desmond—one fine play, in "The Sea Panther," and before, and after, undeserved mediocrities. Even Pearl White has made no strides in the past year, but she has held on. Frank Keenan's very best work, I think, was not in serious plays, but in a Pathe comedy called "More Trouble." Hayakawa—bound like Mazeppa to a single dramatic theme, the unescapable tragedy of the yellow man in a white man's world.

All these, mind you, are the solid, established backbone of the film acting business.

A Poor Year

—for these, now: most of them through the sheer lack of opportunity.

Dorothy Phillips, for instance, has not had a role which equalled her abilities since H. O. Davis left Universal. Dorothy Dalton has had impressive publicity, but neither her parts nor her performances in them have measured up to her old standard—a case in which poor scripts have not been wholly to blame.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

Tsuru Aoki is nearly out of sight. So is Emmy Wehlen. Franklyn Farnum is another Davis discovery who has gotten nowhere without his finder. Where are King Baggott and Spottiswoode Aitken and Seena Owen and Miriam Cooper and Julia Swayne Gordon and Margery Wilson and Mary Alden? One might almost ask the same about Creighton Hale and Henry Walthall and David Powell.

Mae Marsh, save for "The Cinderella Man," a brilliant and delightful interlude, has been just one Goldwyn experiment after another. Mabel Normand, the ex-queen of comedy, is still a disembodied spirit trying to find her merry shell.

Clara Kimball Young needs help. Alice Brady, ditto. Mary Miles Minter has been playing the darling child a drearily long time. J. Warren Kerrigan, save for "A Man's Man," has been out of it, through an accident and bad management.

Anita Stewart—a case of legally suspended animation.

Douglas Fairbanks has never found such plays as Anita Loos used to write for him. Romantic acrobatics are a poor substitute for romantic satire.

Bessie Barriscale—still there when she has a chance, but where have her chances been? Also, when has there been a convincing piece for Fannie Ward?

Ethel Barrymore, apparently, cannot be put right in light and shadow.

Charlie Ray is a better actor than he was last year—and he has been seen to less advantage.

Cecil DeMille lost his grip on Geraldine Farrar, but it looks as though Goldwyn would bring her back.

Pauline Frederick, despite hard work, has made no appreciable advances. In public favor it is doubtful if she stands where she did a year ago.

Here, One Asks Why?

Why, for instance, does that master of almost everything, George M. Cohan, fail to get across on the screen? When he made "Broadway Jones" we were all delighted—he had transferred his snap, speed and Americanism to celluloid, and he needed only a play or two to fully arrive. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was a good surprise melodrama, yet, as an embodiment of Cohan, it didn't even come up to "Broadway Jones." And "Hit the Trail Holliday," save as a Bevo advertisement, was quite inefficient.

Why the utter dreadfulness of the great Mary Garden as a picture actress?

Why must Olga Petrova be so vastly unreal in her silversheet impersonations?

Why must Mae Murray, one of the daintiest of comediennes, perform such weird but not wonderful emotional vagaries as have puzzled even her best friends this season?

Why does that very fine stage actress, Rita Jolivet, act like a singer of Donizetti opera when she gets before a camera?

Why, at all, such pictures as those we have seen featuring Lina Cavalieri, Edna Goodrich and Kitty Gordon?

Why such a complete catastrophe as that mangler of history, Theda Bara? Cleopatra has always been more or less wronged, but never more than in the Fox Production Sennettizing her tragic life.

Why such plays as Gladys Brockwell has had?

The Comedy Question

Roscoe Arbuckle shares comedy honors this year with Chaplin, though no comedian, it must be admitted, even approaches Chaplin in personal variety and appeal. But Arbuckle's material—his own make—has, in the main, been consistently funny and human. He has surrounded himself with good people. He has made good productions. He has kept moving. "The Bell Boy," it seems to me, was his year's ace.

Harold Lloyd, in miniature fashion, has brought in a lot of laughs, just as his little side-partner, Bebe Daniels, has contributed a lot of beauty. But one of Lloyd's heaviest reliances has been his snappy title-writer, H. M. Walker.

Sennett's screen Follies keeps Ziegfelding it along the celluloid white way, but we've been looking vainly all year long for such a satire, for instance, as Mack's own "Villa of the Movies."

Directors

The problem of directors, and their responsibility or lack of it in placing ultimate praise or blame for any studio's output, is too big a question to receive more than the barest mention here.

Personally, I think that Cecil DeMille has in the past year been unfortunate in his choice of personal material, and that Tom Ince will never return to his pristine glories until he once more takes a hand at directing himself. The same is true of Sennett, the most successful comedy director who ever walked on a set. Sidney Drew, now back on the stage, was a successful director of his own pieces, and it is to be hoped that his absence is only temporary.

Ince's situation is complicated by the collapse of his scenario department. Once the finest source of original material in filmland, it is now a factory of mediocre scripts. The superhumanly industrious C. Gardner Sullivan appears to be written out; the hand that penned that masterpiece, "The Cup of Life," has for a year ground out the most trivial banalities.

Current Releases

Much was expected of Mr. Griffith's first Artcraft, "The Great Love." Although replete with the little intimacies and touches of human life which he alone knows how to give such a story the piece was, on the whole a mediocre effort—not all of which is to be charged to Mr. Griffith, however, for he had a British war-subject with many photographs of actual people and places, and these were not the easiest thing in the world to fit into a fiction without jarring its sense of proportion. Robert Harron, Lillian Gish and others of the familiar Griffith crew passed over the canvas. Henry Walthall

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

returned to his old master's direction, playing a rather unconvincing heavy.

Other Paramount-Artcraft pictures include an interesting Cecil De Mille production, "Till I Come Back to You"; "In Pursuit of Polly," with Billie Burke, and Enid Bennett in "The Marriage Ring." John Barrymore, badly lighted and made up to look 108, cavorts familiarly through Willie Collier's old piece, "On the Quiet," changed somewhat to suit the material restrictions of war times. "Heart of the Wilds," with Elsie Ferguson, is a strange make-over of Edgar Selwyn's "Pierre of the Plains," done into a woman star play in which the quaint original centerpiece Pierre, is quite submerged. "The Hun Within," an output of the Griffith studio —the year's first Griffith "supervise"— is a stirring melodrama.

Metro's heaviest offering for the month is a dramatization of Edith Wharton's gloomy and powerful story, "The House of Mirth," rather well handled considering the difficulties of popularizing such a subject. Metro has given it a splendid cast and careful staging. However, other offerings step right along. There is Ethel Barrymore in a very fair screen version of "Our Mrs. McChesney"; Viola Dana in "Flower of the Dusk," a play to which she is charmingly suited, and Bert Lytell in "Boston's Blackie's Little Pal." "In Judgment Of," however, is below par.

"Her Only Way," Norma Talmadge's Select offering, is enjoyable only in that it reveals Miss Talmadge's extraordinary dramatic powers. Her scene outside the window of her own house, before the murder, is without any physical action— and absolutely thrilling. The production is excellent; the story, a very trite matter. Clara Kimball Young, in "The Savage Woman," visualizes a French novel.

World's best picture this month is "Inside the Lines," a very realistic story of the British secret service. If there were space, much might be offered in criticism of scenario and general treatment, but in a sentence it may be said that as a whole it is pleasing entertainment.

Vitagraph's programme includes two vehicles for Harry Morey: "All Man," reviewed at length last month, and "The Green God." Gladys Leslie is to be seen in "Wild Primrose," Hedda Nova in "The Changing Woman," and Corinne Griffith in "The Clutch of Circumstance."

Tom Moore's first star picture, "Just for Tonight," heads the Goldwyn programme. Mae Marsh is to be seen in "Money Mad," Mabel Normand in "Peck's Bad Girl," and Geraldine Farrar in "The Turn of the Wheel."

Pathe puts forth "The Ghost of the Rancho," a comedy-melodrama of Mexico, starring Bryant Washburn; "Winning Grandma," a mild vehicle for Baby Osborne, and Elaine Hammerstein, in "Her Man."

Blue Bird vouchsafes "Fires of Youth," with Ruth Clifford, and "The Love Swindle," with Edith Roberts.

Triangle's releases include "Alias Mary Brown," with Pauline Starke; "The Ghost Flower," with Alma Rubens; "Daughter Angela," with Miss Starke; and "Wild Life," with William Desmond. A wretched vehicle for Desmond.

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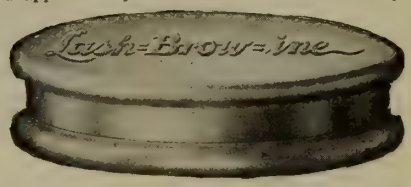

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X-BAZIN

An Iron Man in a Velvet Manner

(Continued from page 85)

standing. One of the gentlemen gallantly shied a huge cork at the old lady, tapping her quite forcibly in the eye. She began to weep and curse coincidentally.

"I say—" began O'Brien, stepping in.

"You say *not'n!*" returned the individual whose arm he held. "On your way! On your way!"

"Very well," returned O'Brien, with a gentle smile, "but first—"

Seizing each by the collar he dragged them—350 pounds of meat—to the curb, whirled them about until they faced each other, and then, working his own arms like powerful steel cranes, banged, bumped, slammed and crashed those astonished commoners together until each one's nose bloodied the other's face, and their hair and raiment had much disorder in common. With a final shove he sent them, scrambling and tumbling, to the other sidewalk. Then he finished his sentence.

"—let me help you to be on yours."

I had found the iron man in the velvet manner.

He inspected his now-grimy hands.

"Damned dusty brutes!" he exclaimed. "I wonder, do they ever brush their clothes?"

He drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his hands on it. A faint scent of lilac floated on the air. Somehow, lilacs have never suggested anything feminine to me since that night.

At the end of that year I went West, and when I next saw Eugene O'Brien he was a thousand miles away. That is to say, I saw him in a photoplay.

He made his screen debut with Mary Pickford, in "Poor Little Peppina," and he also played for World, and as leading man for Clara Kimball Young, Olga Petrova and Edna Mayo before entering the Norma Talmadge affiliation which, in a year, has become one of the most renowned teams in motion pictures. Now, he is about to become an individual star.

O'Brien still lives in New York, but he has moved over to The Royalton, a great mid-town apartment-house for men only, adjoining the Hippodrome property. His few books have become a veritable library, which lines three of the walls of his living-room from floor to ceiling. A deep fireplace fills half the other wall, and in the shadowy end of the rather long room there is a grand piano, loaded with music. It is not reserved for jazz tunes at an occasional party; its owner does rather well with syncopation, but he also loves Puccini and Grieg and Chopin.

He has become pretty well versed in art, in these four years. An Italian sculptor of New York has just completed a marble of him, and he knows modern painting as do few except the critics.

When I visited him we renewed old acquaintance, talked art and books a little, and then I asked him if he had been to any particularly enjoyable places lately.

"Yes," he answered; "this morning. The shower-room in the gymnasium I fre-

An Iron Man in a Velvet Manner

(Concluded)

quent. After an hour's work with the gloves, or on the floor, if there's anything in the world more enjoyable than a long, leisurely shower that soaks you until you think you have deep-sea ancestry I'd like to know what it is!"

In Norma Talmadge he declares he has found the fairest, squarest player he ever trouped with. "A really great actress without any small-time actressisms," he calls her; "always on the job, always thankful for suggestion, always helping other people, never 'hogging' the camera."

Beginning with "Poppy," he has played role after role with Miss Talmadge, including the broadest sort of character-part in "De-Luxe Annie." He has no particular acting creed, or favorite assumed character. His only determination is this: "Whatever sort of man I'm to play, I create him as I think that man would be in real life."

He is not married. Says he has been too busy to think of marriage.

His only family is his widowed mother, who spends most of each year in the West.

Just a few weeks over the age-line of the first draft, he is now placing his investments and savings at his mother's disposal, so that if he is called on the second, "no-volunteer" conscription he will make no dependency claim.

"I'm making no real plans until after the war," he says; "but if—if I'm still going, I want to work both on the stage and before the camera."

Meanwhile, with the consent of his movie managers, he will appear this autumn in New York City, only, in a legitimate comedy under the management of Charles Dillingham.

One of the most lovable of all screen players is our friend George Fawcett, than whom there is no finer actor on the American stage or screen. Did you see him in "Hearts of the World"? That he is a poet as well as an actor is established by the following which appeared recently in the All-Story Weekly:

I REMEMBER

By George Fawcett

I REMEMBER the thumbed book
And the whittled desk,
The teacher who awed me,
Whom yet I adored.
I remember the bobbing cork
In the hole below
Where the river eddied.
The dog rigid in his track,
Over his feathered quarry,
And the whir of the duck
While I hid in the sedge.
I remember a boyish triumph,
And a tragedy
That did not last long.
And I am thinking,
Sorely thinking,
That I was a damn fool
To grow up.

Are YOU Fit *to become* a FATHER ?

LIONEL STRONGFORT

The world's strongest and most perfect athlete, whose unaccepted challenge of competition to the greatest living "strong men" still stands.

UNLESS you are, you cannot commit a crime worse than to marry some happy, healthy, pure young girl, and make her the mother of children who will be a grief to her and a reproach to you as long as you live.

Are you strong, vigorous, healthy, with good red blood in your veins and an abounding vitality, that will impart to your children the same qualities when you bring them into the world?

Or are you weak, thin, stoop-shouldered, with your blood like water, or poisoned by constipation; dyspeptic, bilious; eating poorly and sleeping poorly—just dragging yourself through your daily tasks, with no bif or pep or get-up-and-go about you?

What YOU are, your children will be, only MORE so. There's no getting around it.

The Law of Heredity Can't Be Evaded

You can be the father of strong, sturdy, happy children, no matter what you are now; if you take hold of yourself and build yourself up into the kind of man you ought to be, the kind of man you WANT to be, and above all—the kind of man your wife or the girl who is to be your wife, wants you to be and BELIEVES YOU TO BE NOW.

Don't Be Only Half a Man!

You never can get ahead; you never can be successful; you never can be happy or make your wife happy or have happy children, unless you WAKE UP and pull yourself out of the rut. Unless you build up your physical organism, strengthen your vital organs, clear the cobwebs out of your brain; FIT YOURSELF to live a whole man's life and do a whole man's work in the world.

If you have erred in the past and are suffering now, or fearing the later consequences of those youthful indiscretions, **get hold of yourself, BE A MAN;** correct the conditions that will be fatal to your own happiness and the happiness of the girl you love if you should enter the state of matrimony while those conditions still exist.

NO MATTER **WHAT** CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MANHOOD; whether it was your own fault or circumstances you could not control, YOU CAN BE A MAN AGAIN and the father of happy, healthy, laughing children—AND I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BECOME ONE.

Let Me Help You Become a REAL MAN

I can help you build yourself up; help you strengthen your nerves, heart, lungs, liver, stomach; help rid you of headaches, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation. I can help you turn that thin, watery blood of yours into the rich, red blood of a fighting man fit to fight the battle of life under ANY circumstance and WIN IT.

Whatever handicap you may be laboring under, the result of weakness caused by early errors, I can help you correct it and without the use of powders, pills or potions of any kind. I can help you mentally and physically to become the kind of man you want to be; a man your wife and your children and YOU YOURSELF will be proud of—the kind of man who is A SUCCESS IN THE WORLD.

Take the First Step Right Now

Take hold of yourself in time, by sitting down and filling out the **Free Consultation Coupon** Get a FREE COPY of my book: **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy."** It will cost you three 2c stamps for mailing expenses, nothing more, and you OBLIGATE YOURSELF TO NOTHING WHATEVER. Mark the subject in the coupon that interests you most, and I will send you FREE, in addition to the book, information which you will find of immense help right at the beginning.

I KNOW I CAN HELP YOU, because I already have helped thousands of other men, who bless the day—and their wives bless the day too—that they took the first step by filling out and sending me the coupon. DO IT NOW!

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Personal consultation by appointment only

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Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose three 2c stamps. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

.. Colds	...Insomnia	...Youthful Errors
...Catarrh	...Short Wind	...Vital Losses
...Asthma	...Flat Feet	...Impotency
...Obesity	.. Stomach Disorders	...Gastritis
...Headache	...Constipation	...Heart Weakness
...Thinness	...Biliousness	...Poor Circulation
...Rupture	...Torpid Liver	...Skin Disorders
...Lumbago	...Indigestion	...Despondency
...Neuritis	...Nervousness	...Round Shoulders
...Neuralgia	...Poor Memory	...Lung Troubles
...Flat Chest	...Rheumatism	...Increased Height
...Deformity (describe)		...Stoop Shoulders (674)

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The Photoplay League

(Concluded from page 76)

betterment of their city. They wished to have a series of benefits for their local Red Cross at his house, and they were willing to make this series one a week on the night on which he usually had the poorest attendance. They wished him as a public-spirited man to give to the Red Cross his profits or all returns above legitimate expense or his usual profit for one night for four consecutive weeks. This he was willing to do as his Monday night's performance seldom paid expenses.

Their next step was to approach every organized body of civic workers in the town and secure their cooperation. The ministers were consulted and they approved. The schools were interested as the pictures were patriotic and educational (and yet full of romance and drama). Every club was interested, a community cooperative spirit was engendered, and as a result the house was sold out far in advance for every performance.

Mr. Exhibitor "sat up and took notice," as he afterwards described it. As a result, after the series for the benefit was over, he was glad to advertise Monday as community motion picture night at his theatre. Here was a wide awake live up-to-date exhibitor, in other words, a good business man. When organized effort showed him that as a good business policy, better pictures paid, he grabbed at the opportunity, held fast, and while the Red Cross benefit is now a matter of history, better films, good pictures and community chosen pictures are now and always will be the rule while he owns the theatre.

These women, too, and the capable men who assisted them, deserve a great deal of credit for the admirable way in which they handled the situation. They asked for something and they got it. Why? Because they deserved it, because they were sincere, loyal enthusiastic, because they had an estimated plan and adhered to it, because they knew what they wanted and could not be diverted from it, because they were patriotic all-American, democratic, citizens and were doing four things which made the movement in their city a master stroke.

First they established a *better film night* in their community; second, they engendered *community spirit;* third, they gave a *Red Cross benefit*, and fourth, they furthered *patriotic education* in their city.

Who was the facetious person at the outset who said, "It can't be did?" He must have disappeared into oblivion for it *has been done*, and it will be done again and again until these great United States shall resound with the cry of good wholesome clean pictures, and public opinion shall set her seal and say to the manufacturers, "At last we have shown you what kind of pictures pay. We are with you."

When Everyone Stood Up

"LET everyone who will donate a quarter for the Red Cross please stand," requested a screen star during the campaign last summer. Then he whispered to the orchestra leader to play "The Star Spangled Banner."

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 94)

ACTUATED very probably by motives of revenge, several of our v. b. (very best) actors have turned directors. Howard Hickman started it, by directing his wife, Bessie Barriscale—but then that would seem to explode our theory. At any rate, Charles Gunn, of Paralta, is serving an apprenticeship as a director's assistant, with the intention of working up; James Cruze, of Lasky, trundles a megaphone instead of a make-up box; and G. Butler Clonebaugh, of the same company—you remember how perfectly hateful he was in the DeMille uplift dramas—has reformed, with the assistance of a competent cameraman. As if the war wasn't enough, and now the directing craze—Wallie Reid says he wants to be a director!

IT wasn't so very long ago that the name of Niles Welch, softly spoken, conveyed little to our minds. A flutter in a feminine heart or two, and—pouf!—echo didn't even answer. But Welch was a determined young actor, and he made up his mind to make good. He acted industriously, advertised, and—landed a four-year contract with the puissant Paramount company. With his wife, Dell Boone, Niles journeyed to Hollywood, where at the Lasky studios he will work—not, mind you, as a leading man—but as a featured lead. Thus endeth Chapter One in the Life of a Deserving Young Man.

A PORTION of the public began clamoring for Bill Hart to change his characterization from the Western roles and do something new. And, just because Bill wants to please folks, he chose "Shark Monroe." The sea was something entirely new to Bill, and, when he got off into the Pacific on an Alaskan-bound vessel, to take the scenes, he discovered that a ship can buck a whole lot more than a bronco. E. H. Allen, his manager, found him looking very dejected on the deck the first afternoon out, and asked him what was the trouble.

"I can't do this stuff," Bill answered hopelessly. "It's not in my line."

"Don't worry, old man," consoled Allen. "You'll get onto it. You can't keep a good man down, you know."

"It's not a good man I'm worrying about keeping down," retorted Bill, "It's a good dinner."

MADAME OLGA PETROVA, upon her return from a tour of the country in the interests of the War Savings campaign, retired to her estate at Great Neck, L. I., there to meditate, make poetry and—a resolution. Soon came an announcement: "I am about to leave the screen for the stage," said Madame. "The High Altar," a play of her own building, will serve as Petrova's vehicle for her footlight come-back next season.

ANTHONY PAUL KELLY has turned dramatist as well as scenario-writer. His new play, now in production on Broadway, is a drama of the war called "Three Faces East."

THE announcement that Jewel Carmen has signed a contract to appear for a long-term period under the management of Frank Keeney, is likely to be followed by further announcement of a battle in the courts. Some time ago an agreement was entered into whereby Miss Carmen was to appear under the Keeney auspices. William Fox, who made Jewel Carmen a star, put his foot down, declaring she was bound to him under a written contract. But on July 13, Miss Carmen attained her twenty-first year. News of this reached Mr. Keeney, who lost no time in signing a contract for her services. He says he is legally entitled to Miss Carmen's services on the ground that a contract signed by her after maturity is absolutely binding as against any contract she may have signed when under age.

THE art of cameraflage was resorted to in taking a scene for "Young America," at the Essanay studios in Chicago. Jasper, the pet dog of Charles Frohman Everett, the leading boy character of the play, refuses to chase chickens. He was brought up among chickens and carefully trained from puppyhood not to molest them. When he was ordered to do this in the play, he positively refused. It was necessary to get another dog to duplicate for Jasper, and while a canine was found of the same size and type, it did not have the correct spotting. The double was turned over to the scenic artist, who quickly remedied the deficiencies. The double fortunately proved adept in the art of chicken chasing.

ANNA MAE WALTHALL, sister of Henry B., plays opposite Harry Carey in his new picture, "The Man Who Wouldn't Shoot."

TRIANGLE has added to its forces two actors from the stage—Harry Mestayer, of the legit., and Wellington Cross, of the varieties.

"BUSTER" KEATON, fellow-comedian and best friend of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, is off for France. Buster departed for Camp Kearney, Cal., after completing "The Cook," with the Arbuckle forces. Before he was out of quarantine, Company C, One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Infantry received orders and the comedian asked to be allowed to go along. And now he's on his way.

ANOTHER case has been entered in the director-versus-star question. Donald Crisp seems to think he is the protomartyr. One day while the Lasky director was supervising a scene from a high platform, he came too close to the edge and slipped and fell, sustaining a sprained wrist. The next day every paper in Los Angeles carried a story of the accident, with Fred Stone, Crisp's star, as the hero! The director said he would have been only too glad to direct Stone to fall off the platform for him, but as Stone never volunteered and Crisp had to do it himself, he feels that he should have had some of the credit.

A Close-Up

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is the pure and perfect toilet cream that protects and preserves the skin. It keeps Nature's own Damask mantle of beauty always immaculately fresh, dainty and charming. Use it at night, after a tiresome day of war work, shopping or social duties. Each pore of your skin is like a thirsty mouth that finds in D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream the most perfect refreshment from fatigue—a refreshment that also cleanses and purifies. It keeps the hands soft and smooth, no matter what one's occupation may be. Tubes and Jars, 10c to $1.50.

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which nature has adorned with the tints of the rose are now within the reach of any woman who will follow the simple rules which are to be found in the Princess Tokio Beauty Book, which we will send FREE to any woman who will write for it. Princess Tokio does not ask you to wait a long time for results—only

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D. J. MAHLER, 191 X Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

The Midnight Trail

(Concluded from page 62)

They pointed to the serious-faced Lynch as their outlaw leader, speaking with the certainty of recognition. They saw in him Bige Rivers.

Mary, firm in faith in her father, struggled valiantly but vainly against the overwhelming sentiment of the community. She was successful, however, in sustaining the hope and good cheer of her father. The verdict of the trial by the "Committee of Safety," administrator of swift justice in El Monte, was written before the short and simple formalities of the trial.

The day came on which John Lynch, kind neighbor and devoted son and father, also convicted outlaw, was to be hanged by the neck until dead.

And afternoon came, with it the nearing hour of execution.

Little knots of men gathered in hushed conversation in El Monte's one street.

Into the curious crowd gathered thus early at "The Red Flare," slunk the wormy figure of Rat McGough. He wriggled up to the bar, demanded a flask of brandy, got it, and slipped away again.

The movements of the Rat escaped all notice—save the sharp eyes of a Spanish girl who held the secrets of Fate itself that desperate California afternoon.

Nita was in El Monte to pay her debt of friendship. She slipped out of "The Flare," following the Rat. He glimpsed her, and scurried up the stairs to the loft over the dance hall. The girl crept stealthily after him, listening as she paused at the top of the steps. She turned to go down. A hairy hand shot out and gripped her mass of heavy hair. She was snatched into the loft.

The girl felt herself lifted and hurled across the room. As she picked herself up a swift survey told her that the Rat lay dead on the floor and that she was facing Bige Rivers—facing him alone as the only soul in El Monte who knew him for his guilty self.

Down in the street the increasing restiveness of the crowds told of the nearing of the fatal hour for John Lynch.

Bige stood glaring at her, his hands working in violent clutching. He wanted to choke her. Shooting would be too fast. He wanted to feel the life going out of her under his insatiate fingers.

He lunged and the lithe Spanish girl eluded him. It was a game of tag with death the stake.

A strange cavalcade moved up the street. It was solemn and slow. John Lynch rode at the head. He had no hat on his head, no coat on his back. His white face was lifted proudly to Heaven.

There was a hush in the street.

Nita dodged the lunging dive of Rivers for the hundredth time and threw herself out the window onto the roof of the dance hall porch, rolling and dropping to the street.

Rivers, gun in hand, stood biding his time at the window.

The girl ran to meet the approaching horsemen.

Rivers raised his revolver and deliberately took aim.

The gun roared and reverberated in the startled town and Nita fell crumpled up at the feet of John Lynch's horse.

Every man in that grim procession looked up and full into the leering face of Bige Rivers.

In spite of his cruel, evil countenance every man recognized in him John Lynch's double.

El Monte justice, swift in its wrongs, was equally swift in its righting of wrong. A hundred men followed the sheriff to the stairs of the dance hall loft.

But John Lynch, till that moment Fate's pawn, became Fate's instrument. Unarmed, he swung swiftly up the porch and in through the window to Rivers' retreat.

Rivers, busily barricading the door, turned. He cringed before the coldly blazing eyes of John Lynch, so desperately determined. Lynch stepped forward, twisted the revolver from Rivers' hand and pointed it to the outlaw's heart.

The gun roared in the little room again—and Bige Rivers had paid in full.

Educational Films

(Continued from page 55)

"Copper Mining" and "Coal Mining in Southern Illinois," issued by the Atlas Educational Film company of Chicago and "Safety Methods in Coal and Metal Mining" produced under the direction of the United States Bureau of Mines in Pittsburg.

The most notable of public safety films is "Careless America," released by Universal and produced under the direction of H. S. Firestone of the Firestone Tire company, whose idea it is. This motion picture has been endorsed by the secretary of state of every state in the Union and carries the official sanction of over 7,000 chiefs of police. Nearly two million persons saw it in greater New York when it was first shown on the screen.

In addition to being released through regular exhibitors "Careless America" is scheduled for private showings throughout the country at chamber of commerce meetings, Rotary Clubs and gatherings of similar organizations. It is given free to the exhibitors with photos, slides, and posters.

So essential have motion pictures become in public safety work that the street railway companies of many of America's largest cities including Chicago, Los Angeles, and Pittsburg, have produced films under their own auspices and at their own expense to teach the costly toll of carelessness. In Newark, New Jersey, the Public Service Railway company has four public safety films which are constantly exhibited to its employees and at public gatherings.

One of the first of the street railways to utilize safety films was the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company which produced "The Price of Thoughtlessness" and "The Cost of Carelessness." These had a wide circulation in the public schools of Brook-

Educational Films

(Concluded)

lyn where the company sponsored an extensive and far-reaching Safety First campaign through the formation of Careful Clubs for boys and girls of the public schools.

Indianapolis has had two public safety films which bear the stamp of the National Motion Pictures company of Indianapolis.

In the field of fire prevention the screen has taught many valuable lessons. The New York fire department produced "The Locked Door" and there have been several others visualizing the way in which thoughtlessness has been responsible for much loss of life and property through fire.

One of the widest spheres of usefulness of the motion picture as a teacher of public safety has been through the American Museum of Safety. The Museum at 14 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City, contains a complete index of films prepared by various concerns in accident prevention work. The list is given free to members upon request and the Museum also co-operates, when requested to do so, in securing the loan or rental of such films.

A resolution passed not long ago by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in New York gave the Museum permission to use the arsenal in Central Park. It is planned to have a large motion picture projection room in the arsenal for the exhibition of safety films.

All of the films mentioned in the preceding paragraphs also have a wide circulation through meetings of the National Safety Council which are held regularly throughout the country. The council is comprised of 3,500 members, who employ more than six million workmen. It has an income of $125,000 a year, all of which is expended in educating employer and workman in the simplest methods of preventing accidents.

Educational Film Notes

Rev. Walter Shlaraetzki, of the Congregational Church, Bowen, Ill., has installed a stereopticon and will give lectures regularly in the church auditorium.

* * *

A moving picture projector has now become part of the permanent equipment of the Forrestville School, Chicago, which portrays educational and a selected program of entertainment pictures.

* * *

Christ Church, Springfield, Illinois, has been showing moving pictures for some time in its church auditorium. The church formerly maintained a Saturday morning show for juveniles, charging five cents admission.

* * *

In Rushville, Indiana, the public work their projecting machine overtime, thanks to the cooperation of the Indiana State University, who supply them with a great portion of their films gratis. The manner of presenting the features is to first run them off and then assist the children later in gathering further data. After that, each child is instructed to write out a composition on the picture as it impressed them.

Freemans
FACE POWDER

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The Turn of the Wheel

(Concluded from page 52)

Wally was still defiant, but Bertha, realizing she was at the mercy of Rosalie, who would undoubtedly tell her husband everything, saw the only course was to confess. She flung herself at Rosalie's feet and sobbed out the story, while Wally stood by with a sneer at the weakness of his victim.

Carrie, Maxfield Grey's wife, was a "good fellow," according to Bertha's stammered story. Grey divorced her because of her questionable gaieties, and she took the apartment in which they were now gathered. Here she entertained, in her own way, and here Wally and Bertha met. Maxfield discovered these meetings, and warned Carrie that they must not continue, but she only laughed at him, and told him that since they were divorced he had no right to dictate.

One day Frank told Maxfield that Bertha was going for a visit of several weeks with relatives in Ohio. This aroused Maxfield's suspicions, and that night he looked for his brother's wife at Carrie's apartment. He found a hilarious quartette, Carrie, a new sweetheart of hers, Wally and Bertha. Carrie's companion did not like the aspect of the situation, and made a hurried exit by the fire escape. Grey strode over to Wally, jerked him to his feet, and with a blow sent him to the floor. Wally, insane with rage and in his half intoxicated condition not stopping to think, drew a gun and started to scramble to his feet. Grey sprang upon him.

In their struggle the gun went off, and Carrie fell, killed instantly with a bullet through her heart. Grey released Wally and hurried to her side. Wally seized the opportunity to follow the other man down the fire escape. Grey, discovering that Carrie was dead, turned to Bertha.

"If no one but you and your lover were concerned," he said, "I would go straight to the police. But if you will promise me never to see that man again, I will get you out of here, to save Frank unhappiness."

Bertha promised, snatched up a heavy veil, and Grey led her out of the apartment. No one saw them but the hall boy. He recognized Grey, and when the body was discovered, informed the police. But he could not tell who his woman companion was. Grey fled to Europe. The rest Rosalie knew.

"He has held his tongue to keep my name out of it," Bertha moaned. "It was for Frank's sake. Oh, Rosalie, don't let the police take me."

"I am going to take you home, and you are going to tell your husband the truth," Rosalie replied, and they prepared to go, while the detectives led Wally away.

Frank was waiting for his wife, worried that she should be out so late, alone. When he saw the grave faces of the two women, he looked at them questioningly.

"Tell him," Rosalie said, gently removing Bertha's clinging hands, and going out into the night, to be alone with her happiness.

And had it not been that the confession of his wife's indiscretion at the same time removed the accusation against the brother who was scarcely less dear than she herself, Frank might not have been so quick to forgive.

The facts were placed before the district attorney. He offered to prosecute Wally for assault with intent to kill Grey, if Maxfield would assist in the prosecution, but Maxfield, after consulting Rosalie, discovered that he had pressing business in Europe, so the authorities contented themselves with informing the fascinating Mr. Gage that he would be set free on condition that he left the city and never returned. He agreed, and vanished.

And the first time Maxfield and Rosalie were alone, he asked her:

"Do you remember that day I was arrested, in Monte Carlo?"

"Shall I ever forget it?" she replied.

"Do you recall that I was just about to say something when the officers intruded?"

"I do remember you were rather serious that day. Can you recollect what you were going to say?"

"I certainly can. I have been thinking it ever since. It is just this—I love you."

And Rosalie received the belated news as you might expect.

The Story of Storey

(Concluded from page 30)

and I'm going to get my fun out of it by doing everything myself. *Everything.* Plowing and *everything.* That is, everything but the house-work. I'll take care of the horses, milk the cows and put a new cylinder in the gas tractor, but I won't wash dishes for hired men that drink out of their saucers and swallow their knives!"

"Going to get married?" I asked speculatively.

"Only fools ever say 'yes' or 'no' to that question," returned the seeress of Riverside Drive. "I'll say this: marriage may be a pastime for men, but for a woman it's always a business if she makes a success of it. And nobody can have two businesses, or professions—or whatever you wish to call it. I have never wished to marry. I don't wish to marry now. But if I ever do, I'll quit acting, for as I see it, I couldn't be an actress and a reliable wife at the same time. When I'm working I'm thinking situation, studying character, all my hours away from the studio. I might forget to get dinner, and if my husband asked me why, I'd probably bite him."

Miss Storey has a best-beloved and a horrible example among contemporary screen actresses. She is an intense admirer of Pauline Frederick—though she admits she doesn't like the majority of Pauline's scenarios (neither do I!)—and for the horror—

"—I don't know her at all, and some people have told me that personally she's very nice, but in the roles she plays I think Theda Bara is the last word in unreality and awfulness!"

The Mile-a-Minute Art

(Concluded from page 35)

of a certain tint, I will make the playgoer unconsciously feel that he is seeing rich red American Beauties—whereas dark roses of a real red would take black, and seem black. This hypnotic simulation of colors, if I may use that word, is one of the subtlest effects of motion picture photography. It is all a tribute to the power of suggestion, for, remember, the beholder under no circumstances sees anything but various modifications of black and white.

As far as possible I want to see the make-up of actors and actresses before the camera gets them. I do not believe in "tests," except after repeated studies of make-up as applied to the particular individual, and with just the right lighting for that individual. Nine times out of ten, a beautiful girl making her first test picture for an interested manager looks an absolute fright. Remember this, you ambitious would-be Pickfords! Lips properly carmined for the stage look like black gashes in a film. Stage make-ups of pink-and-white come out on the screen like the gray faces of old women. Make-up is a long and careful study for each individual, for no two persons need the same fundamental yellow grease paint. Rouge applied properly reduces fleshy chins; the same rouge almost imperceptibly overdone makes the wearer resemble an Indian in war-paint.

Yesterday I photographed, close up, on an open gas jet—and got it just as it appears to the eye in reality. It was an experiment, for gas itself will not photograph and show illumination. Here's the way I caught it: I had my chief electrician run two pencil carbons, concealed, behind the jet. Their point of meeting was exactly behind the flame of the gas. Then we piped acetylene gas into the jet and lit it; acetylene gas photographs "solid," whereas illuminating gas shows a mere line. The work required half a day; time visible to the audience, four seconds.

If you saw "The Servant in the House" you saw a woman cooking over an actual grate fire of coals, as in an old English home of the poorer class. The coal-fire illumined her face—but buried in those coals we had an electric arc.

The new science of artificial lighting cannot be explained in any brief article. Artificial lighting is coming more and more to the fore, for it can be controlled like water thrown from a hose, whereas daylight is almost as uncontrollable as rain. Artificial lighting will, I predict, overthrow daylight entirely except in outdoor locations. In the old days daylight, indoors and out, ruled the shooting. Today no long picture is ever made entirely by daylight.

The new double-coated film, a recent invention, has been a profound help to motion-picture photography.

In concluding this bare suggestion of the possibilities of active photography, let me voice one of my secret beliefs: the creative geniuses of the first epoch of the photoplay have been directors; in the second epoch, which we are now entering, some of the creative geniuses will be cameramen.

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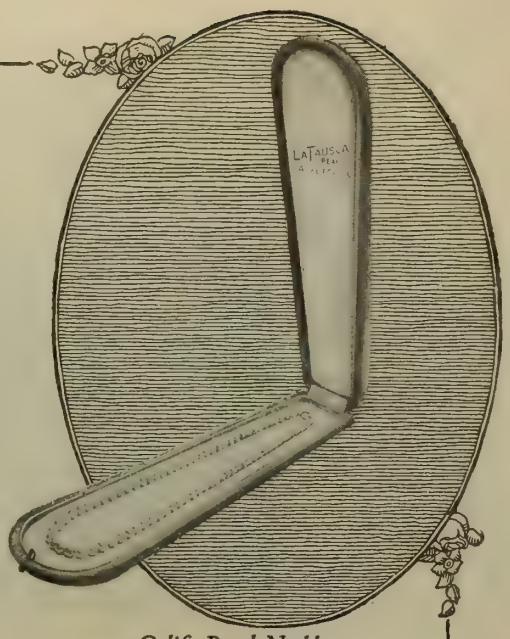

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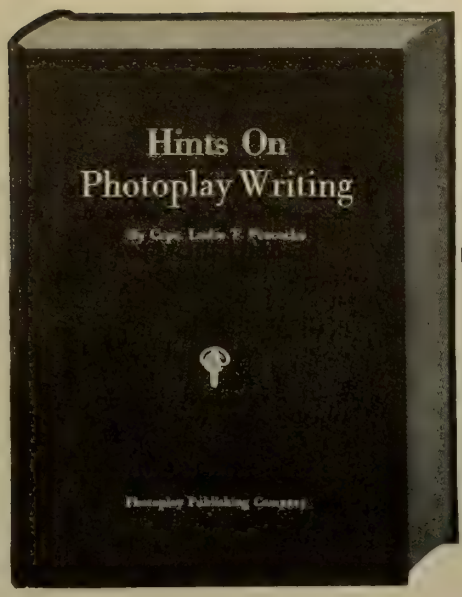

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STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORP., 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAUMONT, Flushing, N. Y.; Jacksonville, Fla.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42nd St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

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PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

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WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 102)

ADELINE, PORTLAND.—Will Vernon Steele ever appear again on the screen? Just a moment while we gaze into our crystal ball. Ah—the answer is—yes! In fact, Vernon is scheduled to play with Madame Petrova in her picturization of "Patience Sparhawk," and with Anita Stewart in Vitagraph's "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." He's a very good actor; yes. That was Beatriz Michelena who played in "Salomy Jane" and "Mignon." Write soon again.

V. O., MINNEAPOLIS.—Comments from our readers, on the current releases, are always interesting. Here's yours: "Saw Norma Talmadge in 'Her Only Way,' and have decided that if a man in a baggy suit, running a Ford, can stand up beside a perfectly tailored man with a Pierce-Arrow, and still make you love him better than the P. A. gentleman—then he's there—if he's Eugene O'Brien." Don't miss the story about 'Gene, in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. O'Brien is thirty-four, unmarried. Niles Welch is with Lasky, in Hollywood; married to Dell Boone. Beverly really married F. X. B.—a real screen romance, wasn't it? Forman is in the army now.

P. M. G., TEXAS.—So you have appeared in pictures in your own home town and they tell you you look like Theda Bara and you truly hope you do. And you want to know how old Ethel Barrymore is and if it's true Marguerite Clark married a soldier. We'll tell you: Mrs. Colt is thirty-nine. Miss Clark is now Mrs. F. Palmerson Williams; her husband is a Lieutenant in the Ordnance Department.

E. M. S., LOS ANGELES.—We don't quite get you. Presume you were ragging, but you couldn't get a laugh out of us that way. However, our secretary read your letter and said it appealed to her sense of humor. Never mind—here are the answers you want: Kenneth Harlan is at Camp Kearney, Cal., at present. Pronounce Nazimova with the accent on the second syllable.

DOROTHY DEAN, DULUTH.—That sounds like an alias. But we enjoyed your letter mightily—and join you in hoping that there are movies in heaven. You ask the age of Mary Miles Minter and add—"Now don't tell me she is sixteen for I know she's not." Very well. Matt Moore plays with Blanche Sweet in "The Unpardonable Sin"; Owen is not working at present, and we don't know when he'll be seen on the screens again. Francis and the former Mrs. Bushman have five children. Beverly Bayne is now Mrs. F. X. B.

C. D., SACTO, CAL.—The Answer Man always has enough to do, thank you. Mary Miles Minter, we believe, employs a secretary whose name is Charlotte Whitney. It is Miss Whitney's business to answer Mary's mail just as it is ours to answer your letters. Whether or not Miss Minter autographs her own photographs must remain a secret unless Mary herself chooses to confide in us. Marjorie Daw's real name is Margaret House; she is with Lasky, in Hollywood. Write William Farnum and Tom Mix at Fox's western studios; Peggy Hyland, in the east. Juanita Hansen, Universal; Eileen Percy, Metro—western. You're welcome.

W. A. F., DALLAS.—So you are sympathetic. That's all right; but can you be as sympathetic with your friend in success as you are with her in sorrow? That was Casson Ferguson with Mary in "How Could You, Jean?" Albert Roscoe with Constance Talmadge in "The Shuttle."

DAISY, JENNINGS, OKLA.—Ella Hall is married to Emory Johnson; Viola Dana is Mrs. John Collins, and Mae Murray was Mrs. Jay O'Brien until the courts gave her a decree of divorce recently. Mae Murray has appeared lately in Universal's "The Bride's Awakening" and "Her Body in Bond." Miss Murray's contract with "U" has expired. June Caprice's last for Fox was "Little Miss Innocence." Violet Mersereau isn't married; and she's noncommittal as to her age. So are Bessie Love, May Allison, Mae Murray, and Vivian Martin. If we presumed to guess at their ages and guessed right we would be no gentleman. Viola Dana is twenty; June Caprice, nineteen; Lila Lee, fifteen. Marguerite Clark and Jules Raucourt in "Prunella." E. K. Lincoln and Barbara Castleton in "For the Freedom of the World." Miss Castleton is with World now; E. K. Lincoln with Leonce Perret. Write again and often.

E. H. and E. G., CLEVELAND.—Write to Norma Talmadge care Select in N. Y. As Eugene O'Brien may be back on the stage by the time you read this, you had better address him at the Hotel Royalton, N. Y. He has done three more pictures with Miss Talmadge after "Her Only Way." I think both stars will send you their photographs.

SHOJI HOUDA, TOKYO-FU, JAPAN.—Charles Chaplin may be addressed at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, L. A., Cal. His latest picture is called "Shoulder Arms!" It is better to make people laugh than weep, and it is harder. Yes, we saw "Flower of the Dusk," and liked Viola Dana, but we are convinced that the public doesn't want so much gloom in their picture entertainment at present. At the final tearful fade-out, a Jackie behind us grumbled: "Give us something funny." And it's only fair.

ALLEN E., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mildred Harris is seventeen. She is not married. Sometime ago there was a rumor that she was engaged to Charlie Chaplin, but it has been denied. So there's a chance for you.

A. C., KARORI, WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Edith Reeves opposite Howard Hickman in "Moral Fabric" in the character of *Amy Winthrop*. Louise Brownell and Frank Mills were in the supporting cast. Yes—I too was disappointed in Niagara Falls. You know every American bride goes there on her honeymoon; and it is one of the earliest disappointments in American married life.

CURIOUS, SEATTLE.—This is the best we can do for you; Alma Rubens is five feet seven inches tall. We can't tell you how tall the others are; and your guess is as good as ours.

J. B. N., LOS ANGELES.—Marjorie Daw was born Margaret House, in Colorado Springs. She is sixteen, and made her first screen appearance for Universal. When she went to Lasky she attracted the attention of Geraldine Farrar, whose protegee she became, and with whom she appeared in "Joan the Woman." Lately Marjorie has been seen as Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman. Perhaps you mean Bud Post, who took the part of *Butch Saunders* in "M'Liss," or Charles Ogle, who played *Yuba Bill*. Be more specific next time, please.

VIRGINIA, ATLANTA.—Why, no—Madge Evans hasn't taken a stage name. Haven't you seen her in World pictures lately? She's playing right along, starring in some pictures and featured in others.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

TONY S.—Was Roscoe Arbuckle always a movie star, or did he once work for a living? No. Roscoe has always been an actor. Afraid we can't help you to find an actor who "wants a good cook that is clean and hoover-ish." But we wish you luck, Hashimura Togo. Roscoe doesn't give his weight, which would lead one to believe that Roscoe doesn't really weigh so much as we think he does. It's the same psychic reason that causes an actress to keep her age a secret.

G. M. C., PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—You think PHOTOPLAY is the very best publication printed, and you wouldn't miss it for anything. No—some of the very best ideas have been expressed by unworthy people, with little or no sincerity. Great discoveries are often accidental. William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. He is not married—yet. He lives in Los Angeles. We want you to write again soon.

H. S., SEATTLE.—Sorry, but one of your questions is against the rules, and the other is answered elsewhere. You don't like to see Madge Kennedy in grotesque make-up such as she wore in "The Service Star"? But one cannot be clever and beautiful at the same time. You're right—most of us prefer the beautiful, especially on the screen. Most expressed emotions are ugly—sorrow, with tears; thought, with furrows; laughter—have you noticed how few women are beautiful when they laugh?

E. M. A., RENSSELAER, N. Y.—You say, in a western town they have a sign on the piano—"Don't shoot the pianist; he is doing his best." The pianist at our suburban theater loves to play "Hearts and Flowers" for the wedding scene, and an ancient tune from tin-pan alley when the heroine weeps at the bedside of her dying father. You want a story about Jack Mower, Margarita Fisher's leading man? Mower was born in Honolulu in 1890. He was champion swimmer on the Pacific Coast for four years. Address—American studios, Santa Barbara—will reach him.

WINNIE, WOODHAVEN, L. I.—Don't see why all you girls are so anxious for the Answer Man to marry. Why, Winnie, I'd rather disappoint a few women for a while than disappoint one woman for life. Herbert Heyes in "Heart of the Sunset." Alice Brady in "The Ordeal of Rosetta." Write to one of the exchanges.

DOROTHY DORE.—Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck, her manager. Many pictures are padded, which makes them much too long; but did you know that in the earliest days of the theater a tragedy in twenty acts was not unusual? Glad the motion picture is a mile-a-minute art?

CATHERINE LOIS, MONTANA.—Why, Catherine, we're dreadfully sorry about that. But then there's no sorrow that time cannot heal, or custom stale. No, that's all mixed up—anyway—you'll get over it. Write to Kathlyn Williams at the Lasky studios in Hollywood; Vivian Reed was with Selig last.

CHUMS, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Von Hindenburg—who has been called, on the screens, "Von Hindenbug" and "Von Hindering Bug"—admits that the Germans have been "set back, but this is a fortune of war with which we must reckon." Quite right. Jack Pickford enlisted in the navy. You want pictures of Charles Ray? Douglas Fairbanks comes within the new draft ruling which includes men from eighteen to forty-five.

C. B., HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—Dorothy Dalton is not married now. She was married to Lew Cody. Write to her at the Thomas H. Ince studios. The greatest minds are often the simplest. It is said of George Bernard Shaw that he is not at all clever to talk to. Don't you see—he puts all his epigrams and aphorisms and subtle satire on paper.

POLLY, DORA.—Emory Johnson, the husband of Ella Hall, plays with Little Mary in "Johanna Enlists." J. Warren Kerrigan's new picture is called "A Burglar for a Night," for Paralta; he is now making pictures for his own company, newly formed. Marguerite Clark says she is thirty-one. The Dolly Sisters appear as "The Million Dollar Dollies" on the screen. They are singing and dancing in "Oh, Look!" on the stage. One of them is married to Harry Fox. Blanche Sweet's new pictures are "The Hushed Hour" and "The Unpardonable Sin." Fairbanks' latest are "Bound in Morocco" and "He Comes Up Smiling."

C. W., ST. PAUL, MINN.—We have many correspondents from your city. Yes, we heard that "President Wilson passed unrecognized in Boston; but then how can one expect one to know one in Boston without an introduction?" Theda Bara is twenty-eight; Mary Miles Minter, twelve years younger. The others don't give their ages. Norman Kerry was reported to be engaged to Constance Talmadge. "What is the proper form used in writing to a star for a photo?" Is there any? So far as we know, that school is a good one. You say you don't think you'll ever be able to thank us for answering your questions. Well, don't try.

PATTY ANN LEE, BUTTE, MONTANA.—Lucille Zintheo has appeared in Lasky pictures; Helen Arnold, for Metro. Don't think PHOTOPLAY will have another contest: for some time, anyway. Discontent means progress; when you're satisfied with yourself you'll never get on. Glad PHOTOPLAY is your best friend, but not your only friend. It shouldn't be so hard for you to make friends as you say. Write us again.

B. C., GRASS VALLEY, CAL.—If I were a twin sister with auburn hair and hazel eyes and fifteen years, I wouldn't want to break into the movies. Think it over for a few years and then write me again. In romance, the man should have a sense of humor; the woman should lack one. It is the hardest thing in the world to make love to a woman with a sense of humor—she invariably laughs at one. Write to Herbert Rawlinson, care J. Stuart Blackton, Blackton studios, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. K. C., MINNEAPOLIS.—Here's all we can tell you about Fritz Leiber: His stage career has been with People's Stock in Chicago and with such stars as Julia Marlowe, David Warfield, Petrova and Mantell. He has played for Metro, and appeared in Fox's "Cleopatra." He motors, Fritz does, and he plays golf. You may write to him and ask him such personal questions as "Are you married?" and "Are you of draft age?" at his home, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

LAWRENCE OIEN, IDAHO.—Several readers have written in about the conflicting answers to the Wally Reid queries. 'Twas this way: one answer, saying that Wally was in training at Camp Lewis, was written first; then after we heard that it was only a man impersonating Wally at Camp Lewis, we wrote the other answer, saying he was still with Lasky. A fair explanation to a fair question. Write again.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

"THE DARLIN' VAMP," MOORESTOWN, N. J.—Vamps are not so good now. For a while a theater manager had only to advertise a vampire picture—so-called—to give his ticket-seller nervous prostration and the lobby of his theater every indication of prosperity. But the picture-public are beginning to discriminate. There was a portrait of Pauline Frederick on the cover for June, 1917; unfortunately, we are all out of that issue of PHOTOPLAY. You like our fictionizations of screen stories. Thank you. Here are some of Carlyle Blackwell's pictures for World Film: "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds," "A Leap to Fame," "The Golden Wall," "His Royal Highness," "The Cabaret," "The Beloved Blackmailer," "The Good-for-Nothing," "By Hook or Crook," "The Road to France," the fictionization of which appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Some of his very old films were "Out in the Rain," "The Wrong Box" and "The Honor System." Anything else?

TRI-COLOR, MIAMI, OKLA.—That is Marguerite Clark's real name—or was, until she took another. Now it's Mrs. F. Palmerson Williams. Her late releases have been, "Out of a Clear Sky" and "Three Men and a Girl." Following is the cast of "The Secret Kingdom": *King Phillip (Phillip Barr,)* Charles Richman; *Mme. Savatz,* Dorothy Kelly; *Princess Julia,* Arline Pretty; *Juan,* William Dunn; *Prime Minister Simond,* Joseph Kilgour; *Count Ramon,* De Jalma West.

ANTOINETTE, WALSENBURG, COLO.—You can just bet you can join our club—if it is a club. You're wrong—"Cleopatra" did not make Theda Bara famous; though it may have added to her long list of admirers—of which you are one. "I simply adore Theda Bara," you say; "I just can't miss her." No one can, Antoinette. Write to her care Fox in New York. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890, and her real name is Theodosia Goodman. There was an interview with Miss Bara in the May, 1917, issue of PHOTOPLAY. Irene Castle has short hair; and we believe Texas Guinan and Louise Glaum have, too. No trouble at all; write again.

LILLIAN K., TEXAS.—Fatty Arbuckle is married to Minta Durfee, who used to play in Keystone comedies. Very likely you have seen her—she's a petite brunette with large dark eyes; and she has played in: "His Wife's Mistake," "Mickey," and in several pictures with her husband. Arbuckle's new one is called "The Cook." Al St. John, who plays with him, is his nephew. Helen Holmes was married—to J. P. McGowan, her director; but they are now divorced. Antonio Moreno is not married.

A. STERN, TRENTON, N. J.—Please be more specific. Do you mean you want to know if we have answered a query from "Margaret, Indianapolis?" If you really want to know about Earle Williams, we can tell you that he recently signed a new contract with Vitagraph; that he is unmarried, thirty-eight years old, and is a native Californian.

KATHERINE H., CALUMET, MICH.—Someday we are going to get real angry. We have repeatedly told you all, that we cannot give advice or instructions on how to enter the movies; but it doesn't seem to make any impression and you keep on asking us just the same. Again we say—that if there were any sure way of "breaking in," the Answer Man would have done so long since. (Seriously, folks, the Answer Man wouldn't be a movie actor for love or money.)

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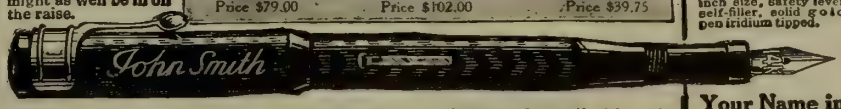

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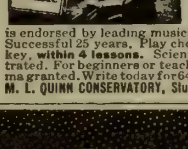

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

D. M. W., TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.—G. M. Anderson has been threatening to return to the screen for some time now. He says his new picture will be called "Naked Hands." Mary Pickford's new pictures are "How Could You, Jean?" "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and her very latest is "Johanna Enlists," from Rupert Hughes' story. Tom Meighan played the school-master in "M'Liss." Did you send a quarter with your request for Miss Clark's picture? Yes, Anna Case is in the movies; she made a picture called "The Golden Hope" for Julius Steger. Please write again.

SESSUE AND MARY KAN, HAMILTON, ONT.—James Kirkwood with Mary in "The Eagle's Mate." Rhea Mitchell played opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Typhoon." You say, "Sent for one of your books, 'Stars of the Photoplay,' and am enjoying it extremely. I think it well worth twenty-five or fifty cents."

ESTHER, MINN.—Address Ann Pennington care Famous Players studio, N. Y.—and her name is still Pennington. Her hair is light brown, her eyes dark. Mollie King—not married—is twenty; she has reddish-brown hair and hazel eyes. She is singing and giving imitations now in the Century's Midnight Revue. Anne Luther is twenty-three.

M. P. FAN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Mary Pickford is your favorite. And you want her picture on the cover of PHOTOPLAY. Miss Pickford is not working at the present time; she is taking a long vacation and considering offers from various film companies. We have never spoken of ourselves as being old. After all, it's a state of mind, isn't it? Surely—write often.

ANNA BELLE, NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO.—Anna Belle, it simply is true that Carlyle Blackwell was married once but not now. Mrs. Blackwell, who was Ruth Hartman, divorced him. There are two children, we believe. Carlyle is playing right along in World pictures and you may write to him at their Fort Lee, N. J., studios.

ADELE L., HOBOKEN.—Why do you people so enjoy prying into pasts? If your favorite is older than she looks, you're disappointed. If they lie about their age, you distrust 'em; and if they look youthful and tell the truth about it, you think they're not clever. But, since you ask it, here goes: Irving Cummings and Tom Moore are about thirty; Jack Pickford, nine years younger. Bessie Barriscale doesn't give her age, but we believe she is in her late twenties. Mabel Normand is about twenty-four; Alice Joyce is twenty-eight.

U. O. ME., A. N. SIR.—Not now, we don't. Address Alma Rubens care Triangle, Culver City; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alice Brady, Select, N. Y.; Constance and Norma Talmadge, Select; Mary McLaren, Universal City; Mary Miles Minter, American, Santa Barbara, Cal. Alice Lake with Herbert Rawlinson in "Come Through." Anita Stewart has entirely recovered from her illness. See her in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." You can just bet we want to hear from you again.

E. C., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Carter De Havens are not in pictures at the present time, but have returned to the musical comedy stage. Believe they were last seen in vaudeville. The only address we can give is Universal City, Cal.; send your letter there and it may be forwarded.

A. F., HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CAN.—Haven't a record of that. Eugene O'Brien isn't married.

KATHERINE S., NASHVILLE, TENN.—You liked "Prunella." So did we. Without exception it was the most beautifully handled picture of its kind we have ever seen. "Pierrot's" name is Jules Raucourt. He was born in Brussels, Belgium, in 1890; educated in Brussels and Paris. He appeared in many well-known plays on the Continent and in England. Came to New York where he played at the Lyceum Theatre. His screen career has been with Famous Players, Empire-Mutual and Metro, and includes such pictures as "The Outcast," "Rose of the Alley," "My Wife." Raucourt has dark hair and brown eyes. You may address him 22 W. 72nd St., N. Y. C. Grace Cunard is not playing now. Eddie Polo is still with Universal. You don't like the old pictures re-issued under new names? Elmo Lincoln is twenty-nine.

R. A., CHICAGO.—The information you saw in PHOTOPLAY was entirely right—Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati. The Sahara Desert story is just a press-agent's dream; but you aren't the only one to be taken in by it. Mary McAlister is about eight years old. Mary Miles Minter never neglects a request for a photograph. The Fox studios in Hollywood have not been moved.

B. PATERSON.—Miriam Cooper was "The Friendless One" in Griffith's Sun Play; Lillian Gish, the "Woman who Rocked the Cradle." Elmer Clifton played "The Rhapsode;" Walter Long, the "Musketeer of the Slums." You're right—Seena Owen was "Princess Atterea;" Alfred Paget was "Belshazzar." Visitors are not permitted in most of the studios. Here are the birth dates you asked for: Mary Miles Minter, April 1, 1902; June Caprice, 1899; Mae Marsh, 1897; Mary Pickford, 1893; Wallace Reid, 1892; Harold Lockwood, 1887; Earle Foxe, 1888; and Jack Pickford, 1896. They don't give the day and month. The others won't tell us how old they are. We wish you success. Write again.

MRS. R. M. M., DETROIT, MICH.—Alice Joyce is Mrs. Tom Moore in private life. She lives in New York, and has a little daughter, Alice Mary Moore. Miss Joyce never appeared on the legitimate stage; she was a telephone operator and artist's model before entering the picture field.

A. K., BALTIMORE, MD.—Jane Lee and Virginia Lee Corbin are not the same, nor are they related. Both are kid stars for Fox; Jane is co-starred with her sister Katherine and they are known as "the baby-grands." Virginia Lee Corbin is the golden-haired child who played in the Fox fairy-tales.

J. McC., AUSTIN, TEXAS.—Some of the stars answer their own mail; others employ secretaries. Madge Kennedy was a very well known comedienne on the stage. She is now with Goldwyn and may be reached at the Fort Lee, N. J., studios. Maude Adams and Grace George have often been offered moving picture contracts but both say they will never appear on the screen. Thanks for your good wishes; glad to hear from you at any time.

IRMA U., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Alice Brady's address is given elsewhere in these columns; think she'll send you a picture. Please come again.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

H. B., ILL.—Glad you like us; we like you, too. Address William Brady at The Playhouse, N. Y. That's sure to reach him. Your letter had to await its turn; we were awfully busy last month. It looks as though this month's mail was going to be a record breaker, too.

SOLDIER, CAMP FREMONT, CAL.—Margaret Thompson in private life is Mrs. E. H. Allen. She may be addressed care Mr. Allen at the Thos. H. Ince studios in Hollywood. She isn't playing now. Ask us some more questions; we're particularly pleased to receive those letters headed: "With the Colors."

"TEDDIE," LARCHMONT, N. Y.—Well, well—just when we were about to throw up our job, along comes that letter from you that makes the skies all rosy and life again worth living. And we thought we weren't *ever* going to hear from you again! It is the privilege of kings and editors to use "we;" but pretty soon it will just be the privilege of editors. They are the only real despots, anyway. Believe that—and we'll tell you another. And still, you say, that doesn't explain why an Answer Man should use "we." Ah, but we edit the Answer Department, at least; we have a typewriter, an encyclopedia, and a waste-basket under us. Yes, we get you, Teddie. You say, "I may be small, but I've got big ideas." And that, you continue, is all you heard of that song—"and maybe that's enough." We are a cynic—we admit it. Thereby proving it beyond a doubt. "For a cynic is he who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing." So you see we couldn't possibly appreciate letters like yours, written on grey paper, and interspersed with French phrases. There's a story about Robert Gordon in September PHOTOPLAY. If you can't find the information you want in that, write to us again; although we really don't know whether or not his parents are alive. Address him care Lasky, Hollywood. Communicate with our Circulation Department, this address, about your subscription. Write again soon.

O. L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Wallace Reid is twenty-six; Mrs. Reid, twenty-three. Some of his new pictures are: "The Firefly of France;" Believe Me, Xantippe;" and his very latest, "The Source." There's a Wallie, jr., you know; he's about a year old now. Not a bit of trouble. Thank you.

M. R., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—William Hart is forty-three. 'Tis rumored he's engaged to be married; but the latest is that Bill denies it. Don't know. Stuart Holmes lately appeared in an Ivan picture, "When Men Betray," with Gail Kane and in a Bushman-Bayne Metro, "Miss Moneybags."

A. K. H., CLARKSBURG, W. VA. — We weren't at all flattered by your title of "Gracious Monarch." Don't you know monarchs aren't popular now? Call us The Answer Man; it's always good; and it suits us. Milton Sills, it is true, has been leading man for a great many screen stars; he is now playong opposite Geraldine Farrar, for Goldwyn.

K. R. HARRISON, NEB.—Earle Rodney opposite Enid Bennett. Of the players you mention, desiring to know their matrimonial status, Bessie Barriscale is married to Howard Hickman; Anita Stewart to Rudolph Cameron; Madge Kennedy to Harold Bolster, and Marguerite Clark is engaged to be married to Lieut. F. Palmerson Williams. Bill Hart is said to be engaged. William Desmond's wife was Lillian Lamson.

JASMINE, ST. LOUIS.—You are rather remarkably well informed. No—Kerensky fled from Petrograd last November. There was a house-to-house hunt for him; but it is believed he made his way to Christiania. It was reported he married a dancer. Address Mabel Normand, Goldwyn, Fort Lee, N. J.

V. L. C., CHICAGO.—Dustin Farnum now has his own company, for which he is making "The Light of Western Stars," "The Wolf Breed" and other western pictures. Lamar Johnstone supported Tyrone Power in "The Planter" and we haven't heard of him since then. Haven't had any new dope for quite some time. Will let you know when we have news of them. Farnum and Coxen are married. Theatrical censorship started in London in 1737, over a satirical play by Fielding.

A. M., CORONADO.—Enid Markey is playing in San Diego with the Virginia Brissac Stock Company. Anita Stewart has a country place at Bayshore, L. I. Write to those players if you must know what motor cars they ride in. We admit that Norma couldn't emote so well if she rode to the studio in a Ford instead of a Rolls-Royce. The picture puzzles have been discontinued, for the time being, at least. Jack Mower with Margarita Fischer. One can live down everything except a reputation—good or bad.

C. A., BURLEY, IDAHO.—Write to Wallie Reid, but don't tell him you think he's pretty. Not if you want an answer. Francis X. Bushman is married to Beverly Bayne. The other players you mentioned are unmarried with the exception of Roscoe Arbuckle, whose wife is Minta Durfee, who used to play in Keystone comedies. Players are supposed to furnish their own wardrobes. You say you're the greatest movie fan in the world. Well, there are just as many to dispute that title as there are actors who think they are the greatest movie actors in the world. Men are great little imitators.

ELIZA JANE, GRAND FORKS, S. D.—Raymond McKee is in the army now. We give away good advice because we think we don't need it ourselves. When, as a matter of fact, we are not being unselfish at all.

O. G., WISCONSIN.—The Griffith studios are located in Hollywood. Sessue Hayakawa, Haworth Pictures Corporation, Paralta studios, Los Angeles; Bryant Washburn, Lasky, Hollywood; Thomas Meighan, Famous Players, New York; Eugene O'Brien, Select, New York; Edna Earle, Mabel Condon Exchange, Los Angeles; Charles Ray, Ince studios, Hollywood; Miriam Cooper, Fox, New York; Louise Glaum, Paralta, Los Angeles. Mignon Anderson plays with Frank Keenan in "The Midnight Trail"; the fiction version appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Be careful in choosing your friends; be more careful in choosing your enemies.

D. S., PLYMOUTH, IND.—Don't you have anything better to do than grumble about the weather? Landsakes, child, ain't you got no optimism a-tall? We have to work too hard to mind the weather. Anita Loos' new picture is tentatively entitled "Gosh Darn the Kaiser!" Write again—but wait until it's a nice day.

GERALD SHANNON, N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA.—We have forwarded your letter to Geraldine Farrar as you requested. Very glad indeed you like PHOTOPLAY so well; we have many friends in the Antipodes. Will you write again, and ask us some questions?

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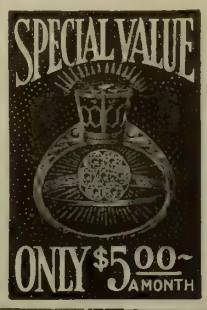

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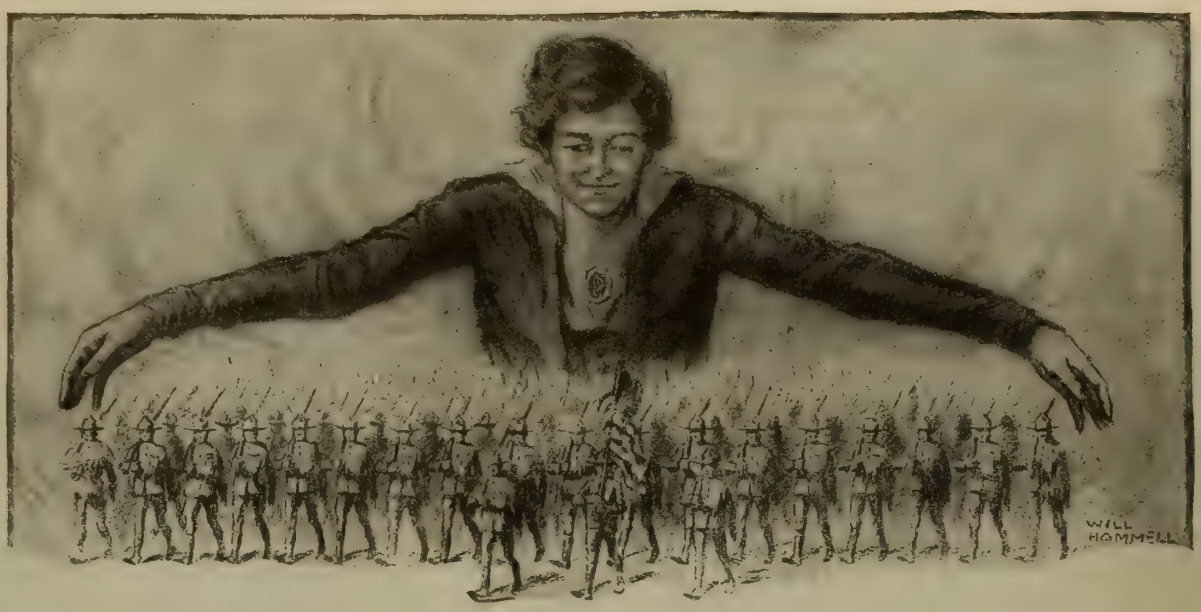

How Great is Your Mother Love?

IS IT limited to your own son or sons who are now in khaki?

Or is it great enough to extend to a million, two million other boys like him who are ready to give up their lives for you.

You have knitted for those dearest to you: have written them letters of cheer, and have sent them many little presents which will contribute to their comfort.

Don't forget the others. You can show your thoughtfulness for every one of them.

Every woman of America, whether married or single, must rejoice in aiding the work of the Y. M. C. A. overseas.

For it is the work of "mothering" the boys —not coddling them, but looking after their real welfare; keeping their spirits high and their courage strong; giving them the nearest possible substitute for the home life they have left; ministering to their minor —but still important—needs; and reminding them of the gratitude and affection of those for whom they are fighting.

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THE MOST YOU CAN GIVE THEM IS
LESS THAN THEY ARE GIVING YOU

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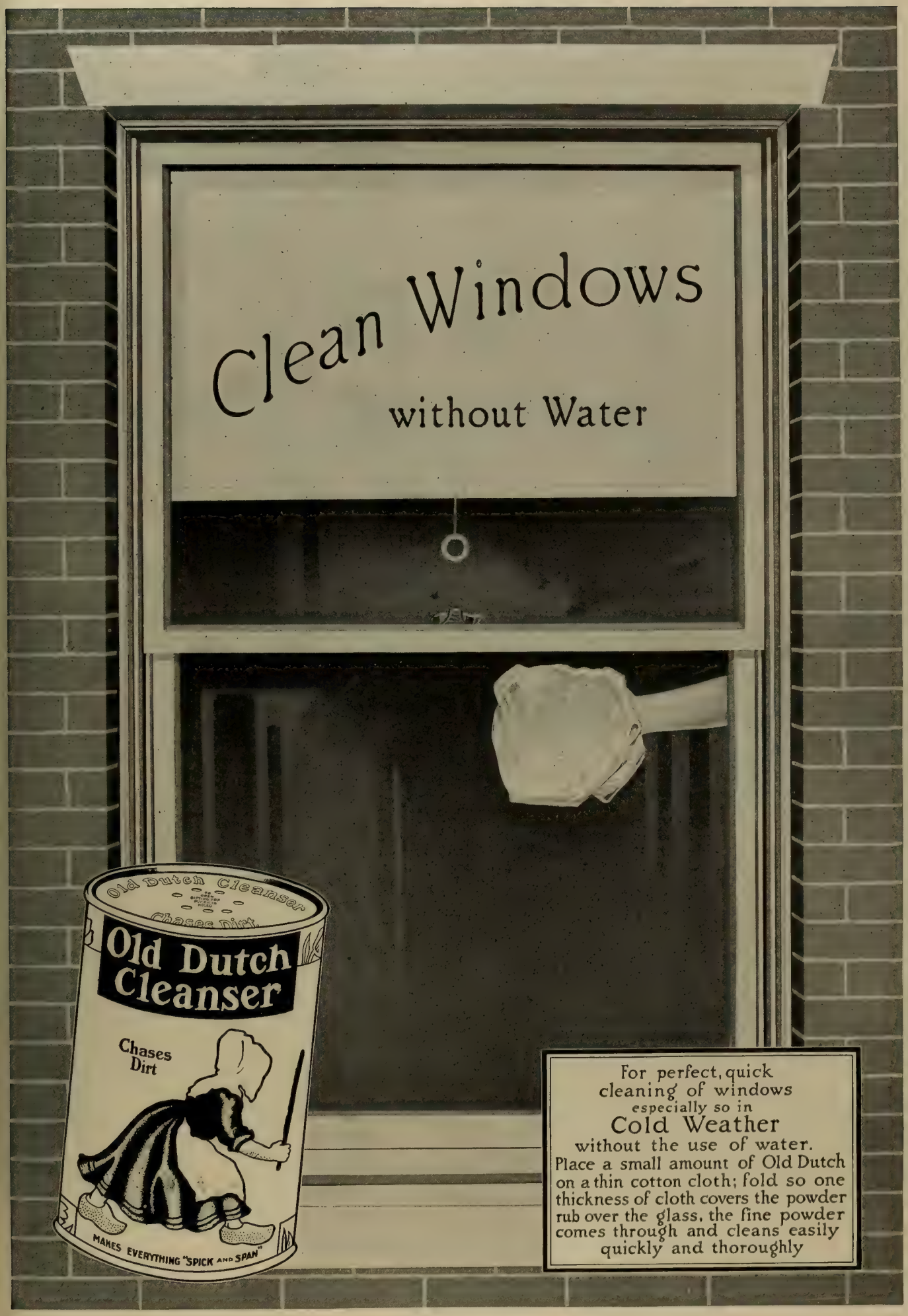

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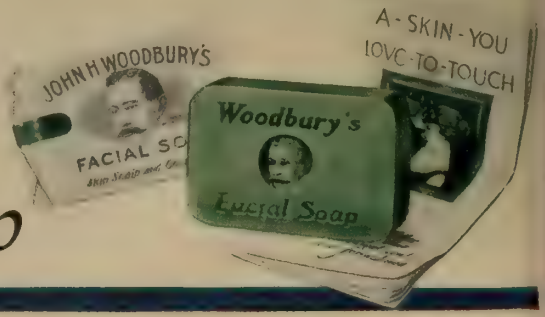

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

December
20 Cents

SYLVIA BREAMER

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Postmaster General.

How I Pick My Leading Women

By D. W. Griffith, the World's Greatest Photoplay Director—IN THIS ISSUE

To keep a lovely skin —with soap that rinses off.

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense coöperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing*.

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off*."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap*, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses.*

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That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES *you find them caring for their native charms in simpler ways —the ways that Nature herself intended.*"

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The machine has not been changed in the slightest. You get the exact $100 Oliver for $49 solely because of our new plan of selling direct.

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Mail the coupon now. It is your great opportunity to own a typewriter.

Remember the saving will not be as great after January 1st.

Easy to Learn

Anyone can learn to learn to operate the Oliver. It is simple. One picks it up easily.

One may learn the "natural" method or the "touch system."

We have published an instruction book for those who wish to learn the touch system, as taught in the better business colleges.

This we furnish free to Oliver buyers who ask for it when ordering.

It is called "The Van Sant System of Touch Typewriting." It is prepared by Prof. A. C. Van Sant, known for years as the father of improved touch typewriting.

Free Instruction

Ordinarily, it would cost you $40 or more, plus the difficulty of attendance, to take this course at a business college.

You can learn it at home through our charts and instructions. By practice you may rival the speediest operators.

So whether you learn by yourself the "natural" way, which is fast enough for the average individual, or the "touch system" which is the fastest of all, be assured that you will find typing easy.

Thousands of people like yourself have learned. Thousands of school children are learning.

The Oliver is particularly easy to operate because of its fundamental excellencies.

Advanced Ideas

The Oliver was first to introduce "visible" writing.

And ever since the Oliver has been a leader in improvements.

The touch is light, the action largely automatic. The workmanship is of the best.

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And you can use it while you are paying.

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After January 1st the price of the Oliver Typewriter will be $57. We are compelled to make this advance because of the increased cost of production. Our plan and the Oliver remain the same. To lower the quality was unthinkable. The addition in cost insures its superiority.

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There is no question as to the wisdom of the order. It not only conserves a war necessity, but it tends to make the publishing business more efficient.

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We will undoubtedly hear from many readers who delay getting their copy until their newsdealer has sold out.

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Our advice is to see your newsdealer at once.

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. XV No. 1

Contents

DECEMBER, 1918

Cover Design — *Sylvia Breamer*
From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

Duotone Portraits: Doris Kenyon, Violet Mersereau, Olive Thomas, Shirley Mason, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., June Elvidge, Billie Burke, Katherine Calvert

The Eternal Art — Editorial 23

How Griffith Picks His Leading Women — Harry C. Carr 24
The Great Director, Who Speaks So Seldom, Has Spoken.

Clan Moore — Julian Johnson 27
About Tom—a Real Irishman from the Ould Sod.

Greenwich Village as It Ain't! — Mildred Morris 30
The Guest of Florence Deshon Discovers Conventionality There.

The Literary U-Boat (Verse) — Randolph Bartlett 32

For Husbands Only (Picture) 33
Question: To Whom is Mildred Harris Writing?

The Secret Garden (Fiction) — Jerome Shorey 34
The Story of Lila Lee's Picture.

It's a Hard Life! — Elizabeth Peltret 39
Alice Lake Says That Comedy Is Not Always Funny.

Meet "M'sieu Cuckoo!" 41
The Story of Robert Anderson.

(Contents continued on next page)

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Next Month

We have learned one thing: that you can't build trenches to protect advance announcements.

PHOTOPLAY is a magazine run like a newspaper, and it has suffered more than once from a pre-outline of its news features. What's the use thinking yourself if you can get some one to do your thinking for you? That is not only the adage of the mob, but of some publications.

Accordingly, we have ceased making this column an accurate catalogue of reading for thirty days from now. We will tell you some of our plans, but we always want you to feel that when you pick up PHOTOPLAY on the newsstands you are going to get the snap of surprise, the zest of the unexpected, in its pages.

For instance: Last month we gave you no hint of D. W. Griffith's remarkable expression upon acting, and the necessary qualifications of dramatic women, which is the star number of our present bill. We are certain that this is the most unusual interview Mr. Griffith has ever given in the whole of his career, for he is a man who says little and does much. It is not only interesting, but it has the authority of the master, and the further touch, in writing, of one thoroughly acquainted with the whole detail of the Griffith viewpoint; Mr. Carr has been a close personal friend for years.

Marie Doro—a New Impression

Despite her recent absence from the screen, Miss Doro, by her piquant beauty, her personal force and above all by reason of her brilliant mind, remains one of the dominant women of motion pictures. She is coming back to them soon—via the stage, in all probability.

At any rate, she will have something to say which has not been said, in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Contents—*Continued*

Metropolitan Movies — Dr. J. Victor Wilson — 42
A Theatre Man Learns Something New About His Patronage.

A Boy Who Didn't Grow Up — Dorothy Nutting — 44
Ernest Truex Calls Enthusiasm the Real Fountain of Youth.

The Lady of the Names — Delight Evans — 46
Gretchen Hartman Is the One She Likes Best, However.

Savagery's Last Stronghold Stormed by the Camera — 48
Unusual Pictures Taken by an American in the Solomon Isles.

The Forbidden City (Fiction) — Betty Shannon — 49
Retold from Norma Talmadge's Oriental Photoplay.

Educational Films — 53
How the Screen Makes Good Americans Out of Foreigners.

Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky — Ellen Woods — 54
Tully Marshall, and Muriel Ostriche.

Seventy-Two Reels of Hard Luck — Randolph Bartlett — 55
How Herbert Brenon was Chased by a Celluloid Jinx.

A Specialist in a Fine Art — 57
Watterson Rothacker—the Head of a Great Film Factory.

Carduelis Canaria Co-Stars with Fairbanks (Picture) — 58
Another Diva Who Has Packed Her Voice in Mothballs.

"You Win!" — Dorothy Allison — 59
How Irene Blackwell Won an Important Wager.

Looking Backward with Ben — Harry C. Carr — 60
The Screen Career of Ben Turpin.

The World's New Fashion-Plate — Sam G. Levy — 62
And Now the Screen Is the Sartorial Pace-Maker.

Close-Ups — Editorial Comment — 65

The Shadow Stage — Julian Johnson — 67
Reviews of the New Pictures.

Get a Gun for Atlas! — 71
Ricord Gradwell Now Has the World on His Shoulders.

Better Photoplay League Goes Over the Top — Myra Kingman Miller — 72
Read How the Country is Responding to the Great Movement.

The Daughter of "The Powerful" — Julian Johnson — 74
Sylvia Breamer Says Her Father Was a Ship Captain.

The Film—A Fighting Arm — John Flinn — 76
A Great Authority Writes a Great Summary of the Film in War.

Grand Crossing Impressions — Delight Evans — 78
Katherine MacDonald and Herbert Rawlinson "Pass Through."

Plays and Players — Cal York — 79
News from the Studios.

Why-Do-They-Do-It? — 86
More Inconsistencies Discovered by Our Readers.

Questions and Answers — The Answer Man — 89

Next Month

George M. Cohan

A genuine, heartfelt expression by the most individual genius of the American stage on the subject of motion pictures. Have you ever seen one? We haven't, and it's a safe bet that we've kept closer track of the publications than you have, for that's our business.

But here goes one. It's an altogether remarkable interview, the first interview Mr. Cohan has given in years.

"My Gang"

Under this title, which sits as easy on the story as a plains saddle on a cayuse, Cliff Smith, boss of the great band of Triangle cowboys, has written of the real lives of the men who ride behind his stars. William Allen White never wrote more human stuff.

Better Photoplay League

This great movement for clean pictures is sweeping the communities of America like Spanish influenza, but as an upbuilder instead of a tearer-down. Next month behold some of the results of the constructive campaign which exerts its influence to promote that which is best, directing community sentiment and taste toward the right thing and thereby causing the wrong thing to die of inanition.

Other Features

As we have said, we want January PHOTOPLAY to be a surprise issue, and it will be.

In addition to the brief list of samples appended, it will contain half a dozen special, illustrated articles of timeliness and importance—

Interviews and personality stories, with especial pictures—

A beautiful duotone art section with eight Alfred Cheney Johnson portraits—

New and interesting fiction, sumptuously illustrated—

A wealth of pictures and pictorial features—

The Great War, and the motion picture's share of it and for it—

Julian Johnson's Shadow Stage—the new plays in review—

Editorial comment—

—and every one of PHOTOPLAY's well-known departments.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

Page 67

The Cruise of the Make-Believe.....Paramount
The Goat.....Paramount

Page 68

Laughing Bill Hyde.....Goldwyn
Come on In.....Paramount
Just for Tonight.....Goldwyn
Ashes of Love.....Abramson

Page 69

Hick Manhattan.....Goldwyn
The Inn of the Blue Moon....Doris Kenyon Prod.
The Hun Within.....Artcraft
Sporting Life.....Maurice Tourneur
The Bells.....Pathe

Page 70

The Talk of the Town.....Universal
Light of Western Stars.....Sherman
Stolen Orders.....William A. Brady

Page 92

A Soul Without Windows.....World
The Temple of Dusk.....Mutual
The Clutch of Circumstance.....Vitagraph
Kildare of the Storm.....Metro
Boston Blackie's Pal.....Metro
Johanna Enlists.....Artcraft
Embarrassment of Riches.....Lillian Walker

Page 93

Vive La France.....Ince-Paramount
Peck's Bad Girl.....Goldwyn
Money Mad.....Goldwyn
The Turn of the Wheel.....Goldwyn

Page 94

A Japanese Nightingale.....Pathe
He Comes Up Smiling.....Artcraft
The Source.....Paramount
Out of a Clear Sky.....Paramount
The Better Half.....Select
Wives of Men.....Pioneer
The Law of the North.....Ince-Paramount
In Pursuit of Polly.....Paramount
A Law Unto Herself.....Paralta
Prisoners of the Pines.....Hampton
The Girl Who Came Back.....Paramount
Her Country First.....Paramount
The Eyes of Julia Deep.....Mutual
A Hoosier Romance.....Selig

Page 95

Mystic Faces.....Triangle
The Secret Code.....Triangle
A Woman of Impulse.....Paramount
The Silent Woman.....Metro
The Road to France.....World
T'Other Fair Charmer.....World
That Devil Bateese.....Bluebird
The Brazen Beauty.....Universal
Her Man.....Pathe
Lafayette, We Come!.....Perret Productions
The Border Raiders.....Diando-Pathe
Sauce for the Goose.....Select

The History of a Van Camp Soup

A Parisian Chef

In the Hotel Ritz, created the original recipe. It embodied some 20 ingredients, and 23 hours were required in the making.

In a culinary contest held in Paris this recipe took the prize. Thus this soup became the leader in that city of fine cookery.

Materials Analyzed

These Van Camp scientists fix a standard for every ingredient. Every material must come up to that standard. Some materials are selected by analysis to insure against variation.

Thus a Van Camp Soup is always at its best — exactly like the model soup adopted.

Scientific Cooks

Later this chef was employed by Van Camp, and that recipe came with him. Here our culinary experts, college trained, worked three years to improve it. By testing countless blends they evolved a savor which amazed the chef himself.

All Van Camp Soups are perfected in that way. Our scientific cooks start with a famous recipe. They try out hundreds of ways to improve it. And they never stop until they reach the limit in deliciousness.

The Final Formula

Then every step and detail is recorded in formula. And that formula is always followed to the dot.

In every Van Camp Soup you get a famous recipe perfected in this way. You get the very utmost in blend and ingredients.

They come to you ready to serve, at a trifling cost—the finest soups ever created.

Try two or three, and you will never again be content to serve an ordinary soup.

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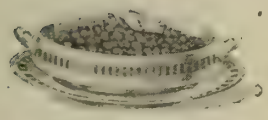

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Also perfected by these culinary experts. Beans selected by analysis are baked for hours by super-heated steam. Baked with a sauce which is the final result of testing 856 formulas.

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Van Camp's Peanut Butter

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Sessue Hayakawa

The distinguished Japanese actor—one of the screen's foremost artists will soon appear in

"Bonds of Honor"

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Name.....

Address.....

Alfred Cheney Johnston

DORIS KENYON is the latest screeness to be adopted by a regiment, with the title of honorary lieutenant. Doris has just completed a third picture, "Wild Honey," for De Luxe, the company for which she is both treasurer and star.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

THIS merry Mersereau, absent from the screen for one whole year, came back when someone said that in remaining idle these war-times she wasn't doing her bit in keeping up the nation's morale. So Violet is working again for Universal.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

TWO recent Triangles in which Olive Thomas appears are entitled, respectively, "Toton" and "Carmen Ariza." Her real name is Olive Duffy, which she changed a year ago to Mrs. Jack Pickford.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

SAID Shirley Mason: "Please don't repeat it, but I was born in Brooklyn, and live in the Bronx. I play solitaire between scenes at the studios; and—ssh! —I'm married." His name is Durning, and he's an assistant director for Metro.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

YOU already know that this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. At eight years he has not yet decided whether he will pursue a screen career in the footsteps of his father, or be a fireman, or an aviator.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

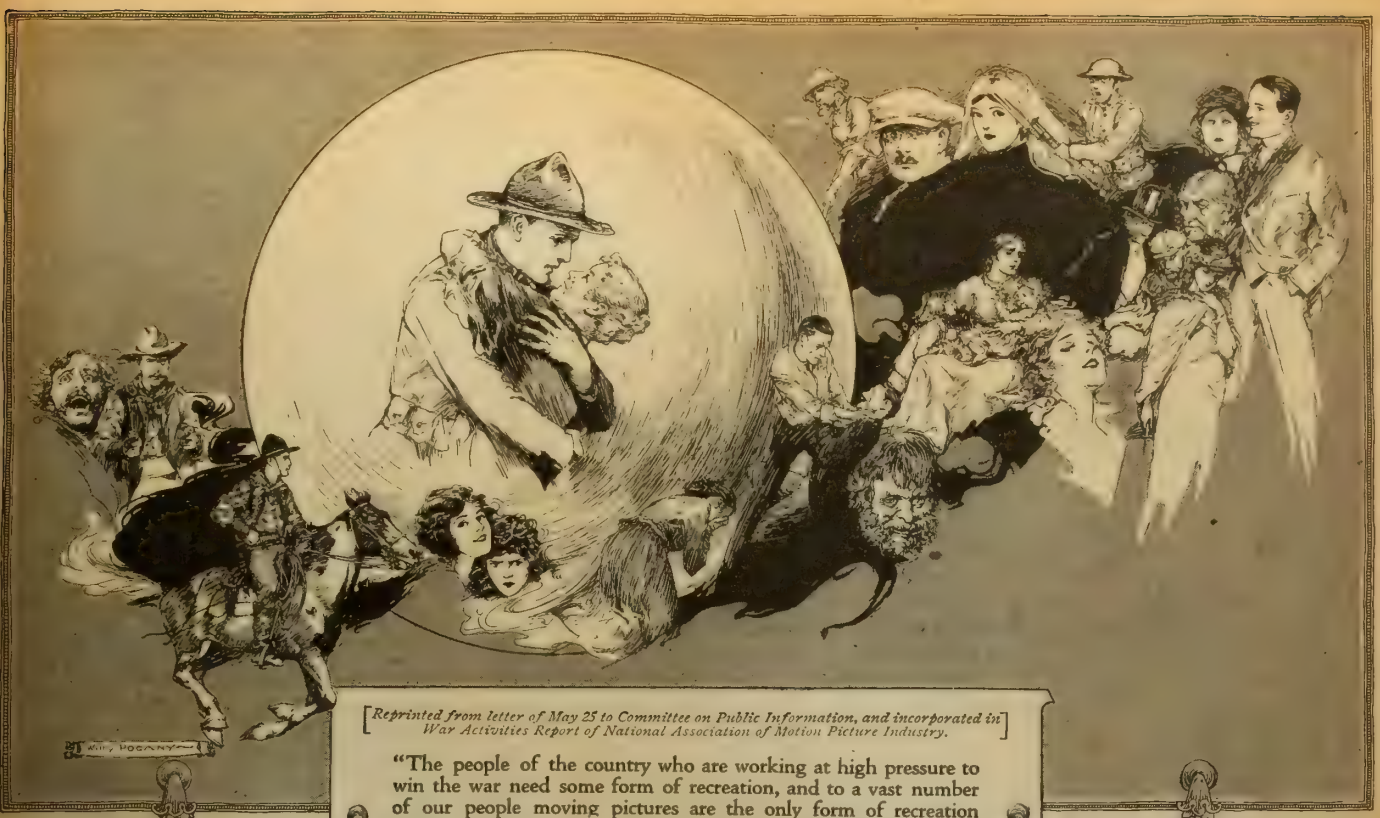
JUNE ELVIDGE used to sing in the church choir in her little hometown. Then she went on the stage. Now she's a film star with problems like World Film plots, and the selection of a dozen new gowns a week.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

BILLIE BURKE divides her allegiance between screen and stage, but she would, if her public would permit, neglect them both for her small daughter, Florence Patricia Burke Ziegfeld. Billie's intermittent picture-making began two years ago.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

"MARRIAGE" and "Out of the Night" are two new photoplays in which Catherine Calvert is starred. She is the widow of the playwright, Paul Armstrong, whose dramas she is now transferring to the celluloid.



[*Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry.*]

"The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude."

(*Signed*) **W. G. MCADOO**, ***Secretary of the Treasury***

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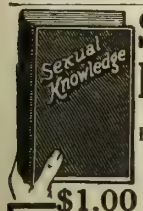

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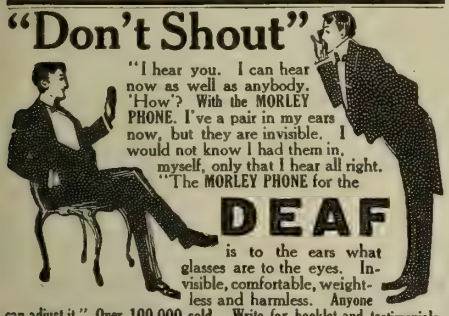

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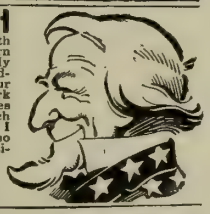

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A Merry Christmas TWELVE TIMES

See Page 10

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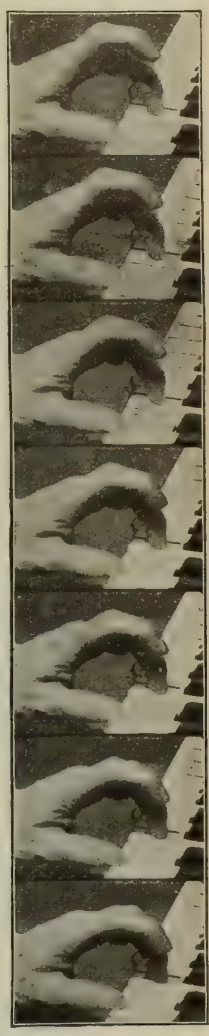

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The color that "comes and goes"

What keeps you from having its charm

HAVE you ever thought that your skin *can* be changed? Every day your skin changes *of itself*. Old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. It depends on you to keep this new skin clear and colorful.

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XV DECEMBER, 1918 NO. 1

The Eternal Picture

THE picture is the one historical record and emotional expression which is as old as the world.

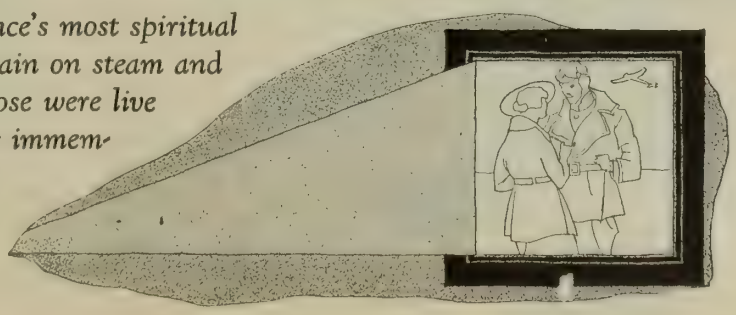
It is possible that the picture antedates language, the fundamental factor in civilization. Certainly the cave-drawings of the stone age were traced before any but the most limited, guttural speech existed. It is profoundly significant that no uncharted deep of history has ever been fathomed which did not send to the light . . . . pictures.

Pictures are not only ancient as logical thought; they are universal. Pictures are the archaeologist's first spoil in the quarries of France, the mounds of North America, the fastnesses of Peru, the sands of the Sahara, the rock-temples of India and the tundras of Siberia.

Poetry and the play were cultured fruits of Greek civilization, the novel was born in the Middle Ages, and music, as we understand it, is entirely modern and the exclusive property of Western peoples. But the picture has flourished everywhere in every epoch. Allied to the hairy cave-man with his charred stick are the sculptors of Greece, the hieroglyph historians at Karnak, the Assyrian carvers of Babylon, the Indian pictographers upon birch bark, the silk-painters of Japan, the colossal genius of the Renaissance, all the linear arts of modern times—and the motion picture.

The motion picture is not really new. It is a thing as old as the world, cast in a new mold. It is something more: it is the first and only amalgamation of science and art.

The motion picture is science's most spiritual achievement. Science put a chain on steam and a lock on the lightning, but those were live things to harness; it found the immemorial picture a changeless image — and gave it the breath of life.



How Griffith

"Acting is not a matter of what one can do with face and hands and body," says he; "it's the light within that puts characterization across."

WHEN the editor of PHOTOPLAY asked me to write a story about the methods that lie behind the visible work of David Wark Griffith, and the reasons for those methods, I simply answered: "Why don't you send me to Great General Headquarters behind the German lines for a nice little advance announcement of Ludendorff's plans for next Spring? I feel that will be much easier to get than the Griffith stuff you want."

Nevertheless, both the subject and the difficulty of it were fascinating. Mr. Griffith is not only remarkable because he remains year after year the supreme creator of the motion picture business; he is about the only director in it who doesn't accompany himself to work with a jazz band and a drum-major. He is not impolite to reporters. On the contrary, he is probably the most courteous host who ever welcomed one on a lot. But he has that adroitly irritating faculty of some captains of industry: when you are sent to Pierpont Broadanwall's office to ask him why he put up New York Central as a stake in a poker game you are astounded to be greeted by the great man himself, you get a comfortable chair, a cigar, whatever you want to drink, a talk about the weather, three funny stories—and while you're still laughing at the last one you wake up to find yourself on the asphalt without one grain of information. Hundreds of reporters interview Griffith and vote him a great fellow, as, indeed he is; but what have they gotten for their publics?

"THE only woman with a real future is the woman who can think real thoughts. Some get these thoughts by reading and study; others, by instinct. Sometimes deep analytical thought seems born in one."

"Every other physical characteristic is of insignificant importance compared with the eyes. If they are the windows of your soul, your soul must have a window it can see through. The farther motion picture art progresses the more important does this become. Every year actors make less fuss with their hands, and tell more and more with their eyes."

Mr. Griffith says quite frankly that a man should be judged by his work; not by his own talk about it. Theoretically he is absolutely correct, but he doesn't take into account the great human frailties of hero-worship and curiosity. When a man becomes as extraordinary in his kind as Mr. Griffith he is, in the public mind, a superman, and a superman has—to quote Mr. Cobb—no more privacy than a goldfish.

If the myriad questions which Mr. Griffith's public would like to ask him could be put to an individual vote, I think the winning candidate would be this one: "How do you pick your leading women?"

It was this interrogative forlorn hope that I led out to the Sunset Boulevard studio on a bright September morning.

I had already picked a soft place to fall, but I ventured to tell him that the man who had first upborne Mary Pickford, made Blanche Sweet great, discovered the forlorn pathos of Mae Marsh, unveiled the gentle melancholy of Miriam Cooper and the bright white beauty of Seena Owen, found Constance Talmadge and developed the shy elusive talents of the Gishes was to most women the most interesting man in the world; that while no one expected him to publish the formulas of his laboratory he might at least get acquainted . . . give them a general idea . . . speak at least a few words to people who had been imploring a word for many years.

It was no talent of mine that made him talk. I think he spoke, rather, to defend himself from being flatulently acclaimed a genius of selection. He seemed to feel that impending.

"The art of acting is at once very simple—and altogether impossible," he said.

"It isn't what you do with your face or your hands. *It's the light within.*

"If you have that light, it doesn't matter much just what you do before the camera. If you haven't it—well, then it doesn't matter just what you do, either.

"Before you give, you must have something to give. This applies to emotions as well as money.

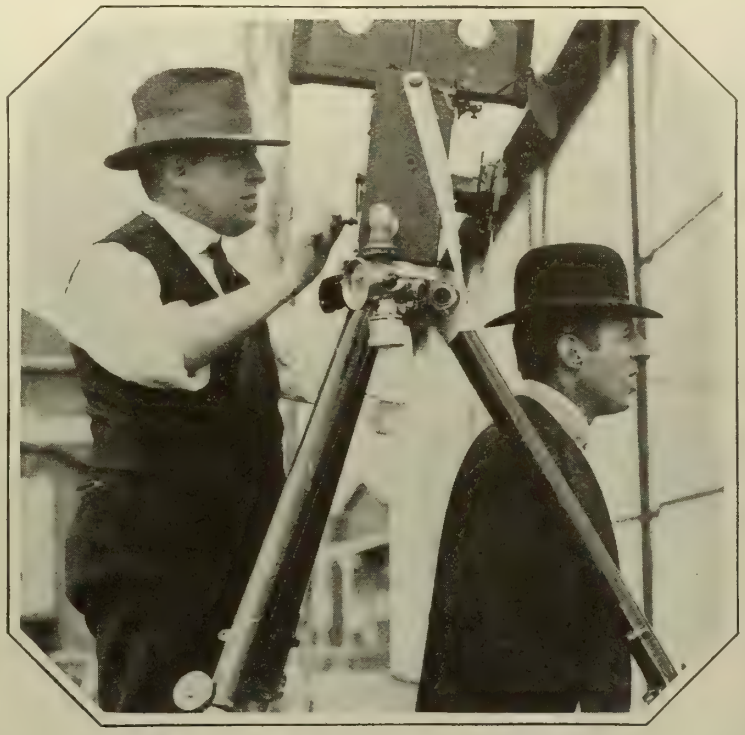
"All art is the same. The orator, the sculptor, the painter, the writer and the actor all deal with the same divine fluid. The only difference is the mechanical mould by which they express it. One pours it into one mould; one into another.

Picks His Leading Women

By
Harry C. Carr

If the myriad questions which Mr. Griffith's public would like to ask him could be put to an individual vote, surely the winning candidate would take this one: "How do you pick your leading women?" And the questioners would doubtless be thinking of the dozen or so great actresses whom D. W. Griffith picked—among whom are those pictured in the two panels on this page.

"I am not sure but what the concrete expression of art is about the same, too. Athletes tell me that all games of physical skill depend on an instinctive knowledge of time and distance. The aviator, the boxer, the runner, the fencer, the baseball player — even the jockey — succeed or fail in exact proportion as they have this instinct. So I dare say that the successful artist is one in whom this strange instinct is combined with the inward illumination.



"If you have 'the light within,' it doesn't matter so much what you do before the camera. If you havn't it—well, then it doesn't matter what you do either." Above, Mr. Griffith is shown standing at the left of his camera, directing a scene.

Mary Pickford

Lillian Gish

Constance Talmadge

Seena Owen

Mae Marsh

Dorothy Gish

Blanche Sweet

Miriam Cooper

"So with the eyes. Every other physical characteristic is of insignificant importance compared with the eyes. If they are the windows of your soul, your soul must have a window it can see through. The farther motion picture art progresses the more important does this become. In the early days, screen actors put over effects with elaborate and exaggerated gestures. Every year the tendency is more subdued in this regard. Actors make less and less fuss with their hands, and tell more and more with their eyes.

"But a good pair of eyes and a smooth face of proper contour will not suffice to make a motion picture actress.

"There are plenty of horses with legs for derby winners who are pulling milk wagons. They have the legs, but they haven't the fighting heart.

"In other words, they lack the inward illumination.

"History has one very striking instance of a light that went out. Napoleon had an instinct for mathematics that made him a great artillery officer. He had the divine vision for strategy and logistics. But what made him the transcendent military genius of all time was the feeling within his heart that nothing could beat him. After his divorce from Josephine, and the Russian campaign, the light flickered and went out. He still had the same instinct for strategy, the same genius for artillery fire. But he became a second-rate general. When the time came in which he lost faith in himself his military science availed him nothing. *His* light had gone out.

"I don't pretend to know why it is, but you either have it, or

you haven't it. If you have it, you can polish up the tools and make them more effective; but if you haven't it no amount of study will bring this queer illuminative elf to you.

"Any director can squirt glycerine tears over a pretty face and tip over a few chairs, break up a table or two and have some sort of imitation tragedy. That isn't real. Real tears aren't always real, if you get my meaning. It is the feeling behind the tears that can open the beholder's heart.

"Now don't understand me to say that a girl is born a heaven-sent genius or a predestined failure. Nothing could be a more ghastly untruth.

"Remember what I said about having something to give, as a preliminary necessity for giving?

"*The only woman with a real future is the woman who can think real thoughts.*

"Some get these thoughts by reading and study; others by instinct. Sometimes deep analytical thought seems born in one."

Presently we went onto the set, and Griffith went to work. His first subject was Ben Alexander, the tiny boy in "Hearts of the World."

They made him a bed of straw over in the corner of the little French dug-out. The lights were low, and the shadows were playing queer gaunt tricks as the wind caught the candle-flame. Outside there came a muffled roar of artillery that re-echoed dully against the studio walls.

The megaphone was at Griffith's lips. "Now, Baby," he said, quietly.

Little Ben sat up rubbing his eyes.

"You're frightened," said D. W.

Abject terror spread over the baby features, as though someone had lowered a dark curtain over his face.

"Now sleepy again." The terror faded. The little head dropped back to the straw.

Griffith turned to the little group behind the camera. "Gentlemen," he said, "the forgotten art of tragedy. You have just seen a very fine example of it."

"But a good deal of it was not the baby, but Griffith," I suggested.

"On the contrary," resumed the director, "nobody told the baby what to do. I told him he was frightened, and that look of terror came into his eyes. When he grows up he may be able to add certain mechanical tricks, but he will never really do any better acting, at seven or seventy.

"I daresay our friends the theosophists would say that personalities like this baby have old souls that have been here on earth before, and are drawing upon the subconscious experiences of their previous lives.

"I don't know anything about that. But I am sure that this little soul-light is usually born with the child. Some feed it into a lambent flame; others let it die into gray ashes."

The Real Clansmen

A REGIMENT of London Scottish, recruited mainly from dwellers in the great city, had as its colonel a gentleman of culture who was, nevertheless, as much of the Highlands as porridge and the thistle. They had not been long in France when a feeling of discontent against kilts began to manifest itself. Not all of the enlisted men were Scots, but most of them were. Nevertheless, the kilt as a daily habiliment is a bit outgrown almost everywhere, and these fellows strongly preferred breeches and leggings.

In great wrath, the colonel commanded his orderly to take a voting expression: kilts or no kilts. Only three men in the regiment favored the skirt and the bare knee! The others emphatically denounced them!

"The three are marked for immediate promotion!" thundered the colonel. "What are the names of these true clansmen?"

"Terence Murphy, Daniel Flannery and Moses Isaacs, sir," answered the orderly.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 N. Clark St. Chicago.

Three-year-old Alice Mary, the Moore crown princess and mistress of hounds.

Clan Moore

Principally about Tom, lineal chief of the tribe, but incidentally down the line with all of them, from the County Meath father to little Long Island Alice Mary

By Julian Johnson

IF all the world were pipe-tobacco, the Irish would be the perique in the mixture.

It's about as hard to find a young Irishman from the ould sod nowadays as it is to get a package of pure perique. For two generations the Irish have been adding tabasco to so many races that the young fellows have acquired a habit of being born anywhere save in the magic circle drawn by the Irish Sea. There are New York Irish —millions of them—and California Irish; Irish children in Mexico and Irish sons of wanderers in the Orient; Irish *voyageurs* in Canada and Irish lads bossing the stolid Boers of South Africa; there are a few very insidious Irish from Boston.

Moore is one of the permanent names in the early history of motion pictures, and all of the Moore boys are unusual, among other Celt juveniles, in that they actually came from Erin.

When I started out to write a story about Tom I resolved that it would be a real Moore novelty; that is to say, it would be a reminiscence of Tom alone, whereas everyone else who has written about a Moore has dragged the whole family through his typewriter. All I have left is the resolution; the Moores have a tribal spirit; they photograph best in family groups; they are to be described *en masse*.

However, we can put Tom closest to the camera, and delegate him to do the talking.

I like best of all Tom's description of the family's departure from County Meath, not so many years ago.

Moore *pere* should have known J. Hartley Manners, the

dramatist. If he had, I am quite sure Manners would have written a play about him. And I'm not sure that he didn't, anyway, in "Peg o' My Heart."

Do you remember Peg's father, who went about making impassioned speeches for Home Rule from the tail of a cart, while his sole possession—his little daughter—sat in front, on the grass, to lead the applause?

"We came away from the little house that day in a jaunting car," says Tom, telling the story. "We didn't know where we were going, except that we were going to some strange country. My father never liked to make plans. He lived to be surprised. The unexpected fascinated him. He believed that chance was a sort of God.

"At the top of the little hill we paused and looked back. The little valley which had held our lives was full of bright sunshine. My father was happy on the edge of a great new adventure, we kids were as excited as he, and my mother, I remember, was crying a little. Father wore a tall hat, which he took off and put down on the seat of the car. Taking a pencil he tore an envelope into strips, wrote a name upon each strip, and put them all into the hat. The names were 'America,' 'The Continent,' 'London,' 'South America,' 'The Orient,' and so forth. He looked over the six children until he came to Joe, who was a tiny baby then. Whispering to Joe he held the hat in front of him, shaking it temptingly. If Joe had any thoughts he probably suspected it held something good to eat, for in went his hand, and when it came out he held, all crumbled up, the slip on which was written 'America.' Joe had made the decision. A week later we sailed for New York."

But the father of Clan Moore was not the only typically Irish spirit in that day of debonair departure. Tom continues—

"Our house had been disposed of to my mother's brother, and my mother thought his deal for it turned out to be a bit tricky. Still, she couldn't do anything except go through on the original proposition, as my restless father was anxious to be off.

"As we left he took possession according to the old code, which was this: the new owner, taking the keys, entered and examined the premises, which were supposed to be vacated of every living thing. Then, having satisfied himself that all living traces of the last holder were absent he went out, locked the door—and with that ceremony the title passed to him.

"From the hilltop on which little Joe made the drawing mother watched my uncle bustle up to the door, go in quickly, and as quickly come out, lock up and ride away. Then she laughed for the first time that day. 'The cottage is still ours!' she exclaimed. 'I left the cat in the house!'"

Eight merry Moores left Ireland. Six are still living.

The children resembled a flight of stairs. Tom, the eldest, was thirteen. Then there were Owen, Mary, Jack, Matt and Joe.

Jack did not live long after the family came to America.

Father Moore, a jovial wanderer to the last, died a few years ago while on a visit to his sister, in Ireland.

Owen lives at Gedney farms, in Long Island. Matt is in motion

This little child, and golf, occupy most of Tom Moore's time when he isn't working.

pictures in California. Joe is fighting in France with Pershing's men. Mary, by turns writer and actress, is now in a scenario department in California, and with her lives the mother of the family.

Tom Moore has won his place in the sun. He is a Goldwyn star now—a star of first magnitude because of box-office demand for his pictures, which, it seems to me, is a pretty sure-fire critique of a leading man's appeal.

He inherited much of his father's incapacity for staying put. He had not been long in America before he began wandering—always from job to job, and never long without one. His travelling by jerks took him all the way across the continent, and half way back.

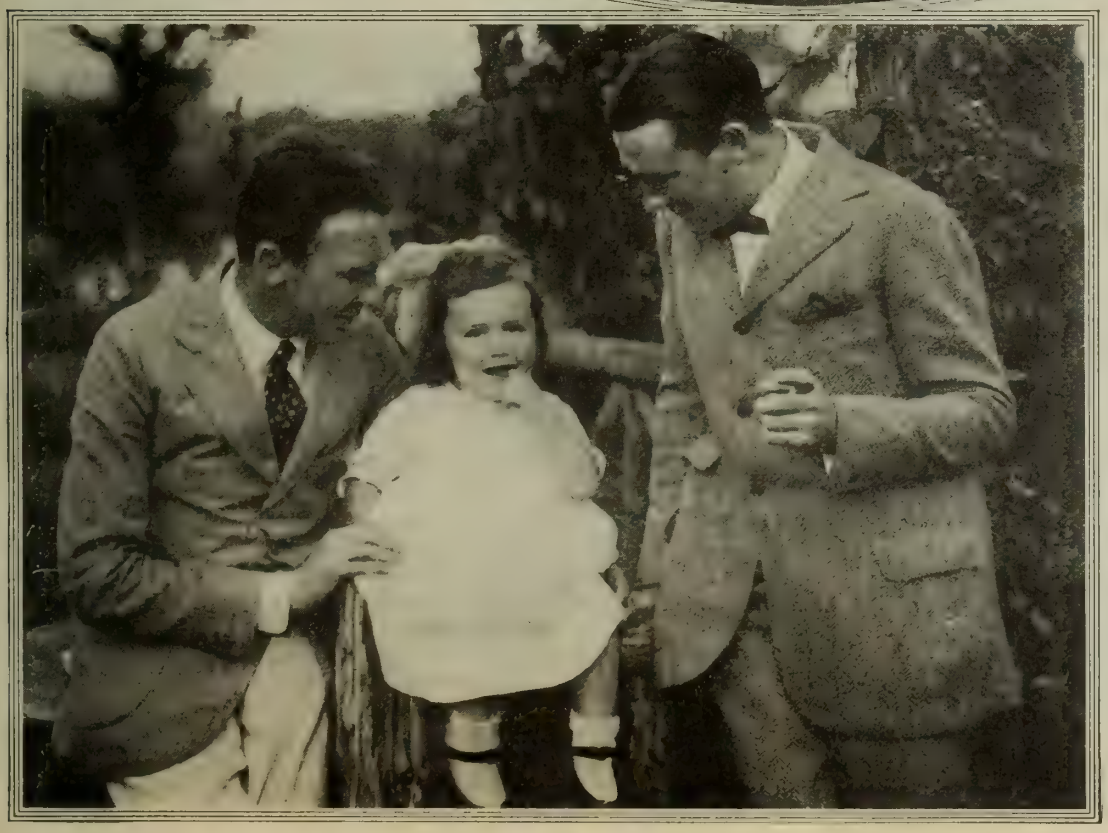
At the right, a scene from Tom Moore's first Goldwyn star-picture, "Just for To-night." Below, Mr. Moore, Alice Hollister and Albert Walker in "Her Husband's Friend," a 1915 Kalem. (Sartorial note: white waistcoats, according to these two pictures, are more in vogue this season.)

In Chicago he teamed up with Owen, and the two of them invaded the Bush Temple stock company. This was their introduction to dramatics of any sort, and neither of them guessed that a life-long profession was opening up before them.

As any confirmed fan knows, Tom Moore's name is inseparably interwoven with early picture days at Kalem. They were not easy days, but resultful. He made a reputation, and I remember, to introduce a personal recollection, that he was a lot better than his scenarios.

Here he met the fine and beautiful woman who became his wife: Alice Joyce. They were co-features of many productions.

Papa Tom, daughter Alice Mary, and Uncle Owen.

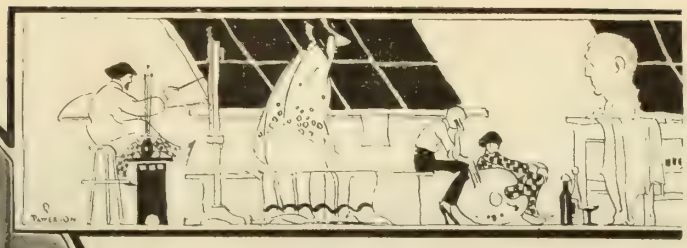


Of all his photoplays, he likes best "Dollars and the Woman," a Lubin photoplay directed by the late Joseph Kaufman, and in which Ethel Clayton (Mrs. Kaufman) played the opposite role.

"I liked this best," says Tom, "because it was a big human story, in which a humble, honest little couple lived the bunk life that so many married Americans try to lead on shabby incomes—and at length are forced down to truth and a realization of what each means to the other."

(Continued on page 107)

Miss Deshon ascending her favorite Fifth Avenue bus before it leaves Washington Square.



Greenwich As It

As the guest of Florence wonders where all this un-

By Mildred

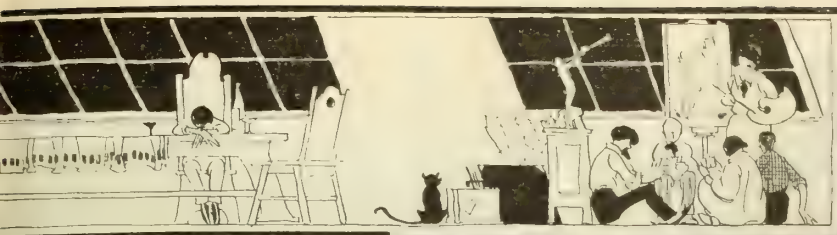
Below — the disembodied gentleman of clay whom Miss Deshon's arm affectionately surrounds is the President of Cuba. It is in MacDougal Alley and the handsome mustached young man next to Miss Deshon is Arthur Lorenzani, noted Italian sculptor.

"Who's There?" called Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. "Me," answered Miss Deshon as she prepared to enter the MacDougal Alley studio of the former Gertrude Vanderbilt, sister of Reggie and Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Some of the Alley's young fans voluntarily register pleasure at the scene.

IT is recorded in the annals of Greenwich Village that one day a young woman named Florence Deshon came there to dwell and with her arrival began the invasion of that picturesque, frisque and risque section by motion picture stars. The Vitagraph player, John Barrymore and Evelyn Nesbit are among the score of cinema celebrities whose homes are pointed out to the sightseeing.

A year has passed since Miss Deshon emigrated to the village from the commuting regions, surrounding Manhattan Island. She remains unsmocked, unbobbed and unsandalled. She still believes in baseball and babies and continues to hate free verse and futurist art. And with all the seriousness in the world she says she selected the Village as a place of habitation because it is so respectable and unexciting!

"Pooh and other contemptuous



Village Ain't!

Deshon, a Villager, one conventional stuff started

Morris

Above—Miss Deshon and Louise Bryant, the writer, pause to be cameraed in picturesque Patchen Place, assisted by Mr. Gillman, who whitewashes your house while you wait, and Mr. Johnson, both prominent villagers.

Miss Deshon registering joy as Pepe, Czar of Greenwich Village landlords, points out an apartment which even John D. Rockefeller could afford.

The lady on the right is the famous Polly, who started all this Greenwich Village stuff. Note how respectable she registers.

things for the unconventionality of Greenwich Village," she says. "No part of New York is more conventional. I love it because it's so homey. It is the homiest section of all New York."

She says that some day she is going to write a book on "Greenwich Village As It Ain't." She thinks someone ought to refute the scandalous things said about the poor villagers. Look at Polly. Miss Deshon requests that you look at Polly—the famous Polly who started this Greenwich Village stuff. It was she who did what Tom Paine and the other great men who used to live in the Village failed to do—put it on the map, advertise its smockedness and bob-hairedness and bobbie-edwardsness. We beg your pardon—we didn't mean to keep you looking at Polly so long. Behold her with regular clothes and regular hair and everything just as if she were an inhabitant of Orange, N. J. or Evanston, Ill. Miss Deshon asks you if you ever gazed upon a more respectable-appearing young woman.

If you go hunting in the village for a glimpse of Miss Deshon, try MacDougal Alley. If she is not out in Flatbush making pictures, likely as not you will happen upon her in that well-known alley of art, for it is her favorite spot. Jo Davidson,

Arthur Lorenzani and others of her sculptor friends who have studios there, always send for her when they have new works to view.

You will find her a brown-eyed, brown-haired young woman. It is needless to tell even a fan who is half blind, that she is beautiful. She talks interestingly on any subject from baseball to Arnold Bennett. Her favorite authors are not Cyrus Townsend Brady and Robert W. Chambers. Who do you think? Yep, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. Will someone tell us please why a beautiful young person like her should waste time on such stuff when dramatic critics seem agreed that the last thing a motion picture actress needs is brains?

Yes, she was born in Takoma, Wash. When she was sufficiently well acquainted with her parents to coo to them without appearing too familiar, she led them to New York. Not that she had anything against Takoma but she felt that New York was a more convenient place for a future screen star.

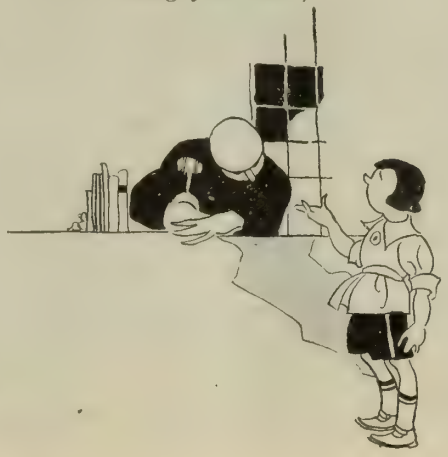
"Once my mother sent me to the country," she said the other day reminiscing on her childhood. "It was the first time since my arrival in New York that I had left it and I had never seen the cows and chickens in their rural habitations. Well, the first night I heard crickets and frogs for the first time in my young life. I screamed with terror. I couldn't explain that they didn't permit such hideous noises in my home city. I cried all night and all the next day and they thought me ill and sent for mother. I didn't get over my terror until the sweet roar of the 'L' touched my ears. My first 'Back to Nature' experience caused me to love even New York's subway."

Her mother was an actress and she stepped from the school room onto the stage, so to speak. She began her career with David Belasco. Her first play was "My Lady's Dress" in which Mary Boland starred. She was appearing in the comedy "Seven Chances" when she was suggested as the ideal type for the princess in the photoplay made from William J. Locke's "Jafferay." She was engaged for the part and fulfilled all expectations. Her debut as a screen actress was gloriously successful. She thought she wanted to continue on the stage and declined all other film offers until Rex Beach sent word that he had selected her for the cast of "The Auction Block," and just couldn't change his plans. Then came Vitagraph with an offer too enticing to resist, and she became leading woman for Harry T. Morey, appearing with him in "The Other Man," "The Desired Woman," "A Bachelor's Children" and other Blue Ribbon Features. Her latest appearance was with Corinne Griffith in "The Clutch of Circumstance."

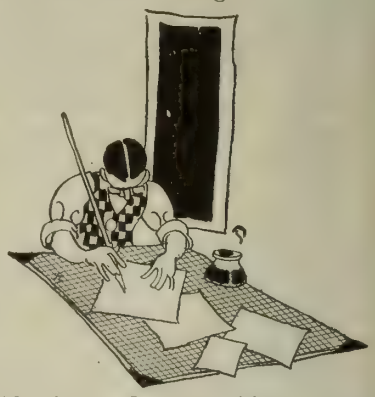
The Literary U-Boat

By Randolph Bartlett

As a child,
Lionel Lightfinger was remarkable,
For the astonishing things he could make,
Out of almost nothing.
He would take
A soap box, a wash boiler, a wheel from baby's go-cart,
And such,
And first thing you knew
He'd have a contraption
That anybody would recognize as an automobile,
Immediately he told them what it was.
He'd take other things.
Sometimes he wouldn't say anything about it.
He'd take pennies from baby's bank;
He'd take watermelons from neighbors' gardens;
He'd take anything but a chance.
Once, when a dollar was missing
From the cracked teapot,
Where they kept the milk-and-ice money,
And Lionel was found to be infested
With great and unexplained accumulations of silver coin,
He was accused of a breach of the laws of property,
But he replied with dignity:
"Unless you can recognize
"The money you have so brutally taken from me,
"As the very same money
"You put in the old teapot,
"You have no case."
Recognizing the justice of his argument,
They exonerated him,
But left no more loose change where he could get at it.
Naturally enough,
Lionel grew up to be a scenario writer.
He was remarkable for the astonishing things he could make
Of almost nothing.
He would take
A plot from Dickens, a character from Thackeray, a situation from Shakespeare,
And such,
And first thing you knew,



He'd have a photodrama,
That anybody would recognize as a highly original story,
Immediately he told them it was.
He'd take other things.



He'd take an O. Henry idea;
He'd take even a Robert Chambers lack of idea;
He'd take anything but a chance.
Once, when an author discovered one of his own speeches,
Used in one of Lionel's subtitles,
And mentioned the fact rather pointedly,
Lionel replied:
"I found those words in a dictionary,
"And unless you can recognize them,
"And call them by their first names,
"And prove I couldn't possibly have found those particular words,
"Except in your story,
"You have no case."
Lionel was very successful
As a writer
Of other people's scenarios.

Stagg Photo

For Husbands Only?

WE asked Mildred Harris that about the letter she's writing, and she scornfully replied: "I haven't a single husband in my list of correspondents!" Which, when you come to think it over, is not bad, besides being a bit deep.

The SECRET

By Jerome

MYSTERY had been the very breath of the entire little life of Mary Lenox. Born in India, land of magic, left by her frivolous mother to the care of native servants whose every word was a superstition, bereft in a night of both parents whom indeed she hardly knew, by the horrible magic of the plague, whisked to England to be cared for by a guardian she never had seen—small wonder that the child was fearless. All her life she had been forced to rely upon herself. She had bullied the lazy Hindoo servants, had come and gone as she pleased, but beneath this indifference and domineering manner, only she herself knew what a hunger existed, what a longing in the little heart of her, for affection. Her father had been too busy with military affairs, her mother too easily diverted by flattering attentions, to pay any attention to her. So while she had grown up unloved, she had, for the same reason, developed into a veritable lioness of a child. Still in her teens when she arrived at the English manor of Archibald Craven, she looked even younger than she was, but she had all the force of character of a woman, more, in truth, than most women more tenderly nurtured.

Any child, or even any man or woman less fortified against mystery than Mary Lenox, might well have been terrified by the very atmosphere of the manor house. First, there was its master, Archibald Craven, prematurely aged at forty, deformed with high, crooked shoulders, broad streaks of white in his hair, his dark, tragic eyes looking out beneath a white brow, the beauty of which only accentuated the pathos of his appearance. Then there was his brother, Dr. Warren Craven, younger, physically vigorous, but sinister and repellent. His smile was a vicious, slimy thing. There was, too, Colin, Archibald's son, an invalid who never would walk, Dr. Warren Craven slimily feared, and who lay day after day in a darkened chamber, constantly attended by a nurse, a heavy, torturing spinal brace clamped about his body to prevent it from becoming crooked like his father's. There were no specific symptoms upon which to base such a fear, but the doctor would shake his head gravely when questioned, and say it was too soon yet to tell what might happen. And finally there was the forbidding figure of the housekeeper, Mrs. Medlock, a sour-faced woman who met Mary in London, annoyed because another member of the household meant just so much more added to her duties.

Craven had accepted the trust imposed upon him by his old friend, Mary's father, with a sigh of regret. His first thought had been that the child might be good company for Colin, and cheer him in his confined existence, but the doctor opposed this firmly.

"Colin must have no excitement," he insisted, and would not modify his order.

"Then all we can hope is that the child will be quiet and tractable," Craven said.

In view of this hope, Mary's arrival was not a conspicuous success. All the way from London Mrs. Medlock had been laying down the rules of deportment which must be observed at the manor, and none too subtly conveying to Mary the impression that she was

Mary had discovered the Secret Garden, only to find it was a great disarray of tangled shrubbery and vines. "It's all dead," she said sadly.

GARDEN

Shorey

A chronicle of magic — the magic of youth and fearlessness

not welcome. As Mrs. Medlock continued with her monologue, Mary became more and more defiant, until, by the time they reached the manor, her whole soul was bristling. All the way from India she had carried with her a big wicker basket in which, she said, she had her pet kitten. When they entered the house, Mrs. Medlock called a footman and ordered him to take the basket out to the gardener, as she would not have "any animal" in the house.

"It's not a regular kitten, it's a leopard kitten," Mary warned them, backing away.

"Watch where you're going," Mrs. Medlock snapped, but it was too late!

Mary had backed against a pedestal, on which stood a bust, and toppled it to the floor. In the library the doctor had been emphasizing again to Craven the necessity of absolute quiet for Colin, when they heard the crash, and rushed out to see what had happened. Such a noise had not been heard in the silent manor house in years. As the pedestal fell, Mary fell with it, the basket dropped, the lid came off, and a very badly frightened cub scrambled out and made a dash for a better hiding place. Mrs. Medlock climbed on a chair, the footman dodged into a corner, and Mary began crawling about on hands and knees in search of her pet. Craven, white with amazement and displeasure, came upon the scene just as Mary crept out from beneath a table, one arm around the cub.

"See that that child is kept to her room and the outer gardens," Craven ordered sternly, turned on his heel, and went back into the library.

So Mary, starving for love and now despairing of finding it in all the world, was sent to her room, and here, in the darkest hour, came the first gleam of light. Martha, a cheerful little housemaid, was busy polishing a casement window, and humming at her task. Mary glanced out of the window and saw Craven, head bowed, pacing the terrace.

"I hate him, I hate him," she exclaimed.

"Ye mustn't hate the master, Miss," Martha pleaded.

"Why?" Mary snapped.

" 'E's a very unhappy man, Miss. Ye see, for all of his crooked back, when he was a young man 'e was that clever and good nobody could 'elp liking him, an' 'e married the prettiest girl in all the country roundabout. Then, just a while before Master Colin was born, she 'ad a bad fall, out there in the garden with the wall around it, and when 'er baby was born, she died. An' Master Colin has always been an invalid. So the master locked up the garden an' buried the key. Yes, Miss, 'e's a very unhappy man."

Merely to know of more unhappiness did not make Mary more contented. The outlook was gloomy indeed, and that night she lay awake for hours, wondering what sort of a world it was that an unkind fate had brought her into. Yet she did not cry, for she was utterly fearless. She just wondered about things. In her childish superstition she had once bought a magic potion from a Hindoo fakir, who guaranteed that it would bring love to her, but the magic had not worked, and it seemed it never would. As she lay there, she heard the sound of someone sobbing, and this gave her wonder a new trend. She could not imagine any of the persons she had yet seen in the manor house, sobbing. Then she remembered the invalid, and a sudden sympathy for this other sufferer arose in her eager little heart. Quickly throwing a wrapper over her nightgown and lighting a candle, she crept into the hall, and traced the sobbing to Colin's room.

She found the boy, a few years older than herself, pale and thin, gripped in the cruel brace, sobbing from pain and despair.

"Your father's my guardian," she explained quickly, in a whisper. "I came from India."

Colin, surprised, turned to get a better look at his visitor, and winced as the brace pressed against his spine.

"Don't you want to take that thing off?" Mary asked.

"They won't let me," Colin replied wearily. "My back would get crooked."

"It couldn't get crooked just by lying on it," Mary insisted.

It was a startling thought for Colin, so used to taking the word of others for everything.

"You're a big silly to mind what you're told," the little temptress went on. "I never do."

Colin looked at her an instant, and then grimly said, "Take it off."

Mary quickly unscrewed the clamps, and with a sigh of relief the boy sank back on the bed.

"Now you can sleep," Mary assured him,

As the pedestal fell, Mary fell with it, the basket dropped, and a very badly frightened cub scrambled out.

"and don't let them put it on you again. If they try to, tell me—I'm not afraid of any of them."

Colin nodded wearily and Mary crept back to her room.

When the doctor came for his daily visit the following afternoon, there was a troubled scene. The nurse denied any knowledge of the removal of the brace, Colin refused to tell who had done it, and it was impossible for him to have done it himself. The doctor angrily ordered it replaced, and Colin, accustomed to obedience, asked that his father be sent for, to decide for him. But Craven, that morning, had suddenly left on one of the long journeys which he often made to try to forget his sorrows. He had left the doctor in full charge, and there was no court of appeal. While they were arguing, a voice broke in from the doorway.

"I took it off."

It was Mary, chin in the air, defiant. She entered the room.

"It must go back at once," the doctor declared, ignoring the intruder.

Mary rushed to the boy's side.

"I don't believe his spine is crooked," she declared, and passed her hand up and down Colin's back. "I knew it," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

The doctor looked at her with a sarcastic smile. "When we feel it necessary to call in a consulting physician, perhaps—*perhaps* we'll send for you," he sneered. "Meanwhile, it must go on."

Colin had not the strength to resist, and Mary, a little impatient that he should submit, turned away. She had done her best, at least.

For several days Mrs. Medlock hardly let Mary out of her sight. The doctor warned her that he would not answer for the consequences if Colin's brace were removed again, and Mary was closely guarded in consequence. Then came the prank that brought her into disgrace again. She was in Mrs. Medlock's room, taking a compulsory lesson in knitting. If she was bored, the housekeeper was still more so. Finally Mrs. Medlock began nodding, in her comfortable chair, and in a minute was sound asleep. She had taken off the wig which she wore over her thin, grey hair, and Mary, seeing it on the table, had an inspiration. Arranging it over her own beautiful locks, she donned the housekeeper's bonnet, old-fashioned shawl and black gloves, slung her reticule on her arm, and minced out of the room. A moment later Mrs. Medlock woke, discovered her loss, and set out in pursuit. She found Mary in Colin's room, entertaining Colin, the nurse, and Martha with imitations of herself. Mary sought safety in flight. She dashed down the stairs, outstripping the pursuing footman and astonishing Ben, the old gardener, who never had seen "such goings on," no, not all the years he had been at the manor, and was surprised into a grin. The pursuers approached again, and Mary, satisfied with the extent of her adventure, tore off her masquerade, flung wig, shawl, bonnet and gloves at them, and darted off towards the woods.

"Let her go," Mrs. Medlock ordered, grimly. "She'll come back when she's hungry, and then we'll see."

Not far from the manor was a woodland, promising seclusion, and toward this Mary ran. She found a little path among the trees, and tripped along, almost happy because she was free, for the present, at least. The future could take care of itself. A little further she came upon a boy, a dog lying beside him, a squirrel perched upon his shoulder, a home-made whistle at his lips. By this time the woods were beginning to frighten her, but Mary concealed this and demanded in her imperious way to know where the path led.

"To the best place in the world, I'm thinking—to my mother's."

Mary went on, head in the air.

"Be sure ye stick to the path," the boy called after her. "If ye don't ye'll sink into the bog, and there won't even be a bubble."

Mary went on until she came to a clearing with a little cottage in the middle. Mary was now a little tired of freedom, and beginning to feel lonely. She went to the door of the cottage and peeked in. There was a perfect swarm of children there, and a motherly woman was feeding a dish of porridge to one of the smallest of them. The woman saw her, and with an exclamation at her forlorn appearance, invited her to come in and have a bite to eat. Mary accepted, a little shyly at first, but soon perfectly at home in the genial atmosphere, the happiest place she had ever seen in all her life. She soon learned that the woman was Mrs. Sowerby, mother of Dickon, the boy she had met in the woods, and also of Martha, the merry housemaid at the manor.

Mary suddenly decided that her magic had begun to work. Here was a welcome that could not be explained in any other way except that the magic potion had made them love her. She played with the children and was mothered to her heart's content, until at last her departure could be no longer delayed. Then the children filled a little basket with cinnamon buns, and she started back for the manor.

But the day's magic was not worked out even yet. It was nearly dark when she reached the gardens near the house, and she came upon Dickon's dog, busily digging a hole near the locked garden. Mary darted forward and picked up something that the dog had uncovered. It was a big, rusty key. Martha had told her that Mr. Craven buried the key to the garden when he locked it after his wife died. This must be the key. Hurrying to the heavy door she tried the key, and found that it turned in the lock. She pushed open the door, and there was revealed a great disarray of shrubbery and vines, most of them dead and tangled. She was in the secret garden.

"It's all dead," she said, aloud, sadly.

"We can make it grow again," said a voice behind her.

Mary turned, and discovered Dickon. Quickly they formed their pretty conspiracy. They would start tomorrow. They locked the door again and hurried away.

With grim suggestion of the punishment she was to receive for her escapade, Mary found Mrs. Medlock had left a few slices of bread and a carafe of water in her room. But she did not care. In the first place, she had her cinnamon buns, and in the second place she was loved, and in the third place she had seen the secret garden, and as she munched away at the bun she could not for the life of her decide which pleased her most.

Don't Waste Paper!

It Contains Sulphur Needed for War Munitions

EVERY sheet of paper, every bag, every bit of wrapping paper, every sheet of letter paper we save by not needlessly using or by not thoughtlessly wasting allows just so much more of the precious sulphur for our war use. Save the paper and help choke the fiendish Hun at his own choking game.

Every household should save all of its old paper and rags as well as old rubber, leather, etc., and dispose of them to the school children, Salvation Army, junkmen, or other collectors, so that the supply may be kept adequate to meet the demands of the Government and other essential uses.

Now one of the very nicest things about happiness is that you simply can't keep it to yourself, and Mary was so happy she could not sleep until she had shared it with somebody. So she stole silently to Colin's room, and as they chatted in whispers about the secret garden, Mary hit upon a wonderful plan. Colin was a little doubtful, at first, but Mary told him they had magic on their side, and magic wouldn't work if you were afraid. So he agreed, and she crept back to bed to wait impatiently for tomorrow.

The one break that the doctor permitted in his rigid discipline for Colin, was occasional rides around the grounds in a wheel chair. Mary took Martha into her confidence, and together they persuaded the nurse, who was not unwilling to be relieved of her tedious duties, to let them take Colin for his outing. Unnoticed then, they made their way to the walled garden, where Dickon joined them.

"First thing we're going to do," said Mary, who immediately assumed full command of the little band of conspirators, "is get rid of that nasty old brace."

While she and Martha unscrewed the torturing clamps, Dickon was busy digging a hole, and then and there, with no ceremony, they buried the thing.

"Now you're going to stand up and walk," Mary declared to Colin.

"Oh I can't, I can't," the boy protested.

The Secret Garden

NARRATED, by permission, from the Famous Players-Lasky photoplay; which, in turn, was adapted by Marion Fairfax from the story of Frances Hodgson Burnett. Directed by Gustav Clonbaugh, with the cast:

Mary Lennox.....Lila Lee
Archibald Craven (Mary's uncle).. .....Spottiswoode Aitken
Dr. Warren Craven (brother of Archibald)....Clarence H. Geldart
Colin Craven (invalid son) Dick Rosson
Mrs. Medlock (Craven's housekeeper).....Fay Holderness
Dickon Sowerby.....Paul Willis
Ben Weatherstaff.....James Neill

"How do you know until you try? Just believe in the magic and it will be all right."

After much persuasion, Colin tried, and found it wasn't hard at all. He was a little unsteady, at first, but after a few wavering steps he soon found that he could do it, and best of all, that it didn't hurt.

That was the beginning. The continuation of the plot was easy. Mary, happy now in her secret, and in knowing that she was helping Colin, and in having found someone to love her, suddenly became so extremely obedient that a cleverer person than Mrs. Medlock would have been suspicious. The absence of the brace they managed to conceal, through Colin insisting upon wearing a thick, padded jacket, and making grimaces of pretended agony whenever either the nurse or the doctor touched him. So, day after day, they escaped to their retreat, pretending they were going to the woods, and their persecutors never suspected the truth.

Finally, one day, in their elation, they forgot to be cautious, and in the excitement of some game, their shouts and laughter were heard by the doctor and Mrs. Medlock, on the terrace. This sign of unbounded happiness could not be overlooked. The manor was no place for happiness. So the grim pair investigated, and found that the sounds emanated from the garden which had been closed these many years. The children had even forgotten to lock the door, and the doctor pushed it open, gasping in amazement at the

When the doctor came for his daily visit, there was a troubled scene. . . . The nurse denied removing the brace. Then Mary said defiantly: "I took it off."

scene. Colin, though still far from strong, was standing alone, leaning upon a staff. Mary was perched upon the limb of a tree, while Martha chased the nimble Dickon in mock

Mary investigated the poisoned water. "He's trying to kill me," said Colin. "If I were to die he would be father's heir."

herself wearily to her room. Her magic had failed after all, and now it would be worse than ever for Colin. For herself she did not care. It had been like a brilliant dream of happiness, not for

anger, among the shrubbery, which the plotters had trimmed and watered, until the garden was as beautiful as it had been before the tragedy which caused it to be closed.

The look that came over the doctor's forbidding features was terrifying. Then, controlling himself, he strode to Colin's side, and said in a voice that was an attempt at simulation of sympathy, but which trembled with some hidden emotion:

"My poor boy. Overtaxing your strength like this will only shorten your life so much the more."

Then, putting his arm around Colin, he discovered the absence of the brace. Colin still feared his uncle, and had not yet gained the strength he needed to defy him openly, and he shrank away.

"What have you done with the brace?" the doctor demanded.

"He'd soon be all right if you'd leave him alone," Mary called, from the tree.

"What have you done with the brace?" the doctor repeated, more severely.

They were only children. Mary could have stood up to him indefinitely; but the gentle Dickon was frightened out of his wits, almost hysterically confessed, and showed where he had buried it.

"The magistrate shall attend to your case," the doctor said. "As for Martha, you must discharge her, Mrs. Medlock. Mary shall be sent to a school where she will be properly disciplined, and I will go back to my treatments of Colin and see if I can undo the results of this wild escapade."

Dickon rushed off to tell his mother of the misfortune that had overcome him and Martha, while Mary dragged her, but through which she moved without having anything to do with it. Late that night she crept to Colin's room to console him, to see if they could hit upon some plan, to try to bolster up his courage to defy his uncle, or at least to appeal to his father.

The doctor had not gone home. Down in the library he was buried in thought, and if his always forbidding features were an index, his thoughts were distinctly unpleasant and foreboding. The manor estate was a valuable property. The income ran into thousands of pounds a year. Between that wealth and himself there stood first a rapidly failing, deformed, prematurely old man, his brother, whose life was a burden to himself and of no value to others, and second a boy who was beginning to display unexpected vitality, and who, doubtless, would eventually find courage to break away from the murderous discipline that had been designed to sap his very life. The doctor looked at his medicine chest and opened it. He took out a vial and examined the contents, murmuring "No color, no odor, no taste." Suddenly he came to his terrifying decision, and started for Colin's room.

The children heard him coming. Mary blew out her candle and hid behind the hangings of the bed. Softly and noiselessly the doctor, satisfying himself that Colin was asleep, removed the covering from a carafe of water, poured a spoonful of the liquid from the vial into the carafe, covered it over again, and slipped away.

Mary waited a minute to be sure he had gone, and came out of her hiding place.

"Did you see that?" Colin demanded. "He's trying to kill me. That was poison, I'm sure. If I were to die he would be father's heir."

(Continued on page 106)

It's a Hard Life!

Slapstick is not to be laughed at—by those who make it, says Alice Lake

By Elizabeth Peltret

Alice Lake and Al St. John in a "Fatty" Arbuckle comedy.

ALICE LAKE, the brunette "vamp" of the Mack Sennett and Roscoe Arbuckle comedies, told a nice little fib about her age. This, in itself, is not unusual. Mack Sennett beauties have been telling little stories about that same important (?) subject ever since it became a moving picture tradition that none of them should be over sixteen. However, Alice Lake's case is unusual because she didn't get away with it.

"William Davis knew too much," she said in explanation. "The whole trouble was that I lied to him once before and he had not forgotten. That was six years ago, when I was fifteen years old. I was going to public school in Brooklyn, New York, at the time; but the one thing I wanted more than anything else was to be an actress, so I dressed myself for the part as I imagined it, and went to the Vitagraph studio looking for work.

"I wasn't trying to look funny, but I did. My head dress was, oh, so elaborate, and I wore a big ruff around my neck a la Valeska Surratt. Will Davis was directing there at the time and he put me in his picture. I remember that, in addition to some other wild fiction, I told him that I was nineteen years old. That was the first picture I ever did. All I remember about it is that I vamped a man and then, adding insult to injury, stabbed him in the back and finished up by acting all over the place.

"I had forgotten all about it until one day last week when I met Will Davis who had just come out here to do some pictures for Metro.

" 'By the way, Alice,' he asked, 'How old are you now?'

" 'Sixteen,' I answered gravely.'

" 'Great Scott!' he said, 'How time do *creep!*'

"We talked about other things for a while but he couldn't get over it.

" 'Gosh, Alice!' he said later, 'you must have been young when you were working for me!' "

Alice Lake told this story on herself which goes to show that she is very unaffected and entirely without "pose." Also that she isn't worrying about her twenty-one years even though breaking an "unwritten law" in admitting it.

She is an exceptionally bright girl; talented; full of fun; fond of crowds, and lights and theatres and music. In her dressing room, she has a phonograph —on the q. t. it squeaks—and all her records are either old and sentimental or new and sentimental. She hasn't one single piece of rag time. And yet when she is out evenings she likes to hear rag time—the wilder the better—and above all she likes to dance.

"Speaking of dancing," she went on, "it was once the cause of my leaving home. That was when I was doing these wild vamps at the Vitagraph studio in New York. Mother didn't mind my working in the pictures but didn't want me to go to dances. One day, I went to her and told her that I was going to leave home. I expected her to make a scene and I loved the idea of it; but instead, she just said calmly, 'All right; I'll help you pack,' and she did! I didn't have a trunk

Photos by Stagg

Alice Lake is very unaffected and entirely without pose, and she isn't worrying about her twenty-one years. She admits it.

or even a suitcase, so she just wrapped all my things up in bundles and handed them to me; I walked out bawling. A week later, when my rent was up, I went home. I had thought I was going to have a good time but I hadn't been to a single dance; I had just gone directly to my room from the studio and sat there and cried."

However, she won her point. From that time on she was allowed all the good times she wanted. Afterwards, she became a professional dancer working at the studio daytimes and dancing at the Waldorf Astoria two evenings a week.

One of the best stories she tells on herself is how, during a number in which she was supposed to be a statue come to life, she slipped and fell thus earning for herself the nickname of the "fallen idol."

In four years of work in "slapstick" Alice Lake has had but three accidents which were at all serious. One happened during the making of "Moonshiners," a recent Arbuckle comedy, when a horse she was trying to mount stepped on her foot (she is not a particularly good horsewoman). Fortunately she was standing on a sandy surface, so that no bones were broken, but she suffered with her foot for weeks afterward. Again, in "Her Nature Dance" she had her feet and ankles bitten by a dog which should have been somewhere else. This too, was painful, but owing to prompt attention, without serious results.

"The funniest looking accident we ever had," she said, "was when Roscoe Arbuckle was making 'The Bell Boy.' A crazy old elevator we were using fell to pieces and I was dangling in mid-air on the end of a rope. One of the boys was inside of what was left of the elevator and I was left whirling around in space while he was being rescued from the debris.

Alice is genuinely interested in all moving pictures. Here she is watching Mary Thurman—only you can't see Mary.

Of all her pictures, the one she likes the best is "Come Through" with Herbert Rawlinson. She liked Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Cook" but she said, "I was terrible in it."

She really is "a fan."

"I've noticed this about comedies," she remarked. "The gags that seem funniest at the studio, will often look dead on the screen, while something which hasn't made you smile on the set, will make you shriek with laughter when you see it in the picture!"

At this point a waiter interrupted to hand her a small piece of chicken and a note from a Mack Sennett director sitting over on the other side of the room. The note read: "Do you really think you are eating enough?"

"Look at that!" she exclaimed. "They're always making fun of me because I'm trying to put on a few pounds; I only weigh 110. Most of the folks at the studio have to diet in order to take it off, while I can eat anything I like. Let them laugh; I don't put on flesh without eating!"

Who ever heard of a moving picture "Vamp" trying to get fat? Here was another tradition broken. She's a surprising young lady.

Pictures

By Clarence E. Flynn

The days are pictures, and they pass,
As comes and goes some mirage sheen,
As fireflies in the tangled grass,
Or shadows thrown upon the screen.

Pictures they are of love and care;
Pictures of toil and happiness;
Of mighty men, of ladies fair—
Incarnate strength and gentleness;

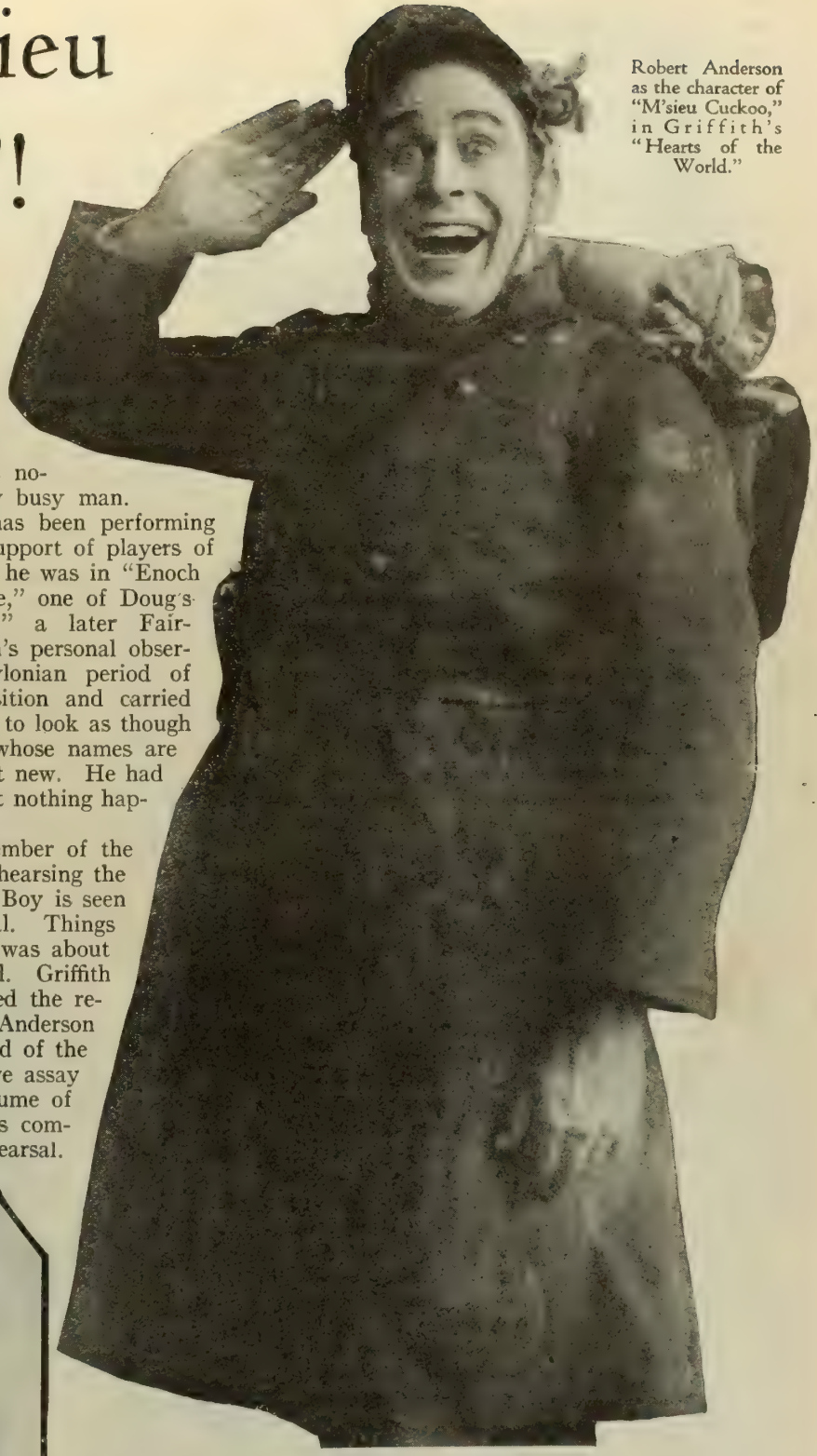
Pictures of battle and the night
That touches woe with cooling breath;
Of calm years following the fight,
When blossoms deck the fields of death;

Pictures of paths that wind, and meet
Where Fate's decrees have willed it so,
Or where erstwhile companion feet
Are led in separate ways to go.

The days are pictures, and they run
Their hastening course of smiles and tears.
As shadows flit 'twixt sun and sun,
So pass the ever-dying years.

Meet "M'sieu Cuckoo"!

Robert Anderson—one more screen type who characterizes the Griffith passion for unusual faces.



Robert Anderson as the character of "M'sieu Cuckoo," in Griffith's "Hearts of the World."

ROBERT ANDERSON was on the screen for four years before he was noticed. For D. W. Griffith is a very busy man.

For nearly four years Anderson has been performing before the cameras, most of that time in support of players of note. Minor parts, heavies, came his way; he was in "Enoch Arden," an old Fine Arts; "Double Trouble," one of Doug's first Triangles, and in "The Americano," a later Fairbanks subject. He first came under Griffith's personal observation in the mob scenes for the Babylonian period of "Intolerance." He was given a stock position and carried several minor parts in that picture. It began to look as though Anderson was one of these sterling actors whose names are included in the supporting casts. He wasn't new. He had done his bits to the best of his abilities. But nothing happened.

Then—it was a Griffith rehearsal. A member of the Griffith stock, Anderson was one of those rehearsing the scene in "Hearts of the World" where The Boy is seen returning to the trenches from the hospital. Things hadn't been going just right, and Anderson was about ready to give up—quit the job, disheartened. Griffith reviewed the scene for the players and called the rehearsal. Harron made his entrance; then Anderson walked on—and made his name. For instead of the English handshake and cold greeting that we assay on meeting friends, he burst forth in a volume of French terms of endearment and clasped his comrade in his arms. It almost broke up the rehearsal.

He chose motion pictures because he couldn't speak English. Now he can speak English and says he intends to stay.

Other scenes in which he had appeared were retaken, and Anderson, when "Hearts of the World" was unreeled, found himself more conspicuous.

Anderson is a native of Denmark. born at Odense. Bitten by ambition, he left Denmark after a few years' experience on the speaking stage, to come to America but unable to speak English. He tried pictures, "suped" enthusiastically, and found himself ready when his big cue came.

Although he now speaks good English, he says he will never go back to the speaking stage. He is a musician and painter.

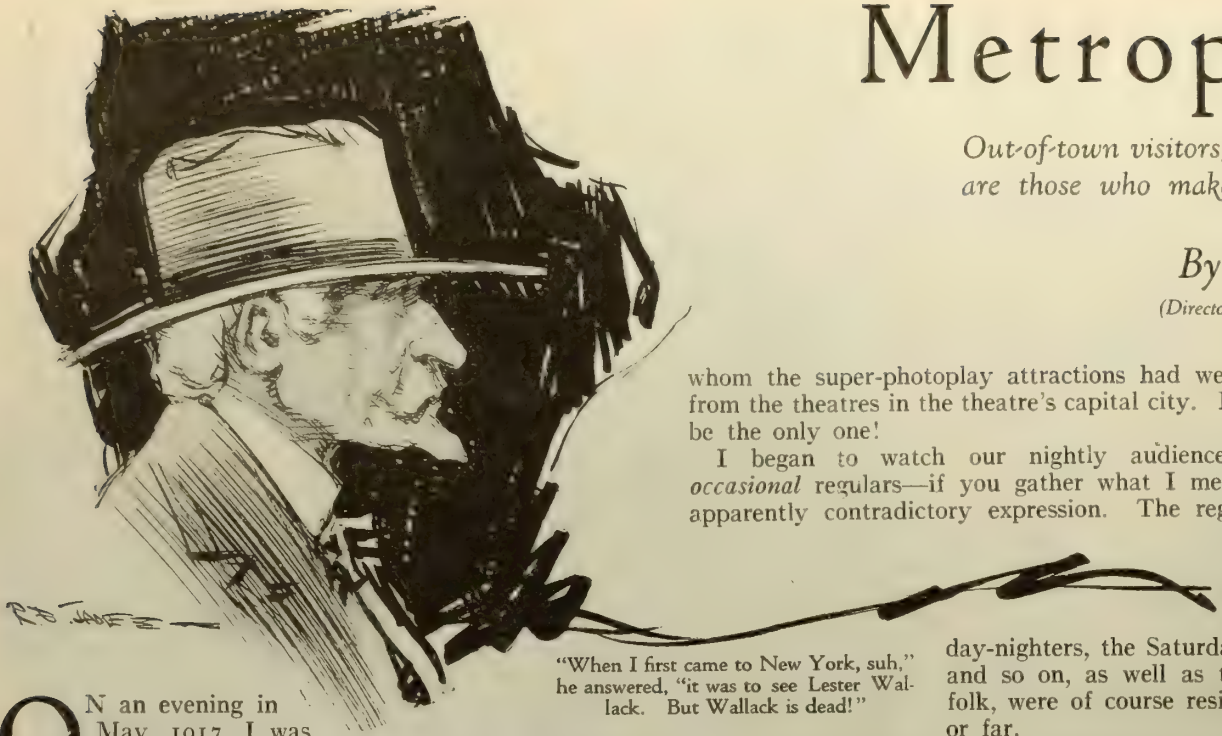
He is with Griffith, but he has been working in a Bluebird picture between times. Recent pictures in which he is given more to do are "The Enemy Within," Dorothy Gish's first stellar subject, and "The Great Love," Griffith's first Artcraft release.

Metropol

Out-of-town visitors, to whom are those who make possible

By Dr. J.

(Director of Publicity,



"When I first came to New York, suh," he answered, "it was to see Lester Wallack. But Wallack is dead!"

ON an evening in May, 1917, I was standing in the lobby of the New York Strand, watching the seven o'clock crowd slowly file out, and the "last show" aggregation file in with equal slowness. Midway between the box-office and the entrance was a gentleman who, as far as a field-glass would have found him, would have borne only the appellation: "Southern Colonel." He was at least seventy years of age, but he was erect, soldierly, his chin bore a small tuft just beneath his lip, he had a fierce moustache and his large Stetson did not hide a bushy mass of snow-white hair. An interesting specimen. And as he came abreast me he spoke, bowing elaborately.

"Good evening, suh!"

I returned the salutation, a bit confused, for I feared I had been on the verge of cutting some old family friend. So I made it a point to waylay him on the way out. I asked him, perfunctorily enough, as to his seat, and how he enjoyed the show.

"When I first came to New York, suh," he answered, "it was to see Lester Wallack. But Wallack is dead, and damme if I've seen play-acting on the boards since your house has been opened. I come here twice a year, for I visit New York in May and September. I see the screen shows twice a week in Shreveport, and—the theatre isn't what it once was, suh!"

He was a planter, and his business interests, as he said, brought him to our town twice in a twelvemonth. But it was what he said, more than the rare flavor of his unique personality, which interested me most.

Here was an habitual visitor, of intelligence and wealth, whom the super-photoplay attractions had weaned away from the theatres in the theatre's capital city. He couldn't be the only one!

I began to watch our nightly audiences for the *occasional* regulars—if you gather what I mean by that apparently contradictory expression. The regular Monday-nighters, the Saturday-nighters, and so on, as well as the Sunday folk, were of course residents, near or far.

I remembered, presently, a bustling old lady who appeared at the Strand only at long intervals. But, almost as if the matter had been pre-arranged, the interval came to an end, and she came to our show. I made bold to question her. I discovered that she was from Erie, Pa.; a woman of wealth, who had considerable real estate in New Jersey, and, handling it, stopped in New York, a week at a time, about four times each year. She was not a first-nighter—as I imagine my old Shreveportian had been in his day—but she visited the approved best plays in a sedate manner. Of late, she had been giving her dramatic attention entirely to the screen, and the speaking theatres had known her not at all.

Now I was entirely interested. My next photoplay converts were a woman buyer from Los Angeles; a family which had a habit of commuting from Chicago; a Pittsburg banker; an Indianapolis manufacturer, and an assortment of varied pursuits from the New England States.

When I met my Southern friend I believed myself on the verge of a discovery; now, I had proved it.

"Metropolitan movies," by which we may designate the big and varied screen-and-music entertainments put

My next photoplay convert was a woman buyer from Los Angeles.

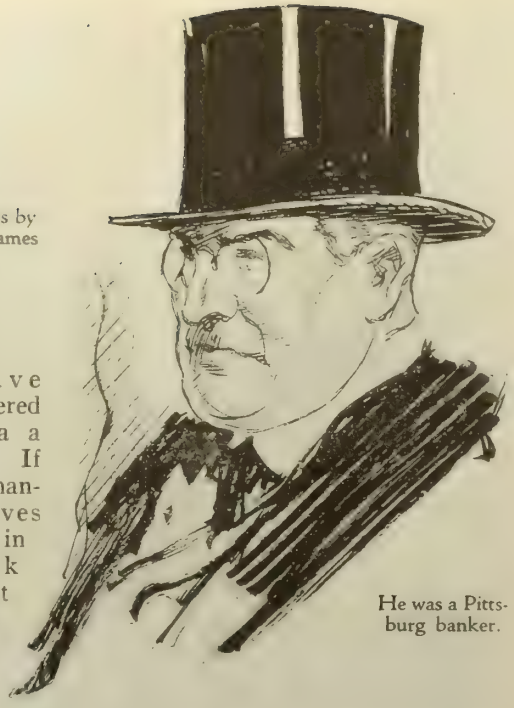
itan Movies

the Motion Picture has become a daily necessity, the great Picture Palaces of Manhattan

Victor Wilson

the New York Strand)

Drawings by R. F. James



He was a Pittsburg banker.

on in the great motion picture theatres along New York's Rialto, are not merely a convenience and an enjoyment for the hundreds of thousands of theatre-goers who live in New York, but are a vital factor to the thousands of visitors who come into Manhattan every day.

This proves to me, beyond any controversy, that the photoplay has become a more vital part of our national life—more of a national necessity—than anything except the daily newspaper.

Men and women go weeks and years without reading novels; others never take time to see a dramatic entertainment. But there are few men, women or children of reasoning powers who do not go to the movies.

A bustling old lady appeared at the Strand only at long intervals. She was from Erie, Pennsylvania.

So, in a way, these people carry their need—and it is a real need—for moving picture relaxation with them when they visit other cities; and especially, New York. The mid-town photoplay-shops have grown to be a necessity like the great restaurants, or the big stores, or the shops on Fifth avenue.

And I will even assert that the country at large, not the mere population of New York City, is primarily responsible for the success of these theatres. The Strand was the bold experiment of the late Mitchell Mark; his business confreres assured him that it would break him. On the contrary, its success was such that two more big photoplay houses grew immediately, and two or three more are on the way.

No manager of a successful theatrical entertainment could be found to admit that our great picture houses have hurt him any. And he would be pretty near right. The Follies, and the big dramatic successes, play to capacity—and what more could they play to in any event? But we have, for the man and woman from everywhere, removed dull evenings from that visit to the metropolis. The new motto of the traveller is, I would say: "Be sure you're right—or go to the movies." The dramatic mediocrity, the weak musical comedy, the forlorn starring venture, have literally had the life knocked out of them. There is no longer any hope for any but the best in the theatre, and so, as critic and criterion, I think we have really tendered the drama a great service. If a theatrical manager survives and prospers in New York now, against us, it is because he has the goods.

As a matter of fact, there are few theatrical entertainments any where, at any price, which even equal the motion picture entertainment we—and our confreres who followed us—have to offer.

The principal feature is a five or six reel photoplay, of eminent production and cast, always shown for the first time, and generally an advance release. Each of the Longacre theatres-of-the-film has a genuine symphony orchestra of fifty or sixty men, presenting the world's greatest music—not trash. Each theatre has eminent vocal and instrumental soloists, changing them from week to week. Grouped around the pictorial feature are reels of news, war, education, travel, science and comedy—each the latest and best of its kind. The theatres themselves are great marvels of luxurious fitting and architectural art.

Is it any wonder that the dull play, the uncertain star, the vulgar musical comedy are being passed up by visitors for this sure-fire audible and optical library of instruction and entertainment—at one-fifth the price?

The Strand has played to a daily average of 10,000 persons since its opening!

Unclassified visitors from the New England states.

A Boy Who Did

Ernest Truex is a true apostle of the — and a woman as old as she feels.

By Dorothy

Prophet Truex foresaw the war when he was three years old — and prepared.

IN the exact geographical center of the colony of player-folk, living at Great Neck, Long Island—folk of both stage and screen and including such stellar lights as George M. Cohan, Madge Kennedy, Jane Cowl and others,—lives Ernest Truex of "Very Good Eddy" fame, and now a shining light in the photoplay world. It is bounded on the north by the golf links—this home that he has built—on the south by—the golf links—on the east by the same and on the west by the estate of George Walsh.

"Handy, isn't it?" he asked me one morning, following my approving glance about the attractive links—lawns and towards the roomy garage and gardens at one side. "We have lived here for several years now and wouldn't consider living in a city again.

"I suppose I sound like a real estate agent, but it is true; I have found that the wholesome life out of town is the best thing in the world to keep an actor's point of view normal and healthy, for of course the player part of it is all make-believe and artificial."

While he was talking, Mr. Truex' fingers were busy doing some mysterious mending on a golf implement—I believe he called it a mashie or a squashie or something. He is never still and even the combined brains of John Emerson and Anita Loos who have written "Come On In," the scenario for the first Paramount picture in which Mr. Truex will appear with Shirley Mason, were taxed to find enough "business" for him—used as they are to writing scenarios for strenuous people—say Fairbanks or Fred Stone!

At this point two animated human catapults came tumbling out for inspection by "Daddy Truex" before starting for the daily dip. "My bathing suit's just like *his*," whispered one of them, I believe it was Philip, age four, to me with an adoring glance toward his boy-father.

With a little more chatter about their "wings" and the shark that had been seen on the beach a few days before, Philip and James went scampering beachward and Mrs. Truex, who will be remembered as Julia Mills in "Very Good Eddy," appeared. And then somehow, as conversations will nowadays, ours wandered toward the war, and Mrs. Truex, who seems to be mentor for all three "boys," reminded her husband that he was to appear at a certain Red Cross benefit that afternoon.

It would make the third that week not to mention any number of talks in theaters on W. S. S. and other subjects. "But most of my efforts in the future will probably be along the lines of making comedies at the studios—real human comedies that will send people away from the theaters refreshed and encouraged to take up the burdens the war has laid on them," said Mr. Truex seriously.

"My first star picture is a war-comedy. It shows up the humorous phases of training and part of it was filmed at Camp Dix, New Jersey. A brand new corporal was assigned to put me through the different stunts, and he certainly didn't omit anything!

His mustache is a rather intermittent affair—subject to removal for a barren-lipped role.

Mrs. Truex and a man known as Mrs. Truex' husband.

n't Grow Up

creed that a man is as old as he acts
Enthusiasm is his receipt for youth

Nutting

"But I'm quite used to hard work"—this in spite of an amused glance from his "golf widow" wife—"for you see since I played Hamlet at five in my mother's company, the child part in "Quo Vadis" soon after and from that time, on through "The Dummy," "Just Boys," "Very Good Eddy," and many others beside several photoplays such as "A Good Little Devil" and "Caprice" with Mary Pickford, I've been steadily being a boy. It's no wonder they tell me I'll never grow up"—this last with a plaintive droop of the Truex moustache—and by the way—of all the moustaches I have ever met, this one is quite the most expressive. It smiles or droops or even flirts with its proud possessor and has as many moods as a prima-donna on opening night. It is a rather intermittent affair too, and I was sadly informed that "perhaps it will have to come off for the next picture."

"But"—rallying—"that will mean a still more youthful part than I have in 'Come On In' and I certainly like juvenile roles. One has so much more action. Not that I mean I'd like to be a 'stunt' actor—but I like action and lots of chance to put in the comedy touches. Somebody once asked me how I kept so youthful looking — I really am twenty-five, you know" —(this very impressively)—"and I told them that *enthusiasm* seemed to me the best receipt. One has to like everything one does to do it well and I have never gotten blasé about my work."

At five, learning that the war had been postponed, preparedness-expert Truex decided to fill in the wait by becoming an actor. He started at the top, playing Hamlet.

You will note that this Hun has the wooden expression common to most of Wilhelm's brow-beaten soldiers—also that soldier Truex declines to bend a perfectly good bayonet on him.

Save Sugar!

WAR Will be Easier to Swallow
If we Let the Boys Over There
Cover it With Sugar.
When we Entered the War,
Sugar was Something
To Make Fudge With, or
For Little Willie
To Filch From the Bowl.
Then
Uncle Sam Paid it Attention;
Began to Watch it closely,
And Made Up his Mind
To Yank Out
The Sweet Tooth of the Nation.
So that Now,
Sugar is an Issue;
We Have Got to Save It.
And House-wives—
The Success
Of the Sugar Campaign
Depends Mostly On *You.*
Some of You
Go from Store to Store
Trying to Double your Portion.
It's Up to All of Us, Too.
If You Save a Lump of Sugar,
And I Save One, and
Each of the Rest of Us
Save One—
Think of All the Sugar
We'll be Sending Over There,
To Our Boys, and
The Allies!
It Means More than you Think.
That
Little Lump of Sugar
That you Saved
Means
Strength for the Boys, and
Why,
Isn't it Wonderful
To Be Able
To Save a Lump of Sugar,
And Do All That?

The Lady of

Born Greta Ahrbin. Hartman. She was Sonia

By Delight

Gretchen Hartman was featured with her husband Alan Hale in a Fox picture called "The Love Thief." This was before Mr. Fox had his "Sonia Markova" inspiration. It is Miss Hartman's career that has suffered through the publicity accorded the "Russian actress;" and she says she will have to remain in the background until it is forgotten.

enjoy it. She smiled vaguely at the waiter, dabbed ineffectually at her sash, and finished her old-fashioned peach short-cake.

She said herself she guessed she'd have to make herself over. Adopt some eccentricisms so that managers would believe she was a personality. She's often imposed upon; they think she's easy. She is. But she is married to Alan Hale, who is as independent as possible. Perhaps the only instance wherein he is not independent is in regard to his military status and he wants to go to war.

"Well," said Gretchen Hartman, apropos of nothing in particular, "they say every one has three chances in a life-time. I have had two of mine. Wonder what I'll do with the third?"

She explained: "Just when I was making a success as 'Mary Jane' in 'Mary Jane's Pa,' here in Chicago, why I began to get to the awkward age. So I had to quit for a while, too small to play grown-up parts, and too young to play kids. Then I went with Biograph; that was the beginning of my second chance. I'd worked there quite a while when D. W. Griffith began to make preparations to go to California. I had a hunch I might be taken along. Well—I wasn't. He'd thought of taking me, but it seems something came up and he didn't.

"Oh, I've had my share of disappointments," she said, shaking her dark head with a world-old air, "for instance,—my name—I mean names. Now, my parents were born in Sweden; and I was born right here in Chicago. But they thought my name—Greta Ahrbin—unpronounceable; so I changed it to Gretchen

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

THE LOVE THIEF WITH GRETCHEN HARTMAN AND ALAN HALE

A VIVID PORTRAYAL OF A WOMAN'S PASSION AND JEALOUSY

Written by N. P. NIESSEN

Fox Film CORPORATION

SHE ordered an old-fashioned peach short-cake.

So far as I could notice, the only thing old-fashioned about it was that it happened to be made of cake and peaches and whipped cream just like any other short-cake. But she enjoyed it. She slid the top layer off, and then ate the peaches.

"That's what I used to do," she said, "when I was a kid."

For a person who doesn't pretend to be an ingenue and whose forte is strong-minded heroines—who has even played vamps and such at times—Gretchen Hartman is rather remarkably ingenuous. In a nice, inoffensive way, of course. She doesn't seem to have outgrown a spontaneous interest and a girlish enjoyment in everything. She hasn't had much time, of course.

Just at this moment, the waiter obligingly spilled a tray of French pastry, face-down, on Miss Hartman's lap. Miss Hartman was wearing a black satin frock—a charming thing. I remember when a waiter upset a salad with Thousand-Island dressing on me, but then I only wore a dark blue suit at the time. At that, I was never so humiliated in my life; never. But Miss Hartman—why, she actually seemed to

For a person who doesn't pretend to be an ingenue and whose forte is strong-minded heroines—who has even played vamps and such at times—she is rather remarkably ingenuous. In oval on opposite page—with Mr. Hale in "The Love Thief."

the Names

Biographed Gretchen Markova; and then—

Evans

Hartman. Then—I became for a while, Sonia Markova. But that wasn't exactly my idea, or my fault. And now I'm going to take a third name, because 'they' think Gretchen Hartman sounds too German. I'll use my own after this—only I'll simplify the spelling and make it Arbin. And—if they prefer—I have several others I can use." She laughed. "Let's see—I'm married to Alan; so I'm Mrs. Hale. Then I could take Alan's real name—his real name's McCann, he's Irish."

"I knew it," I interrupted.

We went to the theatre where Alan Hale was playing in "Friendly Enemies." We waited in the wings while a stage-hand went about bawling, "Mr. Hale—Mr. Hale! Two lady-friends to see you!"

"He thinks we're matinee girls," giggled Mrs. Hale.

Alan Hale appeared in shirt-sleeves, half made-up. He seemed embarrassed. "H'd'y' do," he said; and hustled us out—or rather in, to see the play.

Gretchen Hartman enjoyed it as much as I did, although she'd seen it several dozen times. "Alan's played in so many different productions this season,"

"Sonia Markova," said the Fox publicists, "was born in Libau twenty-one years ago. Her father was a musician; her mother a gypsy. . . . . Markova has beauty; she has talent; she has inborn grace that will captivate those who see her." As regards the last statement, for once the Fox press-agents were right.

Fox Film CORPORATION
WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS
SONIA MARKOVA in THE PAINTED MADONNA
THE 1918 DRAMA OF A WOMAN'S REDEMPTION
Story by George M. Scarborough

she said, "in 'The Rainbow Girl,' and 'Rock-a-bye Baby,'—both musical comedies—in New York. Alan had a fine time working in them. He's the spy in this; but I don't know why they should always cast him as a villain." He really would make a corking hero—only he laughs too much.

We didn't talk about Mr. Hale all the time.

Afterwards, in the lobby of the theatre, a young girl, staring after Miss Hartman, turned suddenly, approached, and touched her on the arm. "I—I beg your pardon," she said, her face quite red, "but aren't you Sonia Markova?"

Gretchen Hartman led her aside. "Let's sit down here and I'll tell you," she said. "I'm Gretchen Hartman. I was Sonia Markova—for a while. It was a very foolish affair, my dear; and I very much regret my part in it—"

The girl interrupted: "I *thought* it was funny! I'm a movie-fan, Miss Hartman, an old-timer. I used to see you in Biograph pictures as Gretchen Hartman. So I couldn't understand, when I saw you in those Fox films, why you should change your name to Sonia Markova and pretend you were a Russian actress. It didn't fool me a bit."

"The only work I did under Fox of which I am proud, is my 'Fantine' in 'Les Miserables.' Then," continued Miss Hartman, "I did a picture for Fox, 'The Love Thief,' under my own stage name of Gretchen Hartman, opposite my husband, Alan Hale. It is my career that has suffered through the publicity accorded the 'Russian actress, Sonia Markova.' And I'll just simply have to remain in the background until it is forgotten."

"Thank you very much—and may I have your picture?"

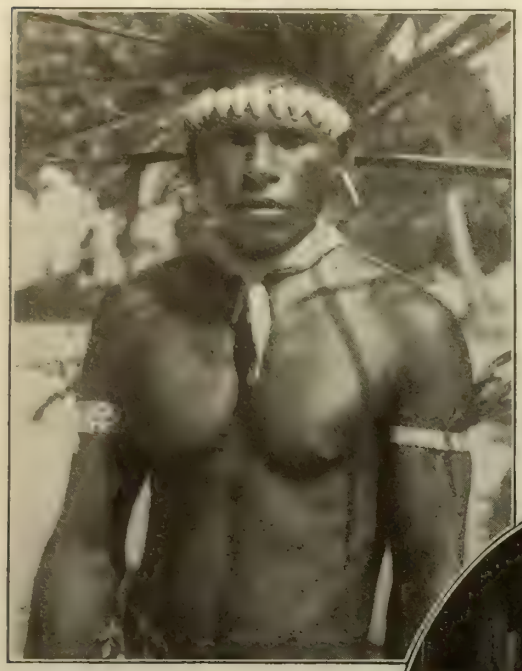
* * *

Well, it started me to thinking. When I got back to PHOTOPLAY I searched through the files. First under "Gretchen Hartman." It told all about her work with Biograph; her frequent screen appearances for four years, with well-known companies such as Metro and Ivan; first stage experience in Bush Temple Stock, Chicago; real name Greta Ahrbin, born of Swedish parents in Chicago; married to Alan Hale.

Then—"Sonia Markova." The manufactured career of Sonia, according to publicity issued from the William Fox offices, began in Libau, Russia, twenty-one years ago. "Raised in Russia,

(Continued on page 108)

Savagery's Last Stronghold Stormed *by the* Camera



Pictures taken by Jack London's globe-mate—8,000 miles from Frisco!

Martin Johnson of Kansas and his courageous little wife, cruised 50,000 miles into the South Pacific, and returned with 50,000 feet of motion picture film and a memory-box of adventures to last a lifetime of storytelling. Johnson, at one time Jack London's traveling companion, outfitted a sailing vessel at Samoa, sailed into one of the few remaining places that the camera had never been before.

Perhaps the most thrilling part of the Johnsons' adventures regards their capture by the "Big Numbers" savage tribe, Cannibals who had never before seen white skins. The two attribute their escape to the arrival of a British warship. Above is shown Koonacara Coombarawa, chief of the Solomon Islands, a superb physical specimen, and who finally condescended to be hospitable.

Through various photographic sources we have learned that the Hawaiian princesses reigning on the beach at Waikiki are not necessarily Venusian. And here again our ideals are shattered! Above Mrs. Johnson is shown with the Queen of the Island of Malaita. Yes—they are seated on the throne.

There are some queer customs in the world. The circle at the right shows one of the queerest. This is in the Leuaunewa Lagoon; where the oldest relative must linger at the grave of the head of the family for a period varying from six months to ten years, and never leave. Food is brought to him.

Frequently Mr. Johnson was forced to have his guard of native soldiers stand with guns pointed to keep the treacherous savages from turning on him while he was at his camera. The picture below shows three of the most ferocious specimens of savages. They are expert boatsmen as well as fighters. The Island in background is where the Johnsons lived for six months of their sojourn in the Solomons.

The FORBIDDEN CITY

"East and West shall never meet," believed Wong Li, the Wise. But, Toy, daughter of San San, learned there was a greater — kindlier — law.

By Betty Shannon

WONG LI was a very wise man—Wong Li, the father of San San. He believed as other wise men had and did that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But what know the wise, who must be old to have attained their wisdom, of pounding heart and pulsing blood, of blushing cheek and quickening breath; what knows age of the fire of youth calling to fire of youth?

Wong Li, the learned, droning over his books, dreaming dreams of the days gone by, laying sly plans for days to come, little knew of the love that was blooming among the cherry blossoms of his garden; little did he know of the love that sang and sighed beneath the willows and beside the crystal pond. Wong Li had once been a mandarin, ruling over a rich province in southern China. He had served wisely and faithfully the old Emperor. But courtiers, jealous of his wealth and power, had plotted his downfall. In his old age he was forced to seek refuge in a tiny house in an old garden on the outskirts of Hong Kong. Here he gathered about him foreigners desirous of learning the Chinese language, who paid him enough to keep him and his daughter San San in modest comfort.

It was contrary to all the traditions of Wong Li's race that San San and John Worden, the stalwart young undersecretary to the American consul, should have met at all. But as the American came day after day, and Wong Li found that he was high-minded and honest, he decided it was no longer necessary to keep San San in the background. So one day, as the men pondered their lesson, she tip-toed shyly in bearing fragrant tea on a woven tray.

Then a shadow crossed their hearts. . . . . John Worden knew his marriage with a Chinese girl would bring ostracism from his own people.

When she raised her soft almond eyes to the face of John Worden, he was sure that he had never seen eyes so wonderful before. Her voice was like the wooing of wood doves. Her deftness at handling the bright fragile tea cups filled him with awe. Never in his clean young life had he seen so sweetly alluring a creature as the Chinese maid.

And San San! Had Wong Li noted the trembling of the slim fingers that handed him his tea, the blush on the rounded cheek, the new depths in the shining brown eyes, he would have sent her back to the solitude of her room without adieu. But Wong Li was a wise man and he was wrapt about in his wisdom. San San was to him a child. So he praised her tea, and let her walk in the garden with John Worden while he received another pupil.

It was not long until love had come to San San and John Worden, and had found expression in queer, faltering, but unmistakable, language. It

seemed impossible to each that the world could hold so much happiness. Then a shadow crossed their hearts.

San San knew that for her to wed an American would mean disgrace more lasting than that which had been visited upon her father, the deposed mandarin.

John Worden knew his marriage with a Chinese girl would bring ostracism from his own people, and possible dismissal from the consular service.

An open alliance at the time seemed unwise. A hidden love without honor did not suggest itself to their pure hearts. The one course which seemed open was a secret marriage. After earnest pleading, John pursuaded an American missionary to come to Wong Li's garden one afternoon. And while the wise old teacher unknowingly droned his lessons in the tiny house, San San and John Worden, the East and the West, "met" in holy wedlock beside the mirror pool.

Though Wong Li had seemed outwardly to accept with philosophy his official disgrace, he had in reality never ceased to work and plan for a day when he should return to his high estate.

As San San blossomed into fuller, sweeter womanhood, the old man knew his day was approaching.

When he had saved enough money he would go to the forbidden city of Pekin, force his way to the Emperor, and sing the praises of his San San until the great ruler would demand that she should be sent for to occupy the chief place among the ladies of his court. Then San San should be brought with pomp and ceremony. Her great beauty would put to shame the paler charms of the other women. She would become the Emperor's favorite love, the most powerful woman of the empire, and her father would again know the honor of a mandarin's estate.

The Forbidden City

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay of the same name, written by George Scarborough and produced by Select, with this cast:

Ching Li.....M. W. Rale
Wong Li.....A. E. Warren
San San, His Daughter Norma Talmadge
John Worden, U. S. Consulate Sec...
.....Thomas Meighan
The Chinese Emperor...Rogers Lytton
Toy, Daughter of San San.....
..... Norma Talmadge
Lieut. Philip Halbert...Reed Hamilton

To this end, Wong Li had a portrait of San San painted and quietly waited his time, never suspecting the happy secret of his daughter and the American under secretary.

One day John received summons to present himself at Shang Hai for reassignment. There he learned that he had been assigned by Washington to South America. It was final. He felt forced to tell his chief of his marriage to a native girl. The older man was shocked, and it was with difficulty that John gained permission to return to tell Wong Li the truth, and to take San San away with him.

But when he arrived at the tiny house on the outskirts of Hong Kong, his heart stopped beating. The doors and windows were fastened, and his San San and her father were not there.

A few days after John's departure for Shang Hai, Wong Li had started on his journey to the Emperor, taking San San to the home of a friend in a nearby town, where he would leave her carefully guarded until he should send for her by royal command.

John searched for weeks, but found no trace. At last he was forced to believe that Wong Li had discovered San San's marriage

"You are free to go—by the Lane of Flashing Spears," he would say, smiling and pointing to a path leading through a profusion of high, rare flowers.

and in his rage had taken the Chinese father's vengeance—his daughter's life—and then his own. John left, broken-hearted, for his new post.

San San accepted her new home and the absence of the two men she loved after the unquestioning fashion of the oriental woman. But the days grew long and dreary. She heard no word from them. Then a tiny daughter came to her one day, and San San forgot her loneliness in the cooing of the little half caste babe whom she named Toy.

After months of vain endeavor, Wong Li was at last admitted into the presence of the old Emperor. The next day a soldier guard was dispatched to fetch the beautiful San San, and the Emperor ordered such preparations as had never been seen in the Forbidden City for the reception of a lady of the court.

The great halls were fragrant with rarest incense. The courtiers wore their most gorgeous robes. And the Emperor, usually jaded and listless, sat forward eagerly as the great doors slid open to admit San San. As she stood confused in the doorway, his greedy eyes narrowed gloatingly on the beauty of her face,—a face which seemed like some pure, exotic lily in the garish voluptuousness of the royal room. His hands clutched convulsively at the carved dragons on his throne.

But the look of supreme approval changed when the Emperor's eyes rested on the squirming baby in San San's arms.

"The child?" he asked, scowling as the Chinese girl walked timidly towards the throne.

"My own," she answered softly, holding up the little Toy for him to behold.

Wong Li, standing beside the ruler, broke into a snarl of rage. He would have leaped upon the daughter who had frustrated his well laid plans; would have taken the father's vengeance there, had not the Emperor interfered.

"No—her beauty pleads for her," the Emperor said. "But nothing excuses a father who did not guard his daughter well. Away." In spite of the pleadings of San San, the wretched Wong Li was flogged from the palace into utter misery and disgrace.

Death was the punishment meted out to any girl who repudiated the love of the great Emperor. Death was the punishment given any of his chosen ones who might prove untrue. But no less woe awaited the luckless girl with charms to stir the imperial desire, whose love had first been given to another.

San San's offense was all the greater that her virgin love had gone to a hated foreigner, an American.

But wondrous beauty has swayed the destiny of nations. The Emperor found himself content to forgive the past unwitting sins of San San against his royal person, if he might but possess her for the future.

"Your sins shall be forgiven. Your baby shall grow up in luxury in a royal asylum. And you shall be our favorite love," he told her caressingly.

"No, no," cried little San San, clasping her baby to her breast. "Death would I welcome more."

It had pleased the Emperor to devise what he deemed a fitting death for the favored ones who refused the questionable honors of his court.

"You are free to go—by the Lane of the Flashing Spears," he would say, smiling craftily and pointing to a path leading through a profusion of high rare flowers to a gate that opened to the outside world . . .

But no girl reached the gate, for hidden in the flowers were soldiers with flashing spears who leaped upon the hapless ones and stopped forever the beating of their hearts beneath the Emperor's eye.

"The child?" the Emperor asked, scowling as the Chinese girl walked timidly toward the throne. "My own," she answered softly, holding up the little Toy for him to behold.

So it was with San San, who might have been the favorite of the empire. Bravely she met her death. But her baby with the half almond eyes was saved, so that it might grow up as an object of scorn, and a buffoon for the amusement of the court ladies, and as a living warning that between the East and the West there must be no twain.

And so the years passed. The baby Toy grew into a slender, graceful girl as her mother had been. Her half almond eyes held not alone the mysterious softness of her Chinese ancestors, but also the eager spirit of her American father.

It was perhaps that same spirit which made it possible for Toy to live at all. For, though she was well cared for and educated, at the old Emperor's command, every sort of taunting, heartless slight and insult had been heaped upon her from her babyhood.

Instead of taking shame at her American blood, however, Toy was proud of it. When, in order to force greater humiliation upon her, the women decided they would make her wear the clothes of the women of her father's race, she welcomed the opportunity to accustom herself to them, and applied herself with diligence to the learning of the American language. A plan for her future formulated itself in her mind. She would escape one day, and fly to her father's people.

* * * *

The old Emperor died. A revolution arose against the boy ruler. Reverses came to the imperial forces. The boy Emperor and the Dowager Empress were compelled to flee. In the confusion that followed, Toy escaped, carrying with her the portrait of her mother, which had wrought so much unhappiness in both of their lives, and her mother's clothes, which the nurses had given her.

Some weeks later, through the help of the American minister, Toy was on her way to America by way of Manila. She bore in her pocket a letter to the Consul General in the Philippines. Although her heart sang because she was free, a new hurt had come to mar her perfect happiness. On the boat she had overheard some one refer to her slightingly as "that Chinese girl." Before, her mother's people had scoffed at her for possessing American blood. Were the people of her father to despise her too? It was the first bitter moment of her life.

Toy studied the manners of the American family in whose care she was traveling. She determined to remain at Manila, watching the American women, until she was sure that she could act as they did. Then she would go on to America, alone.

When Toy arrived at the hotel in Manila she gave her name as Mary Smith. It was taken without question, and Toy, the outcast of the Chinese Emperor's palace, was entered upon her new life.

Among the American officers at the Hotel, Phillip Halbert was the favorite of all. He was young and handsome and cheerful. Toy, watching him, thought he was the most beautiful person she had ever seen. He became her god, and she sat happily for hours looking at him. One day he spoke to her about some insignificant thing regarding the hotel. Toy ran to her room, her heart in a tumult. What had she done to deserve such notice, she, only a half-caste Chinese girl with no one in the world to care for her? She wished to flee to some place where she could never see the young soldier again, and where her dream would not be broken.

The American army was engaged in war with the Philippine insurrectos. Nurses were needed. Toy determined to enlist. So the next morning she slipped out of the hotel by a quiet way so that she would not meet Lieutenant Halbert.

When Toy reached the recruiting station, she was nearly panic stricken when she discovered with Phillip Halbert was in charge. She turned to leave, but he reached her before she gained the door. He

(Continued on page 109)

When Toy reached the recruiting station, she was nearly panic-stricken when she discovered that Phillip Halbert was in charge. She turned to leave, but he reached her before she gained the door.

Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness

HOW the motion picture aids in converting foreigners into real American patriots is one more of the interesting testimonials of the educational film. M. R. Gabbert, industrial secretary of the South Chicago Y. M. C. A., declares that the instructive movie is an indispensable portion of their "Americanizing school."

South Chicago, a great steel and iron center, has its workers drawn from all countries of Europe.

"Many of these foreigners," says Mr. Gabbert, "have learned to speak English, and have taken out their citizenship papers, but a very large number of them do not speak English at all and others but poorly. Thus, efforts through the written medium to make them understand the principles of American citizenship suffer great handicaps. Of paramount importance, therefore, in this work of ours, is the motion picture; it makes understandable to the eager though bewildered foreigner, a great deal, in fact and spirit, that the written word would require a far longer period to teach.

"The story of our national life can be told much more effectively, we have come to learn, by the screen than in any other way — particularly where the matter of language must be considered. Lectures on 'The Traditions of America,' with suitable motion picture accompaniment, were given during the first half of 1918 with great success. Conducted in the public parks, these lectures included such subjects as 'The Settlement of America,' 'Independence,' 'World Recognition,' and 'American Achievements.'

"At all times we endeavor to pick such motion pictures as will inspire within the earnest foreigners a sincere appreciation for all that their new country stands and fights —for all that it offers them."

Americans of German birth saluting the flag of their adopted land. From "The Immigrant," a United States Government picture—such a one as the Y. M. C. A. Americanization school uses to awaken newcomers to their responsibilities as American citizens.

Some interesting facts regarding the expanding application of the educational film are gleaned from a recent report of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures. Cranston Brenton, chairman of the Board, cites the following list of libraries giving the handclasp of fellowship to visual instruction, having come to realize the collaborative power of the film:

The Bureau of Libraries of the Department of Education, New York City; the Library of Philadelphia, the Cleveland Public Library, William H. Brett, librarian; the Library of the University of Michigan; the Carleton College Library, Northfield, Minn.; the Public Library of St. Paul, Minn.; the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; the Library Museum, Newark, N. J., and many of the state libraries.

The great possibilities in such co-operation between the library and the educational movie auditorium, are seen in the one-reel Paramount-Bray Pictograph, "The Treasures of a Great City," wherein is shown a priceless collection of relics, treasured in the New York Public Library, ranging from a pamphlet showing the inscription of certain public works by Nebuchadnezzar some 600 years B. C., a copy of the Chaldean Flood Tablet, the Siamese Book of Omens, an early example of wood-block printing, and the Bay Psalm book, the first book printed in English in the United States, and valued at $10,000

Everyone, by this time, is aware of the wonderful enthusiasm with which Uncle Sam has indicated his belief in the instructive motion picture. Further evidence of this endorsement of the motion picture is seen in the work of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, at Washington. As defined by Frances Holley, director, this institution is "an association of the governments, institutions, manufacturers, producers, transportation lines and individuals of the United States and foreign countries to engage in disseminating geographical, commercial, industrial, vocational welfare and public health information by the graphic method of motography, showing how things in common use are made or produced and under what conditions."

The bureau displays its reels and slides in universities, colleges, technical and agricultural schools, public libraries, state armories, high schools, community institutes, public institutions, state granges, settlement houses, missions, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, commercial clubs, rotary clubs, educational, scientific and trade conventions, welfare organizations of corporations, fraternal institutions; also with powerful projectors, operated from auto trucks, in parks, playgrounds, rural communities and other centers for the general public.

They are available, however, only when admittance to the public is free. The bureau maintains a lecture service

for large organizations, such as chambers of commerce, universities and similar institutions.

In addition to the film and lecture service, the bureau sends out mica slides of announcements.

The bureau is international for the reason that to be nationally part of any government would preclude the possibility of carrying on its work in foreign lands or of displaying foreign films locally. It is, however, affiliated with the leading educational institutions of the world, thus facilitating a general movement in universal public instruction.

This bureau circulates the films of the United States Government, of the Dominions of the British Empire, Republics of France and Argentina and of the lesser nations, in many parts of the world, but invariably to audiences admitted free.

Any organization which desires to use the films of the bureau, through the medium of the co-operating universities, may have the privilege under the following stipulations:

1. Payment of transportation charges from and to the distributing center.
2. The films shall be used on standard motion picture projectors, handled by competent operators.
3. A report of films used and attendance shall be mailed after each performance to the distributing center.
4. Films shall be returned immediately after use.

No fee whatsoever is charged or accepted for the use of the films of the bureau.

No admission fees to the public are permitted to be charged, nor are collections permissible.

If films from other sources, such as advertising films, films of advertising associations or films which have been rejected by the bureau, except literary and similar films rented from the commercial exchanges, are shown in conjunction with the films of the bureau, the bureau reserves the right to discontinue service.

Owing to the great expense in the production of film, the bureau must be informed as to the projection apparatus employed, as it is obviously necessary to protect film equipment against injury by projecting it upon improvised mechanism.

How one more minister employed the motion picture in arousing greater interest in the church is seen in the report of the Rev. Thomas W. H. Marshall, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Weberville, Mich.

"In the fall of 1917 I first came to Weberville," he says, "noting, to my astonishment, that there was no motion picture house in the village. We installed a good, second-hand projection outfit in the church auditorium."

Each Wednesday evening in the church are shown two reels of educational films and one of good comedy. On Sunday evenings—during the warmer months—the regular services are colored by a one-reel presentation following the services themselves. These films usually have a religious flavor.

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theaters.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars in *the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Witzel

Nativity of Tully Marshall, Born April 13th, Nevada City, Calif.

MR. MARSHALL is both fortunate and unfortunate in this life; fortunate inasmuch as he has the benific influence of the moon to the ever bountiful Jupiter, with that planet the highest one in the firmament at the hour of his birth; unfortunate because he will always have enough to live on whether he works for it or not. He may not have much at times, but he will always have enough.

Mr. Marshall has the strange and most unexpected Uranus in the house of theatres, and the house of pleasure, which indicates that he will have to interpret very strange characters in and around those places. The Courageous Mars is very close to the planet that represents Mr. Marshall, which gives him the courage of a seven-year soldier. His mind is quick, with a good memory, he is kind-hearted, charitable, and you might not believe it from the parts he plays, but Tully believes in the Golden Rule, and believes in keeping it to the end. His worst luck for many years has passed, and in ten years there will be a foundation laid for a large fortune, which will either come from his father or his sister.

Nativity of Muriel Ostriche, Born March 24th

THIS native came to this world to be a mother of a very high order. I have never seen such a strong tendency in any nativity to be always mothering somebody, but strange as it may seem, she should not have the care of children; she would be too good to them and they in return would become unruly under her guidance. In the drama, she will do well in parts where she has to suffer from her children's cruelty and neglect, from the loss of fortune and from the injustice of her parents who may drive her away form home. She is musical, poetical, mystically inclined and very quick-witted. This nativity does not indicate much money earned or even saved from the earnings, but it does point out a number of legacies left her from father, mother and husband, or some one who holds a public position. Marriage should be very pleasant. The husband will have much worldly goods and will be a leader. In 1918 and 1919 she will have several offers of marriage, two from men of over fifty, which are good matches. but *the real* man whom she will marry for love will be about her own age.

Seventy-Two Reels of Hard Luck

Or, the persistent pursuit of Herbert Brenon by a Celluloid Jinx

By Randolph Bartlett

William Fox, afflicted with money-pains, quarreled with Brenon, denying him public credit for "A Daughter of the Gods."

Inspired by his success with "War Brides," Brenon made "The Eternal Sin," from the classic "Lucretia Borgia"—a failure.

THE unluckiest creature in the world, as everybody knows, is the Crown Prince of Germany, because he has the Kaiser for a father. And logically enough, the next most unlucky creature in the world is the Kaiser, because he has the Crown Prince for a son.

These, of course, are cataclysms of misfortune which the average person need not fear experiencing.

Passing from these monstrosities, I have of late been contemplating an ill-luck which has pursued a friend of mine like an ogre through several years — an ill-luck so profound that I believe it entitles him to the distinction of the most unlucky human being in the world, the term "human being" being employed to show I am no longer speaking of such entities as those named in paragraph one.

While finishing Florence Reed's "The Eternal Sin," Brenon staged a vaudeville pantomime, and collapsed under the strain.

Campbell

Herbert Brenon, the most harassed producer in the photoplay field — whose ogre of hard luck finally drove him into the great war, where he could hit back.

The man I refer to is Herbert Brenon, moving-picture director extraordinary, erstwhile one of picturedom's most discussed individuals, and today—out of pictures, somewhere in the British Army . . .

Four or five years ago Brenon's work at Universal attracted the attention of William Fox. Brenon had just completed "Neptune's Daughter," first and finest of the Kellermann marine operas. Fox had just developed the serio-comic vampire, Theda Bara. He decided to engage the most brilliant available director for his greatest prospective favorite. Brenon went to work, and soon Bara had completed about the only plays in which she has ever enacted a human being. "The Clemenceau Case," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and "Sin"—adapted from "The Jewels of the Madonna"—were chief of these. Brenon had made good. Fox could get almost maudlin talking about him. So, of course, Herbert could have almost anything he wanted.

And Herbert wanted to outdo "Neptune's Daughter." The sea had always lured him, and this time it lured him to something like destruction. Nobody censored his finances, and he set sail for Jamaica with an armada of people

Steps in the unlucky flight of stairs down which Mr. Brenon walked out of America.

Involved affairs of the special company crippled his work on "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Then appendicitis seized him in the midst of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," featuring Forbes-Robertson (pictured at right).

Then Brenon went to England and produced a great patriotic film for the British government—only to have the entire negative destroyed by fire.

and supplies, and the authority to go as far as he liked. The denouement is public property. It has been told in these pages how Fox became afflicted with money-pains, and Brenon won a temporary victory only to lose all public credit for a year's work when Fox took his name off the advertising of "A Daughter of the Gods."

Came then the Brenon-Selznick alliance. "War Brides," with Nazimova, was the first fruit, and, with it going strong during the momentary triumph of skim-milk pacifism, Brenon was again in high favor, and decided to give the world the most tremendous cinema thrill it had ever experienced. Accordingly he dug up Victor Hugo's book of horrors, "Lucretia Borgia," and "The Eternal Sin," with Florence Reed, was the result. It was a terrible failure.

Not content with the misfortunes that can follow a picture director when they are going strong, Brenon decided to add unto them those of a vaudeville producer. Nothing short of a dance pantomime in seven or eight scenes, with original music and a high-priced star, would suit him. When the final scenes of "The Eternal Sin" were awaiting his attention at Hudson Heights, Herbert was appearing personally in the out-of-town tryouts of his act, playing the role of Harlequin because he could get no *mime* whose work satisfied him.

Then the heavens opened and the deluge came. A not-too-robust body, fed too much on its own fire, broke under the strain, and Brenon nearly died of typhoid pneumonia.

With the advance of America toward war, "War Brides" soon had to be withdrawn, and "The Eternal Sin" would better have been.

Recovering, Brenon had to take orders from the men who furnished the money. For them, he produced "The Lone Wolf," one of the best melodramas of its kind, but a piece in which—foolishly enough—he took not the slightest pride.

The success of "The Lone Wolf" restored managerial confidence in Herbert Brenon, and enabled him to produce his masterpiece, an epic based on the Russian revolution, entitled "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Then what happened? Simply through sheer bad business management—and Brenon is indeed a poor business man—the affairs of the special company organized to produce this picture became so involved that the production has hardly yet found the screen. Meanwhile, the Russian squirrel cage has revolved so many times that the story has lost its value.

Then came another sop to the demand for melodrama, "Empty Pockets," which lacks, almost entirely, the Brenon stamp.

Another masterpiece promised itself in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson. In the middle of it, Brenon went to the hospital with appendicitis. He finished it without any of his characteristic vigor.

With finances becoming more and more complicated at every turn, Brenon assayed one more melodrama, "False Faces." He was half way through it when the storm broke. Creditors closed in on every side, and he had to shut up shop. Thirty thousand dollars worth of film was junked.

When everything appeared at its blackest a rainbow burned for Brenon in the Eastern sky. The British government had sent for him to produce a great patriotic picture for English consumption! He toiled like Hercules for three months, and completed a mammoth negative. Then, one morning, the newspapers carried a two-line cable: Brenon's negative, a work of great pride and skill, stored with some other military properties, had been completely destroyed by fire.

He is a soldier, now.

Personally, I think he'll kill that hoodoo with a sword. But when he comes back he will probably accept sage advice in business matters.

Making Rain While the Sun Shines

MOTION picture cleverness can build Babylons, induce roosters to crow during their hours of sleep, show us the beloved Sammies in action three thousand miles away, and now further demonstrates its peculiar potentiality by defying Mister Pluvius to lachrymate more realistically than a shower attachment out of the property rooms. Here is shown the gentle rain falling as from heaven upon the place beneath in the Famous Players New York studio. An animated subtitle is being made. Ray Mammes is uncorking the clouds while Ralph Hammeras (at right) is there with the thunder (if he's an orthodox director). Note that the cameraman's hat protects the lens from the sun's glare, thus attesting to the wondrous ability of man to make rain while the sun shines.

A Specialist in a Fine Art

Matzene, Chicago

Watterson R. Rothacker, a Chicago man who develops and prints more film than anyone else in America

"Waddy" Rothacker directed and produced the first picture of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle—a single-reeler, sent over the Orpheum Circuit. Below is a night scene of his Chicago factory and studio, through which, among other items, passes every foot of Charlie Chaplin negative and positive.

ALL our captains of industry that you find in novels, and plays, and motion pictures are grizzled old fellows, or stern, lean, lion-faced men in the prime of life; fellows who possess the piercing eye, beat their desks and walk up and down like tigers in a cage.

But not all our captains of industry, and art, in real life.

For instance, if you should see a certain handsome young chap at a table in the Claridge, New York, chatting with a group of men, don't think he's a new Vernon Castle signing a dancing contract, though he may look the part.

Because if it's the particular chap we mean, a dancing contract would be about the farthest thing from his mind, and the Claridge a place of business that he visits only perforce of business circumstances.

He is Watterson R. Rothacker of Chicago, "Waddy," his friends call him, the first man in America to use film for industrial purposes—one who went around the country like a new incarnation of John the Baptist, preaching a new faith. His followers include some of the greatest concerns in America. His own business, a huge institution filling a block, is one of the most unique and humming film plants in the world.

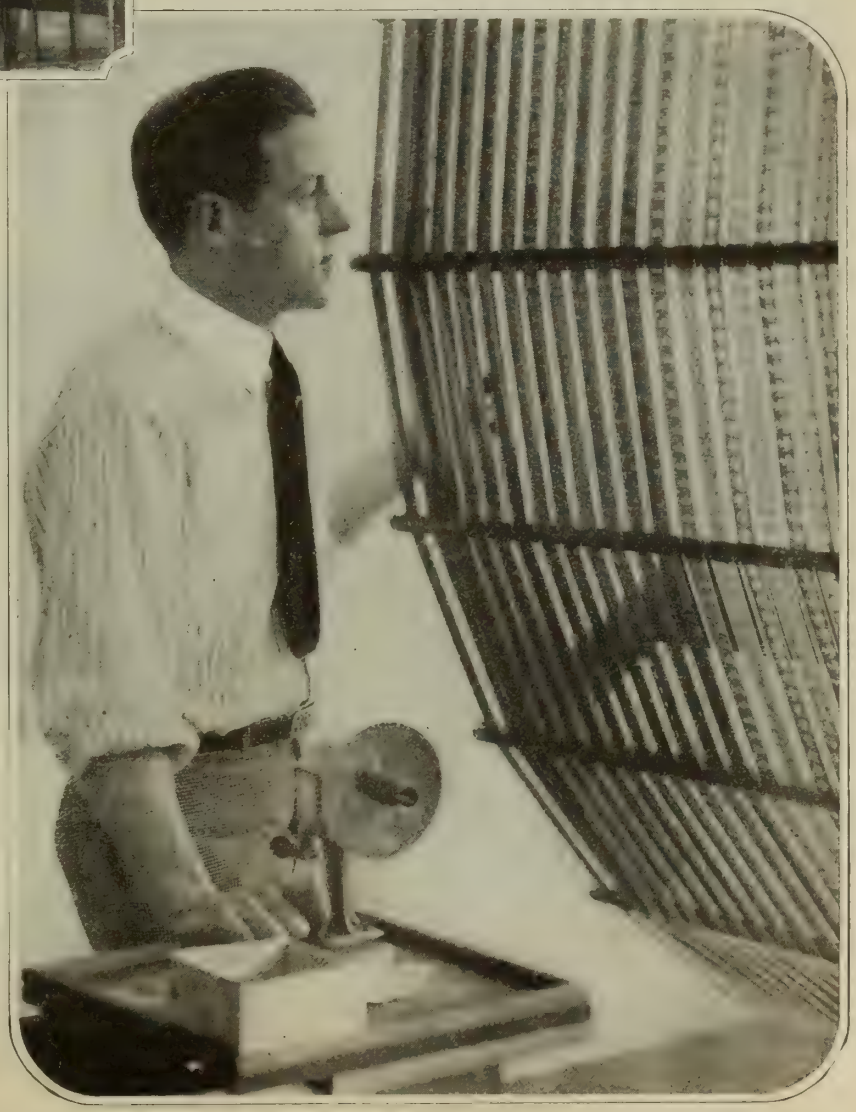
Rothacker first became interested in the film business when he was manager of a theatrical trade journal known as The Billboard. In his work he covered and reported such important meetings as the formation of the Motion Picture Patents Company, the Sales Company, and so on.

Then he wrote a series of articles concerning the industrial and educational possibilities of the film, and through comments on these articles he determined to enter the field himself.

During 1910 and 1911 he did considerable picture missionary work, appearing before various advertising and commercial associations through the country, desiring to interest them in motion picture advertising. He also wrote another series of articles on this subject which appeared in the Scientific American, Printer's Ink, the London Bioscope, and certain European advertising and selling journals. Such an impression did he make that his new evangelism was translated into every language of Western Europe.

And, what were his results at home?

There is the Dupont Powder Company, for which he made a picture showing "Farming with Dynamite," teaching the farmer how to break up hard-pan soil with high explosive; Armour and Company, for whom he made a picture showing the manufacture of oleomargarine; Wilson and Company, for whom he made a seven-reel picture showing the packing industry; the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and the C. B. & Q., for whom he made industrial pictures; the American Cyanamid Company, for whom he made a two-reel subject entitled "The Fixation of Atmospheric Nitrogen," which visualized the transfor-



Mr. Rothacker knows his business from laboratory to executive office. He is here shown examining one of the great "drums" of drying film.

mation of water power into food crops; Sears, Roebuck and Company, for whom he made a fourteen-reeler; the Western Electric Company, and many others.

His argument for the screen as an advertising medium has become a classic. He says:

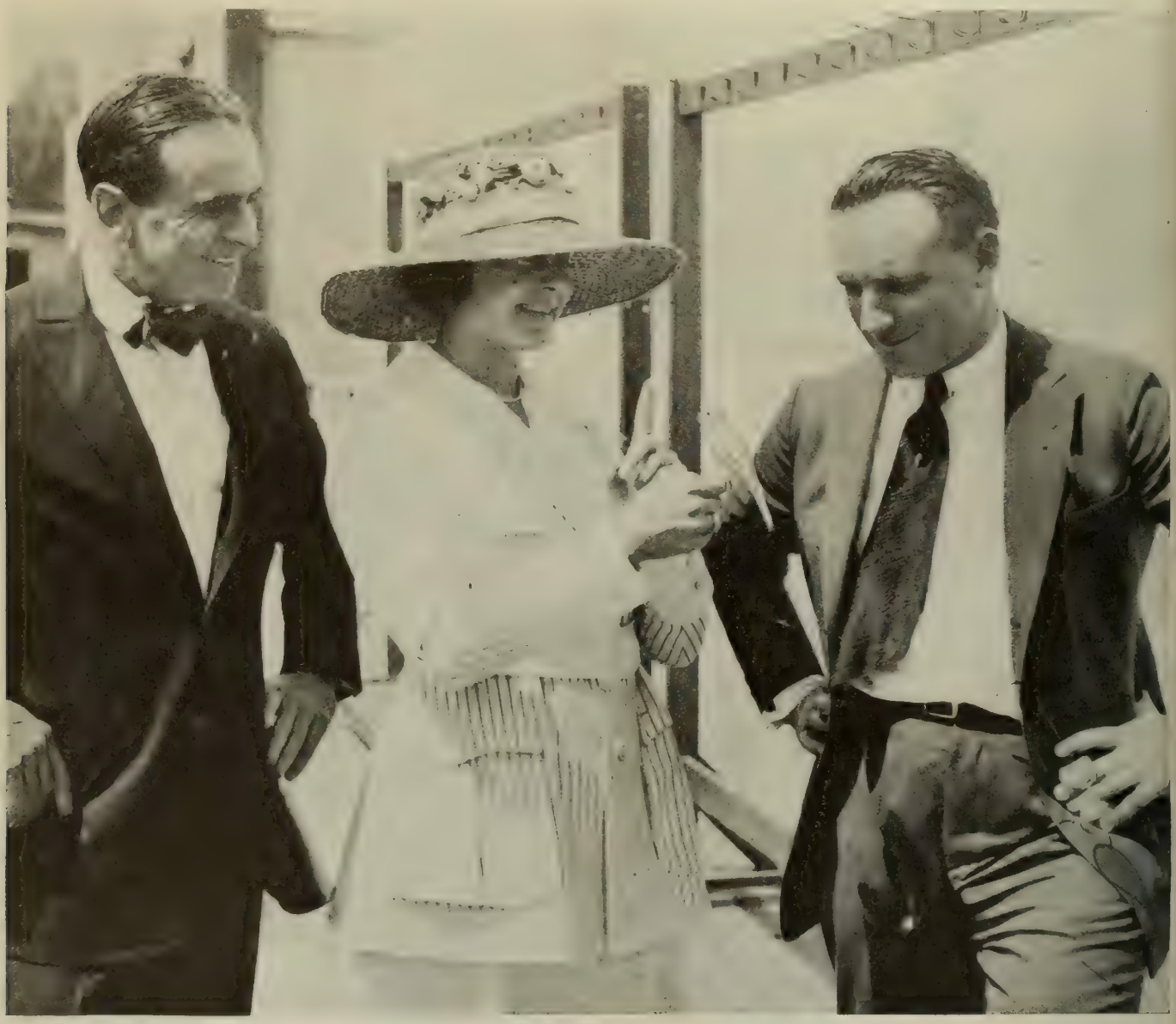
"The best advertisement in the world will never be written because moving pictures are the superlative advertising medium and exceed the limitations of any pen."

Watterson Rothacker today prints and develops more film than any other man in America. There's news, isn't it—you have thought of California and New York as the only places where the ribbons of silvered celluloid become scrolls of life!

Among the pictures entirely developed and printed in his Chicago establishment are the comedies of Charlie Chaplin. He personally directed and produced the first picture of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle—a single-reeler sent over the Orpheum Circuit.

Rothacker was vice-president of the first Motion Picture Board of Trade, and is now membership chairman of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, Chairman of the Studio Committee of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers, member of the National Cinema Commission and member of the War Co-Operation Committee. He was also a member of the Advisory Board, Bureau of Motion Pictures of the American Red Cross, and a member of the National Cinema Commission, which furnished moving picture subjects for the boys overseas.

"I built my laboratory in Chicago," says Rothacker, "because it is my firm belief that Chicago will eventually be the place where all film manufacturing will be done, situated as it is, so centrally."



Carduelis Canaria Co-Stars with Fairbanks

MISS CANARIA is the daughter of one of the most famous singers and came to this country from her home in Madeira when very young. She has lived with Francis Marion, the scenario writer, for several years and they are intimate friends. So it was natural that she should turn her talents to motion pictures, and it was through the assistance of her friend that her chance came in motion pictures. That's the way some of our press agents might announce this bird's advent into pictures, but we must be more truthful. The lady named in the headline (that's the name scientists give her) is just a little yellow canary. But she has quite a bit to do in Fairbanks' new picture, "He Comes Up Smiling." Miss Marion's hobby is canaries, and she had trained this one to do a number of cute tricks including playing dead in the palm of her hand, and climbing a miniature ladder. Above, reading from right to left: Director Allan Dwan, Miss Canaria, Frances Marion, and Douglas Fairbanks.

"You Win!"

The interesting result of a queer bet made over the teacups in a Fifth avenue mansion

By Dorothy Allison

Miss Blackwell, in her first Goldwyn part, personified the Red Cross.

BETTING is a comprehensive pastime and includes all sorts and conditions of bets. There is the horse-racing bet that preachers use as an awful warning in their best brimstone sermons. There is the election bet that often ends with a respectable and rotund citizen pushing a peanut down Main Street with his nose. There are bridge, poker and pool bets, each with special dangers of their own. Most of these are highly reprehensible and should be discouraged.

This is the story of a bet that was worth winning.

The "set," as the scenario writer would say, is an "at home" in a Fifth Avenue mansion. The heroine is Irene Blackwell, a very charming and gracious member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families, a family so old, in fact, that it once owned Blackwell's Island on the Royal Grant which is still under litigation.

Now even the oldest families cannot discuss their forbears all the time, so in the course of this social event, the conversation turned to the moving pictures. A discussion arose as to what chance an outsider with no experience or influence would have in getting on the screen.

"The film business is like any other business," said Irene Blackwell. "I think that anyone who can do good work on the screen can get there."

"Suppose you try," suggested a friend, teasingly, "at least you should have the courage of your convictions."

"I have," said Miss Blackwell, out of a sudden resolution. "And I will. To prove it, I'll go over to a studio and start work tomorrow."

"I like your nerve for proposing it, Irene," said one. "But I'd be willing to bet a thousand dollars that you never could get into a picture without some pull."

"Taken!" said Miss Blackwell.

"I didn't know a film studio from a boiler factory," she told me. "Most people at least have a friend of a friend whose brother once played with Mary Pickford. I couldn't boast of the most remote connection with the screen. I wasn't even an amateur, I was an out and out outsider.

"Nevertheless, I wanted to make good my resolution for lots of reasons aside from the thousand dollars. So I started. Once, while motoring through Fort Lee, we had passed the World studio and I set out on the ferry to find it again. After some argument with a stern doorman I found myself at last within the doors.

"The director shook hands politely enough but with the most impersonal manner I have ever seen in my life. There was (for me) an awful silence and then he said, 'Have you got a sport suit and an Alpine hat and heavy shoes?'

" 'Yes, yes, yes,' I stammered, although the nearest thing I had to a sport suit was a garden frock.

" 'Put them on and report here in the morning at nine,' he ordered. 'We need some one for a hunting party in the Alps.'

"He hadn't said one word about experience!

"At last I was really in, and keeping in and going on depended entirely on my own efforts. I was extra girl for a while; then I began taking larger parts. I was with Emmy Wehlen in a Metro play and Mae Marsh with Goldwyn. And then I went into regular work with Fox where I am now."

"What became of the bet?" I reminded her.

"In the excitement of the work, I forgot all about it," she told me. "But my friend remembered and insisted on paying it. It seemed shabby to take the money when I had just the work I wanted besides, but we finally compromised on Liberty Bonds."

"If I were a vampire I'd be a real one," says Irene Blackwell. . . . "The work of so many screen sirens is so obvious."

"I came flopping out straight into the mits of a policeman. . . . He didn't waste any words."

Looking Back

Ben Turpin, a comedian of career and declares it's good

By Harry C. Carr

D'Y' remember the village cut-up who used to sell taffy candy at the country fairs when we were all kids?

He always wore a white duck suit; the eclat and distinction with which he tossed the long hunks of taffy candy over the hook almost paralyzed us with admiration. Every once in a while he would pretend to make a mighty swipe at somebody in the crowd; then catch the gob just in time and swing it grandly over the candy hook.

Many inexperienced persons with low grubby souls desired to be brakemen when they grew up, but the more artistic and refined of us were determined to be cut-ups with taffy at country fairs.

That's where Ben Turpin got his start.

Ben is now a famous comedian and acts in the Mack Sennett comedies where he dodges pies and gets his teeth knocked out and makes everybody laugh; but he insists that his most subtle art was seen in the days when he was heaving taffy off the hook in Cincinnati.

You see, Ben had somewhat of an advantage over the other taffy yankers on account of his eyes. One of Ben's starry orbs stared fixedly northeast by east while his other orb gazed north-nor west. In other words, Ben was cock-eyed. As a taffy comedian this was worth a king's ransom. The crowd never could tell what he was looking at; therefore his pretended side swipes with the candy acquired a dramatic thrill not given to other candy comedians.

Ben is the best-hearted soul in the world and wouldn't think of taking candy from the baby — if this wasn't a scene from a Sennett comedy.

"They got me up on a rope over a canyon — and somebody let go the rope."

One day Ben got too dramatic altogether. There was a fat man standing in the crowd and Ben naturally picked him out for a merry quip.

As Ben gave the taffy a whirl, the fat man didn't know which eye Ben was really aiming with. Consequently he dodged the wrong way and a big hunk of red hot taffy candy wrapped itself in a loving embrace around his blubber-like neck. He turned out to be the mayor or chief of police or something; so the taffy candy jester found it convenient to abandon his art and seek new pastures—before the mayor's neck got well.

At that time, G. M. Anderson was just starting up in Chicago as a picture magnate and he gave Ben a job. At least he described it as a job. Ben doesn't know what it was.

"Them was the good old days," so Ben often sighs.

Every morning when he came to work, his first duty as leading man and chief comedian of the organization was to sweep out the boss' office.

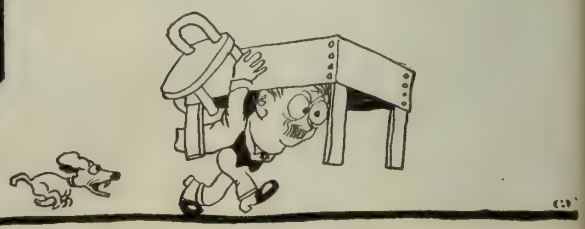
After that, he got together the properties to be used that day and they started out on location. In those days the studio was in a back lot in Chicago. They didn't have any interiors. When they simply had to have some scenery that they couldn't find outdoors, they painted a piece of canvas and hung it on the back fence. Then the play acted in front of it. The trouble was the sun cast shadows on it unless the sun was just right. As they didn't like to have the shadow of a comedian enveloping a whole mountain side they had to wait for the sun to be right.

Ben says that while they were waiting for the sun, he used to work in the shipping room with a hammer and nails boxing up film for shipment.

Oh, them was happy days!

Once he was thrown out of a window on to a sawdust pile. At least that was the theory. The powerful and manly hero got too enthusiastic and tossed him clear over the sawdust pile. It was a regular home.

Ben broke his hip. During the time of his

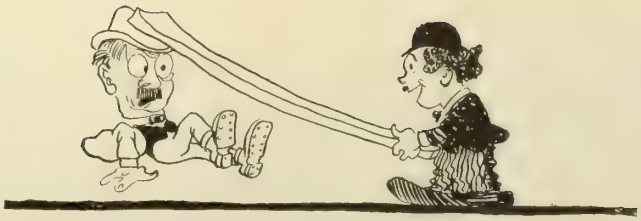


"Every actor had to carry part of the scenery. . . . I carried chairs and screens and office furniture."

ward with Ben

rare vision, glances over his
to be cock-eyed — sometimes

Decorations by Quin Hall



"You heard that gossip about Charlie having killed a man in a picture, didn't you? Well, I was the guy."

convalescence they let him work in the developing room turning one of the big drying drums which at that time worked by hand power.

"They didn't use automobiles to go to locations then," said Ben, recounting his adventures. "They sent us out in street cars. Every actor had to carry part of the scenery. Out of gallantry we let the ladies carry the tripods of the cameras while we carried chairs and screens and office furniture. Of course we had to go in all our make-up and we used to have some strange adventures.

"They didn't think much of picture folks in those days.

"I remember one time that we had to make a comedy in which I had to fall in a fountain. Nobody would let us use a fountain so we went down to South Park Chicago and stole a location.

"I had just gone in with a grand flop when somebody yelled 'Cheese it!' Everybody else took to their heels and beat it with their cameras over their shoulders; but here I was in the fountain. I came flopping out straight into the mits of a policeman. Believe me, he was a big red-faced Irish cop and he didn't waste any words.

"I tried to tell him I was doing it for art's sake, but all he said was 'Come along.' They took me to jail and I was there four hours shivering in my wet clothes before I could get a hold of anybody to bail me out. I didn't have a cent so when they let me out I had to walk home about a million miles in my wet rags.

"One time they needed a cop's uniform and, being the regular goat, they sent me to borrow one. You couldn't get police clothes at the costumers in those days.

"Well, I walks into a Chicago police station and I give them a happy smile. 'Good morning, gents,' says I. 'I want to know if one of you gents will be so kind as to lend me a police uniform.'

"That was as far as I got. One of the big police sergeants got up and grabbed me by the coat collar. 'You can't ridicule a policeman in Chicago,' says he. And with that I was bounced on my bean out on the sidewalk.

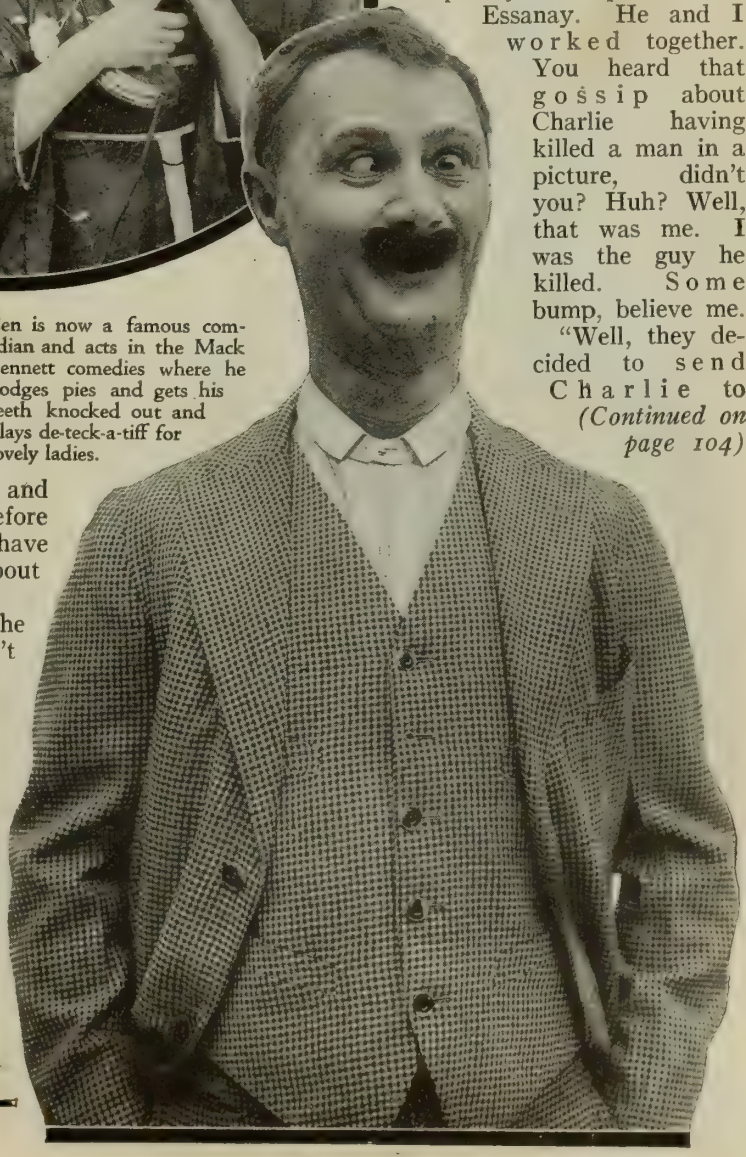
"I was by now getting twenty-five dollars a week. I got to thinking that as I was the chief comedian and the shipping clerk and the property boy, the scenery shifter and janitor, not to mention being telephone girl and scenario writer, that I ought to have more money. I braced up my nerve and asked them for forty dollars a week. By gosh, I thought they were going to faint. They took it so hard that I laid off for a couple of weeks. I couldn't bear to witness such grief. When I came back they said very sadly that they had decided to sign me up for a couple of years at thirty dollars per week.

"I thought I had put a pretty slick one over.

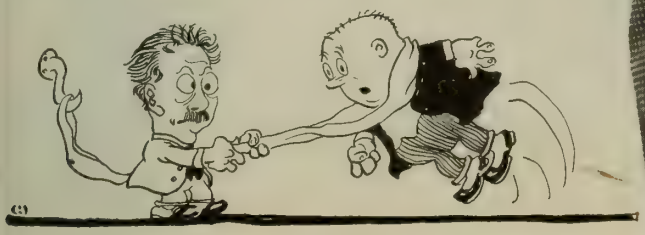
"Just about then Charlie Chaplin joined up with the Essanay. He and I worked together. You heard that gossip about Charlie having killed a man in a picture, didn't you? Huh? Well, that was me. I was the guy he killed. Some bump, believe me.

"Well, they decided to send Charlie to

(Continued on page 104)



Ben is now a famous comedian and acts in the Mack Sennett comedies where he dodges pies and gets his teeth knocked out and plays de-teck-a-tiff for lovely ladies.



The fat man didn't know which eye Ben was aiming with. He dodged the wrong way.

A Wartime Tip on Fashions

HOW many suits of clothes must the well-dressed man possess? "Numbers," says Levy, "are not important. Good-breeding and gentility in fashioning the clothes, and the care of the clothes themselves are far more important than variety, or that other humbug of the man who wants to run you into a big tailoring bill, 'the proper suit for each occasion.' Remember that in these war times!"

The World's

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sam Levy, of Los Angeles, came of a line of merchant tailors. But his father ruined him for the tailoring business by sending him to college, and afterward, to Europe. What youth could wield a goose with the same artless enthusiasm after a degree, Piccadilly and Montmartre? But as Sam began to languish, the motion picture business began to rise. So he went to work on the oddly-clad heroes of the period, and, single-handed, worked a revolution in male dressing. He found the screen an Eden Musee, and made it an abode of gentlemen.

ALTHOUGH I am not and never have been a newspaper-man, I can see a news-item of general public interest in the male clothes situation.

The stage was the criterion of fashion.

The screen is the criterion of fashion.

At least, this is absolutely true as far as the men are concerned. I know what I am talking about, for making clothes for both dramatic professions is my business.

The change has come in the last two years. In the early days, to be a "motion picture actor" meant that a man looked like a freak, whether he was a freak or not. Where the first screen men got their idea of apparel only the imp of perversity knows, but who can forget the wave of exaggerated sport shirts, heavy velvet collars, effeminate cuffs, frantic waistcoats, lunatic ties, rainbow shoes and impossible hats that greeted the eye when a collection of "gentlemen" passed across the screen? Many a well-bred actor, going from the footlights to the Klieges, considered that these monstrosities were part of the business.

Opportunity and a particular situation are always a determining factor in any man's work; and as an influence in male screen attire opportunity and situation certainly favored me; I am in Los Angeles, and most of the pictures have been made in Los Angeles. Obviously a man in a hurry for an outfit couldn't go to London or New York to get it, and I first began to take a real interest in motion pictures themselves when I saw the screen's pitiful sartorial state, and realized that—after a battle which would mean the inevitable loss of some friends and some business—I might be instrumental to some degree at least in making screen actors look like gentlemen and not like the burlesque idea of the newly-rich.

I may say, here, that the beginning of my interest in things theatrical dates back nineteen years. At that time I had just returned from London, and my life-long friend Oliver Morosco was about to climb out of his position as a small stock theatre manager. He was just putting his foot on the first round of the ladder that has lifted

The small figures on these pages are among those leading actors whose dress is the responsibility of Mr. Levy. Standing on Levy's shoulder—Mr. Herbert Rawlinson; on blade of shears—Elliott Dexter; on opposite page, reading from left to right: Wallace Reid, William Desmond and Franklyn Farnum.

New Fashion-Plate

It's no longer the Stage, but the Screen, according to the man who murdered Sport Shirts and Funny Coats

By Sam G. Levy

him to world-wide theatrical influence. Mr. Morosco had engaged a male star whom he believed to have great possibilities—possibilities since fully demonstrated. But the man didn't know how to dress. Mr. Morosco came to me, and we "doped out" not only a line of clothes for him, but attire for all of the Morosco men. That delightful association has continued, and I suppose that to it, directly or indirectly, I owe a business acquaintance with more than half the stage stars of today. I mention this merely to show my stepping-stone from stage interest to screen interest.

Presently, some members of one of the first big picture producing companies in Los Angeles called on me and honored me with an extensive order. They specified, at a talkative length of about an hour and a half, the details they wanted in what they termed "society rags" for a "big society picture." I refused their order. They were first astounded, then insulted. Then they asked me to explain.

"Gentlemen," I said, "if your camera-man took a motion picture of me, I wouldn't tell him how fast to turn his crank. Yet you presume to tell me what constitutes gentile attire. You are trying to costume a society picture—and your result would look like a new set of skins for a menagerie."

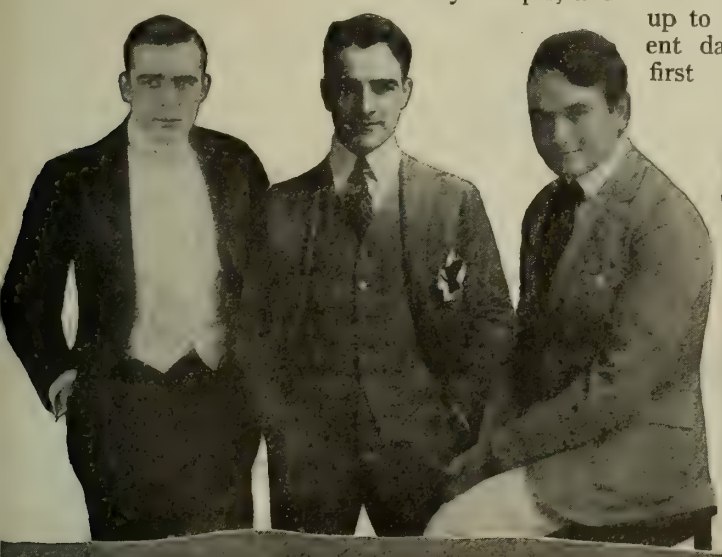
So, my first motion picture conference only ended in a general peeve. Their things were made, elsewhere, as they wished—and no doubt the grocery-boy in Bogg's Corners, seeing the result, whispered to himself: "Real gents, by gosh!"

But, presently, I did encounter a company which was willing to let me be its fabric architect and builder. And then it was my turn to be astonished—my work was not a success!

I built these clothes along my most approved stage lines, as carefully as I knew how, and I say truthfully that my greatest disappointment and humiliation came when I saw the indifferent results on the screen.

That moment I realized that I must become a student of two things—first, photography itself, in the fine changes of light and shadow; second, the photographic values of materials, colors, and color combinations. I have since extended that photographic study until it goes deeper than colors, clear down into the yarns from which the cloth is made, and the value of each to absorb or reflect light, to present perfect form—or lack of form. Without getting into dry science let me say this: the camera is a more unerring analyst of woolens than the most practiced old merchant tailor you ever saw.

I learned, too, that my studies would be practically endless. After I had acquainted myself with some rudiments of photography, I began to study 'scripts, and I have kept this up to the present day. My first request,



Who is the Best-Dressed Actor on the Screen?

LEVY says that he might name any one of six men—and refuses to specify any or all of the six because of possible injustice to others. However—

Harold Lockwood measures up to the standard Levy himself has laid down. Lockwood—not counting innumerable character costumes and uniforms—keeps a wardrobe of twenty-seven up-to-the-minute suits of clothes, with boots, cravats, shirts, hats and a dozen or so overcoats, to match. This $3500 outlay enables Lockwood to depict a gentleman from anywhere, everywhere.

when I am asked to outline the male costumes for an elaborate modern feature, is for the story. I want to get acquainted not only with the characters to be portrayed, but to follow them as artistically as possible through all their falls and rises of fortune. Obviously I cannot put the London modes on the self-made graduate of a fresh-water college—nor will that graduate be the same, in appearance, when he has been two years in New York.

As to the types of clothes, it is necessary for each man to have a slight, perhaps almost imperceptible, alteration of the prevailing mode for his particular needs. "Correct winter modes for the middle-aged man, 1918," is a pleasant fiction of the ready-made clothes advertisements. No two men are built alike, have the same features, nor the same manner. Standardization of clothes may get by very nicely in the street—but it won't do for a twelve-foot man on an eighteen-foot screen, viewed in the aggregate by millions and millions of critical eyes.

To have the reputation of "a well-dressed actor" depends upon more than the size of one's wardrobe. A "type" dresser is probably the best dresser of all, for he is one who, finding the best "line" in his clothes adheres to that line, which brings out all his good points and muffles any defects of face or figure, to a certain extent at least. Of course a motion-picture actor who has a reputation for correctness cannot maintain this on two or three slovenly-cared-for suits of clothes. He must have proper clothing for any occasion—and then he must lend his wardrobe continual care to keep it in perfect condition.

In my continual repression of "freak" clothes I must still give individuality all the latitude I can possibly allow it. For instance—I make all of the things for a certain famous director-general. The only long trousers that this man has worn in three years belong to his evening attire! His only desire in his other suits is an extreme negligee—yet the coat and trousers that accompany his puttees must be of the finest material, in quiet, negative shades.

Consider a great comedian whom you all know. This little fellow on the screen is so ridiculous in his grotesque and ill-fitting outfit that his monotype clothes are as distinctive as his fun-making. In private life his limited wardrobe is one of extreme simplicity, and always that of a gentleman who hates anything ostentatious in any way.

Or a world-renowned director who has a passion for quiet grays: this celebrated gentleman considers negligees a quasi-artistic pose. He never wore puttees in his life, and were you to find him in his most strenuous working moment you would only behold—sartorially—a mature, well-dressed business man.

To handle the star of the screen is in itself an art, because an actor who is a real actor necessarily has a certain amount of temperament, and to work with him it is necessary to be indulgent a great many times. Nevertheless I have not found one who is not a loyal friend—and more, possessed of the right dressing instincts himself, once those instincts are turned into the proper channels.

Two seasons since a big firm decided to take a prominent young "Coast Defender" East. He came to me, so anxious to have the proper attire that he had outlined the designs himself, in advance. He felt very much hurt when I told him that however his fall styles might "go" in small-town personal appearances, he could hardly hope to displace John Drew as a Brummel in New York. But he learned—that boy; and today my admonitions are not needed to keep him correct as any gentleman who ever walked down Piccadilly.

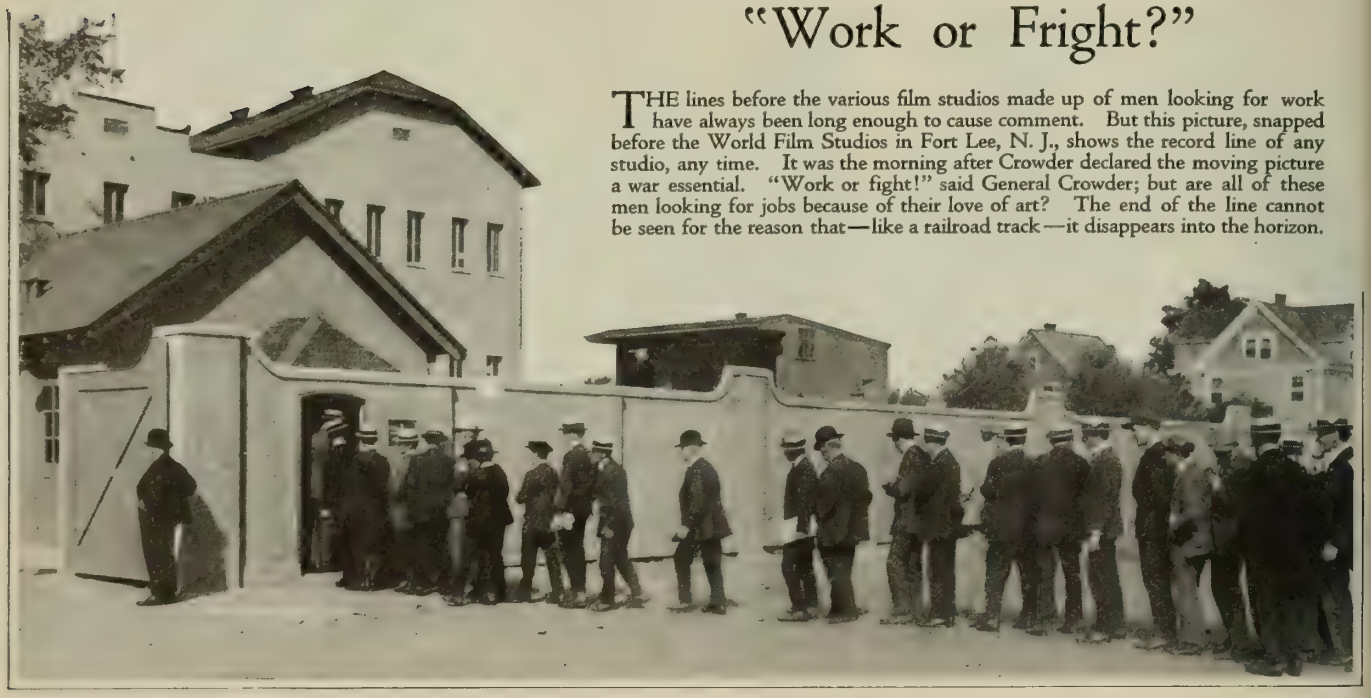
The whole motion picture business has evolved, in costuming, as it has evolved in everything else. We are entering the age of screen gentlemen.

I think it is profoundly important that men dress correctly on the screen, because the screen must be, more and more, the world's one great arbiter of fashion. The stage does not reach one per cent of the people who see motion pictures. The motion picture will logically become the supreme fashion plate.

This is a most interesting age for a tailor to live in—if he has artistic instincts and an imagination. We are probably on the verge of some profound changes in attire; just what, I have no idea. The influence of military affairs on dress has not yet begun, as far as it affects the civilian, but it will undoubtedly be great.

"Work or Fright?"

THE lines before the various film studios made up of men looking for work have always been long enough to cause comment. But this picture, snapped before the World Film Studios in Fort Lee, N. J., shows the record line of any studio, any time. It was the morning after Crowder declared the moving picture a war essential. "Work or fight!" said General Crowder; but are all of these men looking for jobs because of their love of art? The end of the line cannot be seen for the reason that—like a railroad track—it disappears into the horizon.



CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Art versus Entertainment. In these days of parlous critics, disdainful scoffers and star-worshipping mobs, the pessimist rises in our midst to say: "The public doesn't want art; it wants entertainment."

Which, if it were wholly true, would mean that as a practical measure the search for the realities of life through the photoplay is hopeless; the people seek to escape life through illusion.

Once upon a time novelist Edwin LeFevre said this, through the columns of the New York *Sun*: "It must be plain to everybody that the trouble with American writers is American readers. Writers are forced to be clever in order to write for people who refuse to think, but wish to be amused. Excepting in industrial matters, Americans are superficial. Being a nation of 'doers,' there must be 'something doing' all the time. I find the average American more interested in incident than in character, more in plot than character analysis, more tickled by the humor of a phrase than by the humor of a situation. Intellectually that means nothing worse than juvenility, and we may outgrow it. More serious is the fact, to be noted in any democracy, that we are not interested in human beings, but in supermen."

There is only one thing more dangerous than a lie, and that is half a truth.

The whole truth is that no really fine picture has failed of an appreciative audience, and that overproduction—the sheer inability of creative genius to strike fire on schedule—is the main though not sole reason that the majority of photoplays are of too light and casual a character to be classed as art—factful commentaries on life.

The American public is to be condemned because of its habitual tolerance. In England a dramatist or an actor who fails of appreciation is apt to be liberally booed, in France he is hissed, and in Italy they are apt to throw things at him. The American loves punishment. He is apt to accept a stupid picture philosophically, sleep through it—and come back the following Tuesday night for more.

There is something in Mr. LeFevre's allegation of our juvenility. We have been juvenile—very. But the change in world-politics is not greater than our present change of viewpoint. The war is making us over. "Foreigner" is a word being torpedoed out of every dictionary. The splendid realities, the bright heroisms and the dark sorrows of life are being pounded into a mighty nation which for forty years had known nothing save complacent security, neighborhood society, and the material impulse to "get on in the world." "Art" was something that idlers took on as a sort of fancy veneer. Now we are learning that art is only the expression of humanity with the throttle open, the voice of those whose spirits as well as bodies are mounting the heights.

We are doing more than hunting the Hun in France.

We are hunting and finding the soul of America.

❦

The Last Man. One of the most impressive of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's new cartoons is a scene of the last moments of twilight in no-man's land. The Huns, behind their barricade of earth and wire, are invisible. A gaunt Briton or two, crouching on the fire-step, peers through the dusk of the terrible area between. A skeleton tree lifts its dead arms in protest. In the west a single band of light is all that remains of the dying day.

But against that band, left out in the shell-ground in gay defiance of all hates and all deaths, stands the dauntless little figure of—literally—the last man. He is only cardboard, but he seems to have the properties of life.

Charlie Chaplin.

❦

A Film Survey. "The social value of motion pictures is beginning to be universally recognized," says The New York *Times*, "and it is probable that before long organized and comprehensive machinery for developing it to its full usefulness will be in operation."

The Photoplay League of America is one such engine of artistic democracy.

Another is the remarkable "Survey" of civic motion pictures just completed by the New York Public Library, and published as "Special Report No. 2, of the Municipal Reference Library."

The energetic compiler was Miss Ina Clement; the publisher, Dorsey W. Hyde, Jr., the librarian.

Miss Clement's survey covers all civic pictures which she has been able to find, to date, available for use by institutions and municipalities, with information as to where each can be obtained.

Her classifications are made under these headings: Americanization, child welfare, crime and criminals, education, fire protection and prevention, gardening, health problems, milk supply, municipal government, police, public utilities, public works, recreation, roads and pavements, safety, sanitation, social service, tuberculosis, and miscellaneous subjects.

That the film has covered so many sectors in the wide field of human endeavor will doubtless surprise a great many people who have considered a drama, a comedy, a travelogue and a news-reel the sum-total of life as reincarnated in celluloid.

❦

No Comic Suburbs. Mr. Carr, the analyst of Sennettry, forgot something in his essay on screen comedy.

He forgot that the screen has no comic suburbs.

This is a deep violet tragedy, and to the fearful will augur that fundamental, abdominal laughter can never, never bounce back to our ears from a white wall.

See how the stage depends upon its comic suburbs! They have been the backbone of vaudeville, the life-raft for the star comedian, and at once the meal ticket and the McAdoo passport for many and many a show hovering between life and death in the provinces.

Every town has its comic suburb, accessible to the inquiring theatre-man; yet the photoplay, a fixed and universal commodity, can perforce have none of them!

The most famous civic poor relation is Brooklyn, New York's outland sister. But you'll find them, wherever. The ham actor in Chicago mentions Evanston — and the bored audience roars. In Cleveland a little whack at Berea has performed more rescues than the American torpedo-boats. When in San Francisco, one kids Oakland. In Los Angeles, it's Watts. Doubtless many a Roman Thespian, dying on his feet, gave some derisive references to Pompeii — and was managerially rewarded with many sesterces.

But, obviously, we have no such recourse in comic films, for the shadow actor can't step down and ask the orchestra leader, in a whisper, for the name of the local joshburg.

The photoplay may be an irresistible force, but here, at last, it meets its immovable obstacle.

❦

The Film Newspaper. Once upon a time the submarine was considered a suicide toy, and the airplane a flighty notion of the crackbrained.

By the same token, the film newspaper — a great and serious enterprise for regular presentation of the world's happenings, with comment thereupon — has been regarded as an extravagant and wholly impracticable theory.

Yet the shortage of wood-pulp in paper manufacture, a problem before the war, has grown to be the news publisher's real nightmare.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE believes that the day is not far distant when the maceration of whole forests for 'steenth editions will be stopped by law for the protection of ensuing generations.

The day of the film newspaper is so near that it is no longer a dream.

Pharisees. The Pharisee knows no race or age. He is a microbe gnawing at the heart of religion, invention, discovery, science and art. There has never been a good thing in the world which did not grow up to the sunshine of free recognition through a morass of contempt, suspicion and snobbish stupidity.

The motion picture, having attained the stature of real service, is encountering the Pharisees.

The reincarnationists, if they chose, might find a profound argument in the persistence of Phariseeism, for their performances, their views, their tactics and their intolerances are so alike from century to century that they seem almost to be different expressions by an identical set of men.

The spurious intellectuals who now scoff at "the movies" are direct descendants of the gilded vermin who plagued Jesus Christ, arraigned Galileo, impeded Columbus, scoffed at Robert Fulton, denied a hearing to Ericsson and yoo-hooed grand old Professor Langley, who spent his life falling into the Potomac to prove that man was king of the air.

Almost all of these professional traducers of the screen are persons of culture, and, generally speaking, of imagination. In justice to nothing except their own vanity, we ask them to exercise those imaginations, briefly: how will the world regard them, if it remembers them at all, fifty years hence? This is a rapid age, and the supremacy of the photoplay is not a cycle of centuries away.

❦

Up to Us. Film manufacture in other countries is dead.

It is well not only for American manufacturers to know this, but for American audiences to know it. The American audience, in the long run, will get what it wants—therefore, the American audience will designate the motion picture preferences of the world for the coming generation.

Charles Pathe, head of the great French firm which once was the mightiest of film-makers—a firm not to be confounded with the American Pathe—has announced that only a "cartel" or association will ever be able to revive photoplay-making in France after the war. No single manufacturer will have the means or will be able to procure the proper people or materials. Perhaps an association of all the film makers will be able to do this; perhaps not; anyway, it is the only chance.

Meanwhile, let our audiences and our manufacturers realize that while books will be written around the seven seas, while plays will be produced in all countries and music composed in every land after its kind, the manufacture of photoplays and other motion pictures—an art-influence so vast and permeating that it may overshadow all the other arts—will remain the exclusive province of these United States.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Photoplays

By Julian Johnson

Charles Eldridge and Fair and Constance Binney, in "Sporting Life."

YOUR great-grandfather, if he were alive, could tell you about the huge star-shower in 1833, or thereabouts. You might counter by calling his attention to the autumn star-shower of 1918, in the celluloid firmament. This sudden irruption of new planets has no parallel since the early days of motion pictures. Stars have always occurred singly; but the members of the new galaxy have been in training for solo honors a long time, generally speaking, and their debuts happened to be almost simultaneous.

First of the new constellation came Lila Lee, Paramount's made-to-order favorite. Lila Lee was a daring experiment, a sheer producer's gamble, for no man who ever lived has been able to forecast the public's idols, its next styles, its next authors or its next elections. In addition to gambling on the public, Paramount gambled on Lila Lee herself. Remember, they were working with no adroit movie actress. This shy, sloe-eyed child was only of the vaudevilles. But . . . Lila Lee became a real though not sensational success on her first picture. I'll bet Lasky, then, felt like the first-time father in the dawning moments of fatherhood; wouldn't have taken a million dollars for this one, and wouldn't have given a cent for another. The chief charm of the little Lee is that she is something different. She approximates no reigning favorite. She gives you the impression of a new, odd, velvet-petalled blossom found in a garden with all of whose plants you had long thought yourself familiar. She has a repose which is not altogether placidity, and, I suspect, some emotional depths which none of her work has revealed. Her first story, "The Cruise of the Make-Believe," was a mild little fantasy about a poor little girl who rigs up a "boat" in her tenement back-yard, and, stepping over its two-by-six gunwale, sends her imagination roving over the seven seas. Not much to praise, but nothing to condemn, for it had whimsicality and a fine production.

Mae Marsh, in two characterizations in "Hidden Fires."

Divested of his falsetto squeak and his weird conversation, and adorned instead with an almost impossible story, Fred Stone assaults the photoplay as a man wearing a ball and chain would assault a rampart. Old tricks of voice and demeanor, not story, have made Fred Stone one of the favorite comedians of the whole English stage, and when he has to sacrifice those odds and ends for a yarn, the yarn ought to be shock-proof. It must be admitted that Frances Marion had a good idea in the adventures of Chuck McCarthy, the steel-worker who would a movie hero be—but what happened to it? The same thing, we fear, that has happened to many another literary suit of clothes designed for a great person: it was pulled here, and pinned there, and cut yonder, and spliced on that place until it retained as much style as a farm hand's overalls. We don't know that that's what happened, but may-

"The Clutch of Circumstance" has Corinne Griffith as its center-piece. A young player of delicacy and beauty.

Pauline Starke and Eugene Burr in "The Atom," a recent Triangle

Billie Burke, "In Pursuit of Polly," one of those yarns of innocent complications which used to get us so breathless.

be it was; it has happened before. Miss Marion's titles—if they *are* hers—are flat as beer will be in January. If Mr. Stone is to become a picture favorite he has yet to prove it; at any rate it will be a superman's job to fit plays to him. "The Goat" makes him one.

Will Rogers, the shy and shambling rope-thrower of Mr. Ziegfeld's New York tableaux, is not so great a celebrity as Mr. Stone, but he will get much farther on his first picture. The affair (a Goldwyn) is a picturization of Rex Beach's character, "Laughing Bill Hyde." Rogers doesn't make any more pretense of acting in the sun than he does upon the New Amsterdam platform, but in his portrayal of the fellow who habitually "borrows things" when their owners are not looking he registers both pathos and humor. Rogers' ability to go through with a story was quite a surprise to me, as it must have been to others who have only seen him muster presence of mind enough to flounder through ten minutes of monologue. There is evidently more in that excessively homely bean than synthetic embarrassment.

If Lila Lee is the youngest of the new stars, Ernest Truex is certainly the briefest. In fact, this young man's short-pants stature is a professional asset of no small importance, despite his possession of a wife and a charming family. Truex, bowing before the hundred million of our people who follow the photoplay, is more fortunate than any of the other beginners, for he was backed up by Anita Loos, after a long dry spell working again in her old full blaze of satire; and he had John Emerson as his director. "Come On In," pretends to be nothing more than a merry burlesque on enlistment and spy stuff, but we could pardon a deluge of war plays if some of them were such light and real entertainment as this is. Rejected by the draft board because of his scanty inches, Eddie Short (Truex) in pure melancholy picks a fight with a German-American, and is soundly whanged on the head for his patriotic pains. The bump gives him the missing inch, and he gets in. The exquisite Shirley Mason is Eddie's foil, as Emmy Little. As patriotic propagandist and screen comedian Mr. Truex is an undoubted success.

I don't yet know whether Tom Moore is a star in revival, or a star brand new. At any rate, the mere word "star" will make little difference to a great public which has known him in supporting and leading roles for years. Of the whole Moore family, Tom is the most sympathetic, and the most flexible in his delineation of a character. "Just for Tonight," in which Goldwyn gives him a twinkler's debut, provides him with the role of a romantic philanderer—the sort of part in which it is difficult to imagine any more ideally cast than this grave-gay young man.

Triangle appears to be experimenting with siderial material in several directions. There seem to be distinct stellar intentions for Claire Anderson and Gloria Swanson, both of whom have more than once, recently, had the best Triangle had to offer. The very best work Miss Anderson ever did has not been seen by the public; it is a dramatic, unpretty, pathetic and highly effective performance of the Drain Man's wife, in the unreleased "Servant in the House." Both Miss Anderson and Miss Swanson, if you remember, are Sennett graduates, and they retain the physical lure. Miss Swanson's pretty and sensitive face is adorable when it's sad; nobody could resist her when she cries. Miss Anderson is, I think, a colder actress, but broader and more versatile. She will, as I have suggested, hide her glories of skin and shape and hair on occasion, and play a forlorn drab. Miss Swanson did very well in "Shifting Sands." Miss Anderson did likewise in "The Mask" and "The Gray Parasol." A recruit to Triangle from the legitimate is Harry Mestayer, a very fine actor in almost any sort of part. Mr. Mestayer has recently been seen in "High Tide."

James K. Hackett—he's really a star coming back—was unfortunate in his choice of an individual vehicle. Ivan

Abramson's "Ashes of Love" is not only unclean, but uninteresting.

Peggy Hopkins, a pretty New York girl, shows a startling flash of comique talent, almost suggesting the Mable Normand of other days, in her premier solo picturette, "Hick Manhattan," an expression of James Montgomery Flagg's scenario gifts.

Louis Joseph Vance, who has always batted a perfect score when it came to fighting with producers about the film rights to his stories, writes his first original screen tale in "The Inn of the Blue Moon," and the star is Doris Kenyon. The best part of the story is that it is a light and real romance—not much of a story after all, but refreshing and diverting in these days of war. Miss Kenyon is charming in her youthful enthusiasm. Her part calls for no especial "acting."

Dorothy Gish has been long a star in all but the name. And now she has the name. The piece is "The Hun Within," and it's an energetic, well-taken, well-acted story of internal alien propaganda—and worse. The first half is realistic, vivid, believeable; the last trails off into mere motion picture. But through it all runs a great human characterization played as only George Fawcett could play it. The littlest Gish is her usual darting, thrush-like self, and very convincing, too.

SPORTING LIFE — Maurice Tourneur

Would an obvious old Drury Lane melodrama move you to a point where you hissed the silk-hatted villain, applauded every entrance of the poor-and-persecuted heroine and whistled and yelled for the noble hero? Hardly, theoretically speaking. Yet that's just what a first-night audience did in New York, as the premier unrolling of this picture in September, and I imagine the sophisticated have repeated those unaccustomed demonstrations in many another place. I'm going to give Maurice Tourneur a film name and I hope it sticks, for it is a complete description of his brilliant talent: he is the David Belasco of the screen. Belasco is a man who can so glorify, embroider and adorn a tawdry and primitive story that the result confounds even the intellectually elect. It seems to me that Belasco's favorite story—in spite of certain comedies and such wholly legitimate stars as David Warfield—is just that sort of contraption. He can trick it out, transfigure it, play wizard with it—and have his quiet little laugh when the rapturous call it a masterpiece. In every way that a camera master could devise, Tourneur has Belascoed "Sporting Life." He has dim depths of real night in his evening exteriors that have never been equalled in film plays. A real London fog settles down upon his mimic streets. He revives his old "cross section of a house" device on a vast three-story scale, at a critical point. He drives his rattling old Ford drammer with the hurricane speed and enthusiasm of one chauffing a theatric Rolls-Royce from the factory of Pinero. He builds an almost breathless suspense, and most important of all, from the lay figures of good and evil he creates human beings. The velvet-cheeked Binney sisters, Fair and Constance, are such delicious youngsters in this that we hope he'll let us see them again. Willette Kershaw is an ultra villainess. Warner Richmond and Charles Eldridge are best of the men. "Sporting Life" is the best melodrama since "The Lone Wolf."

THE BELLS — Pathe

What "The Music Master" is to Warfield this old story of the murdered Polish Jew was to the late Sir Henry Irving. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, the drama should become a scenario; and it is fortunate that Frank Keenan should play it, for no man in range of the Klieges is better fitted for the part. On a winter night, while the

In "The Temple of Dusk" Sessue Hayakawa finds a new element. His acting and the Oriental glamor give this tale reality.

"Fatty" Arbuckle calls his latest picture "The Sheriff."

Evelyn Greeley and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Road to France," a story of the shipbuilding.

Wallace Reid and Anna Little, in "The Source," the old story of a decadent young man who redeems himself in a lumber camp.

Dorothy Phillips and William Stowell, in "The Talk of the Town." Here, at last is a photoplay equal to Miss Phillips talents.

A characteristic Sennett symphony. The diners, from left to right, are Chester Conklin, Mary Thurman and Ford Sterling.

bells of peace and good-will ring out their message, an Alsatian inn-keeper murders a rich Jew who is his guest, and while the crime, as a mystery, is soon wiped off the local records, it is not wiped off the murderer's conscience. The uncanny performances of a hypnotist eventually terrify the innkeeper as much as they delight his bumpkin guests. The culprit carries his forebodings to bed, and, from dreams of his crime, is waked by—the bells! Rushing down-stairs, he dies in a paroxism of fright. Keenan's is a great, grim performance. His support is good, the vision scenes are remarkable, and the "snow stuff," in these days of perfect duplication of almost anything, unpardonably bad. The adaptation is by Jack Cunningham, and while no one should seek "The Bells" as light entertainment it is a great hunk of dramatic meat in a menu containing altogether too much cheap pastry and ice cream.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN — Universal

A lot of things combine to make this the best Universal in a long time: the fascination rather than beauty of Dorothy Phillips; Allan Holubar's generally even direction; good support, and perfectly sumptuous equipment. The story tells of a little girl who received Prussian rule instead of understanding sympathy—and grew up enigmatically cold, adventurous, skeptical of everything, and wild for the greatest freedom. Of course her runaway marriage crashes accordingly, for, as she archly confesses, she married her good heavy lover not for romance but for escape. Only a near-disaster with one who appears a villain dyed in German dye brings her back to her true self. Holubar's light effects, his compositions, his groupings and his adjustments of camera distance are all admirably managed. Inferior direction would permit one to see that many of these sets are much over-dressed—but Holubar makes you forget that, as you also forget the improbabilities of the early part of the story. After all, it is the work of Dorothy Phillips which grips you here. Her scope is remarkable, for she is, with apparent equal ease, a wistful, wondering fifteen-year-old—and a blase wife, all in the same picture. Here at last is a photoplay equal to her talents. Norman Kerry gives a fine fillip to the finish, and William Stowell is the solid but somewhat picturish husband.

LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS — Sherman

Zane Grey's story, "The Light of Western Stars," would have to be the best Western yarn every typed to live up to its great title. It isn't, but it's a good one, and it makes a very fine return steed for Dustin Farnum. In fact, I'm not sure that Farnum has ever had anything better. It has vitality, swift action, a story with an unbroken thread of suspense, a good love interest and a startling punch or two. Moreover, it has human characters with whom you become intimately acquainted as the story rolls along. Winifred Kingston comes back, too, as the heroine to the Dustinian hero.

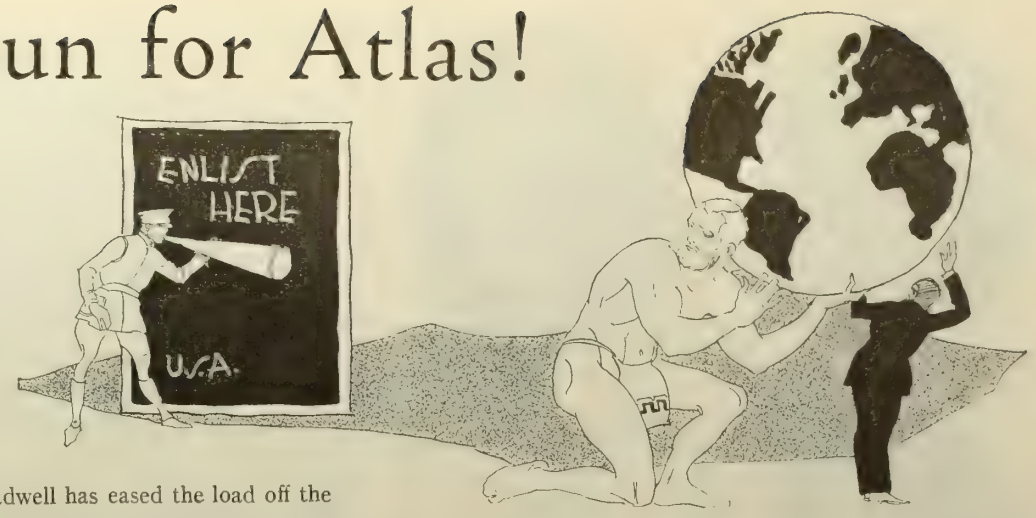
STOLEN ORDERS — William A. Brady

This big war melodrama, with its story laid both behind and during the world conflict, contains little that is subtle, but much that is elemental, thrilling and alluring to lovers of direct action and physical excitement. It is in eight reels, and the cast is entirely of World Film complexion, including as it does the recently-departed Kitty Gordon, June Elvidge, Montagu Love, Carlyle Blackwell and even little Madge Evans. The original drama was by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, and in the screening Miss Gordon and Mr. Blackwell have the leading roles, she—it is interesting to note the changes in mimic personnel

(Continued on page 92)

Get a Gun for Atlas!

He can join the Army now, having eased The World onto Gradwell.



WILLIAM A. ATLAS, the bearded old gentleman who has had The World on his back since the earliest days of Grecian mythology, is now available for military service with the Allies: one Ricord Gradwell has eased the load off the Atlasian shoulders.

"What," asked Mr. Gradwell of PHOTOPLAY's reporter, "does the public care about the fellow in overalls, back in the factory? They're interested in the product, not in the foreman."

To which we replied that the public would be interested in anybody who had made The World Film corporation quit revolving more rapidly than Russia. You'll remember that it used to be the noisiest sector and most uncertain on the film front—then, rather suddenly, it became quiet as Verdun after the Crown Prince advanced backward so rapidly a couple of years ago. World Film used to be an experience. Now it's a business. Gradwell, president of a Chicago typewriter concern, effected the transformation.

Campbell Studio

Ricord Gradwell was once the president of a Chicago typewriter concern.

Gradwell's whole career is only a paragraph. He has had a habit of sticking where put—at least until he has worked out his problem. He was born in Virginia, and attended the University of Virginia. Then he became a short-hand reporter in the days when rapid-fire stenography was an unusual achievement. Eventually he went to the Chicago typewriter concern, and remained there for years. He put it over. At the death of Arthur H. Spiegel he came to World Film as sales manager. He is now president of the corporation, and the executive head of every department.

Here are a few of his observations on the isinglass industry in which we are all interested:

"When any individual gets a mere salary many times greater than the salary of the President of the United States, there is something rotten about the trade that pays it."

"Producers are willing to pay such salaries because they are not handling their own money."

"Make no mistake about this: the theatre is and will remain the criterion of the drama. The Photoplay is a new and individual expression, and one of the greatest mistakes is to regard it as an illustrated novel or a wordless drama. If I want to go to the theatre I go where there are real actors—talking. If I want to read a novel I go to a bookstore and buy one. I don't try to find a substitute for either at the movies."

"Picture people have rather enjoyed the recent discomfiture of the theatre by the war, which, with high railroad rates and the general high cost of living, has made it almost impossible to send companies out through the country. But when you think it over, that means only one thing: a general revival of the dramatic stock companies of twenty years ago. With a stock company in every town let the actor who comes in all wound up on a tin reel look to his laurels!"

"We ought never to forget, but we are forgetting, that the universal appeal and influence of the moving picture lies in its ability to bring art, beauty and diversion to every man, no matter how small his resources. Personally, I do not believe in the high-priced picture show."

"The great original fortunes—the only ones that have *really* been made out of pictures—piled up on the strict five-and-ten-cent basis."

"The first question I ask about any story intended for World is: 'Is it clean?' When one considers that pictures are an affair for families and adolescent children as well as for the casual grown-up their moral tone becomes as grave a responsibility as the patriotism of a government official."

"I do not think that any story for pictures today is worth $2,000."

"If you go to the heart of studio efficiency you will find that the average director does not waste time on his own business: he wastes it on the property man's business."

Steckel

Myra Kingman Miller

Duncan

Thomas Arkle Clark

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Samual Gompers

Reports of Results from New Branches

Better Photo Goes Over

By Myra

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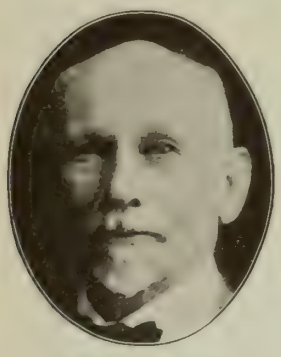
Mary Roberts Rinehart



Daniel Carter Beard

I KNEW it! I knew the readers of PHOTOPLAY would back up the Better Photoplay League of America in their crusade for better pictures, that they would rejoice that the organized movements were going to tackle the problem unitedly, in its vital spot, and the strength of this conviction has been verified by the letters that have come pouring in to the Executive Secretary during the past month, and there has been not one too many.

Let us hear from each and every one of you who are interested in the League or its aims and aspirations. If you have a better film movement in your town which has been a success, write and tell us about it, just as these people have done, tell us the details; how did you do it, the results achieved, and then we can tell about it so that your good work may be passed on to help some other struggling community that perhaps has not such experienced workers, such approachable exhibitors, or ameliorative conditions.

Unclean pictures must go! There is only one way to get rid of a bad proposition in any community and that is,—organization. That's the way we are winning this war. Organization is winning this war. Do you think if the utmost discipline and supreme effort in organization had not been made that desultory, straggling, unorganized attacks would ever have made an impression on the blood-thirsty Hun? Not for one moment! Do you think that the boy at the front you are interested in would be receiving immediate succor, do you think even his life would be saved after the battle if it were not for the efficiency and complete organization of the American Red Cross?

When there is a bad problem in your community, a bad man in office, can the petty condemnations of isolated individuals put him out of office? No, it only advertises him; but when organized effort is put to work, when the recall petition is circulated, then Mr. Corrupt Politician wakes up and mends his ways, and does it pretty quickly. Public Opinion is the final great master and Public Opinion is most influential when it is organized. Effort follows in its wake, well directed effort, and with it comes success. So in every city, village, and hamlet in these great United States, it is to be hoped that civic-minded, right-thinking readers of this magazine will take it upon himself or herself to initiate this movement for

Steckel

Mrs. Harriet H. Barry

Mrs. Flora Warren Seymour

Mrs. Lillian B. Spannagel

Brown Bros.

Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett

Photoplay League of America

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Mrs. Harriet H. Barry, Chairman, Better Film Com., National Federation College Women, Monrovia, Cal.
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Mary Roberts Rinehart, Novelist, New York.
Sophie Irene Loeb, Editor and Publicist, New York World, New York City.
Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett, Author "Women Wanted," New York City.
James Egbert, Professor Columbia University, New York City.

Mary Garrett Hay

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Cardinal Gibbons

play League the Top!

Start a Branch League in Your Town

Kingman Miller

Clinedinst
Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey

better films in their community, and will organize a branch of the Better Photoplay League of America, thus joining with all the better film forces, to clean out forever the lurid, sensational, suggestive, undesirable film.

It's up to you, citizens of each community. What will you do with your privilege? The photoplay is a civic responsibility just as your public park is. Would you let poison ivy grow there where any child might brush against it? Hardly, you would get after the proper officials and if there were none you would see to it that some authority was instituted to prevent any such thing existing, and yet you will let these very children mentally play where all sorts of poisonous mental vines are grown and shown before their very eyes; given to them in the plainest language they can read, and you do not even feel it your civic responsibility to go and see for yourself. You cannot condemn, you cannot praise, unless you *know*.

The *Motion Picture* is a *Civic Responsibility—your* Responsibility and *mine*. Are we shirking?

Many have already been awakened to this condition and their responsibility and to the value that the League suggests to them as is evident by extracts from letters received. Mrs. Chambers, from "way down South in Alabama," writes:

"Would be very glad indeed to have your Constitution and By-Laws, as we have a club here and would be very glad to co-operate with the Better Photoplay League of America, in any plan for the betterment of the photoplay theatres. It is indeed a 'big fortunate idea'."

This energetic little lady adds a postscript: "Please rush, as I would like to have them by the next meeting of the club." That's the energetic spirit that wins, that's the spirit that made the America possible. She will be supplied with the proper material, and we shall expect to hear from her further.

One of the big features of the Better Photoplay League of America is the many varied and excellent types of people who are attracted by its scope and vision; not only the little home mothers, the busy clubwomen, the practising lawyers, the cashier of a bank, the debutante daughters, but also the young man just entering college. Each and all seem to realize the value of this movement. Note *(Continued on page 100)*

David Starr Jordan

Mary E. Woolley

Harris & Ewing
John Barrett

Sophie Irene Loeb

Fannie Fern Andrews

Charles Sumner Burch

The Daughter *of* "the Powerful"

By Julian Johnson

WHEN you think of the photoplay as something peculiarly and exclusively American, don't forget that America itself is the greatest dish of international hash in history.

Into the search for a new art we put Yankee ingenuity, British persistence, the French sense of beauty, a little German science, Middle West sticktoitiveness, Southern romance and a seasoning of Italian temperament. Making motion pictures is a highly international craft, under an American trademark.

Miss Breamer appeared with Charles Ray, in "The Family Skeleton."

Same in actresses, too. The old recipe says that every movie queen was born in Virginia or was educated in a convent. That's as silly as our papas' superstition that Mrs. Leslie Carter's red hair made her an actress.

There's Sylvia Breamer, for instance:

Miss Breamer has been the most successful new young lady of the year. She first came to notice more than a year ago, as the soft background behind hard Bill Hart. But it took 1918 to make her known from Grand Rapids to Baton Rouge. That's the test. Any actors can be known East and West in the United States, for they're usually hired in New York and fired in Los Angeles, and spend the rest of the time travelling back and forth. North and South, however, the only thing they do with motion pictures is look at them, and if your lithograph gets so it doesn't need your name in Michigan and Louisiana, you have the answer: you're prominent. Miss Breamer holds, in all probability, the record for becoming best known in the least time.

So, laying aside our usual concept of the Southern lass and the convent queen, we find in Sylvia Breamer a new human element, the child of a novel environment, the inheritor of a tradition little heard of in the interpretative arts.

For, Sylvia Breamer is an Australian, a daughter of the British navy, and the grandchild of an Italian woman.

I hope she doesn't lose either of two qualities: her delightful un-Americanism, and her valiant attempt to be ultra-American. The result of these white and blue powder sizzling around together in the same girl is adorable. It's not so much words, as accent and manner. Close your eyes and listen to her conversation and you feel as though you were hopping dizzily from kangaroos to Kansas—and back to the kangaroos.

We "lurked heavily" (her phrase) in the New York Claridge one evening not long ago to get some dope (her phrase) for this story.

Miss Breamer is rather taller than you imagine from seeing her photoplays. Probably because her producers have had an eye for an ingenue's brevity in direct relation to her appeal, they have surrounded her with tall men. She is dark with that darkness which is creamy, but never tawny. Her mouth is full and very sensitive—an unusual combination. Her eyes are very dark.

"I say!"—she turned rather suddenly—"did you ever hear of any good coming to a crowing hen or a sailor's daughter?"

"Yes," I answered. "I was once acquainted with a crowing hen who made a grand fricassee, and I'll bet you're a sailor's daughter, or you wouldn't have asked such a question."

"I am," she returned quite proudly. "I'm the daughter of His Brittanic Majesty's Ship 'Powerful.' At least, I'm the daughter of her captain. Further, my uncle was commander of the battle-cruiser

Blackton's production, "Missing," made a star of her.

A scene from "The Temple of Dusk!" a Hayakawa piece.

A restaurant essay upon a young Australian-American of Italian complexion: Sylvia Breamer.

'Queen Mary,' sunk early in this war in one of the great battles of the North Sea . . . but . . ."

She smiled.

"That's nothing to laugh at," I ventured, "unless you're pro-German."

She turned in a blaze of indignation. "I wasn't laughing at that! I was thinking about my grandfather!"

"Where was he sunk?"

"In Naples. I think he was the original sailor who had a girl in every port, but, somehow, he couldn't forget his Italian girl. He married the girl in Naples, and carried her away to Australia."

"From which we get our ability as a tragedienne?"

Miss Breamer was skeptical. "I don't know," she answered. "The most tragic person I ever knew was a Swede."

Then she grew quite serious, and her dark eyes grew wider.

"It's just a bit forlorn—my bragging about my naval kinship. My father died when I was a wee bit of a girl. I've always been awfully sorry. He should have been my pal, I know. I was born in Sydney, whilst he was stationed there.

"I was sent to Western Queensland, to live with an aunt. I always wanted to go on the stage, and so, presently, back to Sydney I came. Even when I was just a little tyke our pantomimes fascinated me. I studied elocution, and at fourteen, I played Desdemona and Rosalind.

"I finally got a real theatrical engagement a year later and toured New Zealand and Australia.

"My first real success, in a modern play, came in 'Within The Law,' and then I had splendid opportunities to play the leading roles in other successes from the States, including 'Bought and Paid For,' and 'The Argyle Case.'"

"I arrived in Los Angeles two years ago," says this (now) very real star, "but what was I among the hundreds around the studios there? I was a little celebrity in the Antipodes—and a little less than nothing in California.

"So I came to New York. Grace George gave me a part with her, in 'Major Barbara.'"

The mountain usually comes to Mahomet, in the arts. Thomas H. Ince, on a visit to New York, saw on the stage the girl who not many weeks before had waited wistfully and unavailingly in his outer office. As a result she became within a short time leading woman for Hart and Ray.

Sylvia Breamer is an Australian, a daughter of the British navy, the grandchild of an Italian woman. . . . . Close your eyes and listen to her conversation and you feel as though you were hopping dizzily from kangaroos to Kansas.

She became a star early last summer, in Blackton's production, "Missing," and immediately thereafter gave a magnificent performance of Zada L'Etoile, in Cecil DeMille's photographic version of Major Rupert Hughes' novel, "We Can't Have Everything." Then, back to Blackton, in "The Common Cause." She has just finished the principal role in Jacques Futrelle's story, "My Lady's Garter," under the direction of Maurice Tourneur.

While we talked, she observed that I put no sugar—out of my Hoover-allotment—into my coffee.

"I like to 'nick' things," she whispered—"especially sugar. I'm going to 'nick' yours!"

From what I saw, I should say that "nick" is perfectly good Anzac for "swipe."

JOHN FLINN is the one man in America able to write a just and comprehensive summary of the film's myriad services in the war because he is the only man who has been intimately concerned with war-films distribution since 1915. As head of the Zukor-Lasky publicity organization he has been Adolf Zukor's lieutenant in Washington, in various other large cities, and in army and navy circles continuously—so continuously that for a year his office work has been delegated to other hands, while he has busied himself with film business on behalf of the United States.

The film is indeed a fighting arm! Sometimes laughed at for the unremitting and extravagant press-agentry it gives its performing individuals, it has been modestly and almost strangely silent where its public service is concerned.

The Film — a

In 1914, lacking material, the Screen had to fake a bulletin about the loss of a shipload of beer.

By John

FOUR years ago last August Fourth, there were 20,000 people packed in Herald Square. They came to see the first service of the movies in the war.

I remember we had advertised that particular picture showing far and wide. I was at that time on the staff of the New York Herald. We were going to put the war on the screen. We engaged a picture machine, a screen and an operator. We enlisted the services of the first man to exhibit war pictures, S. L. Rothapfel. We made every preparation to put the story of those first eventful days in lights and shadows.

And then we found we had no pictures.

Times have changed. Today the moving picture industry has war pictures by the millions of feet. It has become a real fighting arm—of inestimable service in the machinery of a government engaged in the serious purpose of winning the most important war in the world's history.

The present war is the first in which the motion picture has had a share. But with its vividly expressed and vital message, it jumped into the war before the rest of the country knew a war was on. Today it is helping to mobilize the various points of view of the allied countries and marshal them into a single front.

The appointment of an American Cinema Commission by President Wilson, in order to spread the propaganda of democracy by means of the movie throughout the Allied world and continental Europe, was not intended to be a spectacular performance. At this moment a dozen

Fighting Arm!

Flinn

In 1918 it had propaganda pictures in every country, and had brought to the war-chest $100,000,000.

audiences in Russia may be looking at American propaganda film. Other films showing how the American brand of democracy is doing its bit are being exhibited on the screens of our allies and neutral countries. The governments of the Entente have their motion picture commissions, Great Britain having organized a "Cinema Propaganda," including such authors as Conan Doyle and practically all the leading actors and actresses.

The film is a fighting arm, all right. It has come to be that in a very short time. Its history is interesting.

That showing in Herald Square was the movie entrance into the war. To be sure there was very little film to show but the audience was a "movie" audience nevertheless. We had to give them something. That something

The stars of every film organization voluntarily produced short pictures to aid in the sales-campaign of the fourth issue of freedom bonds. Here are four representative selections. Directly above, a scene from Dorothy Dalton's offering. At the left, Mae Marsh. Center, above: Elsie Ferguson's picture. Center, below: a scene from David Wark Griffith's short but startlingly dramatic contribution.

included a picture of the Kaiser, whereat one portion of the crowd applauded tremendously. When we threw pictures of King Albert, Franz Josef, President Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft, Poincare, and the Emperor of Russia on the screen, they were all greeted impartially with genuine roars of approval.

We were neutral with a vengeance in those days.

You realize now that our war news of those early hours was meagre. Very little that was authentic came over the cables and wireless. So we showed bulletins that approximated in our imagination what was going on. "Germans within five miles of Warsaw," for example. This was greeted with a roar of approval from one portion of the crowd. "French are holding Germans before gates of Liege"—another roar from another section of the crowd. News was scarce. A bulletin to the effect that a German vessel carrying 800 barrels of beer had been sunk carried the crowd along. As for really informing pictures we could only dig up all the old films of soldiers marching, or all the views of Berlin, Paris and what was then St. Petersburg, that we could find.

(Continued on page 105)

Grand Crossing Impressions

By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

KATHERINE MACDONALD
Reminded me
Of a Girl
With her First High Heels,
At her First Dance,
With her Hair Up
For the First Time.
She's Rather
Dignified, and
Thoughtful,
On the Screen.
Off
She's Young,
And Unworried,
And Enthusiastic,
And Kind of Scared
Over her First Starring Venture—
It's a Surprise
To Hear her
Call Mary MacLaren
Her "Baby Sister."
Katherine MacDonald might
Write something about
"Men who Have Made Love to Me—
On the Screen."
There are
Jack Pickford;
Douglas Fairbanks;
Charles Ray;
Bill Hart;
Elliott Dexter—
To Mention a Few.
Mr. McGaffey
Told you all about her
In "Consider Katherine,"
In November; but
He didn't Dare Say
Which one of her Leading Men
She Liked Best.
I'll Tell You—
Bill Hart.
Katherine Plays
In "The Squaw Man"
With Elliott Dexter and
Ann Little—
She Loves Ann.
Katherine's going
To Philadelphia
To Star for
The Betzwood Company—
Her Eyes Darkened, and
She Clasped her Hands,
And Said—looking just like
A Kid—"O—
I *do Hope*
I'll Make Good!
On the train,
I met
Some Pasadena Women.
They were Talking
About California.
One said, 'I
Love California; it
Would be

Katherine MacDonald.

Ideal, if
It weren't for
Those Moving Picture People.
She Turned to Me.
'Don't
You think so?'
'Well,' I Said,
'I Might—if
I weren't
A Moving Picture Person
Myself!' "
She Said
She'd Never Forget
The Expression
On that Woman's Face.
Katherine
Looks *So* Young.
Her Eyes
Are a Very Clear Blue.
It was Just as I was Leaving,
That a Boy Paged,
"Mrs. McMillen;
Mrs. McMillen!"
Katherine Rose—
I Stared after her.

I've always Wanted
To Meet an Actor.
Well—
I Have; and
I Want to Tell You,
There aren't Many
Real Actors
Like Herbert Rawlinson.
Just Think—
Why, that's
A Wonderful Name.
You Can Just See It
In Electric Lights,
Can't You?
And Herbert
Has Curly Hair,
And Dimples, and
A Cigarette Case—
Silver and Monogrammed and All—
That a Girl in Salt Lake City
Sent him.
There wasn't
A Name on it, or anything; but
She wrote him a note, and
Told him
How Much she Liked his Work
And Herbert
Always Has Kept it, and
He'll Tell you about it,

Himself, when
You Meet him.
He laughs, and
Raises his Eye-brows, and says,
"Oh Lady Lady!"
You can Almost Hear
The Camera Grinding, and
The Director Yelling,
"Shoot!"
The Only Thing he did
That was Out of Character, and
That didn't Go
With the Part he was Playing, and
Couldn't Have Been
A Scene from any one
Of his Photoplays—
Was when
He Told Me
About his First Job—
Acting.
"It was Right Here in Chicago,"
He Said, pointing
Across the Street from
PHOTOPLAY
To an Old Hotel, the
Revere House, that
Has Sheltered such
Present Celebs
As Francis X. Bushman,
Pearl White, and
Herbert Rawlinson—
"I Lived There
When I
Was Working
Down at the Auditorium.
I Carried
A Spear—In
'Ben Hur,' I Believe;
I Did, really.
When I
Went to Get the Job, they
Didn't Have anything
For Me. But
I was

Herbert Rawlinson.

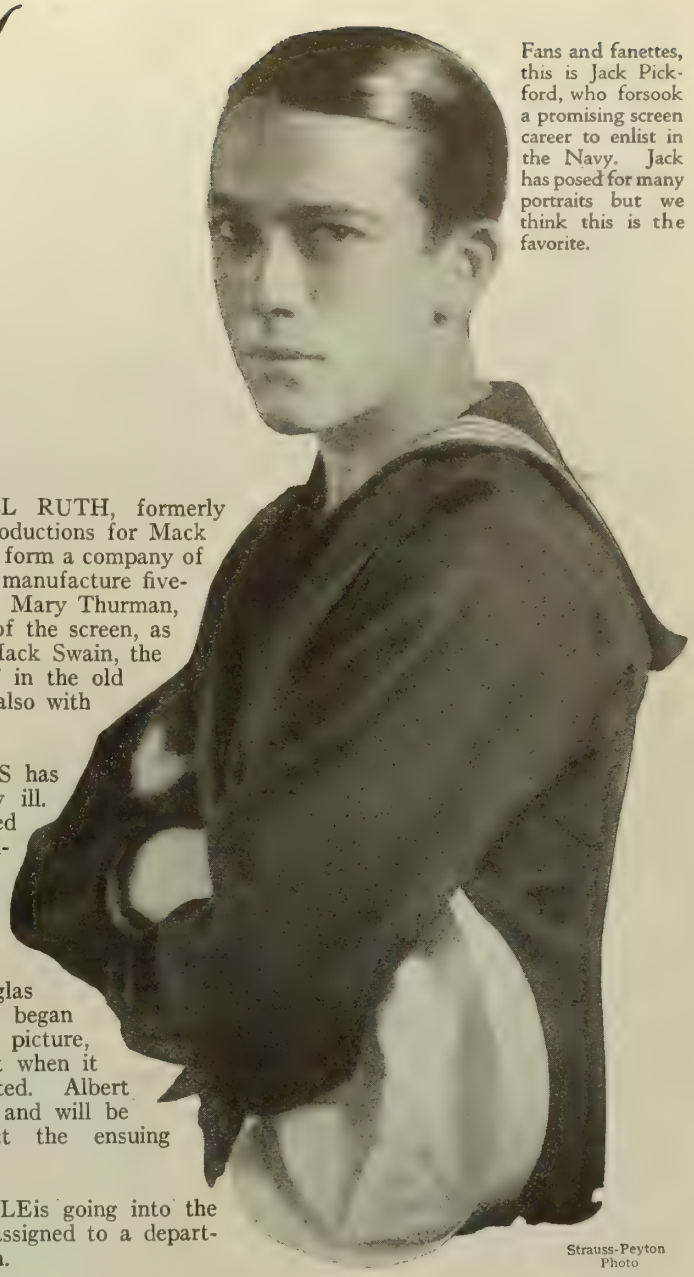
So Hungry—
Almost Starved—
That I—Fainted; and
They Engaged Me
On the Strength of That."

Herbert's Married
To Roberta Arnold.
He's Playing now
For J. Stuart Blackton.
When he Talked to me, he said
He didn't know it was
Going to be
Published; at least
He Said he Hoped
It wouldn't Be, as
He Really Hadn't Spoken
For Publication.
You See—?
He's a Darned Good Actor.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK



Fans and fanettes, this is Jack Pickford, who forsook a promising screen career to enlist in the Navy. Jack has posed for many portraits but we think this is the favorite.

Strauss-Peyton Photo

MAE Murray and Robert Leonard are married. They are in New York now, having quitted the coast at the expiration of their Universal contract. They haven't told us what they are going to do next.

IT happened in the Astor Grill where many of the officials of motion picture companies may be seen any day at the lunch hour. One of these gentlemen, notorious for the great difference between the size of his talk and the insignificance of his accomplishment, was so infatuated with the phrase "a million dollars" that he kept using the term in almost every sentence.

Finally one of the gentlemen from the Paramount office who happened to be seated at the same table approached the limit of his patience.

"I wish you'd shut up your talk of big money around this table," he said. "For one I don't think you even knew how much a million is."

"Sure, I do," replied the loud talker, "a hundred thousand dollars."

He does not lunch at the Astor now. The laugh was too loud.

FRANCES MARION, pictured on another page of this Magazine with her protegee, the new screen discovery, Carduelis Canaria, sailed about the middle of September on special work for the Committee on Public Information. Miss Marion is the second woman to be appointed since the beginning of the war for work abroad. She will spend some time in England, France, and Italy.

NAT GOODWIN, at present on tour in "Why Marry," must know why—as he is going to do it again. Mr. Goodwin, who was recently divorced from Marjorie Moreland, the fifth Mrs. Goodwin, is about to take a sixth wife—Georgiana Gardner. Miss Gardner is an understudy in Mr. Goodwin's company.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI is the latest great musician to be persuaded to go into pictures. The pianist will make one picture to aid the war sufferers of his native Poland, to assist whom he has virtually abandoned his career since the war began. One-half the receipts earned by the Paderewski film will be devoted to the Polish Relief Fund.

HAMPTON DEL RUTH, formerly manager of productions for Mack Sennett, has left to form a company of his own. He will manufacture five-reel comedies, with Mary Thurman, premier show-girl of the screen, as leading woman. Mack Swain, the original "Ambrose" in the old Keystone days, is also with Del Ruth.

ALMA RUBENS has been seriously ill. She was operated upon for appendicitis and is on the road to recovery.

ALLAN DWAN is no longer directing for Douglas Fairbanks. Dwan began the new Fairbanks picture, "Arizona," but left when it was half completed. Albert Parker finished it, and will be retained to direct the ensuing Fairbanks subjects.

CONWAY TEARLE is going into the service. He is assigned to a department at Washington.

JOSIE SEDGWICK has resigned from Triangle. The parting was an entirely amicable one, according to both sides. Josie hasn't told us what she's going to do next.

THE screen has lost Henry Walthall. After a dozen years in the picture studios of Griffith, Balboa, Paralta, and Essanay, Walthall has gone back to the stage, to play an important part in a new play, "Tamar and Sabinoff," on Broadway.

FOR the first time in the history of the House of Representatives, a motion picture of that body has been obtained. It was David Griffith who set up his camera in the interior of the House to get some striking scenes of the activities in connection with the Selective Draft amendment, to be used in his six-reel photoplay exemplifying the Draft. David to date has filmed the House of Lords, Commons, Heaven, Queen Alexandria, Babylon, the Birth of a Nation, war, and Lady Diana Manners.

JULIA ARTHUR, a distinguished figure on the speaking stage, is to enact the role of Edith Cavell, the Red Cross nurse, in a film story, by Anthony Paul Kelly, called "The Woman the Germans Shot."

WE learn of Sylvia Breamer's marriage coincidentally with her divorce. She has filed a suit against her husband, who is Edwin W. Morrison, a theatrical manager of Australia.

GERALDINE FARRAR inaugurated the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign in Washington, on September 29, when, on the steps of the Treasury Department, before a crowd of 50,000 people, she sold the first bond of the new series to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. The night before, at a meeting of the National Press Club, where she sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Marseillaise", the prima donna-picture star received the subscription of Vice-President Marshall for the first bond of a larger denomination. Secretary of State Lansing and other officials also purchased from her.

"Treat 'Em Rough!" screams the poster, and Private Arthur Guy Empey of the U. S. Tank Corps, is valiantly doing his best. Gladys Leslie, you'll note, is exceedingly patriotic, between scenes for her new Vitagraph five-reeler. Or — would you call this, "Arms and the Man?"

LOUISE FAZENDA is usually the best-humored girl in the world. Just ask anyone who knows Louise. But she has rebelled. "I'm tired," she says, "of being homely. I always have a part in Sennett comedies where I have to make up to look like last year's bird's nest. From now on, after every picture, I'm going to buy about a million dollars' worth of new clothes and furs and get all calsomined and permanently marcelled and pulled in at the right places and let out at other places, and put on uncomfortable shoes and dazzle 'em for a few days, just to restore my self-respect."

MARGUERITE CLARK is to have for a future vehicle "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." At least, such is Famous Players' intention. But this story was filmed three years ago by the California Motion Picture Corporation, now defunct, with Beatriz Michelena as "Lovey Mary," and sold to World, who released it under their banner. This may occasion an interesting legal tangle, as Famous Players-Lasky was aware that there has been a picture made in California some years ago but had been lead to believe that the rights to the story had reverted to the authors.

WONDER if it's true that Kitty Gordon is suing Captain Beresford for divorce with the conjecture that she will then marry Jack Wilson, her personal manager? Of course the report has been denied—several times; but it is understood that papers are being prepared.

MR. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman will make one more moving picture for Metro. They have formed no plans for their future film activities. The Bushman-Bayne agreement with the Metro expired some time ago and they have been continuing without a contract.

FRANKLYN FARNUM is back with Universal. He is not starring alone, but supporting U's feminine stars. We may take it that the report of Farnum forming his own company was absolutely without foundation.

CHARLES RAY was put to a lot of inconvenience and unwelcome publicity through last month's announcement that he had decided to leave the Ince forces to go under the management of Harry Garson. Charles, in collaboration with Thomas H. Ince, hastened to deny the report, sending lengthy wires to Adolph Zukor, the Paramount papa, telling him not to believe a word anybody said. "My business relations with Mr. Ince," said Ray, "have always been most pleasant, and I am not going to leave." "Mr. Ray is not going to leave," said Mr. Ince, "as his contract with me has two more years to run." Now what about that story that Garson had secured the stage success, "A Tailor-Made Man," as a vehicle for Ray?

VICTOR G. C. EUBANK, supervising director of Essanay, commissioned first lieutenant in the U. S. Army, has reported in Washington for his new duties. Because of his knowledge of the film business, Eubank was placed in the Signal Corps, where his work probably will be in charge of some branch of the photographic division.

HENRY WALTHALL, before returning to the stage, made another picture, called "And a Still Small Voice—" for the National Film Corporation.

A LITTLE war-bride in Chicago recently received word that her husband was "slightly wounded." One night soon after she dropped into a picture-show. A news-weekly with moving pictures from over there was run off. And there on the screen, lifelike and vigorous, was her husband, a member of the engineering corps. He was in a hospital being shaved; he was grinning, and he seemed a very contented invalid. "Slightly wounded" was only a camouflage name for his illness. He, with forty others, had volunteered to be inoculated with the germ for trench fever, in the hope that a serum would be found. For days the forty men ran a fever of 109 degrees. But they all recovered under the care of the Red Cross, and—the serum for the fever was successfully prepared through the blood of guinea pigs. This explains the contented grin on the soldier's face. It also explains why his bride spent the week at the movies.

OUT in Needles, California, a town of only 4,500 inhabitants, there's a little 620-seat airdome that has been the direct means of providing food and drink for 67,000 troops of the U. S. Army during the past two months. The theatre was operated sometime ago by a group of aliens, who for a while managed to keep their pro-German tendencies under cover, but who were finally disclosed in their true light and forced to leave town. Since then the theatre has been operated for the local Red Cross. Now after buying new seats, a piano, and two projectors for the house, and providing meals for 67,000 troops that have passed through the town, the treasury still holds $1,900!

(Continued on page 82)

Madame Yorska is the newest screen recruit. The noted Russian actress first attained distinction as the favorite pupil of Sarah Bernhardt. Her last stage appearance was as "Salome," for the Washington Square Players. Yorska will star for Matzene, working at the Brunton studios in Los Angeles.

"The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed a blessing, especially when one's hands must always look freshly manicured. I don't see how I ever got along without it"

Bessie Love

What *cutting* does to the cuticle

WHEN you cut the cuticle it is impossible to keep a firm, smooth outline around the base of your nails—every one notices how badly your hands look. The more you cut the more trouble you will have.

Cutex removes surplus cuticle quickly, easily, safely! It is absolutely harmless.

See how lovely this way of manicuring makes your nails look

Wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pushing the softened cuticle back when drying the hands.

If your cuticle shows a tendency to become dry and tough, as the cuticle often does in cold weather after using water on your hands, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of your nails to help keep the cuticle soft and pliant.

When you see how smooth a Cutex manicure leaves the skin about the base of your nails—how free it is from ragged edges and rough places that make hangnails, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

Remove surplus cuticle quickly, easily, safely, without cutting!

Remove stains from underneath the nails with Cutex Nail White

Finish with Cutex Nail Polish

The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

The Cutex Compact Set—price 50c—contains trial sizes of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Paste Polish and Cake Polish; it has also a flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton—all for 50c. If your store cannot supply it, we we will be glad to fill your order direct.

Send for this complete trial manicure set

Everyone who uses Cutex is so enthusiastic about it, we want you to try it, too. Send 21c (18c for the set itself and 3c for postage) and we will send you this individual manicure set complete with orange stick, emery board and absorbent cotton. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 712, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c for your set to MacLean, Benn and Nelson, Limited, Dept. 712, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

Below is shown the Cutex Traveling Manicure Set which sells for $1.50. For Christmas we have wrapped it in the extremely good-looking Christmas design shown.

The set contains full-size packages of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Paste Polish and Cake Polish, also a flexible steel file, emery boards, orange sticks and cotton. For Christmas this year these sets are especially appropriate. Sold in all drug and department stores.

Send 21c for this complete Manicure Set

MAIL COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 712, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from page 80)

WILLIAM DESMOND will be a western star, so Triangle officials have decided. He has begun work in the third photoplay of this character, following the trail of Roy Stewart, Triangle's first cowboy-star. In forsaking the dress-suit for chaps and sombrero, Desmond was heard to suppress a sigh—whether of relief or regret, we don't know.

IT seems unlikely that the matter of Jewel Carmen's contract with William Fox and Frank A. Keeney will ever reach the courts. Neither producer appears desirous of seeking legal assistance, although the Fox people are insistent that they will not release Miss Carmen without a consideration. That may be the final adjustment if Keeney does not conclude to withdraw his claim until the expiration of the Fox agreement with Miss Carmen in a couple of years. It is said that Keeney contracted with Miss Carmen for one year, with several options in the agreement, her first year's Keeney salary to be $400 weekly.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, before beginning his regular dramatic season, made a special picture for Artcraft of the famous melodrama, "The Silver King."

A new face, and a homely one, is Will Rogers', the lariat—virtuoso. But Rogers has a kindly grin and a way with him, that predicts picture popularity, if we are to judge by his optic debut, "Laughin' Bill Hyde."

The luckiest man in the world, according to half the male population of this or any other country except one, is Lieut. H. Palmerson Williams. The lady is Marguerite Clark, who, we rejoice to hear, will not desert the screen, having, in fact, signed a new contract with Paramount.

FRANK MAYO played the villain in a recent World picture and with his company went up to Saranac Lake for exteriors. In one scene the director called upon several lumber-jacks who were watching proceedings to rush upon the set and beat up Mayo. After the battle was over, Director Oscar Apfel declared it to be the best stage fight he had ever seen, and congratulated the big fellow who knocked down Mayo several times, saying, "You're a fine actor. You surely gave Mayo some beating." The 'jack' replied, "Actor, nuthin'! I've been watchin' that feller for several days and he had it comin' to him anyway."

FRITZI BRUNNETTE, of Universal, has changed her name from Fritzi to her real one of Florence, by which she was christened, because "Fritzi" is too teutonic.

RABBI J. WEINSTOCK is abandoning the Jewish ministry to enter the film producing business in Los Angeles. He has formed a company to be known as the Columbia Photoplay Corporation, to make comedies along the line of the Sidney Drew pictures.

ELSIE JANIS, the idol of the "boys" for whom she is dancing in the liberty theatres over there, has had a gun named after her. There are three giant guns hurling projectiles at the walls of stone and steel surrounding Metz—"Woodrow Wilson," "Elsie Janis," and "Hinky Dink." We'll hear from these guns, even if they are 3,000 miles away.

MORE sons of the sun in arms are Harry Edwards, of Christie Comedies, now at the Naval Reserve Training School at San Pedro; Bobby Vernon, also of Christie, at the Submarine Base. Neal Burns is Drill Sergeant at Camp Lewis; and Helen Gibson's husband, "Hoots" Gibson, has enlisted in the Tanks Division.

SOMETIME ago we offered a solid mahogany desk to the press-agent who propounded the most provoking yarn. Beyond a doubt the purveyor of publicity who wrote this little pastoral captures the prize for all time. "The number of automobiles" (we are quoting) "now enenjoying workless Sundays, as a result of the Government request to forego pleasure-riding on that day, contains in its ranks at least one whose owner could, if she were not as patriotic as she is beautiful, claim exemption from the request on the ground that automobile riding is essential to her work. Rubye de Remer undoubtedly receives pleasure from auto riding but she also receives inspiration. Riding rapidly through the country, the steering wheel in her hands, she absorbs from the air forces surrounding her, a certain something that makes her feel all powerful, and it has been in these times that she has conceived many of the parts that have placed her in the front rank of her profession."

JACK MULHALL has been re-engaged by Famous Players-Lasky to support Lila Lee in a forthcoming picture. His last Paramount appearance was in "Wild Youth."

THE Fort Lee studios of Goldwyn, Fox, and World, were out of current for part of a week last month, on account of the demand made on the New Jersey Public Service by companies turning out Government contracts for war materials. Two months ago, the New Jersey studios received a request to cut down the electric current as much as possible. At that time Universal was making a picture with Violet Mersereau, and it was decided that electricity should be used only in "back lightings." The picture is finished and nearly assembled and it is one of the few pictures made in the east in which all the interiors were photographed by daylight.

(Continued on page 84)

Posed by Martha Hedman, the famous actress, especially for Pond's Extract Company

Miss Hedman says: "I have never had a cream as delightful for cleansing as Pond's Cold Cream"

Photo by Hiller

Of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Miss Hedman says: "If my face becomes the least bit roughened by out-door exposure, Pond's Vanishing Cream helps it immediately"

Why harsh cold winds hurt your skin

To restore to the skin the softness and loveliness cold and wind take from it, you need two creams

IN cold, windy weather, you notice that your skin becomes harsh and dry—your lips and hands are chapped—but do you know why?

W. Allan Jameson, the noted skin specialist, says: "In cold weather the outer cells, not sufficiently lubricated, splinter and grow rough. Therefore some carefully selected substitute should be used for the materials which Nature has failed to furnish."

It was for this very purpose that Pond's Vanishing Cream was formulated. Entirely free from greasiness, you can use it throughout the day with the knowledge that not a trace of it remains on your skin.

This is how to give your skin the protection it needs

Just before going out give your face a light application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Rub it in gently. At once it disappears, and leaves no trace, no oily shine. With this protection you can keep your complexion soft, smooth, free from attack by wind and cold—free from redness, roughness and chapping. For chapped skin, one application does wonders.

For cleansing and massage, every normal skin needs an oil cream

In winter, more than at any other time, your skin needs cleansing and massaging with a pure cold cream made with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency which masseurs demand in a massage cream.

Neither Pond's Vanishing Cream nor Pond's Cold Cream will cause the growth of hair or down. At drug stores and department stores in tubes and jars.

Free sample tubes—send for them today

Tear out the coupon and mail it today for a free sample tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. Or send 10c and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 131-H Hudson Street, New York City.

With Vanishing Cream keep your skin from chapping

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
131-H Hudson St., New York City

Please send me, free, the items checked:
☐ Free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ Cold Cream
Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
☐ 5c sample Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ 5c sample Cold Cream

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Test both Creams on your hands. See what each does for your skin

(Continued from page 82)

EUGENE O'BRIEN has signed a four-year contract with Paramount to appear as leading-man for the Famous Players-Lasky stars. He makes his Artcraft bow with Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

W. E. LAWRENCE, who has been a member of the stock companies in west coast studios for the past four years, and most recently seen with Fannie Ward in "A Japanese Nightingale," has enlisted in the Tanks Division. He is now in training at Gettysburg, Pa.

HAVE you attended one of those "Peach stone matinees?" No, it isn't a new play or picture. The National Association of the Motion Picture Industry has instituted a fruit pit and nut shell saving campaign to help provide material for manufacture of charcoal for Army gas masks. Motion picture theatre owners have been giving "Peach stone matinees" that have resulted in the collection of much material. One house in Indiana obtained four barrels of stones at one afternoon performance.

THE Goldwyn publicity department may always be depended upon. No matter what the occasion, the thrifty Fort Lee publicists come forth with a timely, practical paragraph. This time they have to thank the Fuel Administration's ruling of "gasless" Sundays for their inspiration. They utilized the ruling for Tom Moore, thus: "Tom Moore," they said, "is patriotic; yes. But that ruling did hit him hard. Tom doesn't mind walking; but he really needed all the motoring practice he could get, as he plays a chauffeur in his new picture, 'Thirty a Week.'"

WE always thought Rosemary Theby was a pretty name. But the brunne who bears it has decided that, while good, it would look much, much nicer in print of she separated it into "Rose Marie Thebe." In the future Miss Thebe will act for Triangle, beginning with a new picture, "Love's Pay Day."

CHARLES CHAPLIN is very fond of his afternoon tea. If he is working at the studio, he has tea served on the set; if off somewhere, he seeks the tea. The other afternoon Charles entered a new tea-room in Hollywood and ordered a pot of tea. As the maid placed it on the table, Chaplin asked, "Is this green or black tea?" "I don't know, sir," answered the maid, "I'm color-blind."

ANTHONY PAUL KELLY, the scenarioist, whose play, "Three Faces East," is a New York success, said the other day he thought Horace Greeley was all wrong, as far as he—Kelly—is concerned. Kelly went west in his sixteenth year, to Arizona, as rodman of an engineering gang. "The climate," says Kelly, "nearly killed me. And then when I got acclimated I almost died of loneliness. The men were all Mexicans; there weren't any women. The only distraction I found, outside of reading, was going to the movies—or I should say movie; there was only one—one show in one reel, in the back of a saloon. Almost to save myself from suicide I began writing one-reel scenarios, for which I got $10 apiece. I kept myself so busy I had no time to think about the horrors of Arizona—until a Mexican with a grudge nearly killed me, literally. That's what 'Go West, young man,' did for me." So Kelly inverted the advice, coming first to Chicago, and thence to New York. "Join the Navy" is his pet sentiment now, and he won't be deciding his own movements for a while.

THE news that war-pictures—at least those in which the actual bloody business of battle predominates—will in the future be fewer and farther between, should not prove a serious jolt to Photoplay-patrons. Nor are the residents of Los Angeles and environs kept awake nights. There will be no more mimic battles fought in the sunny fields of California, for the L. A. Police Department has decided that "extra" work for moving pictures comes under the head of non-essestials. This puts a ban on all kinds of mob scenes.

IT is reported that Elsie Ferguson is to return to the stage. She has found a play to her liking and may desert the screen to appear in it.

HARRY RAPF of New York is all for the ladies. He has made an all-woman feature. It is in seven reels, depicting woman's rise in the affairs of the nation and particularly her part in the war. It is written by women, and backed by women. When ready for exhibition the picture will be shown at a Broadway house and during its run the entire staff of the theatre will be composed of women, including the publicity staff, orchestra, and attendants.

MARY PICKFORD hasn't signed that First National contract yet. Her mother is in New York considering with Mary's attorney all contracts offered. Mary has as previously stated organized her own company and is getting ready for her first production at this time.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, a well-known leading man for Metro and Fox, has entered the officers' training school at Camp Taylor, Ky. Davidson was accepted after several attempts to enlist.

BESSIE BARRISCALE, according to reports current in Los Angeles, has left Paralta. Her last picture is "The Heart of Rachel," now completed. The Hickmans have not yet made a statement regarding any new affiliations.

A YOUNG woman on a certain newspaper in our town asked her city editor if she would be expected to cover Theda Bara in "Salome" on Sunday night. The editor, suffering with dyspepsia, looked up at her a minute, frowned, and then said testily, "Of course, of course. She will probably need to be covered."

LOUELLA PARSONS, Morning Telegraph.

GIRLS! Which would you rather be—a stenographer earning $15 a week, or an actress drawing a weekly check for $200? Olive Tell of Metro says that the store girl, office clerk, typewriter, or stenographer who gets the former emolument is far better off than the star, who draws down so many times as much. "An actress," Olive tells us, "must spend as much as she earns. She must dress and live the part, and when she has lived up to her role, there isn't much left." Still, some stenographers we know would be glad to take a chance. And besides, it's lots of fun spending.

(Concluded on page 104)

READ THIS!

THE following seven organizations are now working together to create and maintain among our soldiers, sailors and marines the high morale that is now animating our men on all fighting fronts:

The Young Men's Christian Association
The Young Women's Christian Association
The National Catholic War Council
(including the work of the Knights of Columbus and special war activities for women)
The Jewish Welfare Board
The American Library Association
War Camp Community Service
The Salvation Army

It should be understood that all these agencies are working as a unit, with full co-operation, and helping each other to perform the duties which they have been called upon by the Government of the United States to fulfill.

A few months ago there were more than four thousand separate "funds" of relief and service! Obviously, the maintenance of these by individual collections would have made any nation bankrupt. The great organizations named above have, at the request of President Wilson, pooled their interests, and a mighty campaign, to raise $170,500,000 for their respective budgets, will begin November 11th.

If you have a relative or a friend in France; if you have any interest in the country which protects you and in which you live, bear your reasonable share, whatever it may be.

This amalgamation of interests has been for a two-fold purpose: to sustain those who are serving the soldiers of freedom, and to protect you from imposition.

Remembering this, *do not neglect this call!*

Instant Beauty

How can I become more attractive—now—today?

First apply Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin; also serves as a powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Then a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance which captivates the senses.

These three beauty aids can be used separately, or together as a "Complete Beauty Toilette." Guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder

Pompeian DAY Cream—(Vanishing). Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Good face-powder foundation. Has an exquisite, dainty perfume. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—Its fragrance captivates the senses. It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. Pure and harmless. Shades: white, brunette and flesh. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BLOOM—A rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom. Imperceptible when properly applied. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? With vanity mirror and French puff in three shades, light, dark and medium (the popular shade), 50c.

SPECIAL HALF-BOX OFFER

(*Positively only one to a family*)

To one person only in a family, we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and 1919 Liberty Girl Art Panel and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
2131 Superior Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
2131 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

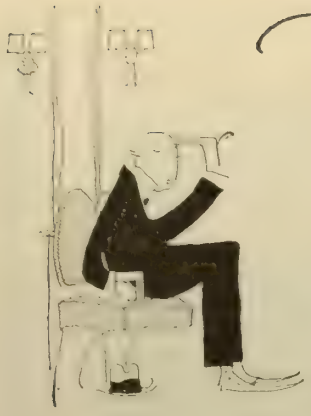
Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes (coins preferred, stamps accepted) for which send me your special powder and 1919 Panel offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer before.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[illegible]



Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

A Lenient Judge

I SAT before Vitagraph's "Triumph of the Weak" today! In a final scene, Alice Joyce's husband, in defense of his ex-convict wife, proffers a certain dutiful detective a thrust between the eyes that ipso-facto transmitted the gentleman on the receiving end to a place where birds sang and flowers bloomed. After which he is not in the least bothered by the court! I don't know about Gotham and surroundings, but here one wouldn't strike any representative of the civil authorities wtih such impunity!

SIMPLICISSIMUS, Winnipeg, Canada.

Anatomical Fact

IN one of Harold Lloyd's recent pictures he was lying on the ground with some newspapers covering him entirely. A party of five men following a girl, step on his body at the place where his stomach is located. But when Harold gets up he rubs his jaw!

RAYMOND SPELLMAN, Savannah, Ga.

Perhaps Eve Yanked It Out

WILL someone tell us who was Adam's barber in "Souls Redeemed?" Both Adam and Satan had regular 1918 model pineapple haircuts. No Sunday School teacher directed that picture, I'll wager.

LILLIAN ASHCROFT, Stamford, Conn.

Indoor Sports?

In the "First Law" Irene Castle is seen sitting comfortably by the fireside, and Antonio Moreno enters the house and removes his overcoat. They both are talking together a few moments, when they decide to go out and have a game of tennis. Since when has tennis been a winter sport?

In "Social Briars" Iris Lee (Mary Miles Minter) approaches a summer resort, wearing a fur scarf and carrying a muff, while many guests at that resort are sitting on the porch clothed in light summer costumes. Mary's fingers must have been cold.

IRENE DUBOIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poor New York City

IN "Mile-a-Minute Kendall" featuring Jack Pickford, Jack's father passes over a check for $5,000. A close-up of the check showed it to be on a San Francisco Bank. Seems to me it would be a little inconvenient for both parties to have the bank account so far away, for Mr. Kendall's home was in New York City.

MYRTLE M. GRIFFIN, Spokane, Wash.

A Quiet Wedding

CECIL B. DE MILLE certainly deserves credit for giving us something new in "We Can't Have Everything" but when the sought-after Wanda drops her wedding ring secretly behind her I should think that the Marquis would hear it. A close-up showed the ring on a hard wood floor.

In the "Tiger Man" Bad Bill Hart is imprisoned in a new cement jail. Time—1851. Place—in a desert.

And last but not least we have Wallie Reid wounded in the shoulder and having his arm bandaged. This occurred in "The Firefly of France."

F. R. B., Worcester, Mass.

We Don't Know

IN "Huck and Tom," starring Jack Pickford, I noticed the judge writing with a quill in the court scene, and behind him was an American flag with forty-eight stars in it. In what part of the United States do they use quills nowadays?

HERBERT STEWART, Portland, Ore.

A Queer Time to Change Clothes

IN Marguerite Clark's "Rich Man, Poor Man," Miss Clark is talking to her lover, Richard Barthelmess in a white dress in which she has been "dressing up." While she is standing with him, her dress suddenly changes to an old gray calico.

SARAH E. TONGUE, Foxchase, Phila, Pa.

A Number of Things

"DOUG" FAIRBANKS is a nice fellow, but he is not infallible. In "Bound in Morocco," Doug wears white trousers throughout the picture. Can you imagine them clean after one reel? Yet, near the end of the film, he is put into jail after much scrapping. His trousers are only slightly soiled, but when they take him out in a few hours, they are nicely pressed and spotless.

In H. Lockwood's "Lend Me Your Name" two electric chandeliers are seen to smoke.

"LITTLE BRIGHT EYES," Cedarhurst, L. I.

Prim Norma

IN "De Luxe Annie," Norma Talmadge was obliged to have an operation on her head. When she awoke from the anaesthetic I saw a small bandage around her head.

Usually, I believe, a woman would wear her hair loose or braided, but not so with Norma. It was as neatly done up then as in any other part of the picture.

KATHARINE PAULY, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Fannie Ward's Beautiful Eyelashes

and her well-formed eyebrows have much to do with the facial beauty of this famous movie star. The soulful expression of her eyes are among her chief charms. Miss Ward attributes much of the beauty of her eyes to the virtues of that famous preparation

Lash-Brow-Ine

Remember the Full Name - It's Imitated

as her testimonial letter shows. Miss Ward says in this letter: *"I can sincerely recommend 'Lash-Brow-Ine' as a splendid preparation for stimulating and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and eyelashes. I use it regularly with the most satisfying results."* This is only one of hundreds of similar letters of praise we are receiving constantly from the stars of the stage and screen as well as society women whose eyes have been made more attractive from the use of this wonderful beauty aid. It nourishes the eyelashes and eyebrows in a natural manner, making them long, thick and luxurious.

LASH-BROW-INE

is a pure, harmless, delicately scented cream, which has been tested by and carries the endorsement of the best chemists and beauty specialists in the country. "LASH-BROW-INE" IS NOT A COLOR AND IS NOT COLORED. Remember the full name and note the cream tint of the genuine LASH-BROW-INE.

Dealers Attention!

We are conducting an extensive advertising campaign on LASH-BROW-INE which will mean more orders for you. Ask us TODAY for our special proposition to dealers

Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Lash-Brow-Ine" send direct and we will mail it, and enclose our Maybell Beauty Book, "*The Woman Beautiful,*" in a plain cover, upon receipt of price. U. S. stamps accepted.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-71 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

Virginia Pearson's Potato De Luxe

Her own scenario for a real baked potato and for creamed celery

VIRGINIA PEARSON, the beautiful Fox film star, believes in treating a baked potato with proper courtesy. Miss Pearson says that a baked potato, to be properly appreciated, should not be prepared as carelessly as is too often the custom. Too many people simply pry the potato open and dab in some butter, then dash on salt and pepper, which she says is inconsiderate. Miss Pearson says you should first select your potato, then bake it until it is just right, then gently open it, and **then** gladden its interior with plenty of Carnation Milk and salt and pepper to taste. The Carnation Milk contains all the butter fat of the original milk, as well as the other nourishing elements, and it gives the hot, mealy potato a perfectly delicious flavor. Celery and other vegetables are delicious when creamed with Carnation Milk.

Vegetables are rich in food values, but they aren't "balanced" unless they have fats added—that is why the richness of Carnation Milk not only betters their flavor, but rounds out their nutritive qualities.

Try Carnation Milk yourself. It is **real** milk—evaporated to the consistency of cream, hermetically sealed and sterilized so that it is always good. It is the wasteless milk supply for your home.

Order several cans of Carnation Milk from your grocer today and give it a fair test for every milk use in your home. Use it in all your cooking and baking—for creaming vegetables, making soups and gravies. Desserts will be even more delicious when prepared with Carnation Milk. It adds a rich flavor to coffee, cocoa, etc.

This shows how to use Carnation Milk to make a hot baked potato a regular treat.

Creamed Celery

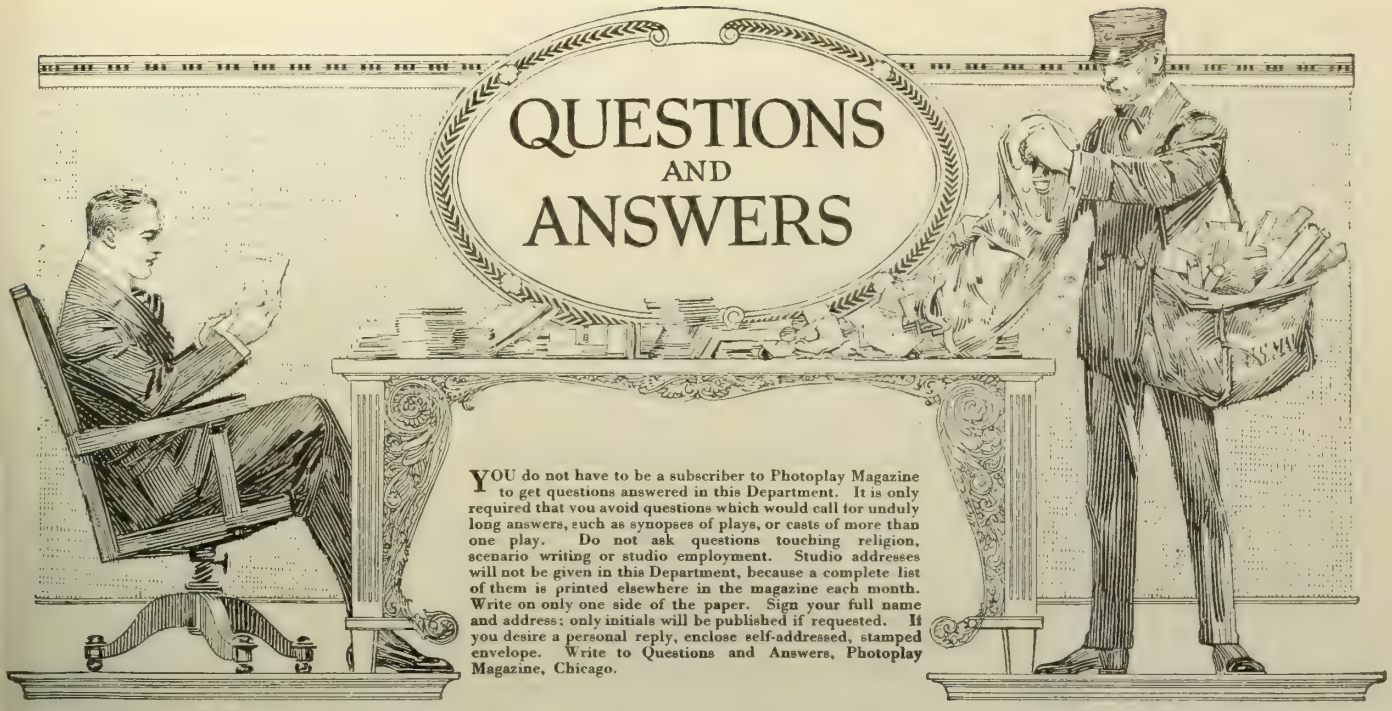
Celery although seemingly high in price is, if properly prepared, an economical vegetable. The celery top may be cut off and allowed to dry for seasoning in soups. The tender inside stalks may be served as a relish and the outside stalks cut in small pieces and boiled in Carnation Milk (properly diluted). By boiling the celery in the milk, the color is preserved, whereas boiling it in water turns it dark.

Carnation Oyster Stew

Melt 1 tablespoon butter; add 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, dash of pepper and mix well. Add one cup water and three cups Carnation Milk; cook, stirring constantly. Add a pint of oysters and heat until oysters are warmed thru.

Free Recipe Book for Photoplay Readers

Write to us for a free copy of our booklet of over one hundred tested recipes for everyday and special dishes, including the Carnation Way of Creaming Vegetables—illustrated in colors. Address Carnation Milk Products Company, 1284 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash.



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

HELEN, TACOMA.—Mae Marsh has a new fad. Deprived of her pets which she will not confine in an apartment, she has acquired—a lady bug! It lives among the geraniums in the window box and flies on her finger when she calls. Its name is Cecilia and you can believe it or not, just as you choose. Mary Pickford has no children. Your other questions are very much against the rules.

FLORENCE, SPOKANE.—You're a nice little girl and we liked your letter. You asked an awful lot of questions for a twelve-year old. Never mind—someone once said that childhood is simply a period of innocent eavesdropping, hearing what one ought not to hear. Can't answer your question, "How old is Clara Kimball Young?" The lady admits she was born in Chicago, but declines to tell us when. William Farnum is forty-two. Charles Chaplin is twenty-nine. All those ladies you mention won't tell their ages. Of these, Marguerite Snow is married—to James Cruze; Bessie Barriscale, to Howard Hickman. The Cruzes have a small daughter, Julie; and the Hickmans have a son. We'll be glad to hear from you any time.

A. T., COLUMBUS, N. M.—Yes, dear lady, Jack Pickford is related to Mary. He's her brother. Alice Joyce was married to Tom Moore; there's a small Alice Mary Moore. Harry Morey is married. He has no children. A friend of ours was appointed chairman of some committee on economy and he was told, "There are seventy girls in our high school. Fifty of them wear silk stockings. It is your duty to take 'em off."

TOM MEIGHAN ADMIRER.—Your favorite was in to see us just this afternoon. He always stops in at PHOTOPLAY when he is in town. Tom was on his way west to play with Norma Talmadge. He is looking fine, and told us he had just bought a five hundred dollar bond from a pretty blonde bond salesgirl. Meighan played with Marguerite Clark in "Out of a Clear Sky," and his first picture opposite Miss Talmadge is "The Forbidden City." He said Norma was very pleasant to work with. Come again.

M. V. D., KERTO.—Edna Flugrath and Shirley Mason are the sisters of Viola Dana. Edna, I believe, is in South Africa, acting in moving picture under the direction of her husband, whose name, I am sorry to say, escapes me for the moment. Shirley, or Leonie Flugrath, is the youngest; she is only seventeen. She's married, to an assistant director for Metro. Viola Dana is Mrs. John Collins, wife of her director; she's twenty. The family address is 350 Mosholu Parkway, N. Y. Edna and Frank Mayo are not related. Edna was with Essanay last, but we have heard that she is working in a new picture "on her own." I'll let you know all about it. Mary Pickford, Bill Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Miles Minter, the Gish sisters, are a few who will send you their pictures. Many of the stars are asking twenty five cents and turning the money over to the Red Cross. Thanks for your good wishes. Same to you, and write again.

BUB, SOUTH BEND.—Why, making the "w. s. f. d." means making the world safe for democracy. Six words that we like as well as a war cry are, "Get the Germans out of France." And the boys are doing it, they're doing it. Dorothy Gish's first pictures for Paramount Artcraft were "The Hun Within," a "special," and "Battling Jane." Both are patriotic subjects. George Fawcett was great in "The Hun Within."

"CURIOSITY," BOSTON.—Do you wear tortoise-shell glasses? Don't call us "the Movie Encyclopedia;" it makes us feel so responsible. Richard Barthelmess is playing with Dorothy Gish for Paramount, on the coast. Jewel Carmen starred for Fox and is now with the Frank Keeney company. Harold Lockwood has been married. There is no Mrs. Antonio Moreno. You want Marguerite Clark to play western parts? For heaven's sake, why? Miss Clark is married; she's thirty-one.

RAY, CAMP LEWIS, WASHINGTON. — Why don't you write to your favorites? I'm sure they would answer you. Since being in camp is "kinda lonesome," the Answer Man will be glad to write to you regularly. How's that? Of course—come right up.

BUD, MOBILE.—Think what it must mean to the boys in the hospitals over there when the Y. M. C. A. actor steps up and begins to tell them stories and sings them songs that bring back thoughts of home. Frank Hayes in Sunshine Comedies. Charlie Murray, the comedian, has been loaned by Mack Sennett to play Lila Lee's father in a forthcoming Paramount, "Puppy Love."

GEORGE L. W., KOKOMO.—We were in Kokomo—once. It is true that Marguerite Clark is married—but it is the first time, not the seventh. Anita Stewart made one new picture for Vitagraph,—"The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." She is now starring for her own company under the management of Louis Mayer. One of her new pictures is "In Old Virginia." Niles Welch is with Lasky. Montagu Love has been playing right along, for World.

BILLIE LAUREL, TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—The Rothacker studios produce educational and industrial films, as well as develop and print many pictures, including all the Charlie Chaplin subjects for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. There's a story about Watterson Rothacker and his work in this issue. George Kleine is a distributing agency. Selig is practically inactive except for the James Whitcomb Riley stories which star Colleen Moore. All Selig production is done in the west coast studio. Morosco is no longer producing, but the Morosco studios in Los Angeles are always in use, at present by the Constance Talmadge company. Marjorie Daw was born in 1902. Alfred Cheney Johnston whose artistic pictures appear in our art section, is considered one of the foremost photographers in America. In the Answer Man's humble but sincere opinion, Johnston stands alone. Write again.

MAUDE WINNER, PORTLAND.—You're right. There was an interview with Conway Tearle in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, "A Merry Hamlet." He's married to Adele Rowland, of vaudeville and musical comedy popularity. Quite recently. Once before. Divorced. (Figure this out for yourself; it's all against the rules.) Eugene O'Brien's hair is light brown and his eyes are blue. Take your Underwood in hand and write us again—but don't use that vivid paper. I'm surprised at you, Maude.

S. V., FORT WAYNE, IND.—In "Friend Husband," the rotund gentleman you thought resembled John Bunny is none other than the late comedian's brother, George. Write again; we enjoyed your letter. Many thanks for the nice things you say about PHOTOPLAY.

SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN.—It's all roses this month and no rocks. You're spoiling us. But that's the secret of the charm of charming people—they're spoiled. Fritzi Brunette and Bessie Eyton played in those pictures. They are not sisters in real life. Miss Brunette is now a star for Universal, and Bessie Eyton is seen with Harold Lockwood in a Metro Screen Classics Production, "A King in Khaki." Fritzi is twenty-four; has played in Universal, Selig, and Lasky pictures. Miss Eyton is a native Californian and her screen career has been with Selig until recently, when she left to play opposite Harold Lockwood. Selig hasn't been doing much lately. Thanks an awful lot, and write soon again.

MARGERY KAYE.—Are you "The Girl from Over There?" Here is the cast for "Resurrection": *Katusha*, Pauline Frederick; *Prince Nekludov*, Robert Elliott; *Simonson*, John Sainpolis; *Shenbok*, Jere Austin. Won't you write us a long letter and ask more questions next time?

EDWINA I., DECATUR, ILL.—We like your name, Edwina, But oh, Edwina! Whoever told you that about Blanche Sweet? Don't you believe it, will you? Bessie Barriscale's son is about nine years old. Farrar has no children. Write to Olive Thomas care Triangle; Elsie Ferguson, Artcraft; Kathleen Clifford, Balboa; Billie Burke, Famous Players; Jack Holt, Lasky; Ann Pennington, Famous Players; Fannie Ward, Pathe; Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph (eastern); Geraldine Farrar, Goldwyn; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph. Will you write again?

MRS. T. L., TRAER, IOWA.—Howard Hickman is with Paralta, directing his wife, Bessie Barriscale; he has never played with Pathe. Francis X. Bushman was divorced in July from Mrs. Josephine Bushman, and married his leading woman, Beverly Bayne. Fannie Ward's daughter is a non-professional; she was married recently, in England. J. Warren Kerrigan, Paralta.

"PEARLINE," CALEDONIA, N. Y.—Can't imagine why your last letter was not answered; it must have been if you signed your name. We enjoyed your letter and want you to write again. You want to see Tom Meighan starred, and you'd like to know how to go about it. We'll speak to Tom about it. But you might write Lasky and tell them what you told me. You say, "I would go a good many miles to get a PHOTOPLAY and as far to see Tom Meighan on the screen." John Bowers with Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." A beautiful blonde is a joy—but not always forever. She who is a blonde today, may to a brunnete tomorrow.

RAE B., CHICAGO.—It isn't letters like yours that we get *paid* for answering, Rae. And it wasn't the last straw, Rae; who would mind when a charming young lady takes four pages of note paper to tell you how clever you are? Listen: in strict confidence we'll tell you that every word you say about us is true. But keep it quiet; we don't want Lasky and Griffith and a few other of these fillum magnates running after us to give up our job at PHOTOPLAY and come and be their leading man. And you can write all those clever things and you have brown eyes and still you don't want to be a movie star! You're a paragon; nay more, a peach. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their good nature, and my enemies for their sense of humor. You are all three—friend, acquaintance, and—because you flatter us out of countenance—enemy. Write again, dear enemy.

JACK SIMMONS, HOLDREDGE, NEB.—Your question is answered here because you neglected to enclose stamped addressed envelope. Yes, William A. Duncan is still with Vitagraph, acting in and directing a serial called "A Fight for Millions." Sometime ago, in the movies, the rich young man was always a villain, the heroine much preferring the poor young man. Now, however, some scenario-writers and a few directors have conceded that one may be rich and noble at the same time, and that poverty is not necessarily next to godliness. Quite a few leading-ladies have married millionaries in late photoplays.

In Far Suburbia

By Thos. J. Murray

Erstwhile Suburbia held no charms for me
When Summer fled across the graying hill;
And its wake gales swept the sullen lea,
While loomed the winter evenings long and still.

My thoughts adventured to the city's blaze,
Where entertainment poured its gleaming flood;
But train restriction stayed my steps to gaze,
Where Swiss Bell Ringers thrilled the rural blood.

But came the marvel of the flashing screen,
With stage stars trooping to our fields remote;
No more I sigh for what I might have seen,
In urban centers where the arc lights float.

MOONEY 17, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—"If Charlie Chaplin got in a fight, would Tom Mix? No, but Harold Lockwood." Marvelous, Mooney, marvelous! No, we wouldn't call it a *mot*, still—you're only 17. Kenneth Harlan is now at Camp Kearney, California, learning to be a soldier. You want a story about him? Eugene O'Brien' hair is not red—no! no! It's a light burnished brown. Wish the Answer Man had light burnished brown hair. We have never seen that shade, but it sounds lovely. Mooney, won't you please substitute another Q for that one "What does Norman Kerry use to make his mustache stick out on the ends?" Otherwise we'll have to wire Norman to find out and when *he* finds out that someone wants to know that, he'll go away off into the desert and die. Norman, my dear, is a regular guy.

SILVER SPURS, ST. PAUL.—Glad to hear from you again. PHOTOPLAY never has "chats" with the players; it is an editorial policy to avoid mush and gush and rather to set forth in clear-cut style, character studies of the players. We see what you mean; and we are much pleased you like PHOTOPLAY so well. Niles Welch? He's just signed a contract to play featured leads for a Paramount for the next four years. His wife is Dell Boone; and you may write to him at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. H. E. Herbert with Elsie Ferguson in "A Doll's House."

O. E. R., TILTONVILLE, OHIO.—Suppose you will believe now that the Answer Man is real and not a myth. It's tough when a guy's been working hard and faithfully at answering questions, to have someone accuse him of making them up. But thank you for the unconscious commendation. Pearl's hair is red, her new serial is as yet unnamed, and we haven't the name of her husband, because there isn't a gentleman who answers to "Mr. Pearl White." Glad you like PHOTOPLAY. Nice lil' book. We read it, ourselves.

R. M., HALIFAX, N. S.—You can believe the Answer Man that those curls are Mary's own and not a wig. Mary is at work again, on her own, you know. The new Pickford picture has not yet been named, but her last for Artcraft was "Johanna Enlists."

"TEDDY," MANFIELD, OHIO.—Haven't we heard from you before? From out of our pale past—answering questions—comes an echo of something you asked us once—on that same paper, in that same chirography, and with the same apologetic demeanor—"Is Francis Bushman married to Beverly?" And we rejoice that we may tell you, now, "Yes!" The other day we were wondering why we had stuck at this job of answering questions for so many years, and all at once it came to us—so we could utter at last that magnificent, that splendid, ringing "Yes!" Emmy Wehlen, F. X. Bushman, and Beverly Bayne, Metro, N. Y.; Gladys Leslie, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Kathlyn Williams, Lasky.

G. L., LOWE AVE., CHI.—Ann Little is your favorite, and you want to know all about her? Well,—Ann is twenty-four; she was born in Sisson, California; and she is with Lasky and a letter addressed to her care that company in Hollywood, will reach her. Pictures of her in her home appeared in the November issue. Oh yes—and she's Wallie Reid's leading woman on the screen and Alan Forrest's—of America—in real life. That all?

HELEN G., CHICAGO.—Marguerite Clark in applying for a marriage license, gave her age as thirty-one. Are you infallible, Helen? At least from your letter one would think that you have kidded yourself into believing you are. But just to show you we bear no grudge we cannot keep, we're glad to tell you that Jane Cowl has made one picture for Goldwyn, called "The Spreading Dawn"; and that long ago Jane played in a picture known as "The Garden of Lies." On the stage she has acted in "Lilac Time" and this season in another play from her own pen, "Information, Please."

ETHEL, E. L. O.—That's all right—but then nothing can cease like success. Constance Talmadge, we heard, was engaged to marry Norman Kerry; but the ceremony has not yet taken place; and it may have been only a rumor. If we tried to run down all the marriages and rumors of marriages—well, PHOTOPLAY would have to find another Answer Man and the Answer man another job. John Bowers is married to a non-professional.

"SHORT," ST. PAUL.—Douglas Fairbanks, Artcraft, Hollywood; Mary Pickford, Mary Pickford studios, Hollywood; Billie Burke, Famous Players studio, N. Y. Don't mention it.

MARY PHILLIPS.—If our memory serves us aright—and if it doesn't we will lose our job and that will serve us right—neither of the two actor gentleman you mention are married. Sorry.

(Continued on page 101)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 70)

wrought in a transfer from Drury Lane to the U. S. A.—playing the wife of an American Admiral rendered by gambling losses an easy prey of German spies; while Mr. Blackwell is an American lieutenant. Both give capital performances.

A SOUL WITHOUT WINDOWS—World

Here is an unusual production, reflecting both simplicity of theme and sincerity in that theme's development, and because of those two qualities a real and convincing story. Ethel Clayton is the chief figure, playing the adopted daughter—of unknown parentage—of a family of Shakers. Breaking by force from that narrow life the young girl plunges into the real world and an ardent and honorable love to the discovery that her unknown birth bars her from the trust and affection of the family of the man she would marry. This is the interesting problem, and its solution carries the story to its conclusion.

THE TEMPLE OF DUSK—Mutual

Frances Marion's story possesses not only dramatic but psychologic power, and is that muchly desired thing: a *different* play for a Japanese star, who, according to the traditions, is bound to the delineation of a single theme. Here we have a Japanese in love with a white woman, and still in love with her, though silently, after seeing her married to a man of her own race. Three years afterward she dies, even as he is amusing himself at a tea garden with another woman. Akira, the Japanese, promises the dying girl that her baby shall fill the place in his heart she once occupied and to the protection of the child he devotes his life. He wins the ultimate chance to prove his vow when the baby's father commits a murder. Akira takes the blame to save the baby's name, and, to her bewilderment, he is "shut up in the big zoo." Escaping, he is killed. Then his spirit, with that of Ruth, the dead white girl, enters "the temple of dusk." The Oriental glamor and acting arts of Sessue Hayakawa give reality to this tragic tale of a Samurai born out of time, and Jane Novak and Sylvia Breamer, with little Mary Jane Irving, give him an adequate human setting.

THE CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE—Vitagraph

The best part about this story is that it starts conventionally and ends unconventionally—that is to say, something in the manner of real life. Corinne Griffith, a young player of delicacy, beauty and considerable adroitness in the expression of varied emotions, plays a young wife who goes into the theatrical trade to provide for herself and her injured husband. Bye and bye the man who gave her her stage chance makes the usual hint that payment would be appreciated. Right here the story makes its switch; instead of horrified virtue magnificently rebuffing brassy vice you see a real love begin to regenerate this man, a canker of jealousy eat down the other, and a great struggle to maintain her own individuality rise in the heart of the girl. The man who began badly ends well; and vice versa.

KILDARE OF THE STORM—Metro

King Baggot, returning to play a villain, seems to me the principal personage of this Metro production, although it stars Emily Stevens, and also enlists the services of that excellent leading man, Crauford Kent. A heavy story, with considerable atrocious detail and sordid villainy, and on that account a photoplay not to be recommended. Nevertheless, if it is an unpleasant thing, it is an unpleasant thing well acted.

BOSTON BLACKIE'S PAL—Metro

Here's a much sweeter, more human story. Boston Blackie, as played by Bert Lytell, is an ordinary burglar, who works with his sweetheart as outside "man." Engaged at his essential occupation, he is surprised by the baby of the house, who toddles downstairs and strikes up an acquaintance. Blackie, perforce, amuses him and takes him upstairs to bed—when he overhears plans for an elopement between the mistress of the house and her lover. The rest of the play includes the mysterious ministration of the thief in the restoration of this broken family—but it also brings the thief a valuable strand of pearls, and—oh, blessed author!—he doesn't nobly give them back in the last reel. The picture goes out leaving him looking at them, wondering . . . Joey Jacobs is "little pal" to Blackie Lytell.

JOHANNA ENLISTS—Artcraft

There are several components of Mary Pickford's enduring success, not the least of which is the whole-souled enthusiasm she gives every role. In "Johanna" we find her playing a miserable little country wench upon whose two-by-four amours and kitchen delights she bestows all the abandon of a tragedy queen in an all-star Shakespearean cast. This makes for success because it makes for reality. You believe in a character that evidently believes in itself; Mary Pickford doesn't *play;* she *lives*. "Johanna Enlists" will set no creeks on fire, but it is rapid, wholesome, patriotic fun.

EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES—Lillian Walker

Lillian Walker has made several attempts to come back to her pristine favor, and in this pleasant comedy she is nearer her vehicles and her characters of the old days than at any time since she played "Green Stockings." The story itself, it's true, isn't much; merely the legend of a rich young woman who has to impersonate her own secretary to ascertain the true status of her young man's heart and honor; but Miss Walker interprets it with charming simplicity.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

VIVE LA FRANCE—Ince-Paramount

Here is a war story which, while it con-ains the usual amount of sentimental and cary hokum, is so energetically done and xecuted with so much and such careful etail that it becomes strong and convinc-ng entertainment. We find Dorothy)alton playing Jenevieve Bouchette, a 'rench motion picture actress in America. Vhile we are unacquainted with any 'ranco-American lady stars, it seems lausible enough that the whole story hould move with the now-aviating lead-ng man to a chateau behind the French nes, and, with some pardonable coin-idences, fetch and carry in great shape o a gory finish for the Huns and a satis-actory if not much less sanguinary con-lusion for the Yanks. The scenery in the rench episode actually looks like a ruined hateau, and Edmund Lowe plays a hero vithout at any time becoming theatric; a eat, if you think it over. Miss Dalton erself is irreproachable in the big mo-ients of the piece; it is her best work nis year. However, she has too much f the grand manner in the preliminary pisode—too much prima-donna.

PECK'S BAD GIRL—Goldwyn

Mabel Normand, as the village cut-up, n a variety of pranks. Rather weak tuff, in substance, and not developed ith the unerring sense of humor that Miss Normand once got in her direction, ut nevertheless full of isolated bits, orked to their utmost by this practiced omedienne for laughs—such as the epi-ode in which, for spite, she puts a sign n the staid village bank that causes a un on that outraged institution. The illage itself, built in Fort Lee, is a darned ood actor.

MONEY MAD—Goldwyn

Merely a melodrama which fits Gold-yn's elusive and high-priced star, Mae Marsh, as gracefully and effectively as a otato sack would fit a lady in a ball-oom. It is hard to get the right sort of tory and the right sort of direction for Mae Marsh—we admit that—but why his tale of Occidental avarice and Orien-al cunning, which starts with the murder f the heroine's mother by her step-father, hould be expected to fit is hard to under-tand, unless on the wild principle of play-ng a 40-to-1 shot in the hope of an stounding winning.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL—Goldwyn

Reginald Barker is a good director, yet vhy did he permit some of the things we ee in this picture-story of a female good-ellow who follows the fortunes of a oung American wrongly accused? Her-ert Rawlinson, at Monte Carlo, plays t the gaming wheel as if he were shoot-ng craps with a brunette elevator boy. Later on, in a cut-back, we see a woman ccidentally shot in a New York flat—nd all of the bystanders simply walk out nd lock the door without even pausing to

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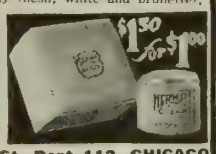

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

see if her injury is mortal, or so much as touching her. Inasmuch as the lady is the hero's wife an incident like this is simply incredible. The time lapses, too, are bad, although the director must not be blamed for faults that may have occurred in the cutting-room. In mounting, in costuming, in scenic and location detail, the photoplay leaves nothing to be desired. Miss Farrar is beautiful. So is Mr. Rawlinson. Violet Heming is varied, expressive, emotional. A dull, uninspired story had the crowning misfortune of unexplained careless treatment. With the proper material this outfit could have accomplished almost anything.

A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE—Pathe

Fannie Ward's Japanese picture is a triumph of lighting, of scenic groupings, of picturesque costuming and location. The story itself is more or less conventional, and concerns the adventures of Yuki, a little Japanese who ends a dismal domesticity by running away and marrying an American. Butterflyish happenings of one sort and another follow each other, with considerable native plotting veiling the eventual peaceful finish. Miss Ward apparently does not attempt to play a Japanese; she is a quaint *figurante* in kimona and long-painted eyes, and is content to be international rather than national.

HE COMES UP SMILING—Artcraft

Douglas Fairbanks' best piece in six months is from a Bohemian original by Emil Mytray. The late Byron Ongley translated this, and Mr. Fairbanks played it with considerable success on the stage. While the play, as a play, has suffered considerably in being transferred from footlights to acrobacy, enough of plot, suspense and surprise remain to make an enjoyable entertainment. After a series of misadventures Mr. Fairbanks finds himself the heir of a disconsolate bank cashier whose only living confidant was a canary, lately escaped. Miss Marion, in providing the scenario, got in the specified number of jumps, but she also hid a few dramatic elements behind bush, trees, rock or whatever. Mr. Fairbanks has little Marjorie Daw as his leading woman, and the erudite Bull Montana, a poet of the muscles, has a thinking role.

THE SOURCE—Paramount

The old story of a decadent young man who redeems himself in a lumber camp, performed this time by Wallace Reid and friends. Didn't J. Warren Kerrigan do a bit like this not long ago? We're sure Charlie Ray did, in "Sudden Jim," which was by the same author—Kelland. The Lasky company did not neglect to spend money in search of a real location when taking this picture, and it shows it. The best part was Wallie's bearded preamble, in which he really characterized. I thought it remarkable how a mere shave also gave him a Broadway haircut. Ann Little is an admirable opposite to Mr. Reid, and James Cruze is ye compleat heavy. A remarkable comedy bit is played by Raymond Hatton, the spyglass detective and reporter for the whole district.

IN BRIEF:

"Out of a Clear Sky" (Paramount) Marguerite Clark, in a refreshing little romance of wood and field, with a foreign overtone not unexpected in these days of world-brotherhood.

"The Better Half" (Select) Once to every woman may be said of the dual role. To many it comes often. Alice Brady gets hers here, playing twin sisters. An interesting romance of rather unusual scheme for the screen.

"Wives of Men" (Pioneer) If you can ignore the story you will enjoy the strong, vital work of Florence Reed and Frank Mills; generally realistic in spite of their material.

"The Law of the North" (Ince-Paramount) A sumptuously mounted, well photographed and well acted story of the Canadian woods and lakes. The story itself is reminiscent and inferior to its equipment. The part of Alain de Montcalm is not exactly in the type of its portrayer, Charles Ray.

"In Pursuit of Polly" (Paramount) One of those yarns of innocent complication which used to get us so breathless before the Big Thing happened. I wonder if our little one-time thrills will ever thrill us again? Billie Burke is charmingly disposed in the central character.

"A Law Unto Herself" (Paralta) Louise Glaum, playing with a depth of feeling and emotion a heavy but straight-running story of German villainy and exalted French patriotism whose time of action embraces two generations.

"Prisoners of the Pines" (Hampton) J. Warren Kerrigan, in something carefully put on, and pretty to look at, but so lacking in story value that it is like a spirit without a body—or vice versa.

"The Girl Who Came Back" (Paramount) Complicated plays of continental life are being written every day by globe-trotters who have never been east of the Mississippi. Why, then, when "Leah Kleschna" was to be done was it given an obvious nickel-plate of American surrounding? Ethel Clayton has Mrs. Fiske's old role.

"The Eyes of Julia Deep" (Mutual) Mary Miles Minter's type of plays like her age, remains unchanged. Here is the standard type, in which Miss Minter plays just the same tender and alluring young bud that she has always played. And what's more, to apparently the same effect and popularity.

"A Hoosier Romance" (Selig) James Whitcomb Riley wrote the original, and the adroit Colin Campbell, who directed, has retained much of his humanity in pathos and comedy. The piquant charm of Colleen Moore, and the homely, convincing realism of Thomas Jefferson are its chief matters of personal appeal.

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

"Mystic Faces" (Triangle) If Triangle will cultivate Jack Abbe, giving him good direction and at least fair material, they will find a new star in their hands. This melodrama, which carries no great conviction, will please the average audience simply because of the Japanese boy's lovable personality—whether the audience knows what the pleasing quality is or not.

"The Secret Code." (Triangle) J. Barney Sherry, one of the great pillars of the old Triangle, is indeed hard put to it for parts nowadays. Here he is, with Gloria Swanson, in a play which the two of them make decidedly better.

"A Woman of Impulse" (Paramount) Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful singing actress, may some day get a genuine motion picture story which will also be suited to her great gifts of beauty and rather individual expressions of emotion. With it she may get a director who understands her and possesses the faculty of making her acting convincing. If she does, watch the full-armed birth of a genuine screen favorite. It is certain that she has unique gifts, never yet properly exploited. "A Woman of Impulse" is neither good nor bad; it leaves no particular impression.

"The Silent Woman" (Metro) Edith Storey, in a much stronger vehicle than she has had for many months. If you haven't seen this, look in on it. You will like it.

"The Road to France" (World) A war story which is different. It tells, not of war there and queer conspiracies here, but of the stirring nights and days attendant upon the building of our bridge of ships. A realistic sort of romance.

"T'Other Fair Charmer" (World) An amusing though unlikely sort of story, featuring Louise Huff.

"The Brazen Beauty" (Universal) Principally observable—the story is a potpourri of old situations—because of the good work of Priscilla Dean as the solid-ivory outlander.

"Her Man" (Pathe) Back to the feud, our old friend, all but completely killed off by his momentary heir, the plotting Hun. Elaine Hammerstein is the pretty centerpiece, and the story is a convincing hour-passer.

"Lafayette, We Come!" (Perret Productions) A subject of enthusiastic patriotic appeal, especially notable for the genuine artistic manner of its treatment. Dolores Cassinelli and E. K. Lincoln undertake the chief duties.

"The Border Raiders" (Diando-Pathe) A serial cut down to merely the explosions. If you can dispense with a story you may enjoy five reels of exclamation points. George Larkin and Betty Compson, who was much more at home as a comedienne, dodge the falling walls of the plot.

"Sauce for the Goose" (Select) is, as the name implies, a very ancient plot. Constance Talmadge's personality contrives many moments of charm. Walter Edwards' direction helps. Harrison Ford is a further asset. But you cannot make a six-ounce comedy weigh a hundred pounds by putting a foot on the scales. And that is exactly what the authors of this one have done.

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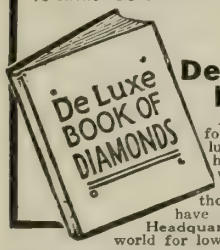

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Why Merely *Mangle* the Truth?

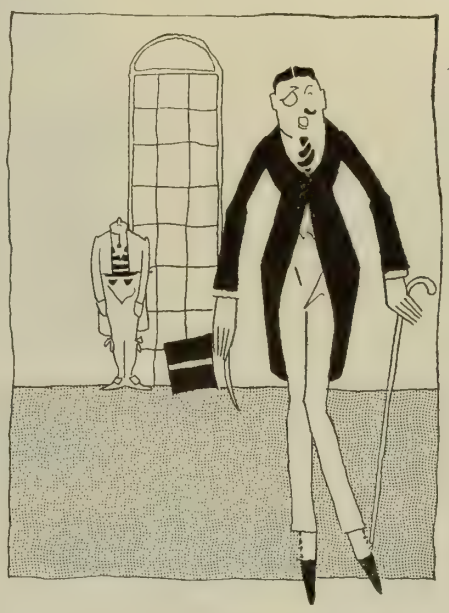
Words of encouragement to the ambitious moving picture publicity Munchhausen, seeking the right way to go.

By Leigh Metcalfe

Mr. Richard Jones-Jones, Publicity Director, The Enn-Gee Film Co., Fadeout, California.

Dear Dickey Boy:

Tickled to death to learn that you have at last attained a long-yearned-for publicity job. Go to it, boy—I'm with you heart and soul! With that little old imagination of yours running



"—has shaved off the right half of his mustache."

on all cylinders you should win the Munchhausen crest without trouble.

Publicity writing is a great field. It could be made greater, I believe, were you fellows given about 50 per cent more latitude for imagination. Creation slipped a cog by throwing Verne into a previous generation. Gad, boy! think of the press stories he could have cooked up!

Take a little tip from a rooter on the side lines; from one who believes that movie press agent stories should entertain more than accurately inform. Why insist on plausibility? Why be a court reporter when Edgar Rice Burroughs and Rider Haggard need never worry over the rent coming due?

They allow you fellows to stretch a point in doping a story about your actresses and actors. Why merely mangle veracity in the cogs of your typewriter? Commit full-strength murder. When you get an idea, multiply it by two.

If Theda Wheelbara is credited with having given her 1917 evening gowns to little Orphan Annie of the woman's hosiery department—don't stop at that. Write it something like this:

"Miss Theda Wheelbara, popular vampire actress of the Enn-Gee forces, recently created a new vogue in footwear as a result of her justly famous generosity. After giving the greater part of her wardrobe to the Working Girls' Home, Miss Wheelbara discovered she had not reserved any shoes or slippers. Determined to attend church the next morning (make it happen on a Saturday night, Dick) the actress borrowed a pair of rubber boots from the janitor and in them walked to services. This unique innovation created a great stir among the congregation—so great a stir that the society leaders took up the fad, and now rubber boots for church-going are quite the proper thing in Fadeout's most fashionable circles."

I hope you understand what I'm driving at, Dickey boy. Make the people sit up and adjust their spectacles. Don't interest them; dumfound them. Here are a few illustrations to make my point clear. Use 'em if you care to. Fill in the names to suit.

Admirers of Miss —— ——, Enn-Gee romantic actress, best known for her work in "The Romance of Two Curls," will doubtless be surprised to learn that she can neither read nor write. Miss —— explains this by declaring she was born and reared in the interior of Mexico.

Mr. —— ——, the handsome, manly Enn-Gee actor, recently exhibited his splendid courage when he arrived home to find his house in flames. In a midst of a group of 3 per-cent heroes, standing well out of the fire lines, was his wife, screaming that their seventeen children, including the twins, were trapped in the house. Without an instant's hesitation, the brave man dived into the burning bungalow and rushed out with the twins. One by one, he brought out the rest of his family and all were revived.

Miss —— ——, Enn-Gee's popular ingenue, now at work on the picture beautiful, "Whose Nose?" cannot bear to see teamsters whipping their horses. Such an act was in progress recently in front of the Enn-Gee studios as Miss —— was leaving for luncheon. She berated the driver strenuously, when, to her surprise, the fellow got off his wagon and said: 'Well, leddy, if you can give this here plug any better treatment than I does, he's yours." And the teamster actually unhitched the animal and handed the bridle to the actress. Then, picking up the shaft of the light wagon, he trotted briskly off down the street, leaving Miss —— standing there, mouth agape, hold-

(Continued on page 98)

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORP., 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAUMONT, Flushing, N. Y.; Jacksonville, Fla.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

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Why Merely *Mangle* the Truth?

(Concluded)

ing the bridle as the aged steed swayed weakly across the sidewalk.

Miss ——— ———, popular emotional actress in the Enn-Gee stalls, has solved the bugbear of carrying heavy knitting bags. "I buy my wool in the form of sweater coats," she explains. "When I go out, I merely don a sweater coat and start my knitting from the coat itself. You will be surprised to see how easily the yarn unravels once you get started. It is far easier than carrying a heavy knitting bag around. However, let me caution those who follow my plan. Dress warmly enough in chilly weather so that the loss of the coat, when entirely unraveled, will not endanger you to colds."

The pendant worn so prominently by Miss ——— ———, an Enn-Gee actress, was moulded from a handcuff. This handcuff is said to have been used in the capture of her great grandfather, who robbed the Bank of Belfast in 1846 and who was later sentenced to twenty years in prison. "The curio has come down through our generations," explains Miss ———. "I had it made into a pendant because a handcuff is so awkward to care for."

Miss ——— ———, Enn-Gee's favorite ingenue, who is shortly to appear in "The Dance of the Seven Fails," lays claim to what is probably the world's strangest pet. It is an ostrich, measuring six feet, seven inches in height and was given to her by one of her admirers, the owner of an ostrich ranch in Arizona. Miss ——— is delighted with the gift and has had an immense cage installed in her library. Though this takes up quite a bit of room, the ostrich is quite docile and unostentatious. Cerise, for that is the pet's name, is a great favorite among Miss ———'s friends, who have formed the thoughtful habit of bringing luscious morsels to tempt the ostrich, such as lizards, mice and eels.

Enn-Gee's popular star, ——— ———, appearing in the thrilling serial, "The Diamond in the Eye," has set a style that should prove quite the rage. He has shaved off the right half of his m ıstache, Though one might believe that this tends to throw his face out of plumb, it promotes a striking individuality that could in no other way be attained.

Every screen player has his hobby. And the hobby of ——— ———, the character actor, best known for his work in Enn-Gee's super-serial, "Are Husbands Safe?" is in assisting the studio janitor during dull hours. Mr. ——— likes nothing better than to spend a few hours each day scrubbing, cleaning windows or polishing the brass work about the place. "It is indeed difficult for one to abandon the traits of childhood," explains Mr. ———. "I come from a long line of street cleaners. As far back as I can remember I have had a passion for getting down on my knees with mop and bucket."

Miss ——— ———, widely idolized actress of the Enn-Gee forces, declares she has solved the problem of "seats for all" in street cars. "If the masculine sex would consent to hold weary women passengers on their laps," she explains "there would be an end of grumbling. Such an offer on the part of men fortunate enough to procure seats, would be

Solving the bugbear of carrying knitting bags.

commendable and gallant. It is only a little thing, and yet think how much it would mean to the tired shop girls. Although at first the more bashful men might feel a little squeamish about offering their lap to girls, yet it is such little braveries and sacrifices that makes life more enjoyable for all."

Now Dickey Boy, I don't want you to think that I am trying to butt into your business. But the foregoing hunches are really unusual, I think, and worthy of consideration. I know you are just the man to create such splendid publicity stories if you've the nerve.

One might as well be a bank robber as a door-mat thief. If you fabricate at all, do it well.

After all, publicity should be considered but a privileged phase of fiction. Its mission is to form a part of the entertainment of the various motion picture columns. Veracity should be no more a requisite than it is in a Doc Hicks Almanac.

Sincerely,

Bob.

From the Audience

5. Kelham Villas, Newark-on-Trent, England.

The Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

I look forward for Photoplay each month, and if it is late—curse those submarines! I have not missed a number since I started to take it. It is read by a number of my friends here, and the praise it gets, would add an inch or two to your stature. We get some excellent pictures here. Just now we are having a run of Artcraft. We have had W. S. Hart in the "Narrow Trail" and Douglas Fairbanks in "Wild and Woolly," they are both very popular. Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, May Allison have a great following; Charles Ray is also a good draw. This is a town of about 26,000 inhabitants, with three picture houses, which seem to do well. They are all principally American films, that are shown. We have a few English, but not many, though English producers are now waking up. I think some of our pictures would be appreciated in your country, because we have now some very fine players, and the English backgrounds and photography are very good and no doubt many of you have a great love for this dear old land, the Mother of Nations. No doubt about it, we have suffered, but the blood is right, when you know it all, you will be amazed what our men and women have done, more especially the women. All class distinctions are broken down, we are all one in sticking to it, and we mean to win, and now with your glorious lads we shall. Tell those charming girls of yours to make us plenty of sunny pictures, we don't want morbid ones. God bless them all, your delightful people who make our lives brighter by appearing in the films. I wish I could see them all and thank them in person for what they have done. Wishing you and Photoplay every success.

Yours Sincerely,
J. W. Selby.

The Editor of
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir:—

Has the photoplay industry's gigantic freakers of success petered out into rivulets of a catch-penny affair? Is it possible that producers have reached that point where it becomes necessary to filch money out of a gullible public by deliberate misrepresentation, or, to use a more applicable term—by false pretense?

Permit me to explain my ravings.

A few evenings ago in our little city (which is not so little that we are unaccustomed to the best in moving pictures) paused in front of one of our theatres to study the posters. A canvas flared across the entrance bearing following inscriptions:

"Wm. S. Hart Pictures Corpn., present W. S. Hart, supported by an all-star cast including Robert Edeson and Rhea Mitchell in 'The Preacher and the Bandit.'"

Puzzled, yet interested in the incomparable cast, I was possessed of a vague feeling that somewhere and at some time in the distant past I had seen that picture before. The feeling could not be

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Unfit, flabby, weak, useless—doing nothing for yourself, your family or your country, at the one time in the whole history of America when the Nation expects EVERY man either to FIGHT or WORK. What good are you to anyone, in these stirring times, if you are dragging yourself about with your physical system a wreck, your mentality cobwebbed and your spirit gone? Brace up!—take hold of yourself—

Become a Man

Don't think you can't—You **CAN,** if you go about it right. And when you do a place will be awaiting you. America needs men here at home as well as on the fighting lines; men to carry on the gigantic war work of the Government; men to run the industries of our great country; men to take the places of our soldiers over there, to care for the families left behind; **men fit to be the fathers of Americans to come.**

You Can Make Yourself Fit If You Will To Do It

You can add to the duration of your own life, and make every year of your life more useful, more pleasurable, more worth while living, by taking yourself in hand and become fit. What's the use of living, if you don't enjoy life? Where's the good in waking up at all, if you wake up tired out before you begin the day? What fun is there in going about suffering all the time from youthful errors, vital losses, devitalizing habits, poor memory, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches; with a fevered brain, a rotten temper, a muddled intellect—unable to DO anything worth while or to enjoy an hour of your day?

Don't Break Down in the Prime of Life

Vital statistics prove that the average American dies ten or fifteen years before his time, **usually from preventable disease,** simply because he does not take care of his body and live in accordance with Nature's laws. Nature is the universal, all-powerful Healer; give her half a chance and she'll get to work on you, no matter how much of a mental and physical wreck you feel yourself to be.

Why Don't You Better Yourself?

Place yourself in my hands and I will show you how every organ in your body will be brought to normal function; you will fairly tingle with vigorous life. My system and method will vitalize you, rebuild you, rejuvenate you.

I can bring your forces of Nature into play; make your success certain. No matter what your present condition, my method is restorative, rejuvenating. You will be vitalized; the glands of your body that store secretions necessary to robust health will be invigorated; your mental activity will be increased, your energy augmented; you will be a live factor in whatever sphere you may be.

I'll Show You Nature's Way

The ONLY safe, sure, simple way to really build yourself up and get rid of the ills that are hampering your progress, making you of no account in the world and eating up your years of life. No patent medicine preparations or druggist's dope in Nature's way or mine. No overexercise, strengthening your muscles at the expense of vital organs. Just Nature's way—the Army way—the Strongfort way—the way that has led thousands of my pupils back to health and strength and the enjoyment of living life. Note opposite coupon. Check your main ailment and you will receive a practical talk without obligation.

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...Thinness	...Biliousness	...Poor Circulation
...Rupture	...Torpid Liver	...Skin Disorders
...Lumbago	...Indigestion	...Despondency
...Neuritis	...Nervousness	...Round Shoulders
...Neuralgia	...Poor Memory	...Lung Troubles
...Flat Chest	...Rheumatism	...Increased Height
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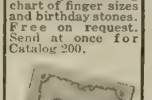

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From the Audience

(Concluded)

dispelled, yet, curious, I was unable to resist and entered, incidentally paying twenty cents for that privilege. After witnessing two reels of the picture I left the theatre. Just two, or possibly three years previously I had seen the same picture; only at that time it was produced by Triangle and entitled "On the Night Stage."

At another theatre in our city there is advertised for production in the near future a picture entitled "A Lion of the Hills," with a cast consisting of Hart, Markey, Mitchell and Glaum and sponsored by a concern calling itself The Sunset Pictures Corpn. I fear I shall have to do my bit towards defraying the rental of said picture if only to learn just when, under what title and how many years previous I have seen the same picture.

Again, may I ask, is it possible that a concern that has been in existence but a few months (The Wm. S. Hart Pictures) would be so unscrupulous as to lend its name to a picture several years old and masquerading under a second title with no other object than to deliberately mislead the public to whom it owes its welfare?

Is it possible that Hart and Ince, themselves, have arrived at that stage where they are deluded into believing the public wants them at any cost or under any conditions?

That expression of Barnum's about the great American public taking delight in being humbugged doubtless still holds good but there rises in my swallowing apparatus an unswallowable obstruction when I think to what a plane the greatest of all American amusement institutions has deteriorated.

But perhaps, my dear Mr. Quirk, like a well known cereal, "there's a reason" for it all. Very respectfully yours,

S. M. DEHUFF, St. Louis.

Better Photoplay League of America

(Concluded from page 73)

the following from Arkansas:

"At last the organization I have been looking forward to has been developed. In looking over the advisory list I was glad to note that among the patrons were some of America's most eminent men and women. It will give me the greatest of pleasure to co-operate with the organization. I shall enter the Arkansas University, October first, 1918, and there I will have a broad field for such work." This from Harold Bell, Conway, Arkansas.

Mr. Bell has the spirit of the Better Photoplay League and will be of value in his state in this movement.

More good news from the south comes from Mrs. J. C. Trout, prominent in club and social circles who has the real social uplift of her community at heart. Mrs. Trout is from Birmingham, Alabama, and tells of the work accomplished there. Among other interesting things she says (I wish space would permit the printing of this splendid letter in its entirety):

"Our first step was to personally interview each of the theatre managers and we asked the privilege of letting our club sponsor such pictures on his weekly program as were clean and wholesome and to designate them as 'Better Film Nights' asking him to make this distinction in all his advertising including screen, newspapers and billboards. They readily accepted our cooperation and have done so ever since. . . . We wanted publicity and cooperation of the public and the mothers, so we called upon the newspapers to assist us, and they gratefully gave us very helpful writeups which were most encouraging, so with hearts rejoicing for realizing that we have at least done a small bit toward uplifting the greatest of all educational forces today, we will keep *right on working* with the public to attend these designated nights when they, children and all, can see a picture they can both appreciate and comprehend—clean, wholesome, inspiring pictures."

Does not that sound like Progress? The untold amount of good this woman and her committee have done will go on like the waves from the pebble thrown in the still pond, until long after she has forgotten her efforts, it will be pushing on its broadening influence for good.

The West is never slow. From Sterling, Kansas, comes a most interesting letter from Mrs. C. R. Grose, telling of the organized effort the women are making and of their success.

It's a far cry from Kansas to New York, but Marmaroneck which is suburban to New York City has shown the power of organized influence in the Better Film movement and their story is one that makes one's blood leap with patriotic sentiment. Philadelphia, that city of Brotherly Love, where one always knows good movements will have full swing, was not behind. Inquiries came from this city from a prominent lawyer, as to how to organize and establish before the first announcement of the League was fairly off the press, and in spite of their rigid State Censorship regulations, the mothers of the city feel that something must be done, and they have the key—ORGANIZATION. Have you?

Each reader of this article has the key to the solution of the problem in his or her own hand. What will you do about it? Will you organize? Will you combine the big interests of your community? Will you zealously and patriotically guard the visual influence that comes to your people as you would assiduously guard them from Germans or Spanish Influenza? Now is the appointed time! Act today!

For further information write the Better Photoplay League of America, 185 Madison avenue, New York

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 90)

INCOGNITO, CHICAGO.—Grace Valentine is now playing at the Cort Theater in Chicago, in "Lombardi, Ltd." She was "The Unchastened Woman" in the screen version. Elsie McLeod, who used to be with Edison, appears in support of Viola Dana in a recent Metro picture. That was Charlotte Burton in "Up Romance Road." Mary Fuller has retired; she is not married. I have heard lately of a Jack Halliday who is playing in stock; perhaps you mean him. We have heard nothing further about Bill Hart's reported engagement. Yes, someone once said that "American dry goods" meant American novels; but that must have been written before the days of Tarkington, Hughes, Rinehart, et al.

MAE H., SANGER, CAL.—You are the third or fourth this month wanting to know my nickname. This sounds like a conspiracy against the poor old Answer Man. We haven't a nickname; we don't want a nickname; and we are so fierce nobody ever dared to wish a nickname on us. But, if I must have one—why, write your own caption—call me anything you like, all of you. Oh, that is nothing—everyone is original nowadays. It would be positively refreshing to find someone with no ideas at all. Then you could make them listen to your own clever opinions, don't you see.

M. H., HAYWARD, CAL.—You want "one of us," you don't care which, to tell you our nickname. That "Questions and Answers" seems to have confused you; but we can assure you there is only one of us. And who would presume to nickname a dignified person like The Answer Man? Mary Pickford is not working at the present time. She answers letters from admirers. To tell the truth, it rather flatters us to be called sarcastic; because we were never sarcastic in our lives.

C. C. C., HENRIETTA, TEXAS.—Milton Sills was *Joseph Stanton* in "The Honor System." He plays opposite Geraldine Farrar in a forthcoming Goldwyn. Jackie Saunders was with Balboa last. She is in New York at present, and I think a letter addressed to Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer at the Hotel Astor will reach her. We wish she would come back, don't we? Seena Owen's name was Signe Auen; she changed it to Seena Owen, and then to Mrs. George Walsh. She plays with Charles Ray in a new Paramount; write to her at the Ince studio. Dustin Farnum is the older. Egosm is exasperating but delightful. You're very young. Write again.

ELLEN H., INDIANAPOLIS.—The lines beginning "Thou wouldst be loved? Then let my heart from its present pathway part not" are from a verse of Edgar Allan Poe to Frances Osgood. Jules Raucourt was born in Brussels, Belgium, in 1890. Some of his photoplays have been, "At First Sight," "My Wife," "Rose of the Alley," "The Outcast," "Prunella," "La Tosca." Raucourt has done his bit; he was honorably discharged from King Albert's army following injuries in the battle of Maliaes in 1914. He does not say whether or not he is married. You're welcome; come again.

BILLY, OTTAWA, KANSAS.—No, Billy, we never grow tired of answering the same questions over and over again. Our old head never nods wearily over our piles of correspondence. We are always cheerful, always, and we love our work. It's a job, Billy, it's a job. If you'd only tell me that actor you are talking about I might be able to tell you. Earle Williams is still making pictures for Vitagraph. Yes.

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3. Correspondence Supervisor
4. Mail Sales Director
5. Collection Correspondent

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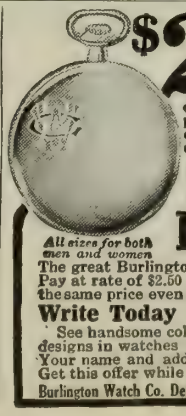

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MAUD T., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—The Answer Man has never heard of the young Iowa prodigy named Billy Rose, who is, you say, so popular throughout the Central West. We try to keep up with the movies, goodness knows, but we haven't heard of Billy. But if the "Iowa Boosting Committee" is boosting him, no doubt we will soon hear of Billy.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—You're not inquisitive, you're jes' plain curious. Marguerite Clark wears a shoe so small it can't be bought; it has to be made. You want to know if Miss Clark "knows, personally, Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Charles Ray, and Tom Moore." I believe she knows Mary Pickford. She swims, as you should know if you saw "Wildflower." She dances; she danced in "Prunella." Of course she rides horse-back—did'nt you see her in "The Amazons"? You're not quite as faithful a fan as you say. Yes, I agree with you that you have asked quite enough. Your letter is about all that the Amalgamated Association of Answer Men would demand in an eight-hour day.

"TOMBOY," MINN.—You say you have never "stuck to anything so long as you have writing to this department. Once a week I write to you." Yes—for three weeks. Is that much of a test of determination? Never mind; write as often as you like. Your ideas are sound and I agree heartily with what you say about stars forming their own companies on the slightest provocation. June Caprice isn't playing now. Don't know. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron; Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Webster Campbell. Yes, I know they deny it. Enid and Belle Benett are not related. George Cohan made only three photoplays. Don't try to develop your mind. Let it be receptive and it will develop itself. Remember I'll be looking forward to another letter from you next week.

DOROTHY E. M., HOUGHTON.—Florence Vidor played *Juliet Raeburn* in "Old Wives for New." Write to her at the Hollywood Lasky studios. Elliott Dexter, same address. He has dark hair and eyes. That's right; write whenever the spirit moves you.

PEGGY, JUNCTION CITY, KAN.—That is Wallace Reid's real name. He is twenty-six. Your other questions have all been answered many times before. Opinions differ as to whether acting is really an art. I think it is. Oh, but to yield to one's moods and emotions is really to live.

J. S. AND T. D.—Sessue Hayakawa is your favorite. He has his own company now—the Haworth Pictures Corporation, Paralta studios, Los Angeles. Hayakawa is married to Tsuru Aoki, who plays with him in Japanese roles. Both are real Japanese. They have no children. He was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. Wallie Reid is twenty-six. Married to Dorothy Davenport. One son, whose name is Bill (William Wallace, Jr.). No trouble, girls.

BETTY, ARKANSAS CITY.—Now, Betty, mistakes will happen in the best regulated Answer Departments. O'Brien is thirty-four. He's a favorite of ours, too; there's not a leading man on the screen we would rather see. Thanks a whole lot.

WALTER L. BREEN, U. S. S. BALTIMORE, EUROPEAN WATERS.—William Farnum in "The Spoilers." Hope you win the bet. It was a Selig picture. No. Let us hear from you again—soon.

H. A. D., MONTREAL.—We remember you very well. Life is reel and life is earnest? But yes; nobody has ever denied it since Longfellow first mentioned it. We don't believe that Longfellow anticipated motion pictures, but then, we don't believe in puns. You like Victor Sutherland. We saw him with Grace Valentine in "The Unchastened Woman." He has been Virginia Pearson's leading man; and upon the completion of a new picture, he joined the Army. We are not a cave-man.

B. S., MIAMI.—Howdy, old-timer! Yes, Louise Lester is Mrs. Jack Richardson. Jessalyn Van Trump has been absent a long long time. She is married, I believe. Remember that old "Flying A" stock company? But who would ever forget Louise Lester's "Calamity Ann"? Gee, all that reminiscing makes me feel old and careworn. I really grew up with the movies, you know. Roy Stewart is thirty-four. Are you married, Roy?

JOSEPHINE E. N., WEST PHILADELPHIA.—PHOTOPLAY beats all others, in your estimation? Many thanks. Pearl White will send you a picture but I'm afraid she'll be too busy on that new serial of hers to write you a personal letter. Write her care Pathe, Jersey City. June Elvidge, World. She has been married. John Bowers is married to Rita Heller, a non-professional. His first wife was Buelah Poynter; they were divorced. No, I don't think Madge Evans' parents are over there. Her mother is always with her, I believe. Cunning youngster, isn't she? It is always pleasant to have a letter like yours; makes me feel like working—hard, to deserve another.

KITTY, B.—*Don't* call me "Mr. Funny Man"; *please* don't! I am the mildest, the mellowest, the best natured of Answer Men but that sort of thing rather gets on my nerves, at times. Glad you like that article. Are you thinking about going on the screen? You didn't say so, of course, still—Your other question is out of my line. You may have a high school diploma, my dear and you are undoubtedly proficient in mathematics, but you have still something to learn, you know, and I would advise—a course in courtesy to Answer Men—and others.

MARIE DE CRUZ, SINGAPORE.—Your letter convinces me that you are an edition de luxe of a naughty French novel intended for American consumption. Beverly Bayne will I am sure be highly flattered to know that you admire her so much. Did you know that she is married to Francis X. Bushman? You may write to them at the Metro studios, although they have left that company and may form a company of their own. No. I would suggest that you send the poem to your favorite. Thank you for your kind words; I am glad that this department entertains you. I can ask no more.

K. E. P., NEW ORLEANS.—What a sparkling letter! Your wit is caustic and keen and I appreciate it. Yes, we have had one of those cocktails you mention. You like our art section. The burlesque comedian named Hoey is not the former husband of Miss Elsie Ferguson. Dorothy Gish is not married to Bobby Harron. Lillian is not married. You will have seen that picture before you read this. PHOTOPLAY'S New York office is at 18 Madison Avenue. If you don't write again you will disappoint your "blasé cynical epigrammatic Answer Man." Thanks.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. K., FRISCO.—You're right. About ight and twelve, I believe. It used to be hat a man who could dominate a dinner arty could rule the world. But that was efore the Big Shuffle. Just saw "Come on n," and enjoyed it very much. Anita oos has caught the right spirit, and her atire on "the prize bonehead of all the nations" is really funny.

GRACIELA, HAVANA, CUBA.—Your most dorable letter gladdened my old heart. But why, why, Graciela, why haven't you vritten before? You did not ask me too many questions; I would answer many nore for you if you apologized so prettily or every one. And I don't mind telling ou that I like to be told how agreeable I m—in Spanish. I regret to say I don't now any Spanish but I've been thinking of aking it up this winter and now I have uite made up my mind. Now for the uestions: Jack Holt may be addressed at he Lasky studios in Hollywood, California. No, he isn't. I don't give advice on love ffairs and particularly not in a case like ours. Even an old white-haired Answer Man would find it hard to tell a Graciela hat she should marry her engineer. Your and-writing tells me—but suppose you vrite again. I can't read character by handvriting in only one letter, you know. A housand thanks.

MOIKE, OF MEMPHIS.—Moike, I have ust answered three letters from three most harming ladies. They all told me how nuch they enjoyed this department. I'm ot going to give up this job of answering uestions to you or anyone else. Not yet while.

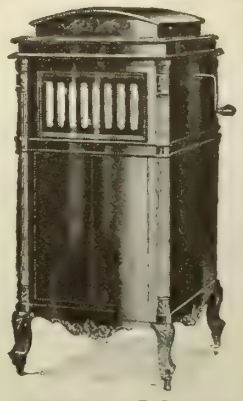
HARRY F.—Those pictures were both lmed in and around Los Angeles. Evelyn Greeley doesn't give her exact age, but she in her early twenties. An idea for a cenario means—an idea for a scenario. The germ; the big idea; the plot, Harry. Oh, no trouble at all. Come again.

SAMUEL KOSCH, NEW YORK CITY.—Awully sorry, Samuel, but we are hardly in position to advise a former sign-painter here to apply for a job as sub-title writer. You may, of course, communicate with the arious companies. If we hear of anyhing we'll let you know at once. But don't vatch the post too closely for your conract.

M. G. W., LOS ANGELES.—It's a pleasre, I assure you. Robert Warwick was orn in Sacramento, California, in 1881. He started his career as a singer, then apeared as a legitimate actor. Warwick was ery well known indeed on the stage, playg in many Broadway productions in suport of Leslie Carter, Mary Mannering, irginia Harned, Grace George, and other ars. Some of his photoplays have been, The Man of the Hour," "The Argyle Case," "The Silent Master," "The Mad Lover," and "An Accidental Honeymoon." He's Captain Warwick now, and he's in rance. He was married to Josephine Whitall. Write again, M. Gertrude W.

R. B. T. B., BUFFALO, N. Y.—"A Daughter f the Gods" was filmed in Jamaica. Rosemary Theby has twisted her name into Rose Marie Thebe, and is playing for Triangle. Her first new picture is called "Love's Pay Day." We last saw Harry Myers in a Goldwyn picture; haven't seen him since. Robert Warwick is now Captain Warwick; he's in France. He starred in "An Accidental Honeymoon" and "The Mad Lover."

(Continued on page 111)



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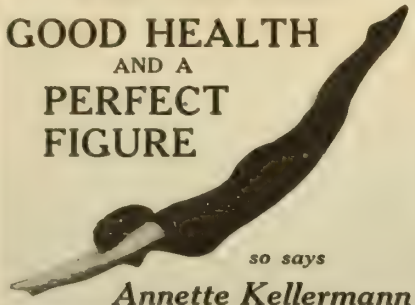

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Looking Backward with Ben

(Continued from page 61)

Niles, California, and they sent me with him.

"One day we got to talking business and I told Charlie about signing a contract for two years. He asked me how much it was and I told him.

"The guy nearly choked to death. He laughed until I thought he was going to crack some where. At last he managed to get out a little wheeze. All he could say was, 'You damn fool,' then he busted out again.

"That got me to thinking and I got a lawyer and busted that contract. I worked around a few joke factories and then I came to Mack Sennett's.

"It's a great life," said Ben meditatively. "I've been in the hospital twenty-five times. I've had my teeth knocked out four times. One time they got me up on a rope over a canyon and somebody let go the rope, dropping me about the distance you fall out of a balloon. I've been hit by a peevish lion and chased by temperamental dog actors.

"In one of the Mack Sennett comedies the villain was to hit me with a trick statuette. He grabbed up one made out of solid marble by mistake. I just remember everything turning black; then I got mad and soaked the guy. He let out a yell and I found it was my wife. I had been in bed a week.

"Another time, I was acting in Mack Sennett's comedy, 'The Battle Royal.' There was a scene where a fellow was to swat me with a club padded on the end with a boxing glove. The glove slipped off and hit me on the top of the head so hard that I went down through the floor."

Despite his mishaps, Ben is still in the ring.

To see Ben at his best you should see him in the intervals between making the pictures. He never turns off the jazz.

If he isn't imitating D. W. Griffith or Cecil De Mille, he is pretending to be a little innocent heroine lost in a shivering snow storm on the sidewalks of New York. One of Ben's favorite diversions is to get down on his hands and knees and imitate Teddy, the Mack Sennett dog. The only one who never laughs is Teddy. Teddy gives him one look of terrible disdain and walks solemnly away.

Between pictures, Ben is to be found at Katy's. Katy runs a little cafe on the corner near the studio.

Ben takes a seat at one of Katy's best tables and spends the day there. He quarrels with Katy over the best way to mix batter. He plays horse with Mrs. Terrence O'Grady's children while the mother is in passing the time of day with Katy and maybe borrowing the shade of a slice of butter. When the ice man comes around, Ben gives his imitation of a pig stuck under a fence and the ice man goes out cackling. Ben has a little jest with the postman when he comes around and a merry quip for the edification of the egg man. Somewhere around eleven o'clock the barber from up the street drops in and he and Ben talk War.

Ben has a hoarse croaking voice and his terrible sarcasms about the Kaiser would carry to Berlin on a clear day.

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 84)

DO you remember "The Cheat"? This Japanese-American story by Hector Turnbull, in which Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa starred, marks the first invasion of the field of motion pictures by the stage. Done over by Willard Mack, and given the title, "I Owe You," it has just been produced at the Thirty-Ninth Street theatre in New York City, with Mary Nash and Jose Ruben in the parts that Miss Ward and Mr. Hayakawa played. An interesting note is that after the first performance out of town, the Government requested the producers to change the nationality of the leading man—so he quit being a Jap and became an East Indian.

MARC McDERMOTT has joined Fox. He will play opposite Virginia Pearson in her new picture, "Buchanan's Wife." McDermott, an old Edison favorite, was with Vitagraph for years.

METRO will build and present a church to a small town in Pennsylvania in appreciation of the patriotic co-operation of the mayor and citizens in the filming of the new Metro production, "Wilson or the Kaiser?" The name of the town, which is said to be ideally located, is being kept secret until the last of the seven reels of the picture is completed. After that, every film company in the world is welcome to know just where the town is located. The entire community take part in "Wilson or the Kaiser?"

SYDNEY Cohen, manager for Kitty Gordon, received a commission in the cinematograph department of the army. He was to report for duty Saturday morning, October fifth, at the School of Photography, Columbia University. Cohen—accompanied by Fred Ward, former vaudeville star and now a motion picture manager—left Los Angeles in good time. When the train stopped at Kansas City, Cohen and Ward interrupted a poker game with themselves to remark that they were hungry, so Cohen, clad only in trousers, short-sleeved outing shirt and slippers, volunteered to get off and commandeer some sandwiches. He miscalculated his distance, however—for when he came running back to board the train, he found that it had left without him. He hired a machine and tried in vain to catch up with it at the next station. In his scanty attire, he was denied admittance to the Chicago train next morning, until finally, convincing a porter of his sanity, he borrowed a coat from him for the rest of the trip. Cohen reached New York all right, but he was one day late in reporting for duty.

The Fighting Arm

(Concluded from page 77)

There followed the days when moving picture screens flashed forth President Wilson's neutrality proclamation for many days and nights, urging the people not to cheer and not to hiss. Then came the German propaganda pictures—you remember them—"Behind the German Lines"?

They were put forth by the German government and the story of their introduction to the screens of America has not yet been told. Their life was short, for the stories of the German atrocities began coming in. The Bryce report ended the neutrality of picture audiences.

Then came the picture theatres' aid in Red Cross, Belgian Relief and kindred associations.

In New York The Mayor's Committee of National Defense was formed with Jesse L. Lasky as motion picture chairman.

They issued the first slide of propaganda ever flashed in a picture theatre: "If you are an American you should be proud to say so."

It was the call to patriotism, the first faint call which the moving picture first took up. We got out the first propaganda posters then, one-sheet of two kinds for theatre lobbies, addressed to the exhibitor and to the public. One of these early one-sheets was later made the official poster of the Mayor's committee of New York City.

The film's fighting arm was getting strong when war was declared by the United States against Germany. The film was ready for war organization immediately. The National Association of the Motion Picture Industry formed its War Co-operation Council. At last the motion picture began to show its indisputable reason for existence. Never before had there been such possibilities for service, and the story of that service and its results will redound to the credit of the photoplay, long after the war.

Picture theatres began to see the possibilities of usefulness as community centers. They became the centers of propaganda instead of the churches and the schools. Fifteen thousand four-minute men were enlisted in the great cause. They had a stage as wide as the country itself and audiences from every walk and station in life.

One stupendous gift of the movies at the very outset toward the winning of the war was the presentation without a moment's hesitation of films to be continuously supplied to the cantonments, training stations, transports, hospitals, and to the huts behind the lines.

Then the first Liberty Loan—under the splendid leadership of Adolph Zukor, filmdom found itself prepared. Its committee cooperating with the Treasury Department distributed 70,000 slides boosting the Loan and 500,000 feet of patriotic appeal, shown throughout the country. And the tax on the motion picture industry itself cleared $200,000,000 for the government in the very first year of its effect.

The motion picture industry, and its allied trades, directly subscribed in the three loans approximately $25,000,000 in bonds. It has been conservatively estimated that the industry further effected subscriptions, through the medium of theatres, the four-minute men, the motion picture artists, tours and addresses made by the motion picture artists, to the extent of $100,000,000. In the Third Liberty Loan, Famous Players—Lasky stars alone raised over $39,000,000.

The United States Food Administration has successfully employed the screen for the purpose of spreading its propaganda through the distribution of many thousands of slides, the use of thousands of trailers, and the continuous and systematic use of "picturettes," short length films, and in many instances, complete stories, illustrating a specific Food Administration thought, enacted by stars such as Marguerite Clark, Mabel Normand and Elsie Ferguson. These picturettes are still having wide circulation and distribution through the medium of the several news weeklies.

During the latter part of October, 1917, 17,500 motion picture theatres each received a set of five slides, or a total of 87,500, of Food Conservation—this in connection with a single Food Administration Drive.

In none of the fields of war co-operation, aside from the Federal Departments, has the aid of the film and screen been more effective than in the two campaigns to secure funds for the American Red Cross. In the first drive 200 prints of a Red Cross picture were distributed throughout the country by the largest distributing agencies in the industry, without charge. In the second drive 400 prints were released in the month ending May 28th, and in the membership campaign, October, 1917, 1,000 trailers were distributed. It has been conservatively estimated that $26,000,000 in pledges and cash contributions came to the Red Cross through the use of the film and screen and the motion picture houses of the industry and its allied interests. Especial mention is due to the wonderful campaign conducted in New York under the auspices of the Allied Theatrical and Motion Picture Team, William Fox, chairman, which, in a single week, raised $1,150,000 as the contribution of the motion picture and theatrical interests to the Red Cross second war fund drive.

The more recent co-operation with the American Red Cross has been the distribution of the two-reel motion picture by James Montgomery Flagg, entitled "The Spirit of the Red Cross."

Three weeks prior to the declaration of war in 1917 the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, sensing the trend of events, began the planning of a campaign which would co-operate in recruiting for the United States army. Two days after war was declared this campaign, which included posters, motion picture slides, patriotic slogans, went before the public.

Four posters were designed and supplied in large quantities to the recruiting offices in New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago.

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The Secret Garden

(Continued from page 38)

Mary investigated. She poured some of the water in a glass, and sniffed.

"I don't smell anything," she said.

"He experiments with germs, father told me," Colin explained. "They wouldn't smell."

Meanwhile Mrs. Sowerby, her daughter dismissed in disgrace and Dickon threatened with the law, for helping their master's son, decided it was time for her to take a hand. She had been a trusted servant of Archibald Craven when he was first married, until her own brood of children became so large they demanded all her time. She had always suspected the doctor, and now she knew he was trying to wrong Colin. She learned that Craven was in Cairo, and sent him a cablegram, urging him to come home.

There followed several days of rain, a drenching deluge, that kept everyone indoors. The doctor unexpectedly developed a kind and compliant attitude toward Colin. Watching for the malady to develop that he was confident he had implanted, he agreed to all requests. He even consented to have the brace put away, and let Colin walk about the house.

At last the weather cleared, and the doctor started out on his mission. His brother had given him authority to do as he saw fit concerning Mary, as well as with Colin, so completely was he dominated, and so far had he lost all his initiative. Throughout the day Mrs. Medlock kept reminding Mary that she would soon be in a place where she would be forced to respect her elders. Mary the unconquerable whispered to Colin that they'd never make her go—she'd run away to Mrs. Sowerby's.

Late that afternoon, Dickon, filled with terror at the thought of the doctor's threat, was loitering in the edge of the wood, when he saw his arch enemy approach along the path that led to his mother's cottage. He watched him, his eyes ablaze for an instant, his hand clutching at his throat. Should he warn the doctor—or—yes, he must. He could not bear the thought of even such an evil creature as this dying a terrible death.

"Better not take that path," he called out. "The rains 've made it dangerous. Ye've got to go around. Ye'd never come out o' there alive."

The doctor did not even thank him for the warning.

"I just was on my way to tell your mother that the magistrate has set your case for Thursday week," he snarled, and Dickon fled.

The doctor turned toward the manor, and a few minutes later met Mary. She was on her way to the only practical source of help she knew, Dickon's mother. The doctor stopped her.

"You start tomorrow."

"If Colin gets worse after I'm gone," Mary retorted, "I'll tell them that you're putting germs in his drinking water."

The doctor could not suppress a start of astonishment, affecting ignorance.

"I saw you," Mary insisted. "I'll tell," and she went on toward the path that Dickon had just warned the doctor was unsafe. He watched her, with narrowing eyelids, and a sinister smile came over his face as he turned on toward the manor.

The news of the doctor's return soon reached Colin, and he understood how much the loss of Mary was going to mean to him. He could not bear it. They must find some way to avoid the parting. He knew she had gone to Mrs. Sowerby's, and slipped out of the house to follow her. Dickon, postponing as long as he could taking the news of his fate to his mother, saw Colin approaching.

"Have you seen Mary?" Colin asked. "She was going to your mother's."

"Was she warned about the bog?" Colin gasped.

"No, I don't think so. Why?"

"Try to stop her. It isn't safe. I'll run for help," and Dickon was off.

Colin hurried along the path, and soon heard dismayed cries for help. Hobbling along as fast as his weak legs would carry him, he came upon Mary, sinking deep in an apparently shallow patch of mud.

"Bring help, quick," Mary cried. "But don't come in. Don't! Don't!"

The last word was a shriek of warning, but it was too late. In his anxiety Colin had stepped too close, and they were both sinking, dragged down by the quagmire. But they discovered that together they sank more slowly than Mary was sinking by herself, and there was the hope that Dickon would bring help in time. It was just as Colin's strength was vanishing that the boy's voice was heard, calling to them down the path, and soon he arrived with two farm hands.

Meanwhile at the manor house the doctor was encountering another surprise, also a bit disconcerting for the moment. A fly from the village drew up in front of the house, and the master of the manor alighted.

"My dear brother," the doctor said, "this is so unexpected."

Craven looked at him searchingly. On the voyage from Egypt he had been doing something very remarkable, for him. He had been thinking.

"How is Colin?" he demanded.

"Why—I hesitate to arouse your hopes too strongly, but he really seems much better. In fact, he is walking."

"Walking!" In his delight, Craven forgot his suspicions, but angry voices interrupted further discussion.

Colin and Mary, smeared with mire, attended by Dickon and the two farm hands, scowling and with clenched teeth, entered the house.

"Father!" Colin exclaimed. "You've come just in time."

"My boy, what do you mean? What is the matter?"

"That man—I won't believe he's your brother—tried to poison me not a week ago, and would have succeeded only Mary had come to my room and wakened me, and we were watching him. Today he let Mary go down a path that Dickon had warned him was dangerous. He has been trying to kill me with that spinal brace, and if it hadn't been for Mary I never would have known that I can walk. And so he's sending Mary away."

They did not notice that the doctor had slipped out of the room.

The Secret Garden

(Concluded)

"James," Craven called to a footman. "Tell the doctor to come here immediately." He hesitated. "No," I think we'll just let him go, and all be happy without revenge."

Colin turned toward Mary.

"It did work, it did, it did," she exclaimed, dancing about.

"What did?" Craven demanded.

"The magic," she said, and then they had to tell him all about it.

It was the beginning of a wonderful new life for all of them. For Colin it was the awakening of his manhood, freed from the bonds of fear. For his father it was the dawn of new interests, dispelling the ghosts of the past years so that he no longer shunned the secret garden. And for Mary, without whom they would never have known these joys, it was enough to be loved. Her battle won, she sighed peacefully as she looked up, a little shyly, into Colin's eyes.

Clan Moore

(Concluded from page 29)

The vitality and sincerity of the boy, a youthful, manly appeal which is devoid of pose and every other "actorism," came out brilliantly last winter when he supported Mae Marsh in what I consider the best Goldwyn picture I have yet seen: "The Cinderella Man." From that moment Tom Moore had a planetary destination. Accordingly, his first star picture is "Just For Tonight," by Charles A. Logue. Others are to follow.

To speak of Tom Moore's domesticity one must speak very frankly and sincerely to avoid errors of judgment for either side. Tom Moore and Alice Joyce-Moore, disagreeing as husband and wife, have made one of the most charming separations. It is simply a dissolution of the nuptial bonds. They remain fine friends who frequently see each other; sometimes they dine together in town, and attend the theater together, for the companionship still lingers. They are even neighbors—Tom at Gedney Farms, she near by, and Alice Mary, the exquisite three-year-old whose photograph shows you a composite of her father's frank features and the idyllic face of her mother, has the run of both places. She and her grandmother Joyce are papa's guest just about half the time.

It is in his big love for this little child than one finds the real Tom Moore. I think any press-agent who would make the suggestion—unfortunately a welcome one to a few actorial fathers who call themselves men—that the girls might not find him so adorable if they knew he was a father—I think such a press-agent would get not a word from Tom Moore, but a hard brown fist, right in the mush.

Tom Moore, alone of his brothers, retains the elusive, lilting brogue of the cultured, genuine Irishman. For one of the things that he found time to get, in his jumps about the U. S. A., was a very good education. His library is an attest of that. His other hobbies are three—golf, Alice Mary, and the rest of the Moores. They are a clan, and inseparable.

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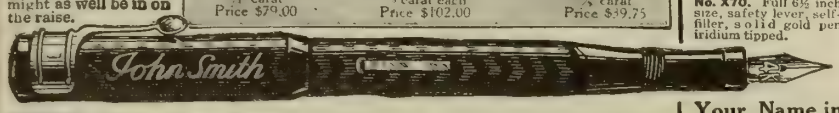

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The Lady of the Names

(Concluded from page 47)

a revolutionist at heart, Markova escaped from the upheavals that followed the revolution and came to America on an ammunition ship. Letters of introduction through the Russian embassy brought her to Mr. Fox. No letters of introduction could tell Mr. Fox what he saw for himself, that he had before him a girl with a beautiful face and dramatic talent. * * * Madame Markova's father was an orchestra leader. Her mother was gypsy-born. Her father taught her music until she was so far advanced that she went to the conservatory at Moscow. Madame Markova's mother gave her wonderful grace and the charming air of mystery characteristic of gypsy folks. Madame Markova is well-known to the leaders of the Russian revolution."

Madame made two Fox pictures, "The Painted Madonna," and "A Heart's Revenge." Then Fox announced that Madame had retired, for reasons not stated. But we all know that it was because Gretchen Hartman, a picture personality of prominence, couldn't be made overnight into a Russian vamp — even though William Fox worked his publicity department over-time in the attempt. The hard-working Fox publicists thought it "awful dope;" but "Chief's orders," they said resignedly. "They may wonder about it at first—" we can almost hear Mr. Fox—"just as they did about Theda Bara. But it'll blow over. Just watch the fans swallow this Russian stuff." But the fans fooled Mr. Fox. They knew Gretchen Hartman.

Mr. Fox's charities are well-known to the public. And it is not given to us to follow the inner workings of the Fox brain. But it does seem—sometimes—that Mr. Fox should follow that little adage which recommends that one's charities should begin with one's own moving picture company.

It is Gretchen Hartman's screen career that has been brought to a full stop through the "Sonia Markova" publicity. Her name savored over-much of the Teutonic for her own satisfaction, and she was naturally not averse to exchanging it for one of more Allied interest. But she would not—if her wishes had been consulted—have acquiesced in the brand-new career mapped out for her by the perspiring publicists. When she has lived down her Russian past, Miss Hartman will return to the screen. She may, however, accept a stage engagement in the meantime.

Those Foxy press-agents said in their facile manner—"Madame Markova has beauty; she has talent, and she has wonderfully expressive eyes, set in a face that can show manifold emotions. She has inborn grace of movement that will captivate those who see her. They will emulate Oliver Twist. They will ask for more." For once the Fox press-agents were right. But, one thinks, what more could one ask?

The Forbidden City

(Continued from page 52)

spoke to her courteously. Soon Toy's shyness was gone.

Mary Smith, nurse, became a familiar figure around the hospital in Manila. Toy had never presented her letter to the Consul General, so no one guessed her history. Phillip Halbert least of all was worried about her parentage. One afternoon he lifted her face to his and told her that he loved her. Toy sobbed out her happiness in his arms.

No sooner had this happiness come, than Toy knew she must cast it away. The wise men had said that East and West could not be one. Tragedy had followed her father's and mother's disregard of the law of the ages.

Not trusting herself to go to him in person, Toy wrote a note.

"It is you only I love," she wrote between sobs, "but it is best that I go."

She went to Phillip's office to leave the note, and met him on the threshold as she departed. He stretched out his arms, but Toy only shook her head.

Toy's mother had faced the Lane of Flashing Spears unflinchingly for the man she loved. And now Toy faced the crisis which meant life's happiness or her heart's death.

When she was done talking, Phillip laughed loud in his relief.

"I don't love you because you are an American," he said between kisses, "I love you because you are the woman God made for me, and I ask you to marry me."

The Governor General of the Philippine Islands was Phillip Halbert's legal guardian. On hearing of Phillip's engagement he invited the young officer and his fiancee to his home.

The older man received Toy kindly. He was charmed with her quaint loveliness, though it haunted him with an illusive suggestiveness that did not altogether please him. Finally it came to him. The girl his ward was to marry had Chinese blood.

The governor's heart ached for Phillip and for Mary Smith, nurse. His heart ached, too, for memories of its own, memories of a Chinese girl it had loved and lost, and whose place had never been supplanted. For the governor was none other than John Worden.

In the library after dinner the two men talked. John Worden, made wise and old by hurts that had come to him, denied his consent to Phillip's marriage.

"I shall marry her," Halbert shouted.

John Worden picked up a pen, wrote, and thrust the paper into Phillip's hand.

"Your orders as Captain of Troop M are to proceed this instant to the province of Mindano and search for the outlaw chieftan, Gomez," it read.

"I'll resign first," said Phillip.

"You can't resign without permission of the Secretary of War. It will take a month to get a hearing on your application. Meanwhile, these are your orders. A state of war exists, and disobedience of orders means court martial and death!"

Just then Mary Smith stepped in.

"I heard," she said to Phillip. "He is right, dear. I shall not marry you. You go to your duty and I shall go to mine."

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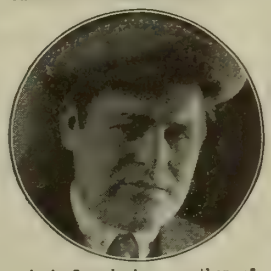

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The Forbidden City

(Concluded)

Toy left the room quietly before her lover could protest, and Phillip, unschooled in sorrow, buried his head in his arms.

Toy did not take her own life—the only refuge of a Chinese woman whose sorrows are too great to bear—as she had intended to do.

Word came to her that the plague had broken out in the city. An hour later she had forgotten her own woe in attempting to relieve the suffering of the city's sick.

A few days later the plague entered the governor's home, and John Worden was stricken. Driven by some unfathomable impulse, Toy demanded that she be made his nurse. The governor grew steadily worse, and Toy despaired.

Alone in his room one night, when the governor's delirium was at its height, and when Toy felt that she, too, had contracted the plague, she dropped on her knees to pray. But she could not pray. She had no God to pray to. Her own Chinese idol she had thrown away. The gods of her father she knew nothing of. Suddenly she remembered her mother's picture which she had brought with her. She got it, and put it on the table near the bedside, and poured out her sad heart.

John Worden, coming out of his delirium for a moment, turned his head. His eyes fell on the portrait, and straight way there broke from his lips the weak, eager cry of "San San, where are you? San San, my wife, my only love."

Toy raised herself from her knees in amazement. The sick man had called the beautiful girl of the portrait by name. He had called her his wife. He must be the American father of whom Toy had never dreamed of finding.

Presently John Worden opened his eyes asking: "Where is San San?"

Toy thought quickly. The governor was so near the brink that only a superhuman effort would save him.

"She will be here soon," she answered. Then she sped to the adjoining chamber, took out her mother's garments, and dressed herself to look as the girl of the portrait looked. Then she returned to John Worden's bedside.

"San San," the sick man whispered, "how good God is to let me find you!"

John Worden had passed the crisis.

When he was strong enough, he heard the story of his San San, and how she had gone down the Lane of the Flashing Spears because she had loved him so. He looked into the eyes of his daughter and felt his ancient grief melt into happiness again.

Phillip Halbert, hearing of the governor's illness, had obtained permission to return. Travel-stained and weary, he pushed his way past the sentries to his guardian's bedside. At the door he paused in astonishment, to see a girl in Chinese garments bend over and kiss John Worden on the forehead.

Half an hour later, the East and the West joined hands again beside the bedside of John Worden. And there were none of the wise old sages there to gainsay it.

REMEMBER Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 103)

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—For awhile there I was afraid I wasn't going to hear from you this month. And then another letter in your facile, gracile,—in fact, inimitable style appeared on our desk, and we went to work with all our old-time vim and vigor, to say nothing of vitality. And not only your letter! Rose, the snap-shots are quite, quite charming. Especially the pose with rose, a la a Spanish senorita. You are Spanish, aren't you? And you look rather remarkably like Pearl White. Many, many thanks. After the pictures, I agree with everything you say. Nazimova was born in Crimea, Russia, about thirty years ago; she was educated in Geneva and St. Petersburg Convent, Odessa; she played in stock in Russia; first appeared in New York in 1905, presenting "A Doll's House," and later on in vaudeville, her great success, "War Brides," which she later put into pictures. Her new Metro film plays are "Eye for Eye" and "'Ception Shoals." Married to Charles Bryant. Your other questions involve research; I will answer them later on. Again, thanks.

SENHORITA-NINGNEM, SANTOS.—I'm afraid that is mispelled. You say it means "Miss Nobody." Yours was a charming letter. Douglas Fairbanks has brown eyes. George Walsh is about six feet tall; he was born in 1892. May we request that the so-charming Senhorita write again? Your English—she is delightful.

Y. W. M. S., BROOKLYN.—"A" wins. Mary Pickford has no children. It is lovely of your club to make me honorary vice-president with the additional honor of Complimentary Advisor; but if that "big picture of the Answer Man, signed and framed, for our club-room," is a condition of acceptance, I'll have to refuse, I'm afraid. Tell you what to do: Cut out the portrait at the head of this department; I assure you it is an excellent likeness.

OLIVE, TEXAS.—Dorothy Dalton has dark brown hair and gray eyes. She has lately appeared in "Vive la France." Eugene Pallette is married. You might write him care Lasky, where he was employed before joining the aviation corps. Please don't deliberate. Thanks for the nice things you say about PHOTOPLAY.

K. S., RHINEBECK, N. Y.—You'll be seeing Theda's "Salome" soon. I believe it is a sort of mixture of the Biblical version and the Oscar Wilde poem. We won't argue—as you say you are "writing in a pretty new hat," and a harsh word would ruin it.

RUBIE WHITE, BUFFALO.—We're real mad. How many times have we told you-all that questions appertainin' to "breaking-into-the-movies" is strictly agin' the rules? Pearl White is now engaged on a new serial, called "The Lightning Raider." This title may be changed, however. Write again.

H. A. S., SEATTLE.—Thanks for your appreciation. You say, "In these days of Thrift, can you tell me what good it does for Fox to spend thousands so that Theda Bara may portray degenerate women?" No. We need wholesome pictures now more than at any other time. "Shackled" was in six parts. Your husband was wrong. Write again.

C. T., ERIE, PA.—Irene Castle is going to France. Too bad she didn't answer your letter, but she is very busy, you know. She was born in 1893. Can't help you, I'm afraid.

F. E. W., MOBILE.—The very best of mothers will insist upon prattling about their babies and telling their views on infant education. She's still with Universal. Carl Laemmle is the president of that concern. King Baggot and Marguerite Snow were featured in "The Eagle's Eye." Eddie Polo, Universal.

H. L., MADURO, PANAMA.—In youth we believe we know everything. In middle-age we aren't so sure. When we're old we are positively aghast at the thought of how little we do know. Carmel Myers and Juanita Hansen may be adressed at Universal City, Cal. Doug's new ones are "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona."

B. R. C., GILLETTE, WYO.—There is something pathetic in the number of actors who start their careers with a perfect profile and end with the crepe hair of the character man. Ruth Roland is appearing in a Pathe serial, "Hands Up!" Constance Talmadge, Morosco studios, L. A. William Desmond, Triangle, Culver City; he has dark hair and blue eyes. Mary Pickford, I think.

W. I. B., BARRON FIELD, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.—Mollie King is back on the stage; write to her care Hotel Ansonia, New York. She was featured in the Pathe serial, "The Seven Pearls," and Ivan's "Human Clay." Lillian Lorraine is in Ziegfeld's Follies. She played in "Neal of the Navy," a Balboa serial, on the screen. Write to them for photographs. Thanks.

HELEN ELIZABETH, EVANSTON.—I believe in everything except facts. They leave one so little room for conjecture. But if you are a fact-fan, here are a few good ones: Charles Ray is married. Tom Moore's address is Goldwyn studios, Los Angeles. Marguerite Clark has red-gold hair. For the rest see answer to D. S., Indiana, this issue. Pauline Curley with Douglas Fairbanks in "Bound in Morocco."

B. A. C., CHICAGO.—There is a story about Gretchen Hartman in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. What do we read? Send us a stamped addressed envelope and we'll write you a personal letter.

R. McC., ST. LOUIS.—Earle Rodney with Enid Bennett. You want pictures of Enid, also Jack Holt. Yes, but people may do good works without having their pictures in the papers. Movie stars aren't the only actors who employ press-agents.

HAZEL DIX, NEW ORLEANS.—If you find things dull, blame yourself. Have no hesitation in contradicting us; we are used to it. Mae Marsh, Goldwyn, Fort Lee. Robert Gordon has gone to war; a letter to him care Lasky in Hollywood may be forwarded. Bessie Barriscale, Paralta; Louise Huff, World, Fort Lee. Miss Huff is married to Edgar Jones and has a small daughter, Mary Louise Jones. Harold Lloyd is not married. Don't know Miss Dalton's favorite flower.

BUDDY, FAIRLEE, VT.—So you were at Camp when you wrote to me? You say, "Do you have to be beautiful to be an actress? I'd love to be." Beautiful? Send along the picture of yourself in your bloomers and middy, Buddy. No more "Bab" stories for the present. Ethel Grey Terry with Earle Williams in "Arsene Lupin." Richard Barthelmess with Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." Jack Pickford is in the Navy. Bill Hart isn't fighting. Anita Stewart is twenty-two. Write soon again, Buddy.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JIM OF JOPLIN, MO.—No wonder no one has confidence in you. You don't believe in yourself. What's the matter? Write again.

HELEN BURR, KANSAS CITY.—Yes, the Wellington Cross who appears in the Triangle picture, "The Gray Parasol," now released, is the same who has sung and danced in musical comedy and in vaudeville. He is married to Lois Josephine, his former dancing partner. Write again, won't you?

M. C., JANESVILLE, WIS.—You mustn't feel neglected. Only too glad to hear from you. They say "when von Hindenburg whistles, the war will end." Listen. Norma Talmadge is a brunette. Eugene O'Brien isn't married. John Bowers is married to a non-professional.

HELEN, FLINT, MICH.—Oh, more so. No, we don't like to see vampires—except, perhaps, a baby-vamp once in a while. You want us to write a book about "movie actors we have met," and call it "The Answer Man's Memoirs?" Well—not yet awhile. Kenneth Harlan is at Camp Kearney, Cal. Niles Welch is a leading-man for Famous Players-Lasky; write to him at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Wallie's latest at this writing is "The Source." Ann Little, his leading woman, has a part in Cecil DeMille's new photoplay, "The Squaw Man."

EILEEN E., 'FRISCO.—Of course, public opinion matters. It matters a whole lot. Charlie Chaplin may be addressed care his own studios, in Hollywood. Rod LaRoque with Mabel Normand in "The Venus Model." Write to him care Goldwyn, Fort Lee. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-five. Tom Forman is in the Army. That was a man impersonating Wallie Reid at Camp Lewis, but that's all ancient history now.

CHARLOTTE A. A., PETERSHAM, MASS.—We ask for the full names and addresses of our correspondents simply as an evidence of good faith. You say in the matter of hair-cuts, Eugene O'Brien and Antonio Moreno are your favorite actors. And you want us to use our influence in abolishing high white French-heeled shoes and white fox furs on the heroine, and cloth or suede top shoes and pinch back coats on the hero. We'll see what we can do. A few players send their pictures gratis; others ask twenty-five cents. You're welcome.

MINNIE S., PEORIA.—Write to Mary MacLaren at Universal City, California. Kenneth Harlan is at Camp Kearney now, in Uncle Sam's service. Tell me your other favorites and I'll tell you where to address them. No trouble.

DOROTHY B. L., NEW YORK.—All our male correspondents must have gone to war. Tell that woman who was "secretary to a famous movie star" that she is all wrong about Mary, who is not thirty-five but twenty-five; and she hasn't two children. Eugene O'Brien is no longer to play opposite Norma Talmadge; he has signed a four-year contract to be leading man to the various Paramount-Artcraft divinities, beginning with Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Why, Marguerite Clark's vehicles have been unformly good, I think. Not many stars have been so fortunate. Believe Constance Talmadge will send you her picture; write to her care Morosco studios in Los Angeles. Irene Castle has gone to France to dance for the soldiers, so she will not be seen on the screen for some time. No. The fiction story of Norma Talmadge's new picture, "The Forbidden City," appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, thus fulfilling your dearest wish.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE ADMIRER.—My dear, we can't begin to tell you why it is that motion picture players get married one week and divorced the next, or vice versa. Your favorite is eighteen; born in Brooklyn. One of her latest is "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Norma is three years older; her new photoplay appears in fiction form in this issue, "The Forbidden City." Mabel Normand is not related to the Talmadges. Communicate with the companies. You're right.

TED.—Of course not. Don't be silly. In closing, I shall quote any one of my numerous sceptics, "I don't believe you are a man at all." So there!

(Concluded on page 113)

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State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James R. Quirk, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice President and General Manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. Editor, Julian Johnson, Chicago, Illinois. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

JAMES R. QUIRK.
General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1918.
[SEAL]

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.
(My commission expires June 17, 1920.)

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

N. C., SEATTLE.—Nellie, that picture is too old. In trouble, in grief, in perplexity, in doubt—the only thing that helps me is—a good dinner. Now you won't write to me again, will you?

DOLLY, SOUTH BEND.—Ideals are all very well, but in practical life it's ideas that count. You won't like this one bit, will you, Dolly? But then you called me "a horrid cynic," so I have to live up to it. Norma Talmadge's latest picture appears in fiction form in this issue—"The Forbidden City."

OLGA, IOWA.—Surely, we are buying Liberty Bonds. Isn't everybody? The interviews you want appear in the following issues: Florence La Badie, December, 1916; Marguerite Snow, September, 1918; Alice Joyce, October, 1917; Vivian Martin, August, 1917; Ann Pennington, October, 1916; Fannie Ward, July, 1916; Geraldine Farrar, May, 1916; January, 1917; April, 1918; Lillian Gish, August, 1918; Dorothy Gish, September, 1918; Mae Marsh, March, 1917; Mae Murray, March, November, 1917; Mabel Normand, August, 1917; Wallace Reid, April, June, 1918; Olga Petrova, December, 1917; Charlotte Burton, December, 1916; Norma Talmadge, February, 1917; Clara Kimball Young, September, 1917; Fay Tincher, June, 1916; Anita Stewart, September, 1917; William Russell, April, 1917; May, 1918; Bessie Eyton, July, 1916; Mary Miles Minter, February, 1918. 'S that all?

D. S., PLYMOUTH, IND.—So you caught on, and are calling us down? Sorry, but it wasn't our mistake. Marguerite Clark's husband is Lieut. H. Palmerson Williams, and he's in the engineering division, not the ordnance. It would seem that we had a personal grievance against Miss Clark—putting her age two years older than she really is and her husband in the ordnance; but it isn't so. Profuse apologies.

VERA, OKLAHOMA CITY.—Theda Bara desires that her name be carefully pronounced as it is not spelled. She says "They-dá Bah-ráh." We pronounce it as it's spelled—"Theda Bare-ah," with the accents on the first two syllables. If you wish to be real elaborate you may say it the Egyptian way. F'instance, you may go to see "They-dá Bah-ráh" in "Salome," because that's a Super-production. But "When a Woman Sins" simply features "Theda Bara." Annette Kellerman, Fox. Marguerite Clark's first picture was "Wildflower."

GENEVIEVE, HOUGHTON, MICH.—You're fourteen, and if I'll believe you, you wouldn't be a movie actress if you had a chance—not for Little Genevieve! You're going to be a newspaper reporter instead. So Theda sent you a big picture autographed in her very own handwriting "To a Coming Journalist, from Theda Bara." Theda has said that she has often longed to write. When she played her first vampire the world lost a journalist and gained—an actress. Jack Holt plays opposite the Select and Paramount stars. Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn, Fort Lee. Dorothy Dalton, Ince, Culver City; Norma Talmadge, Select, N. Y. Antonio Moreno is back with Vitagraph, working on a new serial at the western studios. Remember when Norma and Tony Moreno "played opposite?"

DE WITT C., RICHMOND, VA.—A German paper said recently after a big German defeat, "There is no light." There are none so blind as those who will not see. Write Bill Hart and Charlie Chaplin; I believe they will send you their photographs.

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Mother

I USED to be a little bit ashamed of the way I felt about Mother. I loved her, of course—loved her with all the love that could be crowded into a boy's heart—but I hated to show it. Only girls and babies, I thought, showed affection. It wasn't "manly" for a boy to be petted—especially if there was someone around to see.

I used to go to Mother when I had cut my finger or had some childish grief or woe and she would bind up the wound in my finger and my heart and drive away all the pain and sorrow in some strange, mysterious way that only mothers know about.

Then she'd put her arm around me and smoothe my hair—but I'd pull away and swagger out, whistling loudly, and play with my dog.

But at nights when I'd gone tired to bed I'd think about Mother.

And always she appeared in a sort of soft light with a smile of understanding. To myself, I called her "The Greatest Mother in the World."

* * * *

The other day I saw a Red Cross Poster—a white clad nurse with a wounded soldier in her arms; they called it "The Greatest Mother in the World."

It brought a jealous little tug to my heart when I saw it. I resented the use of that title for a Red Cross Poster. It was my name for Mother.

I closed my eyes for a moment and a vision of Mother came to me. The same soft light and tender smile. And when I looked up at the poster again I understood.

I felt that the Red Cross had the right to use that title "The Greatest Mother in the World."

For I realized that the spirit of my Mother—and yours—was behind that big organization—binding up cut fingers for little boys who have grown up and aren't really little boys any longer.

And that's the reason I'm going to answer "Present!" at the

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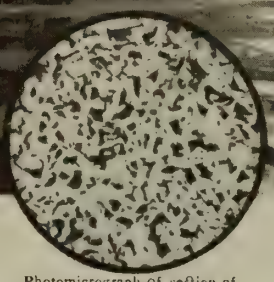
Photomicrograph of section of under-annealed steel casting



Photomicrograph of section of properly annealed steel casting

"The metal grew tired and broke"—photography's verdict

HAS A GREAT BRIDGE FALLEN, and severed a vital artery of traffic? Has a boiler burst, and stopped the flow of power? Has a line-shaft failed, and shut down a big workshop?

Photography enters, and fingerprints the criminal metal. Under the microscope a plate from the wrecked bridge shows flaws in composition. A section of steel in the boiler had been strained by "cold-working" in the erecting shop. The shaft interior was coarse and weak, because for economy's sake the ingot had been cast too close in size to its finished form, and received too little forging.

The microscope detects, the photograph *records* the flaw; and out to a world of drafting rooms go photographic evidence and warning—out to designers in the great mills, and to the vast fraternity of engineers busy with their building. Another chapter is added to our knowledge and another precaution taken, that railroads and office-buildings, ships, bridges, and machines may safeguard more surely the lives committed to their care.

Thus again photography serves—and through improvements in photography made possible by constant research and test and invention, the Eastman Kodak Company extends its usefulness to all mankind.

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